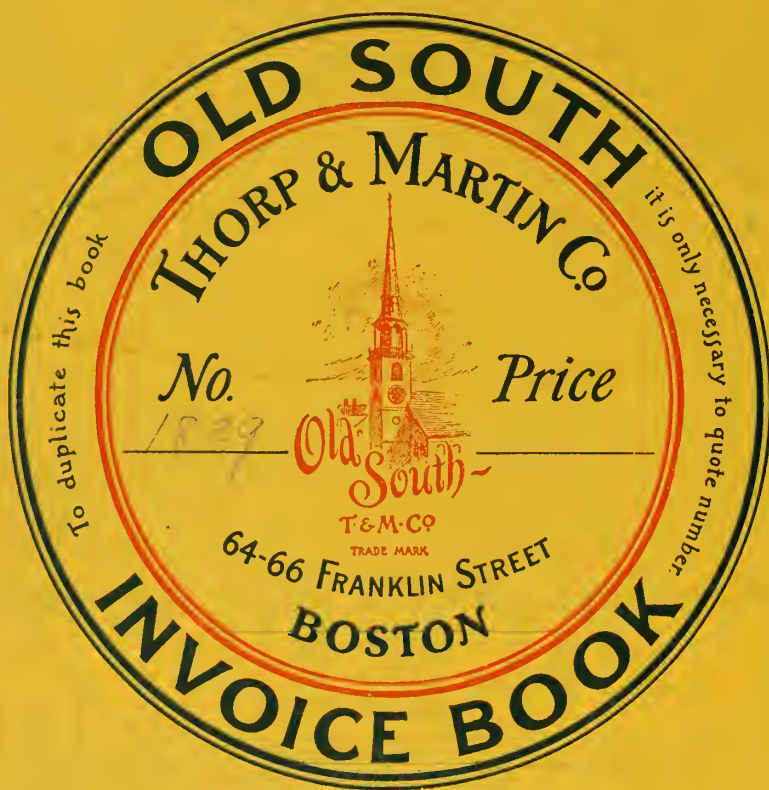






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Boston 1909 - Oct 31  
1910 June 25 -



No. M. 480. 305

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GIVEN BY

Philip Hale.



September 9—"La Juvie" given at the Manhattan after six years rest.

October 16—Season of concerts begun with Dr. Wüllner's recital at Carnegie Hall.

October 25—Début of Thilly Koenen, Dutch contralto.

November 3—Début of Yolando Mero, Hungarian pianist.

November 4—First concert of the Philharmonic Society.

November 7—First concert of the New York Symphony Society. Performance of ballet music to "Les Petits Riens," by Mozart.

November 8—Opening of Manhattan Opera House regular season. Massenet's "Herodiade" performed for the first time in America.

November 11—First concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Max Reger's "Symphonic Prologue to a Tragedy" produced.

November 13—Granville Bantock's "Pierrot of a Minute" produced by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

November 14—First concert in the New Theatre by the New York Symphony Orchestra.

November 15—Opening of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House.

November 16—Beginning of opera performances at the New Theatre.

November 17—Massenet's "Sapho" performed at the Manhattan Opera House for the first time in America.

November 21—Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" produced by the New York Symphony Orchestra.

November 28—Rachmaninoff produces his third piano concerto with the New York Symphony Orchestra.

November 30—"Czar and Carpenter" produced at the New Theatre.

December 1—Beethoven's "Missa Solennis" given by the Oratorio Society.

December 7—The Maguilles Trio produced Taniev's trio in D major, opus 22.

December 9—D'Indy's second symphony produced by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

December 14—Loeffler's string sextet "Le passeur d'eau" produced by the Kneisel Quartet.

December 16—Mahler's first symphony played by the Philharmonic Society for the first time here.

December 23—Gluck's "Orfeo" revived at the Metropolitan.

January 2—Chadwick's "Sinfonietta" in D major performed by the New York Symphony Society.

January 6—Reappearance of Ferruccio Busoni after ten years absence.

January 11—William Boyer's "Sonata a Tre" revived by Flonzaley Quartet.

January 19—Massenet's "Grisélidis" produced at the Manhattan Opera House.

January 22—Franchetti's "Germania" produced at the Metropolitan.

January 27—Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem "The Island of the Dead" produced by the Russian Symphony Society, the composer conducting.

January 29—Début of Marie Delna, the distinguished French contralto at the Metropolitan.

January 30—Ljadow's orchestral ballade "From the Days of Old" produced by the New York Symphony Society.

February 1—Richard Strauss's "Elektra" produced at the Manhattan Opera House.

February 4—Plotow's "Alessandro Stradella" produced at the Metropolitan.

February 8—Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin" produced at the New Theatre.

February 8—Le Grand Howland's opera "Sarrona" produced at the New Amsterdam Theatre.

February 20—Moszkowski's third suite and part of Damrosch's "Canterbury Pilgrims," music produced by the New York Symphony Society.

February 23—Production of Arthur Foote's trio in B flat, opus 65, by the Olive Mead Quartet.

February 27—Beethoven's Ninth Symphony given at the New Theatre by the New York Symphony Society.

February 28—First concert of the Barren Ensemble.

February 28—First appearance of the Russian dancers at the Metropolitan.

March 3—Rimsky-Korsakow's "Sadko," produced by the Russian Symphony Orchestra.

March 4—Beethoven's "Namensfeier," overture played by the Philharmonic.

March 6—Tschalkowsky's "Pique Dame," produced at the Metropolitan Opera House.

March 6—Hodyn violin concerto, recently discovered, played (two movements) by Alexander Sasilavsky at a New York Symphony Society concert.

March 10—Busoni's suite "Turandot," produced by the Philharmonic Society.

March 11—Revival of "Der Frelschütz," at the Metropolitan Opera House.

March 18—Converse's opera, "The Pipe of Desire," produced at the Metropolitan.

March 21—Kurt Schindler's concert of madrigals at the Waldorf. Jannequin's "Chant des Oiseaux," sung for the first time here.

March 21—Revival of Delibes's "Lakme," at the Manhattan Opera House.

March 26—Jean Sibelius's tone poem "A Saga," produced by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

March 29—Alexander Sebald plays all of Paganini's twenty-four caprices.

April 1—Beethoven's "Choral Fantasia" and "Ninth Symphony," given by the Philharmonic Society.

W. J. HENDERSON.

1906-10  
August 31—Opening of Oscar Hammerstein's educational season of opera at the Manhattan Opera House. "Le Prophète" revived after six years rest.

September 4—Beginning of a season of Italian opera by the Italian Grand Opera Company at the Academy of Music with "Aida."







Adams M. R.

Angel of the Valley 6

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From 274 to 313, inclusive (10) = 33.

For negative Demand 5-(P.S)-76 sold + more. 7

1877

Traveling Salesman The 110

1742-1743

Tangerang 8 44. 145.

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Tavellana L. orn Rusg. 87. 95. 12  
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2,8 - 2,8

Two - 143. 149

205<sup>th</sup> Gen. Inv. Ld. 63

The cost, 03.106.

For mail, 37,5.

Jan. 1841

Three Weeks 152

Tree Twin 52

Terson Pillsbury 158

1 Empirist means, &c.

Trav. in. Europe 3. 4 no 135, Broyle 34

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Inc. = 1 olde 55 55 15 olde

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T. C. 124

The camps are 20.75 miles apart.

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\* Van Allen's wife 44  
Van Allen 142  
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Via Wireless 119  
Victoria Theatre, Oct 127

Volunteer 119

Villa. The Prior 130

Villiers Lola 180

Vance blance 4

2. 1875. 1875. 1875. 1875.

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Miller L. J.

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Звзати бал (до) 56

Folgera, La 113



# HUGO WOLF'S LIFE INTERESTING BOOK

Ernest Newman Writes an Illuminative and Stimulating Review of the Unfortunate Man's Career.

## NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MUSICAL WORLD

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Ernest Newman's life of Hugo Wolf is published by John Lane Company, New York. The volume, a large octavo of 279 pages and with 13 illustrations, is one of the series, "The New Library of Music."

The life of Wolf has been written in German by Dr. Ernst Decsey in four voluminous volumes, after the manner of the German and Austrian biographers. Chrysander's "Handel" is in two dull volumes and a part, and is unfinished. Pohl wrote two volumes of Haydn's life, and he, too, died, leaving his excellent work unfinished. Jahn's "Mozart" was originally in four huge volumes. Max Kalbeck is still working on his life of Brahms. Over 1000 pages, large octavo, have been published, and the author has not got beyond the year 1873. Indefatigable, formidable persons, these earnest, deep-thinking biographers!

The life of Wolf by Decsey is supposed to be authoritative—the official life. It is by no means tiresome reading. Wolf himself was not a dull man, nor was his life ordered according to routine, smugly conventional. As is well known, he was insane in the last years and he died in a madhouse. Some may think that his lack of mental balance accounted for strange actions in the Vienna of his student and teaching days. No doubt Dr. George M. Gould of Ithaca, N. Y., would swear that Wolf's eyes were the cause of his malady, and he would class him with Swift and a hundred other eccentric authors, madmen, geniuses of high and low degree. There is no doubt that the insanity of Wolf did much for his fame. It is a curious habit to overpraise the ability of the unfortunate.

Mr. Newman must be ranked among the very first who have in all time written about music and musicians. His learning is indisputable, but he is not a pedagogue. His style is clear and luminous; now picturesque, now eloquent; now inclusive, epigrammatic; now rhythmical and a delight to the ear as well as the eye. He escaped long ago as a descriptive writer from the influence of Macaulay and he does not ape Pater. His style is his own. In his judgment he has a sense of historical perspective, or proportion. He is invariably interesting.

In this life of Wolf he has used the material collected by Dr. Decsey and correspondence and articles published by others. He gives full credit to his predecessors, and does this with the generosity of a full man, not giving thanks in a footnote.

The salient features of Wolf's life as man and musician are known to all who are interested in modern music, for much has been written about him. Thus it is known to every one that he was expelled unjustly from the Vienna Conservatory; that he almost starved as a teacher; that he wrote highly original reviews as a critic for a Viennese frothy paper; that he afterward had devoted friends; that a fund was raised for him to allow him to compose without distracting thoughts; that he went mad. In speaking of Mr. Newman's admirable biography, it is not necessary to retell the story of Wolf's sad life. The biography is interesting also in this respect: it tells us much about Mr. Newman, his opinions on art.

Yet there should be reference here to Mr. Newman's estimate of Wolf, as a human being, an estimate founded on statements made openly or whispered by those who knew him. It would seem then that Wolf's occasional harshness, rudeness was merely part of his "fundamental sincerity." "Wherever art was concerned he went straight for the truth, in his opinions, as in his music." He held sentimentality and any form of pose in horror, and he was savage in his expression of contempt. Naturally he made enemies; but no man had more devoted friends of a high character, friends of various dispositions.

"What one hears in private," says Mr. Newman, "of some of the details of his life, interesting as it is to the moral pathologist, is not yet a matter for the public ear. If further information is to be given to the world at large it must

## WILL GIVE CLASSIC DANCES HERE



Isadora Duncan.

come with full authentication from those among his personal friends who are best qualified to sift the faults from the legends. No feeling but one of the most poignant pity can fill us when we think of the growing misery of his life and the brutal, senseless tragedy of his end. The gods, no doubt, mean well, but their technique is bad. Nature is not so prodigal of brains of the first order that she can afford to fling them to the rubbish heap in this blind and wasteful way. Since the death of Schubert there is no musician whose premature end has been so truly irreparable a loss to art." This last statement is a strong one. There was Bizet, for instance.

Let us today consider for a moment Wolf as a critic and as a composer of songs, for Mr. Newman is especially happy in his treatment of these themes.

Wolf wrote for the Salonblatt, which circulated chiefly among the fashionable people, the "smart set"—to use a vile, a hideous phrase—and the "clubbers" of Vienna. "Wolf's strong and acid writing must have seemed, among the generally 'frivolous confectionary' of the rest of the paper, rather like the eruption of a fanatical derision into a boudoir." He had decided tastes; he had no delicacy about expressing them violently and he wrote uncommonly well, with enthusiasm for all that he thought pure and noble in art, and with invective and irony for that which seemed bad in his eyes.

Mr. Newman believes that the last person to be capable of being a good critic is an original composer; "the very strength of his own individuality is apt to render him only moderately receptive of the contrasted art of other men"; and Mr. Newman cites Brahms missing the fragrance and color of Tschalkowsky's music, and Tschalkowsky not appreciating the meaning and structure of the music by Brahms. He might have cited Weber's articles about Beethoven; singular judgments handed down by Beethoven, Berlioz, Wagner or other composers. Wolf, however, showed an admirable catholicity. He was right by instinct, the instinct of "a finely organized nature willing to enjoy keenly whatever could appeal to it as being beautiful."

There was reason often for his acidity, invective, hate. "While admitting that musical criticism is of no value unless it sees all round a given case, and states not only its disagreement, when agreement is not possible, but the reason for its disagreement, one cannot subscribe to the further theory, held by many worthy people, that the writing should never show any signs of internal warmth and that every word should be struck out that is likely to wound. So colorless an ideal of the duty of the critic can in the last resort only be held by

men for whom the art-life consists merely in enjoying the better products and ignoring the worst, who are not keenly enough interested in progress to go out and fight for it, and who do not realize that bad art cannot safely be ignored, for the simple reason that it debauches the public taste and so makes it harder for better art to find eyes to look at it and ears to listen to it." The critic must suit "his strategy to the enemy and to the situation." A man may be enthusiastic and yet logical. He may be ironical and yet discriminative. He may feel the anger of the righteous man and yet keep a cool head.

Wolf roared against late comers and early goers; against noisy applause after exquisite or noble music. He demanded small theatres for operas of the lighter class, small halls for chamber music. There were works by Brahms that pleased him; songs, and some of the chamber music, and he praised them warmly; but the Brahms that others thought great was only the epigone of Schumann and Mendelssohn. Schumann, Chopin, Berlioz, Liszt had all passed him

by as a symphonist and left no trace on him. He was blind to Wagner. "Just as people at that time danced minuets, I, a writer of symphonies, regarded what has happened in the mean time. He is like a departed spirit that returns to its old house, totters up the rickety steps, turns the rusty key with much difficulty, and directs an absent-minded gaze on the cobwebs that are forming in the air and the ivy that is forcing its way through the gloomy windows."

As a critic, Wolf admired Gluck, Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Weber, Marschner, Schubert, Schumann. He did not care for any music that was distinctively national, but he liked that of Smetana, Glinka, Tschalkowsky. He saw little in modern Italian opera writers, and he abhorred especially, but for widely differing reasons, Boito's "Mefistofele" and Ponchielli's "La Gioconda." Of Ponchielli he wrote that this Italian had no originality: "He has a dozen physiognomies; his imagination proceeds like a stubborn ass that after every second step goes back upon the first. 'La Gioconda' is composed merely for the singers, not for the public." Wolf was fond of Berlioz and Bizet.

The Symphony concert this week is one of unusual interest. The symphony will be Vincent d'Indy's in B flat major, one of the few symphonies that are truly great in form, in expression, in imaginative and lofty poetic contents. It has not been played here since the composer led it. A movement, "Reves d'Enfant," from Tschalkowsky's second suite will be played for the first time at these concerts. The suite itself is little known, although it was successful when first played. The third suite overshadowed it. The other orchestral piece will be Smetana's delightful overture to "The Sold Bride."

Miss Geraldine Farrar will sing for the first time at these concerts. Her airs are Lucette's girlish, naive song in Gretry's opera "Silvain" and an air, sung by the Prodigal Son, a tenor, in Debussy's cantata which won him the prix de Rome in 1884, a cantata that is more in the manner of Massenet, Gounod et al. than in that of the composer of "Pelleas and Melisande."

### Concerts of the Week.

SUNDAY—Ford Hall, Ashburton place, 8:15 P. M. Operatic concert, vocal and instrumental. Miss Michelini, soprano, Miss E. M. Clark, contralto, Miss Rein, soprano, Mr. Risold, tenor, Mr. Giudice-Fabri, baritone, and an orchestra of 25, led by Mr. Cercola.

MONDAY—Stehert Hall, 8:30 P. M. Charles Anthony's piano recital. Prelude and fugue, Glazounoff; sonata in F minor (first three movements), Brahms; nocturne in C minor, Chopin; "In Autumn," Mozskowski; Laendler, Jensen; "Clair de Lune," Debussy; caprice, Reger; study in the form of a waltz, Saint-Saens.

TUESDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15. Piano recital by George Copland, Jr. Bach, English suite No. 1 (three movements); Chopin, etude, ballad No. 3; Schumann, etudes Symphoniques; Debussy, Le petit Berger, Danse Sacree, Danse Profane, Reflets dans l'eau, Poissons d'or, et in lune descend sur le temple qui fut; Albeniz, four Spanish dances.

Stehert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Frederick Hastings, baritone, assisted by Arthur Foote and Andre Benoit, pianists. "Der Knabe mit dem Wunderhorn" and "Waldesgesprach," Schumann; "Die Ehre Gottes," Beethoven; "Des Pfortners Morgenlied," Berger; "Zugunng" and "Caecilia," Strauss; "On the Way to Kew," "Song of the Forge," "Requiem" and "Before Sunrise," Foote; "Meet Me by Moonlight" and "The Pretty Creature," old English; "Rose Leaves" and "A Theme," Benoit; "Young Dieterich," Henschel; "Sing Me a Song," Homer; "The Nightingale," Whelpley; "The Bony Fiddler," Hammond; "Hail, Bonaparte May," Branscombe. Mr. Benoit will play piano pieces by Luzzi and Schubert-Tandg.

WEDNESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concert by the Apollo Club. Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor, assisted by Mme. Johanna Gadeki. The club will sing these pieces: "Trelawney," Thayer; "Sunset," Van de Water; "Dan Cupid," Reineke; "Lullaby," Gibson; "Blue Danube," J. Strauss; "Lochlinvar," Hammond (Alfred Bengtsson, baritone); "Reveries," Storck; "Ave Maria," Bach-Gounod (with Mme. Gadeki); "The Lost Chord," Sullivan-Brewer. Mme. Gadeki will sing "Dich Theure Halle," from "Tanhaeuser"; "Phyllis," Young; "When the Roses Bloom," Reichardt; "Impatience," and "The Trout," Schubert; "Far Night" and "Message," Brahms; "Zugunng," R. Strauss. An orchestra will assist and play an Intermezzo by Andre.

THURSDAY—Stehert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Miss Mary R. Tracy, opera, assisted by Miss Katharine Halliday, cellist. Songs: "Vol che Sapevo," Mozart; "Colla Gladio," Nina Nanna, Brogl; "In Quel Trine Moribondo," from "Pacchuli," "Manon," "Ich Liebe Dich," Grieg; "Vergilich Staudchen," Brahms; "J'ai Pleuree a Bordeaux," Massenet; "C'est un peu de l'air," Massenet; "Ah! Love isn't a Day," Beach; "The Lava with the Dillente Air," Arne; "The Last Glimpse of Erin," Moore; "The Danza," Chadwick; "Cello," plectro; "The Swan," Saint-Saens; "Scherzo," Von Goens; "Eclaircie," Fischer.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Fifth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor. Symphony No. 2, B flat major, d'Indy; Lucette's air from Gretry's "Silvain" (Miss Geraldine Farrar); "Reves d'Enfant," Tschalkowski (first time at these concerts); Air of Aziel from "The Prodigal Son," Debussy (Miss Farrar); overture to "The Sold Bride," Smetana.

SATURDAY—The Fenway, 28, 8:30 P. M. John Beach's piano recital. Two Fantasy pieces from op. 111, Nos. 3, 2, and Nocturne No. 2, Schumann; Romance op. 118, No. 5, Intermezzo op. 117, Nos. 1, 2, Rhapsodie op. 79, No. 2, Brahms; Mazurkas op. 41, No. 2, op. 33, No. 3, op. 59, No. 2, op. 63, No. 2, op. 59, No. 3, Chopin. Barcarole, E flat, G. Faure; etude, B major, Scriabine; Intermezzo and Balcony Lyric and Masques from "New Orleans Miniatures," John Beach; "Cadiz," Albeniz.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Fifth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.

### Miss Duncan's Return.

Miss Isadora Duncan, in Symphony Hall Thursday afternoon, will repeat the program of dances in which she achieved her greatest triumph in this city last season; scenes from Gluck's operas, "Iphigenia in Aulis" and "Iphigenia in Tauris." An orchestra of Symphony men, Gustav Strube, conductor, will assist. Mr. Mudgett has arranged a second appearance for Miss Duncan in Symphony Hall Wednesday evening, Nov. 17, when her program will consist of illustrations of several classical poems with dances which have not been seen here. On both of these occasions she will add to her announced program solo dances selected from her repertoire. Subscriptions for Miss Duncan's second appearance may now be mailed to Mr. Mudgett.

### First Pension Fund Concert.

The first concert for the benefit of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be given in Symphony Hall, Sunday evening, Nov. 21. There will be two soloists and the program will consist chiefly of selections by these artists. Mme. Samarooff has volunteered to play a concerto and a group of solo pieces for piano and Mr. Willy Hess has also offered his services. The entire force of the orchestra will be employed and Mr. Fiedler will conduct. Full details of this concert will soon be made public.

### Mme. Sembrich's Recital.

Mme. Marcella Sembrich, who has returned to America after an eminently successful concert tour with operatic performances in Europe, will give a song recital in Symphony Hall Friday afternoon, Nov. 12. Frank La Forge will be the accompanist. The program will be as follows:

Mein gluckliches Herze ..... Bach  
Quel Ruscelletto ..... Paradies  
Oh, Sleep! why dost thou leave me? ..... Handel  
Hallelujah (from "Esther") ..... Handel  
Trockne Blumen ..... Schubert  
Eifersucht und Stolz ..... Schubert  
Stille Thraenen ..... Schumann  
Roseslein, Roseslein ..... Schumann  
Die Marnach ..... Brahms  
Sonntag ..... Brahms  
Der Schmied ..... Brahms  
L'Amie des Oiseaux ..... Massenet  
L'Eventail ..... Massenet  
Allerseen ..... Strauss  
The sheepherder ..... Frank La Forge  
An einen Boten ..... Frank La Forge  
Otworz Janku (Polish Masurka) ..... Stanislas Nowladzinski

There Sits a Bird on Every Tree ..... Fiedler

### Personal.

The St. Louis Republic states that Naomi von Achen of that city is "planning an operatic career, which may begin with the Boston Opera company at the Olympic, early in January." She is not 20, but "she has been singing since she was a little child." She takes E flat in alt "with astonishing ease," and sings in Italian, Latin, German and French "as well as she does in English." She also "sings many compositions of extraordinary length."

Georg Henschel has been singing in England both in "The Damnation of Faust" and in recitals. The Pall Mall Gazette said of his singing in London, that it was "as ever, wholly attractive and convincing, and, moreover, completely individual in character, in which lies so much of the charm. One was especially struck with the way he sang two extracts from the Handelian operas; so fresh did he make them sound that speculation arose as to whether a complete performance of one of these works for the stage would make any effect nowadays. But, then, were such a thing attempted, it would be too much to hope for an entire cast endowed with Mr. Henschel's remarkable art."



Dr. Alf. Kallner, known chiefly as a collector of Beethoven's letters, died in Berlin in his 86th year. He had studied philology, and then devoted himself to musical research.

An opportunity to learn to sing oratorios may be had by joining "The People's Choral Union of Boston," which inquires for F. W. Wodell, 6 New England Conservatory of Music, today, between 3 and 4 o'clock.

Heinrich Gudchus, who was for some years the hero tenor at the Dresden Opera House, and with Winkelmann and Jäger sang Parsifal the first year at Bayreuth (1882), is dead. He sang at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1890-91, but he was then past his prime. In the early eighties his voice was strong, clear, manly and agreeable. At the Dresden house he was versatile and always sincere, whether he were the Fra Diavolo or the Tannhauser of the evening. While he was by no means a master of bel canto, his singing was far less objectionable than that of his leading contemporaries. He was born in 1845 and was at first a school teacher and village organist. He first sang in opera in 1871.

Jean Perler, an accomplished actor, who gave a remarkable performance of Pelléas in New York, has left the Opera Comique, Paris, and joined the opera company at the Gaite, where he will create the part of Chillon in "Quo Vadis," by Nourges.

The Schumann Museum at Zwickau will be dedicated June 8, 1910, the 100th anniversary of the composer's birth. Ernst von Schuch will conduct the commemorative music festival.

The Menestrel states that Emmy Destinn, the singer, has written a drama, "Rachel," a story of the ghetto in Prague, which was performed recently without success at the Czech Theatre in Prague, and therefore a Berlin theatre, which had accepted it, now refuses to produce it.

Caruso and Lena Cavaleri are engaged for an operatic season at the Chatelet, Paris, next May. Toseanini will conduct.

Arthur Friedheim, in Munich last week, used the Cluam keyboard at his piano recital.

Anna Weiss-Busoni, a pianist and the mother of Ferruccio Busoni, the distinguished pianist who once lived in Boston, died at Trieste Oct. 3.

Rose Caron, once famous as a singer, has resigned her position as teacher at the Paris Conservatory.

Adelina Patti bade a tearful farewell to the concert stage some time ago. Nevertheless, she will celebrate in London Nov. 21 the 50th anniversary of her artistic career. This means her operatic career. She appeared as Lucia in New York Nov. 24, 1859, but she sang in concert before that. Her first appearance in Boston was in Music Hall with Ole Bull Oct. 4, 1853. She was then 16 years old. Her first appearance in Boston in opera was in "Lucia" with Brignoli and Amadio Jan. 3, 1860. During that engagement she also was heard as Amina, Zerlina, Rosina and Elvira. The late John S. Dwight then asked: "Will she be a year weller?"

At a concert given at a French watering place only British music, with a single exception, was performed. Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" appeared appropriately on the program as "Pomp and Circumstance."

Carl Gmelin is writing his recollections.

The Atlanta (Ga.) Musical Festival has raised the \$50,000 guarantee for a week's visit of the Metropolitan opera company, beginning May 1.

The guarantee was raised in three days.

#### Works New and Old.

Edvard Grieg, whose "Kalevala" was produced at a symphony concert last season, has been selected to give a recital in the Metropolitan Opera House, to be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House.

A new opera, composed by Felix Mendelssohn, is being produced at Chemnitz, Germany, by Roger.

The opera, "Kain and Reber," is being produced at Chemnitz.

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"Rosa" is an opera based on a novel by Edmondo de Goncourt and with music by Mario Vitali of Pesaro, was produced with marked success at Pausula. Which novel of de Goncourt?

A Berlin newspaper mentioned recently that Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" was produced at the Manhattan Opera House for the first time on any stage.

Siegfried Wagner is incorrigible. He has written another opera, "Isanadriel," which will be produced at Karlsruhe about Christmas.

P. E. Koch's oratorio, "The Deluge," will be performed for the first time at Cologne Nov. 27. Old Babylonian hymns and prayers are introduced in it.

"Enoch Arden," a new opera, based on Tennyson's poem, with music by Max Meydert, was produced at Essen, Oct. 7. The music is said to be better than the text. This is not the first operatic treatment of the poem. A one-act opera by Edward Sanchez de Fuentes, a Cuban, was produced in Havana by an Italian company, with Rosa Challa at the head of it, some years ago.

## First Week of Boston Opera to Introduce Principal Artists

The first week's repertory of the first season of grand opera at the New Boston Opera House will give an opportunity to introduce all the principal Italian and French artists of the company. On Monday night, Nov. 8, for the inauguration, Ponchielli's masterpiece, "La Gioconda," will be presented. Mme. Lillian Nordica will be La Gioconda, Mme. Louise Homer, Laura; Mme. Anna Meltschick, La Cieca; Florenzo Constantino, Enzo; George Baklanoff, Barnaba; Jose Mardones, Alvise; Attilio Pulcini, Zuane, and Constantino Stroesco, Isepo. Curtain at 7:45 P. M.

Verdi's "Aida" will be given Wednesday night at 8. The cast will be as follows: Celastina Boninsegni, Aida; Maria Claessens, Amneris; Betty Freeman, the priestess; Enzo Leliva, Radames; Francis Archambault, the king; George Baklanoff, Amonasro; Jose Mardones, Ramfis; Ernesto Giaccone, the messenger.

Thursday, Nov. 11, as an extra performance, Delibes' opera, "Lakme," will be given, which will mark the American debut of the Russian coloratura soprano, Miss Lydia Lipkowska. Others in the cast will be Betty Freeman, Malika; Evelyn Parnell, Ellen; Virginia Pierce, Rosa; Mabel Stanaway, Bentson; Paul Bourillon, Gerardo; Rodolfo Fornari, Frederick; Jules Nivette, Nila-kanta; Constantino Stroesco, Hagi.

Miss Alice Nielsen will make her debut on Friday night in Puccini's "La Boheme." Others in the cast will be Mathilda Lewicka, Musetta; Florenzo Constantino, Rodolfo; Raymond Boulogne, Marcello; Jose Mardones, Colline; Attilio Pulcini, Schuarnard; Luigi Tavecchia, Alcindoro and Benoit; Frederick Huddy, Un Doganiere, and Constantino Stroesco, Parpignol.

"Lakme" will be repeated at the Saturday matinee in the regular subscription performance with the same cast that will be heard on Thursday night.

Music lovers are interested in the debutante evenings which Director Henry Russell promised. The first will take place Saturday night, Nov. 13. These performances will be given at popular prices. Full orchestra, full chorus, complete ballet and the same production will be presented and many of the principal artists will appear.

The difference between these performances and the regular subscription performances will be that some of the principal roles will be sung by artists who had hitherto no opportunity to appear on the grand opera stage. The opera chosen for the first of these evenings is Verdi's "Aida," and the debutantes will be: Miss Evelyn Parnell, who will take the part of Aida; Miss Mabel Stanaway will sing Amneris and Constantino Stroesco will take the part of the messenger.

A grand concert with the full grand opera orchestra will be given Sunday night. The soloists and the program will be announced later.

## PAULETTE'S PARLOR HER TRUE HOME

Character of the Furnishings in Harmony with the Careless, Good-Natured and Attractive Dancing Girl.

R. PHILIP HALE.

The furnishing of Paulette's parlor in "The Tempest" is an example of explanatory stage setting and setting. The character of the chairs, sofas, and the table, and the arrangement, the

the picture, statuary, bric-a-brac, the gilt and the plush, are in harmony with the careless, impudent, good-natured, attractive dancing girl. Here is her true home. The audience has seen 100 rooms like this, hence his indifference, too profound to be minutely cynical. Girls come and girls go. Some marry millionaires; some settle down in happiness with an adoring youngster and lead a decent life, showing a surprising capacity for household tasks; a great many of them die in the hospital; but the hired apartments have the same appearance, whether Paulette or Maude, or May is the tenant of a season. Elizabethan simplicity in stage setting would not do in this case.

The parlor contradicts Paulette's protestations to her honest lover, but she is not the less agreeable, cajoling, desirable. She is not a vicious creature; she is a child in certain ways, much in need of a hired mother who plays viely the piano. There are books on the table, but it is doubtful whether Paulette dims her eyes by reading. Ten to one there are stains made by wet glasses on the largest, most expensive volume.

No one should cry out against this scene, which is both realistic and symbolic. As played by Miss Barrison with fine art, Paulette is not a mere baggage. She has no illusions about life. The men she has known have been frank with her. They have revealed their weaknesses and she has been generous in not betraying them. When she is alone, she laughs at them all—at all, except the young dramatist, the one person she respects and loves—for is she not to have an important part in his play? To know Paulette well, to be on terms of companionship with her, would be a liberal education. In certain respects she would be an excellent confidential friend and adviser in a seminary for young ladies. Nor would she be an undesirable playmate for a healthy-minded, normal youth, especially if he should wish to know the world otherwise than from books and prematurely young men of his own age. Mr. Arthur Symonds wrote several years ago: "To roam in the sun and air with vagabonds, to haunt the strange corners of cities, to know all the useless, and improper, and amusing people who are alone very much worth knowing; to live, as well as to observe life \* \* \* it is such things as these that make for poetry"; nor is it paradoxical to add that they make for the highest morality. Paulette is not useless, for her dancing is an art; she is not improper in the evil meaning of the word; that she is amusing is indisputable, although prigs may cry out and ask for an ounce of civet.

Let Paulette's room be represented on the stage according to the pseudo-Elizabethan theory, in which Mr. Greet's followers so fondly believe, and even Miss Barrison's performance would not be so effective. It might be argued in the case of "The Tempest" that the most gorgeous scenery would be inadequate; that it could not rival the beauties and the wonders of the isle as described by the poet. There is also this danger in a "sumptuous revival" of "The Tempest" with lavish electrical lighting and marvellous mechanical effects; the play becomes a spectacular extravaganza with Caliban as clown.

After all, there is little use in being

cock-sure as to the manner in which

the stage in Shakespeare's period was

set. There is a significant remark by

Decker, who was familiar with the

theatre: "By sitting on the stage you

have a signed patent to stand at the

helm to steer the passage of the scenes."

It is not wholly proved, in spite of

learned men and commentators, as

Georges Eekhoud points out, that there

were then no theatre machines, no mov-

able scenery. We know that in English

miracles in the 15th century there were

properties and machinery, and the lists

of properties show that great pains were

taken to set forth realistically the splen-

dor and the terror of various scenes;

and there were stage imitations of

miraculous events. It is perhaps too

much to say that in Shakespeare's time

there was no movable scenery of any

sort whatever. There were certainly

towers, tombs, dragons, palisade ban-

quets, furniture, trapdoors, gods and

goddesses let down from heaven and

pulled back. We do know that the

wardrobes were "rich, varied and

costly."

The recent performance of scenes

from "The Tempest" again provokes

inquiry into the character of the com-

edy. An ingenious commentator has de-

clared in all sincerity that in this play

Shakespeare himself disguised as a second

Messiah; that the 15 years that have

elapsed since Prospero left Naples stand

for the 15 centuries that had in

Shakespeare's period passed since the

time of the Saviour. Sunbeams from

cueenbers! Is there symbolism in "The

Tempest"? What is there to say about

Caliban? Only this is sure: the play

was Shakespeare's final word. Is it,

therefore, autobiographical? Why in

the opening scenes did the dramatist,

who delighted in action, put expla-

na-tions concerning himself, Mrs. A.

Ariel, Caliban into Prospero's room?

His method of exposition was

like this. After seeing Prospero and Gonzalo travestied by players of the Ben Greet company; after seeing the pitiable clowning of Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo in Symphony Hall last Tuesday night, a lover of the theatre might easily be excused for quoting the remarks of Hazlitt, written in 1815, after a performance of the same comedy: "As we returned some evenings ago from seeing 'The Tempest' at Covent Garden, we almost came to the resolution of never going to another representation of a play of Shakespeare's as long as we lived; and we certainly did come to this determination, that we never would go by choice."

It was in this article that Hazlitt gave his admirable analysis of a "respectable" actor. "A respectable actor, then, is one who seldom gratifies, and who seldom offends us; who never disappoints us, because we do not expect anything from him, and who takes care never to rouse our dormant admiration by any unlooked-for strokes of excellence. In short, an actor of this class (not to speak it profanely) is a mere machine, who walks and speaks his part; who, having a tolerable voice, face and figure, reposes entirely and with a prepossessing self-complacency on these natural advantages; who never risks a failure, because he never makes an effort; who keeps on the safe side of custom and decorum, without attempting improper liberties with his art; and who has not genius or spirit enough to do either well or ill."

Hazlitt was referring to Charles Mayne Young, of whose Prospero he said: "It was grave without solemnity, stately without dignity, pompous without being impressive, and totally destitute of the wild, mysterious, preternatural character of the original." Yet Young was a highly "respectable" actor in his day and generation. What would Hazlitt have said if he could have seen the Prospero of last week?

"The Tempest" is seldom played in

this country or in England. There

was a performance at the Boston

Theatre Dec. 24, 1855, when John Gil-

bert took the part of Caliban and

Mrs. John Wood that of Ariel. George

Riddle played Caliban in the drunken

scene, with Dan Maginnis as Ste-

phano and S. E. Springer as Trinculo,

at a benefit performance for the late

H. A. McGlenen at the Boston The-

atre, June 13, 1881. An arrangement of

the play in four acts was produced by

Augustin Daly at the Hollis Street

Theatre May 10, 1897, when music by

Arne, Purcell and Taubert was per-

formed. The cast included: Prospero,

George Clarke; Gonzalo, Edwin Var-

rey; Sebastian, John Craig; Ferdin-

and, Charles Richmond; Caliban,

Tyrone Power; Miranda, Ada Rehan;

Ariel, Percy Haswell. Among the

"chief spirits attending on Prospero"

was no less distinguished a person

than Isadora Duncan.

In New York "The Tempest" was per-

formed as early as 1772. Burton took

the part of Caliban in 1853 and in 1854.

There was a remarkable production in

1869, when E. L. Davenport played Pros-

pero; Frank Mayo, Ferdinand; W. Dav-

idge, Caliban, and F. C. Bangs, Alonso.

Charles Wheatleigh played Caliban in a

production of the play the next year at

the same theatre, the Grand Opera

House, and Lisa Weber of burlesque

fame was the Ariel. When Daly brought

out the play at his theatre in 1897 Nancy

McIntosh was the Miranda, and Miss

Rehan played the part at a special mat-

inee for charity. George Riddle gave

two acts at the Lyceum, Feb. 8, 1889, as-

sisted by Grace Henderson, Henry Mil-

ler and J. O. Barrows. It is said that

before 1850 the play as produced in this

country was usually the version of Dav-

anant and Dryden.

The Herald described a fortnight ago

the change made in Henry Bernstein's

"Israel" so that the drama might have a

happy ending to please Americans. It

will be remembered that in the original

and powerful version Thibault, the fa-

talistic Jew balter, kills himself when he

discovers that his real father is a Jew

and the man whom he has grossly in-

sulted. This was the logical, inevitable

conclusion, and in the play Thibault

argues his case. In the version now

playing in New York, Thibault is saved

from suicide by the devotion of a young

woman. Charles Frohman now states

that the change was made at his sugges-

tion by the author, and he believes firmly



the same time, it is possible to so stage manage a performance that the audience forget that there is no fourth wall. I saw a well known actor in one play point to this fourth wall. This was an error. It is a fatal mistake for an actor to take the audience into his confidence. He should convey the impression that he is totally unaware of the presence of the audience. This is the great difference between the art of the actor and that of the music hall performer. The latter plays to the audience all the time. I have seen a well known music hall artiste fall absolutely on the legitimate stage for this very reason, and I have known many actors fall on the music halls for the opposite and other reasons. The most important thing of all, perhaps, is the sense of time—when to speak, how quickly to speak, when to pause and how long to pause. The producer must know, too, how quickly a man should cross the room, how quickly, if he goes out, he should shut the door; and always he has to arrive at just what the author means."

William Archer has been lecturing in England, urging the public support of a national theatre, arguing in favor of every large provincial town having its own stock company in its own theatre. "There ought not to be a town in England of more than, say, 150,000 inhabitants, without its permanent theatre and company a centre of local interest and local pride."

The Pall Mall Gazette, publishing a report that Sir Herbert Tree would play Sir Peter Teazle in America to the Lady Teazle of Miss Grace George, adds: "This is the clever actress who appeared in London as Cyprienne in an English version of Divorçons, at the Duke of York's Theatre in June, 1907. She proved herself in that performance to be a comedienne with a personality, a temperament, and a fine command of the technique of her art; and many who then saw her have regretted that she has not visited London since. If the rumor above referred to is borne out, she should be a most interesting Lady Teazle." Miss George will be seen here in "The School for Scandal," but nothing has been said as yet about Beerbohm Tree being her Sir Peter.

They take the theatre seriously in Australia. The Australasian, reviewing a performance of "Othello," with Oscar Asche as the Moor and Miss Lily Brayton as Desdemona, said in the course of an article that took a good third of a page: "In the death scene, which is made more awful by slight but permissible departure from the text and tradition, one heard exclamations of horror alternating with interjections of pity for Desdemona from an audience whose tense stillness was thus occasionally broken by almost unconscious acknowledgment of the tragedy of the scene."

Miss Marie George, highly pleased because for the eighth year she has been invited to play in the Christmas pantomime at Drury Lane, said confidentially to a London reporter: "I am one of the few American actresses, I suppose, who have continued to satisfy in England."

John E. Dodson has been talking in St. Louis. "The point lace and diamonds of art is to entertain, to amuse. The Ibsen fad and all the other so-called problem perplexities are something of a public burden. Shakespeare's greatness is largely due to the fact that he never attempted to educate or 'elevate' at the expense of simple, unalloyed entertainment." Mr. Dodson is an excellent actor and a man of intelligence. Is it possible that he spoke this rubbish?

The Referee tells this story of the late Andrew Melville, who had a peculiar liking for "realizing the posters." After he had put out in advance for "The Wandering Jew," wherein a young man was represented as dying under a table, his star actor came to him greatly distressed and complained that the poster had nothing to do with the piece. "Oh, indeed," said the manager, "hasn't it? Well, the bills are out, and you've got to fit 'em." "But the Wandering Jew never dies!" said the star. "Don't you believe it," responded "A. Emma." "For this revival the Wandering Jew dies under the table—or he gets his notice!" And that Wandering Jew had to die in his youth, under the table as directed."

## STRUBE'S 'CELLO CONCERTO HEARD

The program of the fourth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in Symphony Hall, Mr. Fiedler conducted, was as follows:

Overture to "The Abencerrages".....Cherubini  
Symphony No. 2.....Schumann  
Concerto in E minor for cello and orchestra.....Strube  
"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks".....Strauss  
The impressions of the concert noted here were derived from the performance on Friday afternoon.

The concert was one of unusual interest, not only because Mr. Strube's concerto, with Mr. Warnke, cellist, was

the reason that the symphony and Strauss' tone poem were admirably read by Mr. Fiedler and played with even more than ordinary brilliancy by the orchestra. Cherubini's overture is not often heard here. As played last Friday it seemed no longer an academic, perfunctory work. A young composer today, taking a Spanish subject, would not be content with the simple orchestra of the old Parisianized Florentine, nor would he be easily persuaded to refrain from at least one section in dance rhythm with the use of appropriate castanets. Yet in Cherubini's overture there is the stateliness and a suggestion of chivalric spirit that we might miss in the modern composer's thunderous speech and gorgeous local color.

Mr. Fiedler's reading of the Symphony was poetic, in full sympathy with the characteristic rhythms, melodic figures and harmonic progressions of the composer, and the orchestral performance was one of the highest order. It is not necessary at this late day to complain of Schumann's instrumentation; it is no doubt at times muddy, at times dry; but the romantic feeling, the charming fancy, the inspired thought in this symphony cause the nature of the instrumental garments to be forgotten. Mr. Fiedler allowed the adagio time to sing itself, and this song is surely one of the most beautiful things in the art of this world. Were it not for the incongruous passage in limitation this adagio would be flawless.

The performance of "Till Eulenspiegel" was an extraordinary one, by virtue of its dramatic recklessness and its irresistible humor. When a composer is deliberately coarse and makes a point by his artistic coarseness, Mr. Fiedler does not at once apply sand-paper and polish. He lets the composer have his say. Till himself was not a refined person; in fact, he was Rabelaisian, and Mr. Fiedler appreciated the fact. As for the music, this rondo is one of Strauss' greatest works, audaciously planned, superbly carried out. The performance was that of accomplished virtuosos, drilled into perfect ensemble, fired with enthusiasm for the music that was before them.

Mr. Strube led the performance of his concerto with his accustomed and quietly displayed skill. He is a fortunate man, for he writes music that is worth hearing, and he has the Boston Symphony orchestra for the performance of it. "Cello concertos, as a rule, are dreary things, interesting only to the cellist who plays them. The instrument has decided limitations, and in a long-winded concerto it becomes intolerable. Mr. Strube, realizing the limitations of the instrument, has written adroitly for its singing quality, and has spared us the customary and unendurable pages of mere notes that serve only to display the technical proficiency of the cellist. This concerto in one movement is charming and short. It is commendably short, yet it contains much matter, and its sections are well contrasted.

The themes have true character, whether they be tender or piquant. The orchestral accompaniment, while it never is envious of the solo part is not a drab background; it is full of life and color. The instrumentation is fresh in combinations of timbres, and there are many orchestral effects, as well as daring harmonic inventions, that give delight at the time and are remembered afterward. Mr. Warnke played with a fine quality of tone and the phrasing of a musician. The audience on Friday was warm in the expression of approbation. The composer and the cellist were recalled by hearty and long continued applause.

The program of the pension fund concert, Sunday evening, Nov. 21, to which allusion is made elsewhere in this issue, will be as follows: Overture, "In the Spring," Goldmark; Mendelssohn's violin concerto (Mr. Willy Hess); Schumann's piano concerto (Mme. Olga Samartoff); and Wotan's Farewell, the Magic Fire Scene, and the Ride of the Valkyries from "The Valkyrie."

## SCHUMANN-HEINK SINGS IN CONCERT

Mme. Schumann-Heink gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mrs. Katherine Hoffmann was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

"Das erste Verlehen," "Gruss," "Venetianisches Gondellied," "Italien," "Fuehlingslied," Mendelssohn, "Gretchen am Spinnrad," "Tod und das Maedchen," "Rastlose Liebe," "Doppelgaenger," Schubert, "Feldensankrit," "Sapphische Ode," "Von ewiger Liebe," Brahms, "Traum durch die Daemmerung," "Befrei," Strauss, "Wiegellied," Stela, "Ah, love but a day," Mrs. Beach, "Irisb Love Song," Miss Lang, "Children's Prayer," Reger, "Danza," Chadwick.

This concert gave much pleasure to a large audience, and although nearly all of the songs were of an intimate nature and only two or three could be called dramatic, Mme. Schumann-Heink, without forcing her voice and without the aid of gesture and undue facial expression, which to some operatic singers seem indispensable to success in concert, conquered space and brought the

water into the atmosphere. Nationally, Mrs. Schumann-Heink's name seldom appears now on the programs of singers. Occasionally "On Unions of Song" is heard, but for the most part this composer is neglected. Mme. Schumann-Heink's choice of the role was a fortunate one, and she made them effective by her self-restraint, by her refusal to recognize the sentimentality that lurks, if it is not exultant, in so much of Mendelssohn's music. These particular songs have true sentiment when they are rightly interpreted.

Mme. Schumann-Heink's interpretation of Schubert's "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel" was a compelling one. It was passionate, but not explosive; it was dramatic, but not theatrical. The climax was finely developed, and the remembrance of the past rapture and the agony of the present loneliness were eloquently expressed.

It seems to me that Mme. Schumann-Heink erred seriously in taking the answer of Death to the Maiden in the song that followed at so slow a pace. The tonal quality that she used was impressive, but the rhythm that should be as inexorable in its precision as the technique of Death itself was destroyed. Nor was there the chilling monotony of Death's measured speech. The singer can find no warrant in the song for thus dragging the tempo. Schubert's indication is "at moderate speed," and he took care to give the half note only the value of a quarter note. The "Doppelgaenger" admits of free treatment and Mme. Schumann-Heink was here truly dramatic, yet it is a man's song.

She was eminently successful with the songs by Brahms—especially so with the "Sapphische Ode"—and with those of Strauss. "Traum durch die Daemmerung" has often been sung here, but never surely with such rich beauty of tone and with such exquisite appreciation of the mood of poet and composer.

There are very few opera singers or strictly lieder singers who are now Mme. Schumann-Heink's rivals on the concert stage. Of the operatic singers who visit our concert halls, no one equals her in differentiation of sentiments. Her noble voice is used discreetly. Her vocal art is on a far higher plane than when she first provoked applause here by tearing passion to tatters. On the concert stage she is always dignified, without prima donna airs, graces and coquettish affectations. She is a great artist; she is also a woman who has known the joys and sorrows of life and charges her interpretation of songs with the spirit of this knowledge.

Mrs. Hoffmann gave valuable assistance. The audience was always cordial, often enthusiastic; and there was at times the hush after a song that is a greater tribute than vulgar clapping of hands, or even the Chataqua and microbic salute.

## MEN AND THINGS

An earnest student of the drama said recently that the great majority of Spanish dancers who have "cachuchaed" and "Bolerado" and "tandangoed" and clapped castanets and cried "Ole" in our city have come from South Boston, which accounts for the Andalusian grace of their movements and the purity of their accent, but there is no doubt about the nationality of the Princess Rajah. Did she not say to a reporter in Washington, D. C.: "You cannot understand, you Americans, how the call of the centuries echoes in the hearts of us of Egypt. How the music of our country brings up visions of the slow, turbid Nile, and the tall pyramids will send pulsing through our veins all the old alluring powers of the time of Cleopatra. Ah, no; you cannot understand." O Isis and Osiris, not to mention Apis and the dog-headed Anubis and thousands of sacred crocodiles and cats! This is indeed the real thing. No wonder that the Princess Rajah has "a strange, faraway smile" in her eyes, a "strange, alluring personality that seems to have come down from the days of Cleopatra." No wonder that she wears almost 15 pounds of jewels and can hold a heavy chair with her teeth while she dances now with languorous steps and now with unrestrained passion. Perhaps she is Cleopatra reincarnated. Who knows? Mrs. Besant asserts that she was once Hypatia, once Giordano Bruno, but she did not insist that she was ever the serpent of old Nilus.

The Morning Telegraph, moved by "a decent regard for the amenities of the English language and a desire to protect the literateurs attached to various theatrical offices from their own rashness," remarks that the word "hectic" is not a synonym for "red," "exotic" or "passionate," but simply signifies "continuous."

Now "hectic," the adjective, in an etymological sense meant habitual, constitutional, but that was in the 17th century; it never meant "continuous." The Telegraph is right in its condemnation of the abuse of the word, which now means only "belonging to or symptomatic of the bodily condition or habit"—and is thus applied to the kind of fever that accompanies consumption or other wasting diseases—belonging to or symptomatic of this fever, consumptive, wasting, consuming. The noun means a hectic fever (and it is

this used figuratively). Heated with heat, fever, a little lively; or a hectic flush, therefore a little heightened color on the cheek. An impersonation of Chloë might just be called hectic.

The Parisians like to jest in the face of death. When the cholera raged in Paris a half-century or more ago, the comic papers and the minor theatres vied with each other in ghastly jokes at the expense of the awful visitor. Excursions and deeds of Anarchists also seem to the Parisian irrepressibly funny. Mr. Antoine produced a short time ago at the Odeon a singular curtain-raiser entitled "The King Bores Himself." It introduces a travelling monarch, who, stopping at a hotel, feels lonely, and sends out his chamberlain to find a woman who would like to sup with royalty. While the King is in his dressing room, making himself beautiful, an Anarchist enters the parlor and puts a bomb under a chair. He tries to light the fuse, but there are no matches at hand. After all, this is not a serious matter, for the bomb is warranted to be of reversible action, and if any one kicks it there will be an explosion. The young lady, Miss Florette, arrives, an amiable person, but when the King is rude to her, she takes her hat and jacket and wishes to leave. As she is going, he discovers the bomb, and to her horror he picks it up and examines it as one well versed in the construction of these toys. He admires the workmanship, points out that it is reversible, and then says: "If you do not stop here with me, I'll let the thing explode. I feel bored." Wild with terror, she promises everything, and the King pours water over the bomb.

A girl was brought into a New York court for truancy. She was 14 years old. Six feet in height, she weighed 150 pounds. She played hockey, not because she was unwilling to study, not because she was vicious. She said to the judge: "I'm too big. When I go to school the little children make fun of me. I can't do nothing. I'm afraid to hit them, I might smash 'em." We regret to say that the magistrate fined her a dollar and said that if she should come before him again he would fine her \$50.

Children are cruel animals. Any one at school who is lame, deformed, near-sighted, suffering from any physical infirmity, is at once a butt. School life for the afflicted is a constant torture, and the unfortunate are often embittered for the years to come. In this instance the children argued that no girl 14 years old had any business to be of Miss Calabaro's proportions; there was something wrong about her; she was not as they were; therefore she was to be mocked and abused, even though she were of a pleasant disposition and ;

zealous student. Nationality is also subject of ridicule in schools. The girl of German parents is known "Dutchy"; the girl of Italian parents "Dago."

Miss Calabaro should go to Mr. Hammerstein. He chooses tall young women to act as ushers in the Philadelphia Opera House, young women of Amazonian build. A fortnight ago 100 of "queenly proportions"—but queens are always tall and stately only on the stage—presented themselves, and the tallest was 5 feet 11 inches. Miss Calabaro should be the head usher. Not only could she look over the heads of the crowd, but she could quell a disturbance or persuade a Philadelphian, hot with pepper-pot, that the performance to which he was making foolish objections was the finest ever given in the city.

Nov 2 1909

## GRACE GEORGE IN A NEW PLAY

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"A Woman's Way," comedy in three acts by Thompson Buchanan. First time in Boston. Produced at Milwaukee Jan. 7, 1909. Production in Boston by William A. Brady.

Howard Stanton.....C. Aubrey Smith  
Oliver Whitney.....Jack Stanning  
Edward Morris.....Frederick Esneton  
Job Livingston.....Henry Miller, Jr.  
General Livingston.....Charles Stanley Wilson  
Harry Lynch.....Reginald Carrington  
Bates.....Elwood Cromwell  
Marion Stanton.....Gardner Burton  
Mrs. Elizabeth Blakenmore.....Grace George  
Carolyn Kenyon  
Ruth Benson  
Mrs. Stanton.....Evelyn Carter  
Salle Livingston.....Jewel Power  
Belle Morris.....Estelle Christi

The title of this comedy might well be "The Other Woman," or the comedy might be called "The Duel." It matters not that these titles have been used before by novelists and playwrights. The wife plays a daring game to win back her husband. To enable her to triumph, the dramatist thoughtfully provides many and approved stage tricks. The victory is easily anticipated, but suppose there had not been communicative triler



of Mrs. Blakemore at the dinner to which the wife invited her? Or suppose that Mrs. Blakemore, a clever woman, had not accepted the invitation, and it is doubtful whether with her shrewdness she would have accepted in real life. But in real life, one might say, the Blakemores are not always defeated.

The success of the play lies in the brisk presentation of these elements, in the crispness, humor, and wit of the dialogue, especially in the lines spoken by Miss George. It must be confessed that the male characters as a rule are lads, and Mrs. Blakemore deserved better treatment from them. They had no gratitude. Here enters satire, as the bitterness enters into the dialogue between husband and wife, even into the recollections, vague on the part of the husband, but distinct on the part of the wife, of blissful days before the two began to drift apart.

Her Relations. Mrs. Jones is curious to know how another woman ensnared her Jones, who has not for some years been sentimental or passionate as a spouse. Is she dark or a pulpy blonde? Has she a witty tongue and a sympathetic manner? Does the spell lie in some autairity of dress, in some subtle, overmastering perfume? Is the sympathy, artistic, literary, convivial, platonic or plutonic? That Mrs. Stanton in the play should invite Mrs. Blaker are is not, after all, unreasonable, for Marion was always doing and saying the unexpected, and she was rewarded. That Mrs. Blakemore should agree, taxes credulity; she would have suspected a plot.

Mr. Buchanan is a fortunate man, for Miss George, by her gentleness, her true womanly qualities, which include idealizing, delicious coquetry; her refined and aut oritative wit as a conedition, the charm of her voice, the grace of her manner, makes this wife an adorable creature of flesh, blood and mind. Miss George uses her brains, but her playing is never coldly intellectual, she is much more than a calculating machine to make dramatic points. The bewitching lines, however drah they may not see in print, sparkle on her lips, the employment of gesture is discreet and effective. Her mobile, sensitive face eloquent. How significant her vocal phasis! How telling her reticence! In the sentimental passages that would have been commonplace played another were ennobled by the subtle, yet intense emotion of this adorable actress.

The male members of the supporting  
many were superior to the women.

though Miss Kenyon gave a well-learned impersonation of Mrs. Blakemore, and suggested the sensuous and seductive adventuress in love who spared neither the cradle nor the grave. She looked the part and she played it with the quiet intensity of an experienced amoralist. Mr. Smith gave a thoughtfully composed impersonation of the husband, Weak and irresolute as man, as the old hymn has it, and Stanton was no exception; yet Mr. Smith made him attractive, and the large audience as well as Marion thought he was worth fighting for. After all the duel between the women was not a fair one. Male pique and male cowardice on the part of Mrs. Blakemore's former admirers came to Marion's rescue.

The comedy was well received. There was much laughter and there were curtain calls.

Modern Music Made up Program of  
Pianist at Stelnert Hall. D

Charles Anthony gave a piano recital in Stelnert Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:

Glazounoff, prelude and fugue; Brahms, sonata in F minor (first three movements); Chopin, Nocturne in C minor; Jensen, Landler; Debussy, "Clair de Lune"; Reger, caprice; Saint-Saens, study (in the form of a waltz).

Mr. Anthony is to be congratulated on his program making, for the compositions were admirably chosen and combined. Although all the music was modern, or at least of the Romantic school, there was plenty of variety and no kaleidoscopic transitions to jar the listener.

Both the prelude and fugue of Glazounoff were given in a slower tempo and in less strict rhythm than one is accustomed to hear, but both were carefully worked out, and, in general, cleanly played.

Mr. Anthony did not give a very clear or compelling interpretation of the Brahms sonata. It became rather formless and monotonous, especially the second movement. The infinite variety of tone demanded by the sonata is not yet in Mr. Anthony's power to produce. The Laendler, which is seldom heard in concert, was played with the sense of proportion which was lacking in the sonata, and was the most effective number on the program.

Mr. Anthony is not a particularly emotional player, therefore the Chopin Nocturne and exquisite little "Clair de Lune" of Debussy left something to be desired. The caprice of Reger and the study by Saint-Saens were brilliantly played. Mr. Anthony's technique is good and he is a conscientious musician. The audience was appreciative, and at the close of the program demanded an encore. Mr. Anthony responded with a Strauss Intermezzo.

duction in Boston of "The Fair Co-ed," a three-act college comedy with music, book and lyrics by George Ade, music by Gustav Luders. Cast:

Dave Dickerson.....	Arthur Stanford
Wellington Reed.....	Sydney Jackson
Josephus Cadwallader.....	Edgar Hatfield
Ernest Grubb.....	H. David Todd
Freddie Carrington.....	Gilbert Douglas
Bob Chester.....	James Reaney
Capt. Peacock.....	Harry Wood
Squad Leader.....	Harry Depp
A. Argente.....	Stuart Beikna
Cynthia Bright.....	Elsie Janis
Angeline Baxter.....	Inez Bauer
Hazel Pinkham.....	Althea Francis
Byrde Wheeler.....	Marion Mills
Magnolia Curtis.....	Elsie Steele

Cure," first production in Boston; with the following cast:

Torelli.....	Charles J. Ross
Alfred Blake.....	Craig Campbell
Mr. Blake.....	Fred Frear
Maj. W. L. Blaine.....	Joseph Allen
W. S. Silliman.....	Thomas H. Walsh
James.....	James H. Hays
Leading Old Man.....	Amos H. Crook
Clarence Chauncey.....	Harry Hyde
Freddy.....	Otto Kaestner
Nellie Vau.....	Mme. Lina Abarbanell
W. S. Silliman.....	Christine Nielsen
Mrs. Julia Silliman.....	Alice Hosmer
Leading Old Woman.....	Blanche Rice
	Helen Rockwell
Chorus Girls.....	Eleanor St. Clair
	Nellie Welton

	Myrtle Wellington
	{ Grace Waldo
Pages.....	{ Elizabeth Bell
Stage Doorkeeper.....	Paul Schwager
Policeman.....	Fred Baldwin
Libretto Boy.....	James Black
Carriage Caller.....	Ray Van Sickle
Manager of Novelty Theatre.....	McDermott

Assistant Stage Manager... Harry B. Russell

**MAJESTIC THEATRE**—"The Rose of Algeria," a musical play, presented by Lew Fields; book and lyrics by Glen MacDonough; music by Victor Herbert. First performance in Boston. The cast:

Zoradie, Sultana of the Marakeesh.	Lillian Herlein
Miss Madson, M. D.	Ethel Groce
Miss Edith Ethel MacBride	
Miss Laura Campbell	
Miss Eugene Cowley	
Miss William Gaston	
Barium Sells.	James Diamond
Miss George Leon Moor	
Mr. De Lome.	Anna Whately
Mr. Billings, F. Coolings	Ralph Bryant
Miss Berland.	Missland Dwyer

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S. H. DuMey and the Smart Set  
Company in "His Honor the Barber,"  
at the Grand Opera House.

Mose Lewis	James Burris
Capt. Percival Dandellon	Lawrence Chenault
Wellington White	Irving Allen
Lily White	Jennie Pearl
Caroline Brown	Althe Casseles
Ella Wheeler Wilson	Alberta Ormes
Babe Johnson	Andrew Tribble
Raspberry Snow	S. H. Dudley

"The Hour of Reckoning," a melodrama in five acts by E. H. C. First time on any stage. *1906*

Archibald Rivers	Frederick VanRensselaer
Uncle John	James S. Hornum
Philosopher Dan	Harry E. Humphreys
Tim	Hal Brown
Mr. Cleveland	Tommy Shears
Ed. Cushman	Harry Brook
Inspector	Harold Clairmont
Doctor	Samuel
James	Evelyn Denison
Hannah	George May
Elia	Editha Ketchum
	Beatrice Turner
	Charlotte Hume

Princess Rajah, Nat Wills and Others Help to Make up Good Bill.

Clarice Vance and William Dillon  
Bright Spots in Week's Bill.

Clarice Vance and William Dillo  
divide the honors at the American Musi.  
Hall this week, with the Boganny  
troupe of acrobats not far behind in  
popularity.

Frederick Hastings, baritone, gave a song recital in Steinert Hall last evening. He was assisted by Arthur Foote, who played the accompaniment to four of his songs, and by Andre Benoist, who accompanied two of his own songs and those of the other composers represented. There was a good sized and very friendly and applaudive audience. The program included songs by Schumann, Beethoven, Berger, Strauss, Henschel, Homer, Whelpley, Hammond, Branscombe, and those before mentioned.

Mr. Hastings was heard at a recital here two or three seasons ago, and he then gave promise, for his voice was a good and manly one; he showed a desire to interpret as well as sing, and he was evidently an earnest, enthusiastic soul. Since then he has sung in many states and been applauded.

His performance last night did not fulfil the promise of the earlier one. His tones were not so well produced, his intonation was not so sure, his enunciation was not so distinct. Perhaps, accustomed to large halls in the course of his tour last season, he did not appreciate the fine acoustic qualities of Steinert Hall. Perhaps his enthusiasm overcrowded his judgment. The fact remains that he was too often vocally boisterous and unruly.

He assumed a gentler vein when he came to Foote's "On the Way to Kew" and he sang the old air "Meet Me by Moonlight" simply, and without the

too evident intention of making an effect. By this song and in Benoist's "Rose Leaves" he made an agreeable impression. In the majority of the other songs his vocal violence soon fretted the hearer's nerves nor was the hearer consoled by the singer's almost grotesque attempt to be startlingly dramatic in Schumann's "Waldesgesang."

It is high time for this young singer to consider his ways. If he goes on in his present path his voice will inevitably suffer in a few seasons. It was seldom last night that his tones were pure, well rounded, resonant. There was force, force, and there was the sight of the singer exerting it. Mr. Hastings should not only attend diligently to technical matters; he should give his spare hours to inquiring into the secret of Interpretation. To shout is not necessarily to be dramatic. No effect is gained by facial and bodily contortions. It is true that the general public in many cities dearly loves any display of force or agility, and it applauds it wildly; but this sort of success reminds one of Victor Hugo's saying, "Success is hideous." Mr. Hastings has good stuff in him. It is a pity that he has not made marked improvement, that mannerisms and faults that were only noticeable at times in the beginning are now almost constantly in evidence.

Mr. Benolst played his accompaniments as a rule in rivalry of the singer, and he played pieces by Liszt and Schubert-Tausig.

Program of Varied Selections Given  
by Pianist Last Evening.

George Copeland, Jr., gave a piano recital last evening in Chikering Hall. He played the following program: Bach, English Suite, No. 5; Chopin, Study and Ballade in A flat major; Schumann, Symphonic Studies; Debussy, "Le Petit Berger," "Danse Sacree—Danse Profane," "Reflets dans l'Eau," "Poissons d'Or," "Et la Lune Descend sur le Temple qui fut"; Albeniz, four Spanish dances, "El Albacin," "Aragon," "Triana," "Málaga."

Mr. Copeland has become so much identified with the music of Debussy that this program seemed an unusually catholic one. It was not so varied in performance, however, as it reads, although admirably chosen and arranged.

It is not necessary at this late day to speak in detail of Mr. Copeland's interpretations of Debussy's music; he is a recognized authority on that subject, and to the lovers of Debussy at his best Mr. Copeland is as his prophet. "*Le Petit Berger*" is not of Debussy's best; it is of tiny proportions and material, and pleased by its salon delicacy. Most of the charm and significance of "*Et la Lune Descend*" is in the title; the music itself has not the compelling suggestiveness of "*Réflexes dans l'Eau*" or "*Poisons d'Or*," or "*Clair de Lune*," which the pianist added to the program.

The four Spanish dances were played, for the most part, at such a breakneck tempo that the recollection of them is confused. No doubt they should be played with a certain madness; yet the speed last evening was at the cost of clearness, and the pieces were not much individualized. The same defect marred the performance of Chopin's Ballade; its narrative quality was brought out, and there was a pleasant excitement in the very velocity, but the tempo was not well advised.

There was an appreciative audience of fair size.

The Apollo Club, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave a concert last night in Symphony Hall. The club was assisted by Mme. Johanna Gadski, soprano, The Boston Festival orchestra, Carl Lamson pianist, and Grant Drake, organist. The choral pieces were as follows:

"Trelawney," Thayer (with orchestra).  
 "Sunset," Van der Water; "Dan Cupid,"  
 Reinhecke; "Lullaby," Glosien; "Blue Dan-  
 ube," Strauss (with orchestra); "Lochin-  
 var," Strauss (barytone solo, Alfred  
 Bengtsson, chorus and orchestra);  
 "Merries," Storeh; "Ave Maria," Ben-  
 Gounod (with Mme. Gadsdick, organ, and  
 piano); "The Lost Cuckoo," Sullivan  
 Brewer (with organ and orchestra). Mnv.  
 Gadsdick sang with orchestra "Dich theure  
 Halle," from "Lullu-hauser," and with  
 piano "Phyllis," Young; "When the Roses  
 Bloom," Reichardt; "Impatience" and  
 "Oh, Trout," Schubert; "May Night,"  
 "Message," Brahms; "Dedication," R.  
 Strauss.

The orchestra played an intermezzo by Andrea. P. H.  
Last season the Apollo Club broke away from tradition and gave its first concert in Symphony Hall, with Miss Farrar as soloist, and the general public was admitted. The result was so successful that a concert of a similar character took place last night, but although there was a large audience, the attendance was much smaller than it was a year ago.

The concert itself gave much pleasure. The program contained, as is customary, both robust and pretty choruses. It is to be regretted that Van de Water's "Sunset" was chosen, for it is unworthy of the reputation of the club. It would be hard to say whether the poem or the music is the more sugared mush. The excellence of the performance did not atone for the woeful taste shown in the selection.

Mr. Thayer's sturdy ballad was sung with uncommon spirit; Reinecke's effective trifle was repeated; Gibson's charming little "Lullaby" was finely sung; the "Blue Danube" aroused enthusiasm. And so did W. J. Hammond's "Lochinvar." I am told that this ballad was sung last season by the Apollo with piano accompaniment and that it was scored for orchestra, but not by Mr. Hammond, for this concert. The instrumentation is at times ingenious, and it is occasionally thick and muddy, nor is the addition of the organ a benefit to the composer's musical thought and expression. The thought of an organ is not inevitably associated with the story or the hero. Bagpipes would be more to the point. As the ballad was performed last night, the organ gave heaviness where there should have been lightness or fire. There are stirring pages in this ballad for the chorus. The music given to the solo baritone has little romantic or dramatic interest and



The chorus singing was highly creditable to the members of the club and to conductor. The quality of tone, however, force was exerted, was rich and full, and the parts were well balanced. There was not only the technical proficiency for which the Apollo has been celebrated; there was also an exhibition of musical intelligence and aesthetic feeling.

Mme. Gaski sang the entrance aria of Elisabeth with the appropriate exaltation, but she was less effective in the episode of tender recollection. Her phrases had not always a continuous flow; they were at times agitated when they should have been sustained, and broken unnecessarily for the sake of taking breath. In the aria and also occasionally in the songs she forced tone. In the group of songs, which were accompanied by Mr. Isidore Luckstone, she displayed a more marked appreciation of various sentiments than she has in her recitals here. Her reading of the delightful old song, "Phyllis has such charming graces," was mannered; the rhythm was capriciously treated, and the pace of the minuet-like refrain was too deliberate. She sang with effective simplicity the air by Reichardt, and with an emotion, unusual to her "Mainacht," by Brahms. She was loudly applauded, and after the group she sang Schubert's "Erkling."

SOPRANO AND 'CELLIST.

Miss Tracy and Miss Halliday Give a Recital in Steinert Hall, A. P.

A charming recital was given last evening in Steinert Hall by Miss Mary Tracy, soprano, assisted by Miss Anna Halliday, 'cellist. The program was as follows:

"Vil che sapete," Mozart; "Gottin giallo," Rossini; "In quelle trine morbide," Puccini; "Ave Maria," Schubert; "Ich liebe dich," Grieg; "Ave Maria," Schumann; "The Swan," Saint-Saens; "Scherzo," (cello), Von Goens; "The Love and a Day," Beach; "The Lass with the Delicate Air," Arne; "The Last Gasp of Erin," Moore; "The Danza," Chadwick.

One felt as though one had stepped into a fragrant flower garden. The program was given with a directness and lack of affectation that was delightful, and the performers were good to look upon.

Miss Tracy has a light voice of delicate sweetness and fair range. Her breath support gives one at times a feeling of uncertainty on sustained tones. Nor was there much dramatic fire visible, but that may come later. Miss Tracy has much of the foundation work done; her phrasing was good and the enunciation remarkably clear in all four of the languages represented on the program.

Miss Halliday has not yet emerged from the musical nursery. Her tone is full and sweet, but she has a tendency to press the bow too hard in the middle of the stroke, which gives a crescendo to each long tone, and this brings monotony. The intonation was flawless. Von Goens' Scherzo was played in excellent style.

Both musicians were wise in choosing music which lay well in their power to perform. Their audience was thoroughly appreciative and will look forward with confidence to an even more pleasurable recital next season.

ISADORA DUNCAN DANCES IN BOSTON

In Classical Program Presents Gluck's Iphigenie en Aulide; Sicilienne and Bacchanale Also Features of Symphony Hall Appearance.

Miss Isadora Duncan, the dancer, renewed her pleasant acquaintance with Boston yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall, in a group of dances and choruses from Iphigenie en Aulide by Christopher Gluck. She was assisted by Symphony players under Gustav Strube. This was an attraction which evidently had been eagerly anticipated, for despite the time of day, there were only a few unoccupied seats. Throughout the concert applause was frequent and generous.

The program was rather more classical than that which Miss Duncan offered at her appearances last year. There were 10 numbers, including the somewhat difficult greeting to Iphigenie in Aulis, but if the enthusiastic audience had had its way, Miss Duncan would still be dancing

The Symphony After the Bacchanale, insistent clapping and bounding of parasols on the floor recalled Miss Duncan three times. Even with these extras the admirers were loath to depart, but Miss Duncan had to catch a train for New York and so the concert ended.

To say what was the pleasantest feature of the afternoon is difficult itself and the easiest way out of the dilemma is to give the whole program. It comprised:

Two numbers in a greeting to Iphigenie in Aulis, two in the maidens of Chalkis playing at ball and knuckle-bones by the seashore, five illustrating the pleasure of the maidens at the sight of the Greek fleet, a gavotte and an air from Bach, Choeur des Pretresses, Dances des Sirenes, dance of the blessed spirits (from Orpheus), Musette, Sicilienne and Bacchanale. The three encores were a bit of Schubert, a little minuet and the always exquisite Blue Danube.

By the time Miss Duncan began to illustrate how the maidens of Chalkis played at ball and knuckle-bones she had completely captivated her audience. Those who saw this interpretation last year can easily remember the grace, charm and absolute novelty of it, and those who saw it for the first time yesterday are not likely at once to forget it.

The dance of this theme yesterday was interrupted for a few moments by pieces of glass which had been left on the stage. In one of her exhilarating moments Miss Duncan put her foot on a pebble and had to retire temporarily.

Easily the features of part three of the program were the Sicilienne and the Bacchanale. Here Miss Duncan overflowed with vivacity, and these two dances reflected sweetness and light.

Miss Duncan was as simply costumed as usual—a circumstance which in no wise seemed to offend the taste or moral viewpoint of the most circumspect man or woman in the audience.

D'INDY'S SECOND SYMPHONY GIVEN

Noble Work Heard at the Fifth Concert for the Third Time in Boston—Miss Geraldine Farrar Sings.

By PHILIP HALE.

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in B flat major, No. 2, D'Indy; Lucette's air from "Silvain," Gretry; "Reves d'enfant," Tchaikowsky; Air of Azael from "The Prodigal Son," Debussy.

Overture to "The Sold Bride," Smetana. This was the third performance of D'Indy's symphony in Boston. The first was led by Mr. Gerike in January, 1905; the second, Dec. 2 of the same year, was led by the composer. Works and conductors are quickly forgotten in the fleeting years, but some may remember the discussion excited by this symphony. Some argued that as it was stuffed with dissonances, it was not only indigestible, it was immoral. The music was dubbed ugly, and the old cry was raised: "There is no place for ugliness in art."

They that thus characterized the symphony probably intended to say that it was ugly in their ears. Unable to appreciate unerring and superb workmanship, they wished that their ears should be soothed or tickled. They preferred to be passive hearers. It did not occur to them to bring an imaginative mind to the symphony; to endeavor to ascertain the purpose of the composer. Some dismissed him as a Frenchman and therefore a man deliberately trying to be bizarre. It was seldom that these objectors would sit down and dispute calmly and reasonably.

They would not have the Symphony, and those who saw rare beauty, loftiness of thought, elemental depth and all-embracing breadth, exultant strength as in the apotheosis—one of the most remarkable finales in the whole literature of music—were surely affected persons, men and women who should be suspected, and it was whispered that they were "decadents," that they entertained dark thoughts about morality and religion. And so it was once with the music of Beethoven and later with that of Schumann, and still later it was Wagner's turn. Wagner, like d'Indy, was not a melodist.

It takes some time to become acquainted with the language of a new thinker in music. Hearers who believe that the art died with Mendelssohn, but admit that Tschalkowsky and Brahms were men of parts, though often mistaken in the expression of their thoughts, will not take the trouble to listen attentively to the compositions of D'Indy, Loeffler, Debussy with the desire to extend their musical horizon. They miss the old familiar harmonic progressions, the melodic lines drawn with reason; the w

to an approved pattern, the conservative and safe routine. They have ears but they do not hear, nor would they be persuaded or convinced if a great master spoke to them from the dead in admiration and praise of those now living and misunderstood or slighted.

Works come and go, and the great majority are in a few years, or even in a season, as though they never were. Why recall the discussion concerning D'Indy's symphony, why discuss it today? The inspired work will arouse enthusiasm and wonder long after we all are unable to chatter and squabble. The impression made last night, thanks to Mr. Fiedler's admirable reading and the equally admirable performance, was deeper than before. Here is music that comes from both the heart and the brain, music that is free from taint or dross, music that invites to contemplation and meditation, that strengthens and purifies the soul.

There is no program save the suggestion of the two eternally warring forces, the powers of good and evil, with the ultimate triumph of righteousness proclaimed in the magnificent chorale at the end of the last movement. A program, however thoughtfully written, would be impertinent. The composer has put the adventures of his soul into music. That soul, tried and tempted, vexed and buffeted, is a noble one; melancholy and proud, yet not disdainful or forgetful of humanity and love; not bound to earth, not sensuous, but serene, confident, receptive of divinity.

Miss Geraldine Farrar sang here at a Symphony concert for the first time. Her first selection was an air sung by the younger sister in Gretry's "Silvain," which is not an opera in the modern meaning of the word, but a little comedy written in Marmontel's artificially simple manner with ariettes and concerted numbers. Lucette tells why she thinks her sister is in love. She gives childish reasons, yet there is in them the coquetry and the malice of the girl who has already begun to wonder curiously about love and would fain know its secrets, its bliss, its fever, its drole and teen. The music is fragrantly old-fashioned. It has the tenderness of Mozart with a naive touch that reminds one of the wondrous boy, with a piquancy in the melodic line that is wholly French and of the 18th century.

The other air was that of Azael, the tenor, in Debussy's cantata, "The Prodigal Son," with which the composer took the prix de Rome in 1884, when he was 22 years old. The music has grace and charm after the manner of the earlier Massenet. There are few hints of the later and greater Debussy, but the melody has a pretty flow and the instrumentation is poetic.

Miss Farrar, dressed unconventionally as far as the traditions of the Symphony stage are concerned, but an apparition of loveliness not soon to be forgotten, sang the air of Gretry with true and adorable simplicity; and the air of Debussy with a quiet intensity of recollection and remorse that gave dramatic significance to the music which is inherently superficial in the expression of emotion. Never has her voice seemed more beautiful. Never has she sung here with truer art.

Tschalkowsky's "Children's Dreams," played for the first time at these concerts, a movement in his second Suite, is amiable music, conspicuous only by reason of a few instrumental touches. Smetana's overture is always welcome.

JOHN BEACH'S RECITAL.

An Agreeable Player—Touch Is Musical and Individual. P.

John Beach gave a recital at 28 Fenway yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:

Schumann, two Fantasia pieces, Novellette; Brahms, Romanza, two Intermezzi; Rhapsodie; Chopin, five Mazurkas; Faure, Barcarolle; Scriabine, Etude; Beach, Intermezzo, Balcony Lyric Masques; Albeniz, Cadiz.

Mr. Beach is an agreeable player. His touch is musical and individual, although he has no great variety of tone color at his command. The Brahms pieces were given with a good deal of breadth, especially the Romanza.

More power would have been desirable in the climax of the second of the two Intermezzi. In fact, several times during the program one felt that Mr. Beach was not letting himself out as much as he might, but reserve force is not usually considered a fault in a young pianist.

The Chopin mazurkas were disappointing in that they lacked poetic feeling and the rhythm was too strict. In the rest of the program Mr. Beach's rhythm was excellent. The best work was done in Scriabine's Etude, and in an encore, a caprice of Arensky, which was brilliant.

Mr. Beach's own compositions are interesting and melodious, and were played with confidence and real feeling.

A NOTE ON MME. ABARBANELI.

The Herald has received the following communication:

BOSTON, Nov. 4. To the Editor of The Herald: Now, when everybody is talking about the opening of the Boston Opera House, it would be interesting to learn how many realize that they have had an opportunity to hear a singer from the Metropolitan opera company every day this week.

Mme. Lina Abarbanell made her debut in this country in "Hansel and Gretel" at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1905, and with her sympathetic interpretation and beautiful voice met with great success. Before coming to this country she was one of the best known and most popular singers in Germany. As our American public is so little versed in the affairs of other countries, her reputation in Boston depends chiefly upon her Sonia in "The Merry Widow." In that play she performed a remarkable feat; she lifted, not only the part of Sonia alone, but the whole play up to the level of poetry. Her mobile face, her voice, her grace and personal charm, all contributed to an artistic creation of the highest rank.

Mme. Abarbanell is now here in a new play, "The Love Cure." Her voice has gained in volume and strength and her performance is delightful, but it is a pity that Mme. Abarbanell does not return to the lighter forms of grand opera as it is doubtful if an audience that strolls into the theatres for an evening of fun is wholly capable of appreciating the beauty of her singing and the ability of her performance.

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Boston Symphony Abroad.

Nearly all the subscription sales in the various cities where the Boston Symphony Orchestra gives a series of concerts are closed, and the organization is assured of the most prosperous season in its history. Besides the 24 public rehearsals and 24 concerts in Boston, the seats to which are sold by auction and this year realized a much greater sum than last, the Boston Symphony gives subscription concerts in Cambridge, Providence, Worcester, Hartford, New Bedford, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and

Washington. In all of these cities the houses are nearly sold out for the season, and this despite that never in the history of the United States has there been so much musical activity as there is this year. The subscription sale for the 10 concerts in New York is particularly gratifying, because it demonstrates once more how firmly established Boston's Orchestra has become in the affections of the musical public of the metropolis.

Concert Notes.

Serge Rachmaninoff, the distinguished Russian composer, pianist and conductor, will play at his recital in Symphony Hall, Tuesday afternoon, the 16th, his own sonata, op. 28, his variations on a theme of Chopin, and six preludes.

Fritz Kreisler will play at his violin recital in Jordan Hall, Monday afternoon, the 15th, Bach's suite in E minor and prelude and gavotte in E major pieces by Martini, Dittersdorf, Porpora, Francour, Tartini, Debussy, Saint-Saens, Paganini, Wieniawski, and his own "Caprice Viennois," and "Tambourin Chirois."

Mirko Belinsk, 'cellist, will give his first recital in Boston at Chickering Hall Tuesday, the 30th. He is a native of Austria, Hungary, and a graduate of the Vienna Conservatory. He joined the Boston orchestra this season.

On Wednesday evening next, Charles F. Hackett, tenor, will assist at a piano recital in Steinert Hall.

Felix Fox has two pieces on the program of his recital in Steinert Hall Nov. 18, which will be played here for the first time. Debussy's "Children's Corner" and Moszkowski's "Piece Romantique."

Richard Platt will give a piano recital Tuesday evening, Dec. 11, in Steinert Hall.

Yolanda Mero.

The Herald publishes today a portrait of Miss Yolanda Mero, the Hungarian pianist, who will give a recital in Jordan Hall Wednesday afternoon, when she will make her first appearance in Boston. She was born at Budapest in 1887, and began to study the piano at the age of five with her father. A year later she was admitted to the Conservatory, where she took lessons of Mme. Augusta Renneman, a pupil of Liszt. At the age of 14 she gained a scholarship and a diploma. She then made concert tour. Having played marked success in Berlin, Leipzig, other German cities, she gave a month and made a deep impression on audiences and critics. She played the first time in this country at New York on Nov. 4 with the Russian Symphony Orchestra.

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# 6 INTEREST IN OPERA HOUSE DEDICATION

The dedication of the Boston Opera House tomorrow night is an event that has been anticipated with keen pleasure and with an interest not confined merely to lovers of operatic art. The public spirit, the initiative force, the generosity of Mr. Jordan, the enthusiasm of Mr. Russell, the intelligence and good taste of Mr. Haven, the architect, and the support of the Boston public will be seen and long remembered in this opera house, a handsome building, so remarkably well equipped for the purpose of producing opera that it may indeed be ranked with the best opera houses in the world. Boston at last has a theatre in which the spectacle of opera can be brilliant this side of the footlights; there is now an opportunity for women to display their gowns in foyer and in boxes, and it should not be forgotten that the brilliant aspect of boxes and orchestral chairs, the sight of fair women in gala costume, the coiffures, jewels, flowers, perfumes—all these add to the excitement and the joyousness of the scene.

Furthermore, there is the earnest purpose of those who have charge of the productions to make them well-rounded and complete, to perform an opera with scrupulous care to the details, with appropriate scenery and dress, with an imposing chorus, with minor parts given to capable singers, with a ballet, when one is required, that will not be ridiculous in the eyes of both the old and the young.

The dedication of this opera house will be something more than an important social event, a striking spectacle. It will have a marked influence on the musical taste of the community and on the future history of music in this city. It is not unlikely that a permanent opera house in Boston will be beneficial to all forms of music. Mr. Henderson of the New York Times last Sunday expressed the opinion that the popularity of the opera, "or rather the reception of it into the favor of fashionable society," will probably act directly against the interests of the musical institution of which Boston has great reason to be proud. He referred to the Boston Symphony orchestra. He argued from the premise that Boston is not free from "the talent of social pride." "It is pretty certain then that the merely rich who have hitherto gone to the Symphony concerts because these were the public centres of social life will desert them for the opera. When the rich go the would-be rich will surely follow, for society cannot move without its fringe. The sincere music lovers will endeavor to get what is best out of both Symphony concerts and opera. Unfortunately the true music lovers are not in the majority among the merely rich or even the ancient and honorable of society. True music love seems to flourish chiefly among those people who are obliged to combine plain living with comparatively high thinking."

Is it then probable that because the Boston Opera House will be generously supported the Boston Symphony orchestra will be as one playing in the wilderness? Is it possible that Symphony Hall will be a desolate house in which wild beasts of the islands shall cry, that owls shall dwell there and satyrs shall dance there, that her time is near to come and her days shall not be prolonged?

As a matter of fact, the public interest in the Symphony orchestra is not only undiminished, it is greater this year than in those preceding, as was shown by the higher average of premiums paid at the auction sale. As a matter of fact the "rich" in Boston have been conspicuously fond of music in all better forms. As a matter of fact subscribers to the Opera House are among the rich, the moderate rich and among them the spending of money is seriously considered. As a matter of fact the public rehearsals of the Boston Symphony orchestra are still "fashionable."

The operas for the opening week are as follows:

MONDAY, 7.15 P. M.  
1. "La Gioconda".....Mmes. Nordica, Homer, Walker, and with Caruso, Giraldo and Plancon.  
2. "Aida".....Mmes. Nordica, Homer, Walker, and with Caruso, Giraldo and Plancon.  
3. "The King".....Mmes. Nordica, Homer, Walker, and with Caruso, Giraldo and Plancon.  
4. "The Messenger".....Mmes. Nordica, Homer, Walker, and with Caruso, Giraldo and Plancon.  
5. "The King".....Mmes. Nordica, Homer, Walker, and with Caruso, Giraldo and Plancon.  
6. "The Messenger".....Mmes. Nordica, Homer, Walker, and with Caruso, Giraldo and Plancon.  
7. "The King".....Mmes. Nordica, Homer, Walker, and with Caruso, Giraldo and Plancon.  
8. "The Messenger".....Mmes. Nordica, Homer, Walker, and with Caruso, Giraldo and Plancon.  
9. "The King".....Mmes. Nordica, Homer, Walker, and with Caruso, Giraldo and Plancon.  
10. "The Messenger".....Mmes. Nordica, Homer, Walker, and with Caruso, Giraldo and Plancon.

Bernhardt. D'Albert's opera, "Der Improvisator," is indebted to this drama, as are Mercadante's "Il Giuramento" and Cui's "Angelo."

"La Gioconda" was produced at Milan in 1876. It was not performed in Boston until Jan. 1, 1884. One of the pleasures of the operagoer is to compare performance, to remember the voices and dramatic impersonations of famous singers. "La Gioconda" was produced here with an unusually strong cast which included Christine Nilsson, Mme. Fursch-Madi, Mme. Sealchi and Stagno, Del Puente and Novara.

The opera was again heard here March 10, 1905, with Mmes. Nordica, Homer, Walker, and with Caruso, Giraldo and Plancon.

Mr. Russell, as director of the San Carlo opera company, began an engagement at the Majestic Theatre Dec. 9, 1907, with "La Gioconda," when the singers were Mmes. Noria, Claessens, Oltzka, Messrs. Constantino, Blanchard, De Seguirola. There was a performance Dec. 10 with Mme. Oltzka as a substitute for Mme. Claessens, and Mme. Marchi was the blind mother. Mme. Nordica took the part of Gioconda Dec. 28.

Mme. Meltschick and Messrs. Baklanoff and Nivette will sing here for the first time next Monday night.

WEDNESDAY, 8 P. M.

Verdi's "Aida."

Aida.....Mmes. Boninsegna, Amneris.....Claessens, A Priestess.....Freeman, Radames.....Messrs. Leliva, Amonasco.....Baklanoff, Ramfis.....Mardones, The King.....Archambault, The Messenger.....Giaccone.

Verdi's superb opera was first performed here Feb. 5, 1874, and the singers were the Swedish woman of hot blood, Mme. Torriani, Annie Louise Cary, Campanini, Del Puente, Vannetti, Sclara, Boy. Think of the Aidas that Boston has seen! Fursch-Madi, Ambre, Nordica, Pierson, Peri, Bonaplata-Bau, Kellogg, Potentini, Valleria, Eames, Galski—the list is a long one. There have been many tenors as Radames, Giannini, Durot, Saleza, Frapolli, Candidus, Carpi, Ceppi, Griff, McGuckin, Dippel, Caruso. The opera has been sung here several times in English, and Miss Norwood's impersonation of Aida was admirable

vocally and dramatically. There has even been a performance in concert form (April 19, 1907).

Mme. Boninsegna will sing here for the first time. Some years ago she was a member for a short time of the Metropolitan Opera House Company. Mme. Claessens was a member of the San Carlo Opera Company. Miss Felicitas B. Freeman, a pupil of Mme. de Berg-Lofgren in this city, has studied dramatic action in Paris. Mr. Mardones will be heard here for the first time. It is my impression that Mr. Archambault, a Canadian, has sung here in concert. Mr. Leliva, a heroic tenor, will sing here for the first time.

THURSDAY, 8 P. M. EXTRA NIGHT.

Delibes' "Lakme."

Lakme.....Mmes. Lipkowska, Mallika.....Freeman, Parnell, Ellen.....Pierce, Rosa.....Leveroni, Bentson.....Messrs. Bourillon, Gerald.....Nivette, Nikanthal.....Fornari, Frederic.....Stroesco, Hadji.....Stroesco.

This charmingly exotic work was produced in opera April 20, 1836, by the ill-fated company then directed brilliantly by Theodore Thomas. The performance was in English and the chief singers were Pauline L'Allemande, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Candidus, Stoddard, Lee. It was performed here again the next season in English by the National Opera Company, when Charles Bassett took the part of Frederic. The Patti-Tamagno Company gave a performance in Mechanics Building—where the effect was wholly lost—March 22, 1890, when the chief singers were Mmes. Patti and Fabbri and Messrs. Ravelli and Marcella. Patti and Ravelli sang delightfully. There was another performance in Mechanics Building March 15, 1892, with Marie Van Zandt, who created the part in Paris, Miss De Vigne, Montariol, an interesting tenor of great promise, who died too soon, and Edouard de Reszke.

Mme. Lipkowska, the distinguished Russian coloratura soprano, was highly praised in Paris last season.

FRIDAY, 8 P. M.

Puccini's "La Boheme."

Mimi.....Mmes. Nielsen, Musetta.....Lewicka, Rodolfo.....Messrs. Constantino, Schumann.....Puleini, Benoit.....Tavocchia, Marcello.....Boulogne, Colline.....Mardones, Alcindoro.....Mogin, Parpignol.....Stroesco.

Charles A. Ellis produced "La Boheme" at the Boston Theatre with Mmes. Melba and de Lussan and Messrs. Pandozzini, Bensande, de Vries and Boudouresque, Jan. 25, 1899. In 1901 Mmes. Melba and Scheff, with Cremonini, Campanari, Gilbert, and Journet were in a performance at the Boston Theatre April 6. Mme. Sembrich and the tenor De Marchi were the lovers, March 28, 1903, at the same theatre. Mr. Savage gave performances in English (November, 1905), at the Tremont with Miss Itennyson and Miss Serena as Mimi. Mr. Russell opened his first engagement with the San Carlo opera company at the Park Theatre May 1, 1907, and the chief singers in the spirited performance were Miss Nielsen, Mr.

## MISS YOLANDA MERO, PIANIST



Dereyne, with Constantino, Fornari and de Seguirola, Miss Farrar, Miss Dereyne, Bonci and Straccari sang in the performance at the Boston Theatre April 7, 1908, and in the last performance, April 3, 1909, by the Manhattan grand opera company, the chief singers were Miss Labia, Miss Trentini with Constantino, Sammarco and de Seguirola.

Miss Lewicka and Mr. Boulogne, a baritone of whom good things are said, will make their first appearance here.

SATURDAY, 2 P. M.

Delibes' "Lakme."

The cast will be that of Thursday evening.

SATURDAY, 8 P. M. DEBUTANTS.

Verdi's "Aida."

Mmes. Parnell and Leveroni will respectively take the parts of Aida and Amneris. The cast will otherwise be that of Wednesday evening.

Miss Parnell has studied singing in Boston and has been trained at the Boston opera school. Miss Leveroni, a Bostonian, who has sung here in concerts and in operatic scenes, has had professional experience in Italy, where she was applauded in several cities.

Mr. Conti will conduct all the performances of the week.

A review of Mr. Ernest Newman's life of Hugo Wolf was published in The Herald last Sunday. Let us add a few paragraphs that were then omitted from lack of space. Mr. Newman, discussing Wolf as a critic, defends him, and not in an apologetic manner, from the reproach of acidity, violence in expression of opinion. He insists that his "sourness," "malignity" were exercised only in the cause of righteousness.

Note these words of Mr. Newman: "And that there are occasions in newspaper musical criticism when the critic must express himself with warmth will be denied only by those who have never been brought face to face with some of the problems that beset the critic day by day—the dealing, for example, with impudent incompetence or the cynicism that looks upon the public only as a milch cow to be drained for personal profit, or the charlatanism that plays upon the half-educated instincts of the musically illiterate. It were folly to treat things of this kind with the same courtesy, the same toleration as honest effort that may not quite reach the goal it aims at."

It should be remembered that Vienna when Wolf wrote was a city of prejudices and ignorance. Schumann ob-

served this long before Wolf wrote. It is to be observed today. Hanslick, the most prominent critic, was an evil influence. He never understood Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, Tschalkowsky; he did not appreciate Verdi at his full value. Concert programs were hide-bound in their conservatism when Wolf wrote. Read Wolf's appeal to the conductor

of the Philharmonic Society: "Gade, Dvorak, Molique, and out of charity—what a gigantic effort!—a symphony of Mozart. Bravo, Herr Kapellmeister! You exhibit taste, good intentions, industry, devotion, zeal, perseverance and a good supply of ambition. What is it all to lead to? Won't you climb to the dizzy heights of producing the youthful symphonies of Haydn? Do you dread the labor it would take, the sleepless nights, the bloody sweat? No, Herr Kapellmeister, you must take care of yourself, nurse yourself; you need rest. Go on making us happy with Dvorak rhapsodies, Gade overtures, Molique cello concertos. Why have a Mozart symphony at the end? and of all things the superb one in E flat? This work is too complicated. You are ruining your system with rehearsals, and then the prospect of hearing you conduct Czerny's 'School of Velocity' (the instrumentation of which Herr B. should be obliging enough to undertake) would be taken away from us forever."

Mr. Newman thinks that Wolf's newspaper work for four years retarded his own development as a composer, by reason of the physical strain and the mental distraction.

In this biography there is comparatively little about Wolf's miscellaneous compositions: orchestral, chamber, choral. Mr. Newman admits that the symphonic poem "Penthesilea" is unsuccessful. Wolf was wildly enthusiastic over Kleist's tragedy, but he was "rarely at his very best except when he had a poem to work over line by line."

Those who heard Dr. Wuellner sing Wolf's "Feuerreiter" here recently and marvelled at the dramatic power of the song will be interested to know that Wolf also set music for chorus and orchestra to Moericke's wild poem. The chorus and orchestra, give of course more tone, substance and effect. "An excellent new effect is made at the first occurrence of the words 'There behind yonder hill, see the mill is burning,' where the phrase that appears only once in the ballad is now first of all shouted wildly by the sopranos and contraltos, and then answered softly, as if from the distance, by the tenors and basses. The end, too, is much more impressive in the choral version than it is in the original ballad; the dark harmonies for the four voices suggest the atmosphere better than the single voice-part does, and the drum taps in the closing bars sound very ghostly."

Not the orchestral, choral and chamber pieces, not the opera "The Corregidor" will put Wolf securely in a commanding position. The songs of Wolf will make his name immortal, and Mr. Newman does not hesitate to place Wolf at the head of the song writers of the world. Mr. Newman



does not let us know that the author of this biography is devoted to Wolf the song writer. These pages might be read with great profit by singers, teachers and composers.

"What" some one may say, "Wolf a great song writer than Schubert?" Mr. Newman bids the surprised one to sit down, that they may reason together like Mozart. In spite of heaven-sent gifts, Schubert was too human; his poetic sense was often at fault; he was not always careful to think out a poem as a whole, and to give fresh expression to a fresh emotion; he was often contented with the "lazy" strophe form, not disturbed by the consequent falsification of the poet's meaning; he often fell into mis-accentuations, threw emphasis on the wrong word. "He took up many profound poems in far too superficial a mood, dashing irresponsibly into the music for them before he had really penetrated half-way to their secret. The relation of his music with many poems was not the marriage of equal minds, it was not even a passionate liaison; it was merely a bowing acquaintance from the other side of the street." In all these respects Wolf was the greater artist; he had the gifts that Schubert "either lacked or displayed only intermittently." He was poet and musician. "Schubert is indeed almost incomparable, singer and seer in one. But, like every other great musician, he has been smothered in uncritical adulation. Men write about him now according to a formula; they do not paint his real portrait, keeping their eye on the model the whole of the time."

Wolf pierced to the heart of the poem. He allowed the poet to prescribe to him the shape and color of a song down to the smallest details. He did not allow his own melodic idea to run counter to the poetic thought. He did not sacrifice verbal sense; his manner of making words accent coincide with the verbal is wonderful. Yet his melodic line seems natural, inevitable. Furthermore, Wolf gave the piano part "a significance it had never previously had in the whole story of the song." The piano part of many of them seems self-sufficient, a piano piece; but the piano and the vocal parts fit together with unparalleled ease and effect. Mr. Newman declares that the phrase, "Wolf is the Wagner of song," is only a half-truth.

I was as though Wolf habitually composed a song in a clairvoyant state. He saturated himself in every poem; he lived its life completely. When the fit was on him, he would scarcely sleep, eat or go out of the house for days, and when the songs were written, he would run to play them to his friends, laughing and crying at the same time. He saw pictures when he composed. For "Weyla's Song," he imagined "the protecting spirit of the Island of Orplid sitting on a rocky ledge in the moonlight, holding her harp in her hands"; for the second "Coptic Song," he pictured "a banquet of wise men from every land, singing a jocund, high-spirited song and draining their bumpers at each refrain." He would read the poem till it had taken possession of him, not thinking at the time what music he would write for it. He would sleep, and the song would come to him mysteriously, so that in noting it down the brain outran the pen. "The poems literally set themselves. Wolf was only the expressive medium through which all the deeper significances that were latent in the poem were made visible and audible."

This whole section of the biography should be read again and again by all who compose, sing, teach and listen to songs.

English literature is not rich in biographies of musicians. There are biographies enough, but the majority of them are merely anecdotal, eulogistic without discrimination, or matter of fact. Mr. Pluck's "Wagner" is entertaining and valuable, though it was written at a time when Wagner was in need of defenders, and the biography now seems unnecessarily polemical. "Grieg," by the same author, is an excellent piece of work. The two have a personal flavor and they are written with unflinching gusto. Mr. Newman's "Wolf" is a welcome addition. As a biography it is deeply interesting. As a critical review it is illuminative and stimulating.

#### Concerts of the Week.

FRIDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Carlo Buonaparte's piano recital. Hedy, Andante and variations. F minor; Oswald, "H. Neige," value leute (first time); Liszt, "Alfred d'Angelo"; G. Faure, Fourth Nocturne; C. Schott, "Pierrot" (first time); Debussy, "Requies dans l'air"; Moszkowski, "Les Vagues"; Chopin, Nocturne op. 27 No. 2, Etudes op. 25 No. 6 (in thirds); No. 3 (in major); Ballade No. 2; Berceuse; Balakireff, "Islamey."

FRIDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. First Kniesel quartet concert, Scambati, quartet G sharp minor, op. 17; Cuvell, Sonata, D minor for two Beethoven, quartet, E minor, op. 59 No. 2; Ernst Perabo, pianist. The quartet is made up of Messrs. Kniesel, Roentgen, Janski, Willke. This will be the 25th concert.

FRIDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. First appearance in Boston of Miss Yolanda Mev. Hungarian pianist. Bach-Stradal, organ recital in D minor; Mendelssohn, Capriccio, G major; Schubert, Impromptu, G major; Chopin, Nocturne, E minor; Scherzo, G sharp minor; Dohnanyi, "Tolle Gesell."

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Song recital by Mme. Sembrich. Frank La Forge, accompanist. Mme. Sembrich will sing these songs: Bach, "Mein Glaubiges Herze"; Paradies, "Ondine"; Schubert, "O Sleep! Why dost Thou Leave Me?" "Hail! High!" from "Erdbeer"; Schubert, "Track the Rain"; "Eifersucht und Stolz"; Schumann, "Stille Thraenen"; "Rosenlehn"; Brahms, "Die Malnacht"; "Sonntag"; "Der Schmelz"; Massenet, "L'Amour des Oiseaux"; "L'Eventail"; Strauss, "Allerleien"; La Forge, "The Shepherd"; "An Eluen Boten"; Newladamski, "Ot Wory Janku"; Foote, "There Sits a Bird on Every Tree."

#### In the Near Future.

Nov. 12—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Harvard-Dartmouth Musical Clubs.

Nov. 15—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Fritz Kreisler's second violin recital. Pieces by Bach, Martin, Dittersdorf, Franconi, Tartini, Debussy, Saint-Saens, Kreisler, Paganini, Wieniawski.

Nov. 16—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Serge Rachmaninoff's piano recital. His first appearance in Boston. Distinguished Russian pianist, conductor and composer.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of the Hess-Schroeder quartet. Pieces by Schubert and Dvorak; Brockway's suite for "Cello, E minor (first time here); Ippolito-Ivanoff's quartet in A minor, op. 13, No. 1 (first time here).

Nov. 17—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Mme. Blanche Marchesi. Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Isadora Duncan, assisted by members of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Nov. 18—Jordan Hall. Concert by John C. Manning, pianist, assisted by Stephen Townsend, baritone, and an orchestra led by Mr. Moellenbauer.

Nov. 19—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Sixth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Harvard-Yale Musical Clubs.

Nov. 20—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Sixth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Nov. 22—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Mme. Blanche Marchesi's second song recital.

Nov. 26—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Seventh public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Nov. 27—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Piano recital by Teresa Carreno. Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Seventh concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

#### Pension Fund Concert.

The sale of seats for the first of the season's pension fund concerts will open at the box office in Symphony Hall on Friday morning. There will be two soloists, Mme. Olga Samaroff and Mr. Willy Hess. Mme. Samaroff will play Schumann's concerto for piano, and Mr. Hess Mendelssohn's concerto for violin. The orchestral pieces, lead by Mr. Fiedler, will be Goldmark's "In the Spring" overture, Dukas' "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," Wotan's "Farewell," "The Magic Fire Scene" and the "Ride of the Valkyries," from "The Valkyrie." The Symphony orchestra will leave tonight on its first monthly southern trip. It will have its regular concerts in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, New York, Brooklyn, and on Monday night, the 15th, its first concert of the season in Hartford. The soloists will be Serge Rachmaninoff in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Hartford, Charles Gilbert in New York and Brooklyn, and Corinne Rider-Kelsey in Washington. The program of the concerts in Boston Friday afternoon, Nov. 19, and Saturday evening, Nov. 20, will include Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" symphony; Slindig's "Rondo Infinito" (first time here), and Saint-Saens' concerto for violin. The soloist will be the second concert-master of the orchestra, Sylvain Noack, who will then make his first appearance with the orchestra in this capacity.

## 'A WOMAN'S WAY' GENUINE COMEDY

It was a pleasure to see again in Boston a dramatic piece that had the attributes of true comedy and an actress that excels in comedy of this character. The audiences that applauded Miss Grace George last week at the Hollis Street Theatre and enjoyed the situations and the dialogue of "A Woman's Way" were not disturbed by the worn scenery or by the lack of correspondence between the majority of the women in the supporting company and the aristocratic parts intrusted to them. When the wife looked about her drawing room and regretted that she might leave it, for she had taken pleasure in decorating and furnishing it, the audience did not laugh, it did not smile. This was a high tribute to the spell worked by Miss George. Mrs. Blakemore was admirably played and the impersonator looked the part. To have brought on a woman who was not seductive would have been fatal to the plot.

The dialogue of the play is conspicuous for this reason: the wit, which

is not extraneous, it is not introduced merely to raise a laugh. It assists in characterization. We know these men and women better by their talk. No one of them is simply conversing for the evening, like a hired entertainer. What they say is the expression of habitual thought and opinion. As The Herald has already remarked, the motive and nearly all the stage tricks of the piece are not new. The exposition, the working out, the revealing of character by action and speech—these are all excellently managed.

It is to be hoped that Miss George will be seen here as Lady Teazle. It is said that "The School for Scandal" is rehearsing, and that Mr. Wise is playing Sir Peter.

The review of "The Servant in the House," published by the Pall Mall Gazette the day after the first performance at the Adelphi Theatre, London, Oct. 25, is entertaining reading. It begins: "The type of dramatist which appeals to us most is the man who puts all he knows, feels and is, into his work, heedless of box office considerations; and that is what Mr. C. Rann Kennedy has done." The statement is made that it has paid in America and that the prospect in London is rosy. The reviewer finds that the play has numerous and grave faults as a specimen of dramatic art, but it is the work of an honest man—"a man seemingly without a spark of humor (not only the play, but the author's injudicious speech at the end of the evening proved that), but filled with an ethical passion of some sort or other, and striving with all his might to give it coherent and forcible expression." Here is not a play, but a pamphlet, a discussion. "Its characters are not human, its lesson is inconclusively enforced, its genuinely dramatic moments are few and far between, its good taste is often to seek, and there are moments when it is grievously dull; but, through it all, we have the feeling that the author is in earnest, and, as earnestness is as true a virtue as prudence, and a good deal rarer, we wish him and his work every success."

The reviewer said of the Bishop of Benares: "American critics interpreted this character in a way which we shall decline, for the author's sake, to accept. Moreover, had Mr. Kennedy desired the figure to be thus accepted, he would surely not have allowed Mr. Sydney Valentine to impersonate it with an almost devastating grimness and saturnine quality." The part was played here in a far different manner; with such sweetness and nobility that the surmise of "American critics" was not unwarrantable.

The Pall Mall Gazette did not like "the loose energy of dialogue which so often passes muster for strength in these latter days." It objected to the vicar's expression of resolve to assist in cleaning the vault under the church, and to other "still less admirable exuberances of speech." By the way, there is unnecessary exuberance of speech in "A Woman's Way." Is it really necessary to invoke the Deity lightly, to make frequent use of "damn" and "hell" in a comedy which portrays life among the "upper classes"? It is true that there are some theatregoers who squeal with joy whenever they hear the word "damn" spoken on the stage. When there is need of the word, let it be spoken roundly, sonorously, with an emphasis that carries conviction. As the characters employed this expletive and others they reminded me of the boy that swears at school, thinking he is therefore a man of the world.

The bad Bishop of Lancashire was played in London by John H. Barnes—an excellent, ripe actor, who is well known here as leading man years ago with Mme. Modjeska, as a valuable member of the Kendal company, and as a delightful companion. "Handsome Jack Barnes" was his name in younger days. Henry Miller took the part of the Drain Man. I regret to say that the Pall Mall Gazette added: "and a conscientious effort to be funny on the part of Mr. Ben Field in the character of a comic page boy, who is really little more than a melancholy illustration of the author's proper drollery."

Miss Violet Vanbrugh in "The Woman in the Case" at the New Theatre, London, is obliged as Clavie Forster to drink a quart of champagne. It is water she drinks. The task was difficult at first, but now she attributes her present good health to this nightly quart. "People do not drink enough water," says Miss Vanbrugh wisely. A contributor to the Pall Mall Gazette, observing that in a play to be produced at the Garrick the heroine was to drink a quart of water every night, suggested that the title of the play should be "The Third Mrs. Tanageray." Thus do the English jest. Miss Vanbrugh wished to portray Clavie Forster as "something bizarre," so she wears long "patent shoes with ostentatious gold buckles revealed by a purposefully short skirt."

Hayden Coffin, long known in this country and in England as an operetta singer, has appeared in straight drama as Sydney Carton, in "All for Her," a drama of two scenes, based on "A Tale of Two Cities." The title was lifted from a drama founded on the same novel. Mr. Coffin's performance was praised.

A new version of "Oliver Twist" has been produced at Stoke Newington, a drama in a scene or two, entitled "Bill

Flukes.

Dr. Henri de Rothschild, a member of the famous family, a baron and a physician, is the author of a play, "La Rampe" ("The Footlights"), which was produced at the Gymnase, Paris, Oct. 19. The heroine leaves her husband, a worthless fellow, because she is infatuated with Claude Bour-

guell, a celebrated actor, and she quits the company of duchesses to become his pupil and mistress. She makes extraordinary progress in acting, so that she becomes his rival. This is brought out in the second act, which represents a theatre on the eve of dress rehearsal. "It is, as one might suppose, an intensely real scene. The 'regisseur' and the 'gareon de bureau' insult one another; author and actress jangle; the press is insistent about its seats. Claude's jealousy is seen in his endeavor to get the author to change the denouement. 'The public will insist on my appearance in the last tableau,' he says in a frenzy of wounded pride. But the author will not change it. He sees that Madeleine Grandier, the debutante, is rising, while Claude Bourguell, the accomplished actor, is declining." The play is produced and Madeleine triumphs. Claude reviles her and throws her over, but she persists in loving him. After six months she is about to leave for South America, and she asks Claude to visit her, to coach her in a final scene. He comes, and she strives for a reconciliation. He will not have it, but he will drill her in the scene, in which a woman commits suicide because her lover leaves her. "Let me see you act that new ending," he says; "yet, that is excellent; that is a real death scene." She falls on the sofa. It is a real death scene, for she has taken aconite.

Henry Bernstein fought the ridiculous duel with a critic because the latter attacked his play, "La Griffe." Now this play was first performed in 1905, when Paris expected a revolution. Timid persons bought great quantities of provisions. One man stabled a cow in his courtyard to supply him with milk during the siege; "another turned his bath into an aquarium and went fishing there for his lunch." Gultrey remembers one house in the avenue du Bois de Boulogne where there were pyramids of canned fish and fruits, barrels of flour, strings of hams. "The family is still eating canned beans twice a week." Nevertheless, "La Griffe" was then played 66 times. Bernstein wrote this savage satire on political manners and morals when he was 20 years old, and waited 12 years before it was produced.

Four of the late Mr. Oscar Wilde's plays, "Lady Windermere's Fan," "A Woman of No Importance," "An Ideal Husband," and his masterpiece, "The Importance of Being Earnest," the witliest and most artistically perfect farce in the English language, have been added to the new edition of the author's works which Messrs. Methuen are issuing in 5-shilling volumes, and make the most delightful reading. It is the fashion in certain quarters to speak of the intellectual drama as though, by reason of its intellectuality, it had necessarily to be gloomy; yet, if "The Importance of Being Earnest" and some of Mr. Shaw's comedies are not intellectual, then nothing intellectual has ever been written for the English stage—and it is impossible even to read them, much less see them adequately acted, without laughing over them again and again.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Florence St. John made her reappearance in London at the Strand Theatre in "The Merry Peasant" Oct. 23. The music by Leo Fall is said to be neat and crisp, but the story "proved to be dreadfully thin and unconvincing, neither had it the merit of providing much opportunity for amusement of situation or dialogue." An Austrian farmer has given his son a good education, and the result is that the boy is ashamed of him. The son falls in love with the daughter of a general, and when the truth of parentage is disclosed the general refuses the suitor, but accepts him when he learns that the farmer had befriended his own grand-daughter, who had been reared in obscurity in the Austrian village. Miss St. John is now 55 years old.

Oswald Stoll, the London manager, running over the continent in search of attractions for his halls, was impressed chiefly by the ballet in the Opera House at St. Petersburg. They have for years taken the ballet seriously in that city, and an audience will sit for over three hours seeing uninterrupted dancing. "You could have heard, but for the strains of the orchestra, a pin drop, so hushed was the attention of the spectators. . . . Never have I witnessed such exquisite and beautiful dancing. What struck me, perhaps, more than anything, was that every performer, down to the humblest coryphee, was an artist, quite capable of playing the most onerous role."

Mr. Stoll argues that, as the three comic opera grew out of the one



operetta (this may be disputed, but never mind), so out of the one-act play may spring the three or four-act drama; therefore music halls do good work by enacting sketches, and they provide a nursery for the young dramatist. "It will be retorted, possibly, that, stimulated by our success, we variety managers will soon be staging full-grown plays. That, on the face of it, is absurd; the conditions we work under render it impracticable. Experience teaches that it is impossible to maintain the tension required of our audiences for more than, let me say, 40 minutes. It is further contended that our action in this relation must lead to an increase in salaries. I do not for a moment believe so. We are business men, and you may take it from me that we shall not pay a penny more for anything than what we consider to be its just value."

In his opinion, the audiences on the continent are more easily satisfied than those in London in regard to the cost of productions.

This passage in Henry Arthur Jones' pamphlet "The Censorship Muddle" may well provoke discussion: "Ruskin notices this obscene tendency in some English writers. He compares the difference between Dante and Shakespeare in this respect, and asks us to observe how, while Dante's high bearing frowns at the foul jests and talk of coarse people, Shakespeare seems to take a delight in listening to them and copying them; and he notes how Chaucer, also, in an atmosphere as wild and sweet as an April morning, does yet often stoop and sniff at these unpleasant odors and ordures with delight. That is to be regretted. But Ruskin says very pointedly: 'You will find a strain of this coarseness in all the greatest English writers; it is one of the marks of the true English spirit; you never get the richest fruits of English literature without these weeds.' So the rest of them may claim that, according to Ruskin, they are merely a our Mr. Smallfist and Mr. Leerit and rank outburst of the true English spirit."

Glasgow has depended for years, like other provincial towns, on visits of touring companies with plays from London. Last spring the Glasgow Repertory Company, the only resident company of actors in the city, took one of the three chief theatres, "for the production of plays aimed at a higher level of intelligence than could be reached under the system that has hitherto prevailed." No one capitalist or enthusiastic amateur is behind it. There is a limited liability association, and the members are almost all citizens of Glasgow. An advisory committee consists of university men, professional men, merchants, manufacturers. "There is no great enthusiasm in Glasgow about a Scottish theatre. Glasgow men prefer to see English plays. Scotch writers are too sentimental for the Scotch; they have to go to London. The management of the Repertory Theatre did in fact discover a Scotch author at the beginning of this season, but Glasgow received his play without enthusiasm; its local origin and color did nothing to help it; it was snapped up by a London manager." The two successes of the year have been Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" and "Arms and the Man." "It

is all very well to talk about the popularity of Euripides in London, but the fact is that his plays kept their heads above water only by being judiciously sandwiched between Mr. Shaw's comedies, and something of the same kind is happening at Glasgow. The suspicion intrudes itself that this is perhaps not part of an intellectual movement at all, but merely a personal success for Mr. Shaw. But it is not so. Mr. Shaw's function is rather like that of the man with the drum outside the booth at a fair—he brings the people in. Once they are in, in Glasgow at any rate, they listen to the rest with a profound and discerning attention. Even that delightful but difficult play, Henryville Barker's "The Voyage Inland," was a popular success last month (September). Tchekhoff's "Sea and Storm" will be produced at the theatre. "The enterprise is still in the experimental stage, it has to prove itself a commercial as well as an artistic success."

The Herald has received the following letter:

"Boston, Nov. 1.

To the Editor of The Herald.  
The interesting account in last Sunday's Herald of the early performances of "The Tempest" in this country may be supplemented by a few words regarding the first performance of the play in Boston. It was at the original Boston Theatre, the beautiful building designed by Bulfinch that "The Tempest," as adapted by Dryden and credited to him, was first seen by our playgoers, the date being Dec. 22, 1756. "Le Forêt Noire" was the afterpiece. The cast of the Dryden play contained the names of some of the best players then on the American stage. The part of Prospero was taken by Hallam, with Mr. and Mrs. King respectively as Gonzalo and Miranda. Mr. Harper as Trinculo and Mr. Hughes as Ariel. Mr. Kenny, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Prigmore,

Mrs. Hallam and Mrs. Cleveland were among those who appeared. Joseph Jefferson, the grandfather of the late Joseph Jefferson, the "Rip Van Winkle" of our day, acted a "minor character," according to the newspapers. His part was that of Mustachio, a sailor, mate of the ship, a character interpolated by Dryden. This was probably Jefferson's second appearance in Boston, his first having been as one of the witches in "Macbeth" two days earlier. The Dryden version of "The Tempest" was printed in 1670, so that it was more than a century old when Bostonians first saw it, and shows the tenacity with which the stage clung to Shakespeare's plays as some one else wrote them. J. B. C."

#### BOSTON'S OPERA HOUSE.

The Boston Opera House will be dedicated tomorrow night by the performance of an Italian's opera, an Italian who was the teacher of the most distinguished composers now living among his countrymen, composers that have sought above all to be truthful in dramatic expression. It is eminently proper that the first opera in the handsome, commodious, admirably equipped building should be by an Italian. Opera as a form of art was invented by Italians; the most glorious traditions of opera are Italian, and Wagner himself, while he warred righteously against their debasement and the preposterous claims and baleful influence of Italian vocal virtuosos, nevertheless recognized fully the beauty of "bel canto" and the triumphs of Italian art; furthermore, it was an Italian company, the Havana troupe, formed by Marti, fishmonger and impresario, that sixty-two years ago at the Howard Athenaeum acquainted Bostonians with the beauty, the passion, the fire of Italian operatic works. The enthusiasm that then blazed has not cooled through the years that have seen shifting forms of the art and daring innovations. "Tristan and Isolde" and "Pelleas and Melisande" have been heard and duly appreciated. The great Boston public has been constantly loyal to the Italian school.

Mr. Jordan at last knows the substantial realization of a purpose long entertained, and in his life he sees a monument that will preserve his name among his fellow-citizens. Architectural skill and taste have shaped and furnished this building so that it is an ornament to the city as well as a home in which opera may be most advantageously displayed. Mr. Russell, the director, and his associates intend to give performances of general and well-rounded excellence, performances in which there will be the utmost attention to matters of ensemble and detail; not performances in which one star will blaze, lonely in the blackness of surrounding darkness; not performances in which a brilliant aria will be offered as an excuse for an inadequate cast, shabby scenery, incongruous costumes; but performances which in artistic completeness will rival those in the subsidized opera houses of the larger German cities.

The opera house, the singers, chorus and orchestra, scenery and costumes—these are now established facts. The support of the public has been generous. It remains to be seen whether this support will be continuous, permanent; for of course there can be no permanent opera without permanent support. The success of this admirable scheme will mean much to the city of Boston. This city is justly proud of the Symphony orchestra. May it also take pride in its Opera House! May it see clearly that an institution like this gives distinction to a town; that it is a factor in commercial as well as aesthetic growth and development! The founder of the Opera House with his associates has faith in the city and its inhabitants. By faith the building that will be dedicated tomorrow night was conceived, and by faith it rose, was completed and equipped. May the people of Boston have like faith and work together for maintenance and fruition!

#### MEN AND THINGS.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson came into the office Friday, sat down without saying "Good morning" or removing his hat from his head, and he sighed. At last after a few conventional remarks he said that he was low in his mind. Thinking to cheer him and at the same time provide material for his colossal work of a sociological nature, to which we have referred several times in the course of the last six years, we handed newspaper clippings to him. He looked at them with lack lustre eye.

One was an account of the beating of Bessie Scully by her husband because she had been feeding him on pig's head for many weeks in spite of his arguments and remonstrances. "But that's not all," said Mr. Scully to Magistrate Corrigan of New York. "The other day my wife said that I buy her a bowl of goldfish, although there wasn't a fresh ham sandwich in the house."

Another clipping told of Mrs. Mayer's petition for divorce. It seemed that one night Mr. Mayer of Carlstadt was so displeased at the sight of ham and eggs for dinner that he left the house and did not return until the following Tuesday. She was no Mariana in the moated grange. In fact she was not expecting him, and there was nothing ready for supper, but her mother finally brought in ham and eggs. Mr. Mayer again left his hearth and bed and said he would not return on a ham and egg basis.

There was a clipping headed "What Makes Women Homely?" There was one discussing the question whether in England a green grocer or a fruiterer is higher in the social scale. Another described the historian Lecky writing as he knelt on a sofa because his head was magnificently large and his neck long. A clipping began, "Somewhere in the heart of untrodden Dutch New Guinea is a primitive animal unnamed by scientists; very large, striped black and white, with a nose like a tapir and a face like a devil." Mr. Johnson murmured something about the duty of Mr. Roosevelt to visit the region. The last clipping gave the reason why Mr. S. W. Vannostran was adjudged Chicago's model husband at the second annual Chicago Hubby Show.

A smile flickered for a moment over Mr. Johnson's face. "At another time I might talk on these subjects. Will you allow me to take the clippings with me? To tell you the truth I am upset. I received yesterday a pamphlet from a school which I attended in my youth, for though you may be surprised to know of it, I have enjoyed the advantages of a classical education. Now in this pamphlet there were over half a dozen pages devoted to football, baseball, track games—dash, hurdles, running for various distances, putting the shot, jumping, pole vaulting, hammer throwing, etc. There were appeals to graduates for contributions so that their old school might defeat some other school, not in scholarship, not in many behavior and honorable thoughts and conduct, but in throwing a hammer, conquering at football, etc. These appeals were almost hysterical. The honor of the school, it seems, is at stake. In the same pamphlet there was an elaborate argument why athletes should come to this school rather than go to another.

"How different it was when I was there. We played baseball—but class against class. We played football—that is, all the fellows kiked the hall, and once or twice a year class would line up against class. There was no training for these harmless, usually impromptu games. We were at school for two things: to learn Latin, Greek and mathematics; to be trained in ideas of decency and honor. I remember that, although, like most healthy persons, I was constitutionally lazy, I studied at night till 10 o'clock, and I often got up at 5 or 6 in the morning to study. When I left the school I knew much more Latin and Greek than when I left college. I admit that I picked up Horace the other day and had hard work reading an ode, but I still remember that a noun used as the limit of motion is put in the accusative, and that quod quia, quoniam and quando take the subjunctive to assign a reason doubtfully or on another's authority. The habit of translation, my boy, made us careful in our choice of words and in the formation of sentences when we came to write compositions in English. I still believe in the enforced study of Latin and Greek, even though the Greek letters now look queer to me, and all I can quote is the favorite gag of Xenophon, beginning: 'Enteuthen exelaunal,' and the line from Homer about the loud resounding sea."

Mr. Johnson was out of breath, but he soon got his second wind. "What an absurd importance is put on 'athletics' in our schools! My neighbor's

boys come home, and all their talk is about the curves of Bill Jones, the drop kick of 'Stodgy' Perkins, the oarsmanship of Mike Burke, how far Harry Somebody can jump and the chest measurement of old Snooks' eldest. I asked one of them what were the duties of a Roman tribune and whether he were elected or appointed. He muttered something which I did not catch, but his brother snickered, and I concluded that the reply was irrelevant, if not impertinent. I do not speak about danger to life and limb at football. A boy should not be a softy. When I was at school we took boxing lessons—an invigorating, useful exercise, but we did not train for a mill with seconds, bottle-holders and cameras. There was no gymnasium, but we were all in good physical condition. The high-stand men were the best at baseball, but they did not give their whole mind to the game, and they were honored by us, not because they were skillful batsmen and swift pitchers, but because they were high-stand men and good fellows. The boys do not study enough today. In their efforts to build up great schools the principals and trustees put confidence in athletic prowess. The body, not the mind, is disciplined, and there are false ideas of what constitutes manliness."

"Do you ever visit your old school, Herkimer?" "No, I do not have the time." "Have you ever written your protest as a graduate?" "What would be the use? They'd call me an old fogey." "But why are you so hot in the matter?"

"I remember when I think of the future of my little Jonas. I wish him to be educated thoroughly."

"But your little Jonas is only a few months old."

Mr. Johnson's eyes flashed with parental pride. "He's precocious. I don't think I ever saw so intelligent a baby."

Nov 9, 1909

#### "La Gioconda" Good Choice for Opening of the Opera House

By PHILIP HALE.

THE BOSTON OPERA HOUSE, Henry Russell, director, was dedicated last night by a performance of Ponchielli's "La Gioconda." Mr. Conti conducted. The cast was as follows:

La Gioconda.....	Lillian Nordica
Laura.....	Louise Homer
La Cieca.....	Anna Meltschick
Enzo.....	Florence Constantino
Barnaba.....	George Baklanoff
Alvise.....	Giusto Nivette
Zuane.....	Attilio Puletti
Iscopo.....	C. Strosser

The occasion was a memorable one. There was not only the pleasurable excitement that attends the first performance of any operatic season, but there was the realization of the hope that to many seemed an idle dream, a realization brought about by the public-spirit and generosity of Mr. Eben D. Jordan, by the enthusiasm and untiring energy of Mr. Russell and by the prompt financial support of the people of Greater Boston.

The Boston Opera House is no longer a dream. At last there is in this city a handsome building devoted exclusively to the production of opera by a company, not visiting, but dwelling. At last there is a building, artistic in design, structure, ornamentation, equipment, in which the spectacle is not through necessity only on the other side of the footlights; for there is at last an opportunity for the display of fair women in gala costumes which in an opera house adds so much to the brilliance of the scene and the performance; which gives to opera a certain and, if the word, sadly abused, may be allowed, an aristocratic distinction. For, however much opera may be enjoyed and appreciated by all, the fact remains that grand opera in its full sumptuousness and magnificence, always has been, is, and undoubtedly be until the world is known as Utopia, the entertainment of all entertainments for society, whether this society be hereditary or self-constituted, whether it consist of titled and ennobled families, or have its origin and existence only in the power of wealth.

An occasion like this calls for general remarks rather than for detailed criticism of individual singers, chorus and orchestra. The management has stated that it is the purpose of those in authority to give performances of general excellence rather than to depend on the popularity and box-office draught of any one bright, particular star. This is as it should be. It is to be hoped that the public at large will see the reasonableness of this purpose. The public should also remember that the establishment of an opera house is not the work of a night or even a year. There are always trained and capable singers in the market, but chorus, orchestra,



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ANNA METTSCHICK

GEORGE BAKLANOFF  
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A. DUPONT

## NEW BOSTON OPERA HOUSE



MME. NORDICA



GIUSTO NIVETTE

...the New Jerusalem, or  
...the case of the orchestra, for in-  
...To play in a symphony concert  
...thing, to play for an operatic per-  
...formance is another.

...bably the only rival of the Boston  
...orchestra in the world is  
...of the Paris Conservatory. Yet set  
...Boston Symphony orchestra at an  
...task, and with constant re-  
...ing for weeks it would be a long  
...before it would acquire the neces-  
...sarily and master all that is

...can rise in the phrase "operatic rou-  
...tine." The public, then, should be rea-  
...sonable in anticipation and in judgment.  
...The opera chosen for the opening  
...night was "La Gioconda." This may  
...have surprised hardened operagoers,  
...yet there were excellent reasons for  
...the choice. "La Gioconda" calls for a  
...half-dozen singers of the first rank.  
...Although when it was first produced at  
...Milan in 1876, the composer was a man  
...ahead of his time, nevertheless, there  
...are arias and concerted numbers that  
...do not stray far from the old and ap-  
...proved Italian traditions. There are  
...melodies, now sentimental, now dra-  
...matic. There is opportunity for mas-  
...sive stage settings and picturesque  
...dress. There is need of a great chorus,  
...and for this Ponchielli wrote animated  
...music, and an elaborate finale—that of  
...the third act—in which there is a stir-  
...ring portrayal of a strong dramatic sit-  
...uation. There is a ballet and for it  
...Ponchielli wrote music that is charm-  
...ing, and, on the whole, the most origi-  
...nal music in the score. Finally, there  
...is Boito's libretto founded on Hugo's  
..."Angelo, Tyrant of Padua," a drama  
...of mysterious doors and still more  
...mysterious entrances and exits, a drama  
...of spies, vengeance, poison, dagger and  
...coffin, a drama of passionate love, hor-  
...ror and crime. However preposterous  
...the play may seem when read at leis-  
...ure, the genius of Mars, then Rachel  
...and still later Bernhardt thrilled the  
...audience, and in like manner Boito's  
...libretto with Ponchielli's music may  
...well rivet the attention so that Hugo's  
...stage tricks will seem plausible, natu-  
...ral, inevitable.

Furthermore, Ponchielli is an honor-  
...able figure in the history of Italian  
...opera. He was a sincere soul with high  
...purposes and with a mind of his own.  
...If he studied zealously the works of  
...Verdi, if he examined curiously into the  
...methods of composers for the Paris  
...Opera, especially into those of Meyer-  
...beer, he also devised formulas of his  
...own, formulas for the expression of pas-  
...sion, abrupt phrases, cadences of a  
...peculiar nature, and these he used,  
...sometimes with marked effect, some-  
...times as unsuccessful experiments. He  
...handed down these formulas to the lead-  
...ers of the younger Italian school. Pon-  
...chielli had a voice of his own, and this  
...is often recognized in operas by Mas-  
...cagni, Leoncavallo and, above all, Puc-  
...cini, who was his favorite pupil. The

set melodies in "La Gioconda" are for  
...the most part after the pattern that was  
...in fashion when Ponchielli began his  
...work in the fifties. They have not the  
...directness, the intensity and the poign-  
...ancy that characterize Verdi's melodies  
...of the middle period; they have not the  
...melancholy sweetness of Bellini's or the  
...graceful line and the significance of  
...Donizetti's at his best. Ponchielli's are  
...too often episodic, made up of unrelated  
...phrases, and, in the effort to be at the  
...same time lyrical and dramatic, the  
...composer too often fell to the ground.  
...On the other hand, Ponchielli endeav-  
...ored to give dramatic force to the recita-  
...tive and to the orchestra, and in this  
...he was not wholly unsuccessful. At the  
...time of the first performance he was  
...called a man of innovations, and his  
...opera was applauded as an audacious  
...advance. Nine operas out of ten are  
...shortlived, and that which at the time  
...of birth excites wonder as something  
...new and strange soon becomes singu-  
...larly old-fashioned, older and staler than  
...the music of operas written many years  
...before. The seeds of modernity often  
...contain the flower of oblivion. Today  
...the trio in the first act, the impressive  
...finale of the third act, the ballet music  
...and a few pages of the last scene are  
...the freshest in the score of "La Gio-  
...conda."

Of the chief singers, Mme. Mettschick  
...and Messrs. Baklanoff and Nivette sang  
...here for the first time. Mmes. Nordica  
...and Homer and Mr. Constantino have  
...been heard here in their respective  
...roles. It was eminently fit and proper  
...that Mmes. Nordica and Homer should  
...be invited to take part in the first per-  
...formances of the new opera house. It  
...was in this city that Mme. Nordica  
...studied as a girl and laid the founda-  
...tions of the vocal art that has given  
...her international reputation. It was in  
...this city that she first sang in public,  
...in oratorio, concert and church. An  
...American by birth, taught in America,  
...she has been interested for years, and  
...not only theoretically, in the develop-  
...ment of American singers. It was with  
...a peculiar right that she appeared last  
...evening as prima donna in an opera  
...house which, while it will be catholic in  
...its repertory, catholic in its choice of  
...singers, will have an open door for all  
...merit who show the requisite  
...ability to take part in performances,  
...and will see to it that young American  
...singers, trained in its school, will have  
...opportunity for education and ad-  
...vancement. Mme. Homer was also a  
...singer in this city, and here her early  
...years as a singer were spent.

The impersonations of Mmes. Nordica  
...and Homer and Mr. Constantino in "La  
...Gioconda" are already known to the  
...public of this city. It is enough to say  
...that Mme. Nordica was effective in  
...scenes that are often slighted, as in the  
...second scene of the third act, and that  
...she showed constantly her admirable  
...vocal training; that Mme. Homer's rich  
...voice vitalized the rather ordinary music  
...that Ponchielli gave to Laura; that Mr.  
...Constantino, who, with the others,  
...showed traces of nervousness at the be-  
...ginning, which was natural, sang the  
...famous air in the second act with such  
...beauty of tone that he was obliged to  
...respond to the applause, and delivered  
...the music that followed with spirit and  
...fire.

Of the newcomers Mr. Baklanoff made  
...immediately a marked impression. He  
...has a manly, brilliant, yet agreeable  
...voice, a voice of unusually fine quality,  
...which he uses with dramatic signifi-  
...cance. He acted with intelligence and  
...was always a picturesque figure in a  
...conventionally melodramatic part. Mr.  
...Nivette, a bass of experience, who has  
...been connected with the chief opera  
...houses in Paris, the Opera Comique,  
...the Gaite and the Opera, is also a valu-  
...able acquisition. His voice is sonorous;  
...he employed it skillfully for dramatic  
...purposes, and he acted with authority.  
...The part of the blind mother gave Mme.  
...Mettschick little opportunity, and it is  
...only fair to reserve judgment. It is  
...enough to say that in the part she was  
...adequate.

The chorus is an unusually strong one  
...and it has been uncommonly well drilled.  
...The voices are fresh, they have vitality,  
...they are well balanced. The choral vol-  
...ume is great, but its force last night  
...always gave the idea of reserve force.  
...There was no screaming, there was no  
...shouting; there was a full and superb  
...body of tone. Furthermore, this chorus  
...has been taught the value of dynamic  
...gradations, and it actually distinguished  
...between piano and pianissimo. Much  
...was anticipated of this important fea-  
...ture of an opera company. The actual  
...performance surpassed the most san-  
...guine expectation.

There is no apology needed for the  
...orchestral performance of last night.  
...The men played as though the even-  
...ing were the 50th, not the first. They  
...played with confidence and with a  
...seeming spontaneity that added great-  
...ly to the general effect. The re-

sults were excellent. Too much  
...cannot be said in praise of Mr. Conti's  
...labor of preparation. Still better re-  
...sults may be reasonably expected, but  
...last night the orchestral work was  
...characterized not only by technical  
...excellencies, but by operatic intelli-  
...gence.

The stage settings would have done  
...credit to any largely subsidized European  
...opera house. That of the third act was  
...especially rich and handsome. The cos-  
...tumes were in excellent taste, and in  
...the groupings there were fine effects of  
...contrasting color. I doubt if there has  
...ever been seen in an operatic perform-  
...ance in this city so striking and gorge-  
...ous a spectacle as the second scene in  
...the third act. The lighting of the ballet  
...in this scene was most artistic.

The performance was remarkably  
...smooth for the first one in a new  
...opera house. The management of  
...the stage reflected the highest credit  
...on Mr. Minotti, who shared with Mr.  
...Conti the honors of the production.  
...The performance, all in all, was a  
...brilliant one; it was one that fulfilled  
...the promises of the management and  
...gave assurance for performances to  
...come; it was one that must have con-  
...verted any doubting Thomases if any  
...entered the opera house fearful or  
...sceptical.



The opera Wednesday night will be "Aida," with these singers, Mmes. Bonina, Claessens, Freeman, and Misses Lefiva, Baklanoff, Mardones, Archambault and Giaccone. Mr. Conti will conduct. The opera on Thursday night will be Puccini's "Bohème," with Miss Nielsen as Mimì and Messrs. Constanza, Boulogne, Pulcini and Mardones as the chief singers. "Lakmé" will be performed on Friday night, when Mme. Lipkowska and Mr. Bourillon will sing here for the first time. "La Bohème" will be repeated at the matinee on Saturday, and "Lakmé" will be given on Monday, the 15th, in place of "Aida."

**CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE**—The John Craig stock company presents "A Bachelor's Honeymoon," a farce by John Stapleton. Cast:

Benjamin Bachelor.....George Hassell  
Minerva.....Mabel Colcord  
Anny's.....Sadie Tarrane  
Harry's.....Florence Shirley  
Stephen Howston.....Donald Meek  
Dr. Ludwig Schwartz.....Theodore Friebus  
Miss Arbuckle (Juno Joyce, on the stage)  
Gertrude Binley  
Lena, maid servant, who gets a clew in her head and doesn't know it.....Mary Young

**BOWDOIN SQUARE THEATRE**—The Heart of a Hero, a melodrama in four acts

Tom Riddle.....Frederick Van Rensselaer  
Steve Pritchard.....Hal Brown  
W. Fred Marl.....James S. Barrett  
Mark Marl.....Harry E. Humphrey  
Jack Collins.....Harold Clairmont  
Harry Bark.....Ralph Campbell  
George Winton.....Harry Brooks  
Tim Malloy.....Tommy Shearer  
John Simpkins.....Samuel Brack  
Peter Nobb.....George Mack  
Lay Ryder.....Edythe Ketchum  
Nell Resdale.....Suzanne Ames  
Mrs. Ryder.....Florence Hale  
Kitty Malone.....Beatrice Turner

## OPERA HOUSE.

"Broadway After Dark" Given, with Harry Fields in Chief Part.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE**—"Broadway After Dark," melodrama by John Oliver.

Tim Hall.....Earl McLellan  
Clayton Ross.....Clark Ross  
Curtis York.....Harry Handworth  
Dr. Hager.....George Currie  
Becky.....Sadie Fields  
Flora Resdale.....Helen Carral  
Mrs. Hager.....Octavia Boas  
Abe Moxie.....Harry Fields

## ON BILL AT KEITH'S

Yvette Guilbert Sings in French and English and Sam Mahoney Plays with Cakes of Ice in a Frigid Pool.

Johnson and Ketchel Seen in Battle at Colma by Big Audience at the American Music Hall.

WV 10 09

## BUONAMICI IN RECITAL.

Pianist Plays Selections from Oswald, Debussy and Scott.

B. PHILIP HALE.

Buonamici gave a piano recital in Belmont Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:

1. Allegretto with variations, F minor, Op. 10, No. 3, by Chopin.  
2. "Au bord d'une Source," by Fauré.  
3. Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 2, by Chopin.  
4. "L'Enfant," by Debussy.  
5. "Les Noces," by Messiaen.  
6. "The Song of the Nightingale," by Scott.  
7. "The Song of the Nightingale," by Scott.  
8. "The Song of the Nightingale," by Scott.  
9. "The Song of the Nightingale," by Scott.  
10. "The Song of the Nightingale," by Scott.

His improvement in emotional expression was observed yesterday in passages of Haydn's variations, passages of old-fashioned tenderness, in the nocturne of Chopin, and in the beautiful nocturne by Fauré. His imaginative faculty has also been developed. This was proved by his interpretation of compositions by impressionists, the "L'Enfant," by Oswald, in which the monotony of falling snow is finely suggested; the piece by Debussy, one of several in which that tone poet has caught the secrets of waltz, running or motionless, with the effects of light upon it, with hints of the framing landscape. How tawdry after this exquisite fancy was the piece by Moszkowski, commonplace in thought, commonplace in expression, yet one, when it is played brilliantly, as by Mr. Buonamici, to excite the enthusiasm of an average audience.

It is a pity that Mr. Buonamici is not heard frequently in public. He himself would gain in confidence, for he is by nature as nervous as he is sensitive, and he is perhaps distrustful of his indisputable ability. He has qualities that would always win for him the applause of an audience; he also has qualities that command the respect of those who are more interested in an interpreter than in an executant.

The Boston Opera House was opened last night, not with the pomp and ceremony of formal and perfunctory dedication, with set and carefully prepared addresses and a poem to the Muse, but with a brilliant performance of "La Gioconda," which was more to the purpose, for this performance showed clearly the purposes and aims of the management.

The audience was unaccountably slow in entering. When the curtain was raised few were in the boxes and few were in the orchestra chairs. Perhaps the early hour of beginning, perhaps the long line of carriages was the cause of the tardiness. It is to be hoped that in future punctuality will be the rule.

At the end of the first act the opera house presented a radiant spectacle. The women in boxes and on the floor were in gala dress; the men for once discarded the traditional Boston opera garb of swallow-tail coat, black cravat and derby hat. The beauty of the opera house itself, its simple elegance, its quiet yet rich taste; the artistic atmosphere; the admirable stage settings, furniture, costumes; all this must inevitably have an effect on the audience and encourage it, stimulate it to be in harmony with the scene.

The audience, though deeply interested from the beginning, was at first moderate in expressions of appreciation, but at the end of the second act it applauded warmly, and at the end of the third act enthusiastically. The chief singers as they appeared in turn were not welcomed effusively, nor was there hearty applause to any solo until Mr. Baklanoff sang the fisher song in the second act. Beginning with him there was ample recognition. The ballet, with its charming costumes, lighted exquisitely, was loudly applauded, a rare thing in this city. The proficiency of the chorus was also justly recognized.

There were curtain calls after the first and second acts, but after the third the audience was not satisfied merely with the sight of Messrs. Russell, Minotti and Conti on the stage, and Mr. Russell was obliged to speak. His words were well chosen, modest, full of thankfulness for the attitude of the public, full of hope and promise for the future. Mr. Jordan appeared in answer to many calls and spoke simply and in excellent taste at some length.

Mr. Russell had thanked the public for its confidence and support.

Mr. Jordan thanked all those who had borne the heat and burden of the day. First of all, he paid a well deserved tribute to the architect, Mr. Haven. He alluded gracefully to those that were largely responsible for the success of the undertaking, and he named them, beginning with Mr. Frederick S. Converse and Mr. Ralph L. Flanders. The list was a long one, and no one was forgotten. Mr. Jordan, who was loudly cheered, concluded by asking the audience not to be too critical at the beginning and assuring it that the sole purpose of all connected with the opera house—directors, conductors, stage managers, chorus masters, ballet mistress, solo singers, chorus and orchestra—was to work in the interests of art and for the glory of Boston.

There was but one expression of opinion during the entr'actes and at the end of the performance, and this expression was of surprise and delight. The opera house itself and the excellence of the performance were praised without stint, without reserve.

WV 10 09

tional quality in brilliant compositions than in those that were affecting or passionate. His improvement in emotional expression was observed yesterday in passages of Haydn's variations, passages of old-fashioned tenderness, in the nocturne of Chopin, and in the beautiful nocturne by Fauré. His imaginative faculty has also been developed. This was proved by his interpretation of compositions by impressionists, the "L'Enfant," by Oswald, in which the monotony of falling snow is finely suggested; the piece by Debussy, one of several in which that tone poet has caught the secrets of waltz, running or motionless, with the effects of light upon it, with hints of the framing landscape. How tawdry after this exquisite fancy was the piece by Moszkowski, commonplace in thought, commonplace in expression, yet one, when it is played brilliantly, as by Mr. Buonamici, to excite the enthusiasm of an average audience.

It is a pity that Mr. Buonamici is not heard frequently in public. He himself would gain in confidence, for he is by nature as nervous as he is sensitive, and he is perhaps distrustful of his indisputable ability. He has qualities that would always win for him the applause of an audience; he also has qualities that command the respect of those who are more interested in an interpreter than in an executant.

By his performance yesterday of the pieces by Oswald—"L'Enfant"—has much more distinction than the slow waltz—Fauré, Scott and Debussy, he gave more pleasure to those that have his welfare at heart than by the performance of virtuoso pieces in which they already knew him to excel. The "Pierrot" of Scott is fascinating by reason of its rhythmic excitement and ingenious harmonic progressions of the modern school. It is strange, now that the ultra-moderns command a respectful hearing, that the chamber music and the songs of Cyril Scott are not often heard in our concert halls.

The hall was filled with a warmly demonstrative audience.

## FIRST KNEISEL CONCERT.

Familiar Numbers on Program Given at Chickering Hall.

The Kneisel quartet (Messrs. Kneisel, Roentgen, Svecenski, Willeke) gave the first concert of its 25th season last night in Chickering Hall. The program included Sgambati's quartet in C sharp minor, op. 47; Corelli's sonata in D minor for 'cello; Beethoven's quartet in E minor, op. 59, No. 2. Ernst Perabo was the pianist.

The numbers on the program were all familiar to Boston concert-goers, but were none the less interesting. The Sgambati quartet, with its curious changes from ecclesiastic to secular moods and constantly changing rhythms, is a great test of perfection in ensemble work. It is needless to say that the Kneisels played it in their usual masterly fashion. The second movement calls for especial mention. It was a marvel of virtuosity.

The Corelli sonata is more often heard on the violin than on the 'cello, but it is beautiful for either instrument. Mr. Willeke gave it with breadth, dignity and great smoothness. His instrument sounded particularly well last evening. One seldom hears so rich and velvety a quality of tone on the A string as from Mr. Willeke's 'cello. The piano part, as in most of the old sonatas, was small, but was flawlessly given by Mr. Perabo.

In the Beethoven quartet Mr. Kneisel made the repetitions to suit himself instead of as Beethoven indicated, and for this we are grateful. The trio in the third movement never should have been repeated. This movement and the adagio, which was given with great warmth, are the most interesting parts of this quartet. The last (Presto) seems intended to send an audience home dancing.

As regards ensemble, shading, phrasing and many points which count toward perfection, the Kneisels are as satisfactory as ever.

But we do not find the same unity of tone quality from the four instruments as before the change in the personnel of the quartet.

## "AIDA" SPECTACLE

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE**—Second performance of the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell, Director, Mr. Conti, conductor, "Aida," in four acts, by Verdi.

Aida.....Celestina Bonina  
Amneris.....Maria Claessens  
A Priestess.....Betty Freeman  
Radames.....Enzo Lefiva  
The King.....Francis Archambault  
Amonasro.....George Baklanoff  
Ramfis.....Jose Mardones  
Messenger.....Ernesto Giaccone

The spectacular "Aida" followed close on the heels of the spectacular "La Gioconda" and the management was shrewd in its choice of the second opera

of the season. Verdi's opera, as that of Ponchielli, gives opportunity for elaborate and impressive stage settings, for the full display of a great stage, for grand ensembles. "Aida," even more than "La Gioconda," calls for picturesque and striking costumes, for processional pomp, for pictures now sombre, now dazzling.

The choice of these two operas in succession was a wise one, for the audience is thus acquainted thoroughly with the size of the stage, the lavish expenditure and taste shown in the equipment with scenery, properties, costumes; it realizes the great resources of the Boston Opera House; and it may now be confident that opera in this house will be a gorgeous spectacle, when the character of the opera demands gorgeousness, and that in operas of a different nature equally good taste in that which is appropriately simple, quiet, domestic, will be shown in the production.

With these remarks concerning the spectacular nature of the two operas, my comparison of the one with the other must cease. It is true that "Aida" was ordered by a luxurious viceroy for the opera house at Calro, and there are one or two now living in Boston who remember the splendor of the first performance in the Egyptian city; but Verdi was not the man to be satisfied merely with composing decorative music. Although "La Gioconda" was produced at Milan five years after "Aida," Ponchielli did not profit by the example of Verdi, who, whether he wrote an opera for Calro, St. Petersburg, Paris or for an Italian town, was always thoroughly Italian, proud of his birthright.

As he grew older his harmonic scheme became more elaborate and his orchestra played a more important and significant part, but in his melodic invention, in his love of contrasts, in his direct appeal, his passionate intensity, Verdi was consistently and exultingly Italian to the end. He was, first of all, a man of the theatre. He was not a symphonist in the theatre. It seems, on the other hand, as though Ponchielli in "La Gioconda" was afraid to be wholly and distinctively Italian; as though he looked across the Alps and, worshipping strange gods, adored by the French or the Germans, endeavored to shape the muse of his country into their likeness. In "La Gioconda" he is most successful when he is frankly and honestly Italian.

The production of "Aida," last night, as a spectacle, as a pleasure to the eye, was worthy of the highest praise. Scenes, which in other performances here and in foreign cities are usually slighted as of trifling importance, as the opening one and the first in the second act, were last night beautiful. The temple scene in the first act was set most impressively. There was a sense of space, of distance. The groupings near the statue of the god, which was in profile and not facing the audience, were effective. The light and smoke of the sacrifice, the sacred dance, the chant of the priestess, which was well sung by Miss Freeman, with full, clear voice; the low responses of the priests—all these made a deep impression.

The audience for once was present at a solemn religious ceremony. The triumphal procession in the second act was admirably managed. The constantly increasing throng with brilliantly varied costumes, the final disposition of the crowd, the entrance of Radames and then the captives with Amonasro in the rear, gave an effect of massing without confusion, of order in the midst of jubilation, of royal presence and of priestly domination. Against the gorgeousness of color and the sunlight the barbaric chieftain, with his fellow-prisoners, stood out in bold relief. 'Twas a picture not soon to be forgotten. The Nile scene was exquisite in its atmospheric effect. As an operatic spectacle this production could not easily be surpassed.

And yet "Aida" is much more than a spectacle. It requires singers of the first rank vocally and dramatically, for, although Radames, the King and High Priest are conventional figures, they are stately figures—in song and in carriage. Amneris, proud and sensuous, is the daughter of a King, and the typical phrase that Verdi gave her is superb in its haughtiness. Amonasro is one of the most striking characters in opera. It has been said that he is of close kin to Nelusko in "L'Africaine," but he is nobler in his barbarity. And there is Aida, also the daughter of a King, a dignified yet pathetic apparition. It is not easy to find men and women who can satisfy the imagination by their impersonation of these parts.

The most satisfactory of the impersonations of last night was that of Amonasro by Mr. Baklanoff. We have all seen Amonasros who put their confidence in their costume and were picturesque to the eye, but grotesque in action, like a wild man of the woods, or in their barbarous rage unable to sing Verdi's music. Mr. Baklanoff's costume was striking, but not by reason of savage finery, as though Ethiopia's King were like the negroes on the Gold Coast who thought that a European plug hat and a red coat without accompanying trousers gave them the appearance of





divinity. Whether an Ethiopian king should be so darkly colored is a question for ethnologists. Mr. Baklanoff did not depend on his costume to give a strong characterization of the part. He played it as a grizzled warrior and father, with a savageness that was neither brutal nor bizarre, and he never forgot that he was a ruler over warlike men. He sang with dramatic distinction.

Mme. Boninsegna as Alda made her first appearance in this city. Some seasons ago she was a member of the Metropolitan Opera House company for a short time. Her make-up was striking, and she did not make the mistake of some sopranos, who have played the part here, of wearing as a slave richer costumes than those of her royal mistress. As a singer her performance was uneven. She did many things well, so well that it was surprising to find her at times breaking Verdi's long melodic lines into short phrases, chopping a musical sentence into little bits—as in the great aria in the Nile scene. No doubt she thought thus to make the music more dramatic, but the mistake was grievous.

Musically, the part is an uncommonly taxing one, and Mme. Boninsegna responded to the severe demands, for the music lies in the best part of her voice. She acted with spirit in the conventional, old-fashioned Italian manner, with a wealth of gestures that sometimes bore little relation to the text or to the situation. On the whole, with the exceptions noted, her performance was a strong one in a traditional way. Traditions are often injurious to the singer who is afraid to exert her own individuality. Yet when was it a tradition that Alda should sob violently in her aria in the Nile scene and thus mar some of Verdi's finest phrases?

Mme. Claessens sang and acted earnestly and sincerely. Her voice, unfortunately, is not an agreeable one, except in the lowest tones. The middle and upper tones are neither full nor sensuous.

Mr. Leliva made his first appearance in Boston. Due allowance should be made for the nervousness that often attends a first appearance in a strange city and with a strange company. Yet it would not be honest to say that he made a favorable impression. He seemed physically and vocally unsuited to the part. He had some clear and ringing upper tones, but this is about all that can be said in his favor. It should be remembered, however, that tenors who can sing the music of Radames as it should be sung are rare birds, and when they are caught and apparently domesticated they are rapacious, still birds can sing the music of Radames as it aches the stage raises not only the roof of the theatre, but also the price of tickets.

Mr. Mardones and Mr. Archambault were satisfactory, and for once the messenger, as played by Mr. Giaccone, was not so frightened by the defeat he announced that he whimpered in the narration.

The chorus was excellent; in fact, its singing was one of the features of the performance. The ballet, which has comparatively little to do in "Alda," showed greater precision in evolutions than on Monday night. There was again the utmost attention paid on the stage to matters of detail. Mr. Conti conducted with spirit and vigor, but he did not bring out all that is in Verdi's score.

There was again a brilliant audience. There was much applause and there were many curtain calls.

The opera this evening will be Puccini's "Boheme," with Mmes. Nielsen and Lewicka, and Messrs. Constantino, Boulogne, Mardones and Pulcini as the chief singers. Mr. Conti will conduct.



ENZO LELIVA.

### Miss Yolanda Mero, Young Hungarian Musician, Displays Her Brilliant Technic at Jordan Hall Concert. P. H.

Miss Yolanda Mero, a Hungarian pianist, played for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows:

Bach-Stradal, organ concerto, D minor; Mendelssohn, Capriccio, F sharp minor; Schubert, Impromptu, G major; Chopin, Nocturne, C minor; Scherzo, C sharp minor; Dohnanyi, "Tolle Gesellschaft"; Rachmaninoff, serenade; Debussy, "Jardins Sans Jalousie"; Andol Merkle, valse intermezzo; Liszt, "Liebestraum," and rhapsody No. 2.

Miss Mero, who was born at Budapest in 1887, after having had lessons from her father when she was a little girl, entered the Budapest Conservatory, where she was taught by Mme. Augusta Renneman, a pupil of Liszt. When Miss Mero was 14 she gained a scholarship and diploma, and she made a concert tour. Since then she has played with success in leading German cities and in November of last year she gave a series of recitals in London, which made much more than an ordinary impression on the concert goers and the critics.

Her program yesterday, on the whole, was one for the display of technic rather than emotion, or depth, or thought. August Stradal's transcription of Friedemann Bach's organ concerto, composed when the talented son of the great Bach was an organist at Dresden, and some time between 1733 and 1747, was introduced here a year ago this month by Emil Sauer. Stradal is known chiefly by his transcriptions for piano of Liszt's orchestral works, but he has written some songs. This transcription is of the better class. While, of course, it is not literal, the spirit of the original work is preserved and there is neither aggressive and irritating addition nor elaboration. The largo is romantically beautiful, and the other movements have character. Dohnanyi's brilliant piece was probably unknown to the majority of the audience. It amuses at the time and is quickly forgotten. Merkle's Valse Intermezzo is a salon piece, not without grace, but of a light nature.

Miss Mero has technic, otherwise in these days when technic is taken for granted, she would not be playing in public. This technic rests on solid foundations; it has been well developed, and it is displayed without ostentation. By the dash, the brilliance, the delicacy and also the thunderous speech of her performance, Miss Mero will awaken applause whether she play in Hungary, England or America; but her performance yesterday did not reveal any marked individuality.

Her playing of Chopin was particularly

disappointing in this respect. The nocturne was brought out into the pitiless sunlight and here, as elsewhere in the course of the concert, it was observed that the pianist sketches in black and white. She is not a colorist, and, although her touch is eminently agreeable in delicate runs and in embroidery, she does not sing a melody so that it charms at once and haunts the memory, and in stormy passages her tone is often forced so that it is harsh or brittle.

Between piano and fortissimo she knows few tonal gradations. She is not the pianist to interpret the composers of the Impressionistic school. Her robust nature loves the twilight, nor is it contented with the rhapsody by Liszt and she lets her element, or let her play salon music of the higher order and the spirit and the brilliance of the performance lend distinction to that which is inherently of little musical worth. She was not always discreet in the use of the damper pedal. It is possible that with another program Miss Mero might reveal something of herself which yesterday was not visible; perhaps she would then play herself and not play outside of herself.

A small audience applauded heartily and Miss Mero added to the program.

## MISS NIELSEN HAS HEARTY WELCOME

Her Mimi in "La Boheme" Sympathetically Intelligent—Constantino Sings Part with Marked Skill.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Third performance of the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell director. Mr. Conti conductor. "La Boheme" (scenes from Muger's "La Vie de Boheme"), in four acts, by Puccini.

Mimi..... Alice Nielsen  
Musetta..... Matilde Lewicka  
Rodolfo..... Florencio Constantino  
Marcello..... Raymond Boulogne  
Colline..... Jose Mardones  
Schaunard..... Attilio Pulcini  
Alcindoro..... John Morgan  
Benoit..... Luigi Tarsichin  
Un Doganiere..... George Dunstan  
Parpignol..... C. Strocchio

Puccini wrote "La Boheme" out of his own life. He has dwelt in Bohemia, he had known the sisters of Mimi and the brothers of Rudolph and Schaunard. He wrote "La Boheme" con amore. The music has the enthusiasm, the recklessness, the amorous sentiment of youth. To those who have sojourned in Bohemia and now, gray and respectable, often look back on the careless days and the joyous nights, this opera is his masterpiece. Hearing the music they remember the illusions, the simple pleasures, the women whose lips have long been cold, the comrades who swore to be friends for life even to the altar. They leave the opera house and go back to happy or harassing domesticity, but in the morning they hum at breakfast the motive of the Bohemians, to the amazement of the smug family, and at the office whistle Mimi's theme to the consternation of the staid book-keeper.

The freshness, the spontaneity, the heart, of Puccini are in this opera. Here are frank expressions that later, in his raw-head-and-bloody-bones "Tosca" and his sophisticated "Ma lina Butterfly," have hardened into mannerisms and formulas. There is a naïveté in "La Boheme" that is delightful. It is true that some object to the characters on the stage. A few years ago a stern moralist in New York described them

as a lot of little, dirty, vulgar persons in whom no reputable person should take interest, not for an evening, he had not heard the chime at midnight and seen the Seven Stars. He had never lighted a candle for Mimi or helped her find her key. A man to be pitied, not abused.

The performance last night gave pleasure to a large audience, and there was reason for the pleasure. The music itself is so melodious, so rollicking, so tender. It is not necessary to inquire too minutely into the frame of the libretto. All readers of Muger's immortal romance know that the operatic Mimi is compounded of two characters, Mimi and Musette, but they accept the character gladly. They know that Schaunard was, in real life a fine fellow, and that Colline died some years ago in Paris, honored in his old age, esteemed in his profession, a friend of philologists, archaeologists, antiquarians, and other deep thinkers. No doubt, when they were together, they talked of the days long past in the Latin quarter. These men and women on the stage are of flesh and blood. They are hungry and they are cold and their pockets are empty. They are very human. Theirs are the joys and sorrows of youth. Mimi is nearer to us than some demi-goddess gesticulating semaphorically and uttering ponderous phrases in the mist of legend.

Miss Alice Nielsen, welcomed heartily when she entered, played the part of Mimi with sympathetic intelligence. Her Mimi was of Mimi's world, a simple, trustful, loving creature. She was not a prima donna who stooped or condescended by the request of the librettist to play the grisette. Never for a moment did Miss Nielsen forget the character in the desire to shine as a singer, but her singing of Puccini's music was the natural expression of Mimi's happiness and woe. Her happiness was that of the grisette adoring her man, Rodolfo, understanding his poetry, but believing that he was great and some day would be famous. Her woe was not that of a professional heroine; it was that of hundreds who die quietly, unobtrusively, as Mimi died, and as Mimi dies today. The tragedy is none the less.

Miss Nielsen has had the inestimable advantage of experience in opera, which she graced for some years by her singing and acting. In this school she learned fleetness and naturalness in recitative; lightness in movement, ease in action and in repose, variety of facial and bodily expression. Mimi is more than a soubrette part; but in Mimi there are characteristics that are associated with the soubrette. Miss Nielsen did not make the mistake of idealizing the character, nor did she play the part with the realism that does not pass over the footlights. There were charming bits of detail in the performance; they enhanced the beauty of the impersonation by the quiet dexterity with which they were introduced.

And in singing the music, as in acting the part, there was the simplicity that is true art. The voice was the voice of Mimi, gentle, appealing, never strident in happiness, with a touch of melancholy as though the girl, when she first met her lover, saw as from a tower the end of all. It is unnecessary after this to add that Miss Nielsen dressed the part appropriately. There are famous singers who would be unwilling to wear the costumes of Muger's period, fearing lest they might not impress those in the audience—and they are many—who lose interest in a prima donna if her costumes be not elaborate and costly.

Rodolfo is one of Mr. Constantino's best parts, and last night he sang the music with marked skill and effect, while his voice was apparently in the best condition. He sang with a great variety of nuances, suiting tonal force and expression to the requirements of text and situation. He acted with a fine appreciation of the character portrayed, of the scenes in which he was placed and of the emotions experienced.

Mr. Boulogne, who made his first appearance here, has a resonant voice of good quality; he sang freely and acted with spirit. He sang, however, with an

unvarying degree of force, as though he was a painter with only one color and that was red.

Miss Lewicka was a sufficiently coquettish Musetta, and she did not indulge in extravaganzas in her effort to monopolize attention. Thus she differed from some of her predecessors in the part. Her voice is light and the upper tones are inclined to be shrill, but she used her voice with considerable skill. The slow waltz in the second act was taken at so slow a pace that both the melodic line and the rhythm suffered thereby. The others in the cast were adequate, but with the exception of Mr. Tarsichin, not noteworthy as comedians.

The chorus sang well, but the crowd in the second act has shown greater animation in other performances of the opera here, and it must be confessed that this act dragged somewhat. It was episodic, and the episodes were sometimes separated by palpable moments of inaction. The stage settings were admirable, and there was effective stage business that was seen here for the first time.

There was hearty applause and there were curtain calls.

The opera this evening will be "La Boheme" with Mmes. Nielsen and Lewicka and Messrs. Constantino, Boulogne, Mardones and Pulcini as the chief singers. Mr. Conti will conduct.

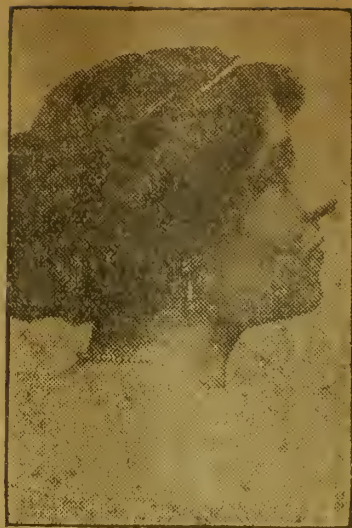


ALICE NIELSEN  
(Copyright by Chickering.)FLORENCIO CONSTANTINO.  
(Copyright by Mishkin Studio.)MATILDA LEWICKA  
RAYMOND BOULOGNE.

Lydia Lipkowska



(Photo by Chickering.)



Paul Bourillon.



## MISS LIPKOWSKA HEARD IN 'LAKME'

Stirs Opera House Audience to Enthusiasm on Her First Appearance — Miss Freeman Makes Good Impression.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Fourth performance by the Boston opera company, Henry Russell, director. Mr. Conti, conductor. "Lakme," opera comique in three acts, book by Gondinet and Gille; music by Leo Delibes.

Lakme.....Lydia Lipkowska  
Mallika.....Betty Freeman  
Ellen.....Evelyn Parnell  
Rosa.....Virginia Pierce  
Benton.....Elvira Leveroni  
Gerald.....Paul Bourillon  
Frederico.....Rodolfo Fornari  
Nlakanta.....Giusto Nivette  
Hagi.....C. Stroesco

Delibes wrote this opera for Marie Van Zandt. Her Lakme was unique, incomparable. Her personality was strange and eastern. It was as though she had been born under a blazing sun and amid lush vegetation; as though she had watched the wild swans feeding on the lotus; as though she had taken part in the sacrifices and known the mysteries hidden from foreigners and all others unworthy. There was a savage innocence in her movements and in her voice. There was about her the maddening scent of the Orient. She was seen only once, alas, as Lakme in this city—when she played the part in March, 1902, in the huge Mechanics building, when it might have been said of her, with the omission of two words, as was said of Bryant's Waterfowl: "The abyss hath swallowed up thy form." Adanna Patti had sung the music exquisitely in the same building a season or two before. There are some who remember Pauline D'Allemagne, who was the first, if I am not mistaken, to take the part in Boston.

Last night Miss Lipkowska, a Russian who pleased recently the Parisians, appeared in this city for the first time. While she did not suggest the Lakme created by Miss Van Zandt, her personality was sufficiently foreign to create a romantic illusion. First of all, she is young and tender, and the part of Lakme is not for the middle-aged and balbo. Her voice is also pleasing.

It is light, but it has body and quality. It was more effective last night in the purely lyrical passages than in the florid ones, although her performance of the "Bell" aria awakened the audience to an enthusiasm that had not been equalled thus far in the week.

The voice was more effective in lyrical phrases, in sustained song, because its charming quality was then more pronounced, because the tones were under firmer control; and because her intonation was more secure. By her singing and by the modest grace of her acting, which was of an agreeably conventional order, she made a marked impression. She was always a picture, and always within the frame. Her future appearances will be watched with much interest.

Miss Freeman took the inconsiderable part of Mallika. Her singing of the priestess' music in "Aida" behind the scenes won approbation for vocal quality and vocal art. Last night, although she has had little or no experience, there were no traces of the amateur in her song or in her action. Her carriage, her attitudes and gestures showed more than training; they revealed a woman with an instinct for the stage. There are applauded prima donnas highly paid who might well envy this young woman her ease in repose and freedom in action, for she was neither stiff, nor was she exuberant with unmeaning and threatening waving of arms, making of x's and y's in the fond belief that such gestures show a dramatic nature.

Three other young singers—but Miss Leveroni has had experience in Italy—in small parts, by their efficiency and by the absence of amateurish traits, contributed to the excellence of the ensemble.

Mr. Bourillon, a young French tenor, sang here for the first time. He is of the species known as a baritone-tenor, but he was not obliged to strain after the upper tones. His delivery was free and he was not afflicted with the curse of so many singers of his race—they are unfortunately found elsewhere—viz. a tremolo. His bearing was manly; he was conscious of other singers on the stage; he did not address himself solely to the audience; his acting was warm and intelligent. "Lakme" is not an opera of intense passion. The delicate music would not endure dramatic intensity. All in all Mr. Bourillon made a favorable impression.

Mr. Nivette again showed the careful training of the French school. He sang effectively, with nuances, without extravagance of any kind, and with an admirable sense of diction. A word must be spoken in praise of Mr. Stroesco's performance of a small part, and Mr. Fornari acted with vivacity.

The stage settings were beautiful, and the scene of the crowded square, with

the variegated costumes chosen with fine taste, with the skilfully managed throng, was picturesque. The ballet scene might be improved with the omission of the red scarfs. The orchestra

was conducted discreetly and with effect. No wonder that the performance as a whole was eminently satisfactory and that the brilliant audience was demonstrative in appreciation, not only of the newcomers, but of the ensemble and the manner of production. Miss Lipkowska, now that she may feel herself at home, will no doubt sing with even more freedom and with a better trill.

Delibes' music contains pretty melodies and the instrumentation is often delightful, always interesting. The music has little depth of emotion, but it surely is more than "amiable mediocrity," a phrase applied to it by a wild-eyed partisan of the ultra-modern French school. Lakme herself is a miniature Selika, and at the end she eats the poisonous datura stramonium, as the haughty, passionate queen in "L'Africaine" ate the manchineel.

Pierre Loti might have written the music for "Lakme," but he would not have introduced officers of the British army in the libretto. Did he not write "India Without the English" to show his undying hatred of perfidious Albion before he visited London and found the women of that city beautiful in spite of their costumes? It is pretty music that entertains for the moment, awakens now and then a tender thought in the breast of the hearer, and a few phrases cling to the memory. It is not given to every one to write pretty music.

The opera this afternoon will be Puccini's "La Boheme," with Mmes. Nielsen and Lewicka and Messrs. Constantino, Boulogne, and Mardones and Pulcini as the chief singers.

The opera this evening, "Debutante evening," will be Verdi's "Aida." Miss Parnell will make her debut on any stage as Aida, and Miss Leveroni will make her debut in Boston as Amneris. The other singers will be Messrs. Hansen, Archambault, Boulogne and Mardones.

## MME. SEMBRICH'S RECITAL.

Schumann and Schubert Pieces Delightfully Sung.

Mme. Marcella Sembrich gave a song recital in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:







Mme. Marchesi gave a most interesting recital in Jordan Hall last season, Feb. 4, 1909. She first visited this country in the season of 1898-9, and sang



# MISS ALLEN WILL GIVE NEW PLAY

**"The White Sister," Founded on  
F. Marion Crawford's Novel,  
to Open at the Majestic Thea-  
tre Monday Night.**

**CLYDE FITCH'S LAST  
DRAMA, "THE CITY," COMING**

"The White Sister," a drama founded on the late F. Marion Crawford's novel "The White Sister," will be produced at the Majestic Theatre next Monday night by Viola Allen and her company. Walter Hackett visited Crawford at his home in Sorrento, Italy, two years ago, and it was then decided that the two should collaborate in the dramatization of the novel. Inasmuch as there is a chorus in the play, music was added for it by William Furst.

story of the drama is as follows, and those who remember the novel will be interested in making the comparison.

Angela Chiaramonte, in love with a young Italian soldier, Giovanni Sceriffo, was betrothed to him when he was called away to fight in Africa. Scheninger relatives, particularly her aunt, the Countess Chiaramonte, had tried to separate them, and when news came of his death Angela, still true to Giovanni, took the irrevocable vows of a Dominican nun.

The first act discloses Angela, now Sister Giovanni, as the head nurse in the hospital at Porta Portese. Five years have elapsed since the reported death of her lover; but he was not killed—he had been taken prisoner and made his escape. This news he had telegraphed to Angela in care of the countess, but she had not delivered the message. The unexpected return of Giovanni and his meeting with Angela, now Sister Giovanni, is the climax of the first act. With his love unabated, the soldier demands that she renounce her vows and become his wife. In the convent garden of the second act he is granted an interview and declares his undying love. He is made to realize the impossibility of breaking the vows. Sister Giovanni strives to convince him that such a course would bring unhappiness, and tells him it would be as great an act of cowardice for her to renounce her vows as for him to desert the army in the face of the enemy. He persists, and she, wavering between love and duty, sees only one escape. As the act closes she rushes from her lover to the convent chapel and volunteers as one of the band of sisters about to set off to nurse in the leper colony. In the third act Giovanni is still determined in his purpose. He has learned that only by a dispensation from the Pope can Angela be freed from her vows, and that the application must come from her. He realizes how difficult it will be to get her to consent to sign the request and resorts to a desperate measure. He entraps her in his apartments before she goes away on her mission and there plays upon her emotions by threatening suicide, and succeeds in getting her to sign. She appeals to his honor and he destroys the document, only to seek his own destruction. In a struggle with her for the possession of a revolver he is mortally wounded. The short fourth act brings the story to its close by Giovanni's death. Sister Giovanni's work goes on, strengthened through suffering.

Walter Hackett, who collaborated with the novelist in the dramatization, is a native of California. As soon as he was graduated from the University of California he became a newspaper man and for several years was employed in the editorial departments of Mr. Hearst's journals. He developed a talent for story writing. He has been writing for the stage for three years, and in that time he has written three successful plays.

William Farnum, who will play in "The White Sister," is a brother of Dustin Farnum. There is still another Farnum among the actors, the youngest of three sons. The Farnums are Maine Yankees. Their native town was Bucksport.

Riehle Ling, another member of the company, is a singer of considerable repute. He appeared for three seasons as leading tenor with Lillian Russell, two seasons with Fritz Scheff, one with Alice Neilsen, one with Lulu Glaser in "Dolly Varden," and two with Mr. Savage's Grand English Opera Company.

Fanny Addison Pitt, who plays the part of Madame Bernard in "The White Sister," first came to America 20 years

ago with an English company headed by her husband, James Pitt, when he presented "The Rajah" at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, for more than a year. This is Mrs. Pitt's second season with Viola Allen and her appearance at the Majestic will be the first time Boston theatregoers have seen this fine actress for several years.

"The City," the last play written by Clyde Fitch, will be produced in Boston at the Globe Theatre, Monday, the 23d. Walter Hampden, Eva Vincent, Lucille Watson, Mary Nash, George Howell, Janet Beecher and Tully Marshall will be in the company, one of unusual strength.

Mr. Elton based his play on the theory that the good in man is brought out only when he enters into the life of a large city; that it requires more determination to check tendencies for evil in a city than in a small town. His characters dwell in a village in New York state, and they are taken to New York. The father of George Rand has left him an enormous fortune. The son has also inherited his father's sharp business methods, and after the boy has greatly increased his inheritance he does not realize that he has done so by dishonest practices. It turns out that the elder Rand left an illegitimate son, whose existence was first made known to young Rand at the death bed of his father. Some years later this illegitimate son falls in love with the younger sister of Rand, and as both are unaware of the secret, they appeal to him for permission to make them happy. Here is the turning point of the drama.

It is said that Mr. Fitch had in mind the history of a well known financial operator, who is now in prison. The man in question came from a small village in New York state, rising from total obscurity to a conspicuous place in the finances, not only of New York, but of America.

"The Lottery," a new play in three acts by Rida Johnson Young, was produced at Stamford, Ct., last night. The leading character is Jack Wright, a newspaper man, played by Jameson Lee Finney. Wright, a reporter, offers himself as a prize in a lottery, and after doing so he falls in love with a young girl. The lucky number is drawn by an old maid. The friends of Wright and the girl, not knowing that the lucky number has gone to another, set about to buy as many coupons as they can. The old maid is finally foiled. Helen Lowell played the part of the spinster. Others in the company are Julia Hay, Robert McKay, Louise Galloway, Ethel Vinthrop, Mary Leslie Mayo and Wallace Sharpe.

What at all events promises to be a very thorough survey of Shakespeare, in 2 sances, is announced by the "French Shakespeare Theatre company." Each time a lecture and a performance will be given, so by the typically French method of systematic criticism, Shakespeare has been cut up into, as it were, slices, or rather 11, for the first lecture will deal with "the personality of Shakespeare, dramatist, poet, and romancer" as a whole. But after that is this particular aspect will be considered: Shakespeare in Love, Shakespeare in Fairyland, Romantic Shakespeare, Epic Shakespeare, Anecdotic Shakespeare."

The corresponding performances of plays following the lectures are in the main well chosen. Shakespeare in Love will be illustrated by Trollius and Cressida, though one looked rather for Romeo and Juliet. The fairy play will, of course, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The romantic side of the poet will be well shown in "Cymbeline." The comic Shakespeare and the Anecdotic Shakespeare will be also fairly well illustrated by "King John" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," respectively. At the first lecture of all, on Shakespeare's personality as a whole, is to be followed by "A Winter's Tale"—surely a serious choice, for the critic can hardly hold that play to be the most all-round example of the dramatist.

The remaining six lectures were en-  
titled: "Shakespeare and His Race"—  
illustrated, not as one might have ex-  
pected, by "Henry V.," but by "Richard  
III.," "Shakespeare and His Age," nat-  
urally followed by "Henry, VIII.,"  
Shakespeare as a Northerner Among  
Men of the South," aptly exemplified by  
All's Well That Ends Well," though  
The Merchant of Venice" or "Love's  
Labor Lost" might have done, perhaps,  
better; "Tragic Shakespeare," with, not  
"Iacbeth," but "Antony and Cleo-  
patra," "Comic Shakespeare," with  
"Twelfth Night"; and finally, "Magi-  
cal Shakespeare," with "The Tempest,"  
in which there is surely more than mere  
magic.

Only 12 plays will be performed, but nearly all will be dealt with in the lectures. In this respect their neat classification was obviously a difficult undertaking, and has led to some curious results. Few would guess offhand that "Hamlet" would be put among the romantic works, for instance, and "Macbeth" not among tragedies, but among the magical plays, on account, of course, of the witches. But one might venture to object that supernatural agencies were introduced precisely to intensify the tragedy. The performances, as well

as lectures, are to be in French, and the latter will be delivered by the critic Camille de Sainte Croix.—London Daily Telegraph.

Max Rogers in his new play, "The Young Turk," by Max Hoffmann and Aaron Hoffman, which will be produced at the Colonial Theatre the 29th, will play the part of a young university student who has been educated abroad. He arrives unexpectedly in New York city and becomes entangled with the secret envoys of the Sultan who are seeking for jewels which are in his father's keeping. The valuables are mislaid, and the party sails for Constantinople in search of the gems. They arrive just in time to take a prominent part in the revolution. Maude Raymond plays a leading part with Mr. Rogers.

William E. MacQuinn, musical director of "The Fair Co-ed," was a member of the orchestra at the Boston Museum before he began to conduct.

Both Harvard and Yale will have their supporters in the audience at the Colonial Theatre next Saturday night, for the entire house for that performance of "The Fair Co-ed" has been sold out to the collegians and their friends.

"The College Widow" was played in London not long ago, and as might be expected its combination of American slang with American athletics was too realistic to meet the full approval of English theatregoers. It nevertheless aroused a great deal of discussion. Two football teams are necessary to the acting of "The College Widow" at the Castle Square, and Mr. Craig intends to have the scene of the great contest between Atwater and Bingham colleges as nearly as possible the real thing by engaging a group of young fellows who will look as if they had spent their entire lives on the football field. Mr. Craig has in mind a production of Charles Hoyt's comedy, "A Contented Woman," for early production at the Castle Square.

Klaw and Erlanger will produce "The Circus Man" at the Boston Theatre, Monday, the 29th, with Maelyn Arbuckle as leading man. The story is Eugene Presbrey's dramatization of Holman P. Day's story of village life in Maine.

Joseph Allen, one of the comedians in "The Love Cure" at the Tremont Theatre, was formerly a famous Rocco in "The Mascot" when Audran's operetta was at the height of its popularity in this country. "The Love Cure" shows how a Viennese librettist can take an idea for a comic opera from "Frederick Le Maitre," performed in Paris long before the English public were familiar with "David Garrick" or "Nanette Oldfield." In each one of these comedies there is the sight of a stagelicht favorite disillusioning an ardent admirer by simulation of unpleasant characteristics.

Porter Emerson Browne's "A Fool There Was," founded on Kipling's poem, "The Vampyre," will be produced with the original cast, including Robert Ingham, at the Hollis Street Theatre next month.

Sousa's band will give a concert at the Boston Theatre early in December. Sousa has volunteered to lead the band concert of 400 players at the annual concert in Mechanics' building, Feb. 9, of the Boston Musicians' Protective Union, American Federation of Musicians.

Coming to Keith's in the near future are Chip and Marble in "A Bit of Old Dresden"; Lillian Shaw, Will Rodgers, the larlat expert; Carter de Haven, Nichols sisters, De Witt Burns and Ferrance, Doherty and Harlow, and Inro Fox.

Among the artists who will appear shortly at the American Music Hall are Pauline, French hypnotist; Consul, the man-monkey; Maude Odell, Severin, the French pantomimist; George Lashwood, the "English dandy"; Bransby Williams, Sultan Ettinge, Griff.

## CONCERT NOTES.

Richard Platt will give a piano recital Wednesday evening, Dec. 14, in Stelnert Hall.

For her reappearance Mme. Teresa Carreno, the pianist, will give a recital in Symphony Hall on the afternoon of Saturday, the 27th. She recognizes the interest in the compositions of MacDowell in local musical circles, and will play his "Kettle" sonata. She will also play Chopin's sonata op. 58, Schumann's sonata op. 22, and Liszt's "Sonetto del Petrarca," "Irrelicher" (Etude) and "Rhapsodie Hongroise."

Mr. Belinski, a 'cellist of the Boston symphony orchestra, will give a 'cello recital in Chickering Hall Tuesday evening, the 30th. This will be his first appearance as a soloist in Boston. His programme will include Bach's "Sulce in D major," Beethoven's "Sonata 3 major," Lalo's "Concerto in D major," Schumann's "Abendlied," Saintsaens' "Le Cygne," Davidoff's "Am spring Brunnen" and Boettmann's "Vatations Symphonique."

The Boston Singing Club, H. G. Tucker, conductor, will give two concerts on Wednesday evenings, Dec. 1 and Feb. 2. Each's "Thou Guide of Israel," and the first performance here of Chadwick's "Noel" will make the program of the first concert. A complete orchestra will

### Concerts of the Week.

SUNDAY - Boston Opera House, 8 P. M.,  
operatic concert. Program is published else-  
where.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Fritz Kreisler's second violon recital. Haddon Squire, accompanist. Tartini, "Devil's Trill" (by special request); Vieuxtemps, Concerto No. 2, P. P. Armand; Mendelssohn, Violin Concerto; Caprice Viennois; Tambourin Chinois; Dvořák, Humoresque; Paganini, variations on "Nouveau mestrà"; K major (accompaniment by N. Squire); K minor, andantino; Strauss, Scherzo; Chopin, mazurka; Schumann, Adeline and Haddon; Tartini, variations on a favorite by G. B. Debussey, menuet (arranged from a piano piece composed in 1890); Saint-Saëns, Variations; Kreisler, Caprice; Paganini, variations; Glaziev, Glaziev; with Caprice, Winkler's glaziev's.

at the Esplanade, Wrentham, Mass., this summer.  
 Tuesday, September 11, 2.30 P. M. Piano  
 recital by Sergei Rachmaninoff, his first ap-  
 pearance in Boston. The program will in-  
 clude these compositions by Rachmaninoff:  
 Sonata, op. 28; melodie, Humoresque, Bar-  
 carolle, Polchicelle; four Preludes.  
 Jordan Hall, 8.15. Second concert of the  
 Hees-Schneider quartet. Schubert, all'argo  
 molto moderato from quartet G major, op. 161;  
 Brockway suite for cello and piano, E minor,  
 op. 35 (first time here); Dvorak, three move-  
 ments for cello and piano, two violins and  
 viola, op. 74; Tchaikoff-Franck, quartet, A  
 minor, op. 13 No. 1 (first time). Howard  
 Brockway pianist.

WEDNESDAY, Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Mrs. Blanche Marchesi, who will sing these arias and songs: Mozart, "air from 'Il Re Pastore'"; Purcell, "air from 'Dido and Aeneas'"; Bach, "airlette from 'Phoebus and Pan'"; Young, "Phyllis"; Old English, "The Keys of Heaven"; Wagner, "In the Hofhouse"; Schumann, "Auftrage"; Mendelssohn, "Niemand"; Liszt, "Liebes-Schmerz"; Brahms, "Bräutigam und Braut"; Schubert, "Erkling"; Franck, "The Procession"; Bruneau, "Les Pêcheurs"; Debussy, "Mandoline"; Saint-Saëns, "Bonheur est chose légère"; Helldauer, "Little Tin Soldier"; Taubert, "Sinn Sum"; Lehmann, "Land of Nod"; "Gardian Angel"; "Ecstasy"; "Exodus." Berg will play piano pieces by Brahms, Leitzner, Rudi. Rubinstein, Moszkowski and Mendelssohn-Liszt.

THURSDAY--Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Felix  
Fox's piano recital. Graun, Presto; C. P. E.  
Bach, Allegro Siciliano scherzando; Paradies.  
Presto; Chopin, Nocturne in B major. Ballade  
in A flat; Debussy, "Children's Corner" (Dr.  
Gradus ad Parnassum, Jumbo's Lullaby,  
Serenade of the Doll, The Snow is Dancing,  
The Little Shepherd, Goliwogg's Cakewalk).

first (last time here); Muszkowski, Piece Romantique (last time here); Barel, "Jeux d'Eau"; von Schloezer, étude in G; "Benediction de Dieu dans la Solitude"; Venezian Napoli Gondoliera and Tarantella.

Norfolk Hall, 8 P. M. Concert by John C. Manning, pianist, assisted by Stephen Townsend on harp, and an orchestra led by Emil Mollemauer. Mr. Manning will play Chopin's second concerto, F minor, with orchestra, and these pieces by Chopin: E flat, 1st sharp minor; waltz, G flat, étude, op. 25 No. 8, first and second movement from the sonata in B flat minor, op. 35, Mr. Townsend will sing with orchestra Elgar's "Sea Pictures" in D major; The Swimmer; Sea Corals Lie; Sabbath Morning at Sea; Sea Shimmer Song.

**SUNDAY** Symphony Hall, 2.30 P. M. Sixth  
annual rehearsal of the Boston Symphony  
orchestra. Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Gold-  
mark, symphony No. 1, "Rustic Wedding,"  
op. 26; Saint-Saens, concerto for violin and  
orchestra, No. 3, op. 61; Slinding,  
"No Infinito," op. 42 (first time here);  
and a Noack, the second concert master of  
the orchestra, will make his first appear-  
ance as a soloist.

DAY--Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Sixth  
of the Boston Symphony orchestra.  
as on Friday afternoon.



assist. Soloists: Soprano, Mrs. Marie Sandborg Sundelius; contralto, Miss Sarah A. Daly; tenor, John E. Daniels, bass, Earl Cartwright. The second concert will consist of short works and part songs of exceptional interest. In addition to these two concerts the club announces that the services of Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch have been secured for a performance of Bach's "St. John Passion." The work will be performed exactly as it was in Bach's time. The original instruments, such as the harpsichord, viola d'amore, lute, viola da gamba and oboe d'amore will find their places in the orchestra, also a chorus of 12 solo singers and the full chorus of the singing club. The latter will represent the congregation, which took an important part in the early performances.

#### Handel's Plagiarisms.

"Handel and his Orbit," by P. Robinson, published at Manchester, Eng., by Serratt and Hughes, is thus reviewed by the Pall Mall Gazette: "Those who are interested in the question of Handel's indebtedness to other composers will find the facts set forth in detail in 'Handel and his Orbit,' a book which, as its author observes, seeks to 'discuss some points of biography or history, more particularly where Handel's work touches the work of other musicians.' He adds, 'That some portion of the subject has a general interest may be believed when we find this question among those set to the boys at Eton, January, 1908: 'Discuss Handel's borrowings from other composers.' It is, in fact, the part of Mr. Robinson's volume which deals with this subject that will possibly attract the greatest attention. The first chapters are concerned with Handel's influence and whether or not he exercised a repressing effect on English music, his position as an opera writer, and a review of minor criticisms which have been directed against certain aspects of his music. When we come to the alleged borrowings, attention is directed to whether such thefts were perpetrated openly or otherwise, and to the possibility that Handel himself may have been the author of certain works which are attributed to Erba, Urio and Stradella. Mr. Robinson discusses the theory, in the case of this latter point, that in the inscription 'del Rdr. Sigr. Erba' upon a certain MS. dal might have originally stood, meaning 'at the house of' rather than implying authorship. Similarly, the discovery on an atlas of the Italian village Urio (and, oddly enough, near by another place, Erba) suggested the possible idea that the works in question which are 'borrowed' from 'Israel in Egypt' might have been composed by Handel when on his Italian wanderings in 1703. These points and more are presented by Mr. Robinson with closeness of reasoning and well-marshalled facts, one's only criticism being against his occasional lapse into obscurity of style in the writing. As suggested, the book is primarily a Handel student; it is well worth

#### MEN AND THINGS.

Is it then true, as a contemporary would have us believe, that the new Opera House will bring about civilizing changes in the social life of the city; that it will soften stern New England manners and also lead the male to pay more attention to his dress by day and by night?

We remember a zealous tract published in London a half-century ago. Its title was "The Opera Box." We hoped to quote from the little book but it is mislaid; perhaps we lent it to Mr. Herkimer Johnson. This tract shows the pernicious effects of opera going; how Miss Arabella was led into extravagance in dress and too liberal exposure of her neck and shoulders; how she no longer read improving books, but turned to the singing of painted jades on the stage and to the frivolous chatter of her companions; how dissolute men paid her attentions in the carriages; how she neglected her soul and died in an agony of fear for the future—and all because her pa had an opera box for the season. Truly an awful warning! May the damsels of this city spare Arabella's fate.

Years before this tract was published the Hazlitts looked sourly on the opera. His words were prophetic and he asked whether the English were a naturally vulgar people. "If I were to laugh and weep (at least with a comic or the tragic muse), is not it vulgar. All wit is not confined to the lake of the toe nor all sense to the all of an opera singer, though there are a few exceptions as well as we. Do the upper classes speak in a vulgar way? Do they, in answer to a question on a visit into the air? Perhaps a Noble Duke might make one of his speeches intelligible by singing. To solve the difficulties of the corn law by calling out the lord chamberlain to dance a minuet with him. Was a piece of variant aspects in the opera box the pit the first of the social appearance? And what would have been given before

committing themselves beyond an applause which might be construed with a good natured encouragement to know what the newspapers would say the next day." More than once Hazlitt rallied against the Lord's anointed as they sat in box or pit. The diplomatic characters were known only by their taking prodigious quantities of snuff. The lords and ladies became as borsome as gilded butterflies in glass cases. "We soon get tired of them for they seem tired of themselves and one another. They gape, stare, affect to whisper, laugh or talk loud to fill up the vacuities of thought and expression. They do not gratify our predilection for happy faces!" No man could be more disagreeable at times than William Hazlitt.

Fortunately, scenes at the opera that he described, and once or twice with a vigor that the genteel would call coarse, would not provoke him were he permitted to look about the Boston Opera House. (It should be remembered that Hazlitt was fond of music and wrote admirably about operatic performances. We have not seen the brilliant audiences, but Mr. Herkimer Johnson assures us that the behavior of the men and women is all that could be desired. There is no chattering, no giggling, no yawning while the curtain is up, and during the entr'actes there is well-bred animation, polite merriment. (Why "entr'actes"? There is a good English word—"waits.") There is none of that glacial reserve that is popularly supposed in Terre Haute, Ind., and Putney, Vt., to characterize the Bostonian surprised in the act of enjoyment. Women on the floor have been seen speaking affably to strangers of their sex sitting next them. This is all as it should be. Who knows but that in a season or two there will be the generous hospitality of the boxes? A visitor from beyond the Mississippi reading a name on a box that pleases him and augurs well, will enter and extend his card: "My name is Jones—I'm in the hardware business—Isn't Miss Nielsen singing too sweet for anything? I'm told that the ballet is made up of members of the Vincent Club—from the first families of your town—is that so?" The Cobboys in the box will beam on him. He will be urged to remain for an act. An invitation to dinner for the next day will be pressed on him; nor will he be expected to bring his own cigars.

Mr. Johnson sees in the behavior of the audience the admirable result of long training at Symphony concerts and at Chamber concerts, where if there be whispering the offender is looked on as an immoral person. He thinks that the opera will lead women not to extravagance in dress, but to an appreciation of their physical advantages or disadvantages; that they will dress with more regard for them. "Why are these things hid?" asked Sir Toby when Sir Andrew confessed his possession of certain accomplishments. It is the duty of a handsome woman to delight the eye, and the opera house encourages all women to be radiant. There is a law of divine average; there is a blessed law of compensation. A plain face may go with a superbly moulded body. A woman supposed to be a "fausse maigre," to use a phrase invented by the French with their customary felicity. The opera house will undoubtedly improve the local race.

We read the following sentence in a letter given in evidence recently in a murder trial: "I gave him a home and done the best I could toward learning him the English language, as we are English speaking people." There were some who laughed when this sentence was read aloud. Yet the sentence is a brave, a sturdy one. "I done" smacks of the soil. "I did" has less energy. "I done" is epic. "To learn a person" was for years, beginning with 1300, good English. Caxton, Coverdale, Bunyan, Fuller, Shakespeare, De Foe, Richardson used "learn" for "teach." Nor did William Morris in "Sigurd" refrain from writing: "Thou hast learned me all my skill."

It has been said that memoirs are written usually after the author has lost his memory. The answer to this is that volumes thus written are more entertaining than when the author is literal and painstaking in accuracy. There is a flood of memoirs in England at present. Every one arriving at 60 seems to think it a solemn duty to share his or her reminiscences with the world at large. It would be surprising if there were not one or two good stories in each volume. A grim tale in the "Reminiscences of Charlotte, Lady Wake," appealed to us. The Laird of Garscadden was wont so many times a year to meet at an inn country folk of his quality to spend the night carousing. One evening, when they had been together since the going down of the sun, one nudged a neighbor and pointed to the Laird, who was pale and still in his chair: "Garscadden looks unc'ly gash." "And weel he may," said the other. "He's been w' his Maker thae two hours, but I wad say naething to disturb the company."

## SUNDAY CONCERT BY OPERA STARS

There was a concert at the Boston Opera House last evening by the orchestra and Mme. Boninsegna, Messrs. Boulogne and Mardones of the opera company. Wallace Goodrich conducted. The program was as follows:

Nicola's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; prologue to "Pagliacci" (Mr. Boulogne); "Vol to Sapete," from "Cavalleria Rusticana" (Mme. Boninsegna); scherzo from G. W. Chadwick's symphony in B flat; "Dormiro Solo," from "Don Carlos" (Mr. Mardones); overture to "Tannhauser"; prelude to Converse's incidental music to "Jeanne d'Arc"; "O Ciel Azzurri," from "Aida" (Mme. Boninsegna); Handel's Largo by solo violin, harp and organ (Mr. Herkimer); Mme. Conti-Berenguer, Mr. Lyford and orchestra, romance from "Faust" (Mr. Boulogne); Rakoczy march from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust."

Programs of operatic music are not common in Boston. Visiting opera companies usually give one such concert during their sojourn here; singers who have made a reputation in opera give recitals of songs with piano accompaniment; occasionally a local singer gives a concert with a hired orchestra, as Mr. Townsend did last season, and his concert was one of unusual interest. But the general public of Boston is opera-starved, and the concerts announced to be given at the new opera house, of which last evening's was the first, will fill a real want.

In the first place, many were enabled to see the Opera House who perhaps had been unable to attend the opera during its initial week. In the second place, the program was as catholic as its nature would permit, and the orchestral works by Messrs. Chadwick and Converse (who were both in the audience), gave distinction to a performance that might have been a mere exploitation of personalities.

Mme. Boninsegna has a voice of lyric rather than dramatic quality, yet her temperament is dramatic, and her interpretation of the two arias on the program and of the famous one from "Tosca," which she added with piano accompaniment, had considerable histrionic value. Her tones in the upper register were of uncommon clearness and beauty; her lower tones lacked volume, but filled the auditorium easily, thanks partly to their rather incisive quality, partly to the singer's good enunciation, and largely to Mr. Goodrich's admirable control of the orchestra and consideration for the voice. This was true of all the orchestral accompaniments.

Mr. Mardones, even in evening dress suggesting his Colline of yesterday afternoon, gave much pleasure by his agreeable and unusually low voice and the sincerity of his singing. Mr. Boulogne has a manly and resonant baritone voice, but one that lacks suavity, and was better displayed in dramatic passages and recitative than in the flowing melody of the latter part of the Prologue.

The orchestra did good work, especially the violins in the "Tannhauser" overture and in the "Largo," which had to be repeated. There was a good-sized audience in the orchestra and balconies, and Mr. Goodrich and the soloists were all warmly applauded and recalled.

Nov 16/09

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Second week of the Boston Opera company. Henry Russell, director. Delibes' "Lakme" (second performance), Mr. Conti, conductor.

Lakme ..... Lydia Lipkowska  
Malika ..... Betty Freeman  
Ellen ..... Evelyn Parnell  
Rosa ..... Virginia Pierce  
Benison ..... Eletra Leveroni  
Gerardo ..... Paul Bourillon  
Frederico ..... Rodolfo Fornari  
Nlakanta ..... Gusto Nivette  
Hagi ..... G. Stroesco

Delibes' pretty opera, with music that is today still fresh and charming, and with music that is old-fashioned in the Opera Comique manner of the thirties and forties—witness the quintet in the first act—gave much pleasure to an audience that filled the house. Miss Lipkowska was even more appreciated than on Friday night, when she made her first appearance in Boston. Her performance was more striking, both vocally and dramatically. While she has not the indescribable, exotic charm of Marie Van Zandt as Lakme—and as The Herald has said, Miss Van Zandt's Lakme was unique, incomparable—she has a pronounced individuality, true dramatic feeling that finds vent in seemingly natural expression, a naivete that is always graceful.

It is easy to say that her impersonation is not oriental, but it is impossible to deny the fascination of it. Her voice has charming qualities; it is pure, limpid, supple. Last night the upper tones which on Friday seemed at times thin if not shrill, had body and were under control. It may also be said that the florid passages were sung



Lydia Lipkowska.

with greater confidence and surer intonation.

The "Bell" aria again aroused enthusiasm, but there were many instances of sustained singing that deserved equal applause, both for the display of vocal art and for the dramatic intelligence that shaped and directed the phrase. The "Bell" air is sung usually as though it were only a vocal exercise. Miss Lipkowska charged it with meaning, so that the air seemed the fit expression of the situation, the vocal expression of Lakme's hopes and fears. All in all, the impersonation was finely composed and admirably carried out.

The first performance is so fresh in the minds of the audience that it is not necessary to dwell on the character of the second or to inquire again into the nature of the libretto and the music. It is enough to say that Mr. Nivette was pontifical Nlakanta; that Mr. Bourillon acted with a sincerity that led one to forget moments of bodily awkwardness as a singular use of the hands, and sang with fervor and significance. If not always with beauty of tone, again Mr. Stroesco's Hagi should be praised, also the stage settings and the management of the crowd in the second act.

It is easy to see why Miss Lipkowska, a favorite as Lakme, Gilda and Juliet at St. Petersburg, should have aroused enthusiasm in Paris, where she sang, at first, with a Russian company at the Chatelet. It was in May of this year that she appeared there as the heroine in Rimsky-Korsakoff's "La Pskovitaine," entitled "Ivan le Terrible," for Parisian use. She also sang in "Russian and Ludmiller," by Glinka. In June she sang in the balcony scene from "Roméo and Juliet" at a gala night at the Opera, and in the same month she appeared as Lakme and Violetta at the Opera Comique, where she sang in Russian. She will make her first appearance in New York at the Metropolitan Opera House as Violetta next Thursday evening. Mr. Caruso will be the Alfredo.

Wednesday (tomorrow) evening the operas will be "Pagliacci," and "Cavalleria Rusticana." In the former Eugenia Bronskaja, a Russian soprano, will make her first appearance here as Nedda. The other chief singers will be Messrs. Leliva and Boulogne, Mme. Jane Noria will take the part of Santuzza here for the first time. She is pleasantly remembered as a member of the San Carlo company at the Majestic Theatre in the season 1907-'08, when she appeared as Glorinda, Margherita, Alda and Nedda. A St. Louis girl, she began her career as Josephine Ludwig with Mr. Savage's company. She afterward sang with success at the Opera in Paris. Since she was with the San Carlo company she has been singing in Europe, and of late, I am told, she has been studying with Victor Maurel. Next Wednesday night Mr. Constantino will be the Turiddu.

Thursday evening there will be a performance of "La Gioconda" with Mmes. Nordica, Claessens, Leveroni and Messrs. Constantino, Baklanoff and Nivette. "Aida" will be performed on Friday with Mmes. Boninsegna and Claessens and Messrs. Hansen, Archanbault, Baklanoff and Mardones.

Miss Kirmes, a Melrose girl, who has sung for two or three seasons in Italian cities, will be the Santuzza on Saturday afternoon, and Mme. Bronskaja will be the Nedda in the repetition of "Pagliacci." Mr. Luzzati will conduct the "Lakme." Mr. Luzzati will conduct the

Boston girl, will sing the part of Lakme Saturday night, "debutante evening." Next Monday night the opera will be "Rigoletto," when Frances Alda of the Metropolitan Opera House will make her first appearance in Boston. The other chief singers will be Messrs. Constantino, Baklanoff, Nivette and probably Miss Leveroni.

Bowdoin St.

A melodrama in six acts: "Drink."

Cast:  
Lover ..... Frederiek VanKensselaer  
Conner ..... James S. Barrett  
Daguet ..... Harry E. Humphrey  
Polson ..... Harry Brooks  
Mes. Bottles ..... Tommy Shearer  
Hagi ..... G. Stroesco



SECOND KREISLER RECITAL.

Violinist Plays with His Usual Grace and Charm. J. P.

Fritz Kreisler gave his second recital at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon before a small but enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows:

Tartini, Devil's Trill; Vieuxtemps, Second Concerto; Debussy, Minuet; Kreisler, Caprice; Viennese, Tambourin; Chabrier, Dvorak, Humoresque; Paganini, Non più mesta.

Surely the "Devil's Trill" was never better played than yesterday. The rare beauty and warmth of tone made the first theme one to be remembered, and the brilliant passages were absolutely clear and rhythmic. An elaborate cadenza of double trills was inserted and brought forth hearty applause from the audience.

It was interesting to hear Mr. Kreisler's interpretation of Vieuxtemps' concerto. He gave it grace and charm. As in all Vieuxtemps' concertos, the first movement gives the violinist opportunity to show his brilliance, technique and the quality of his instrument. The second movement was exquisite in its simplicity and sweetness. The last movement was quite as uninteresting melodically as Vieuxtemps usually is. His ideas fail him. But where Vieuxtemps lacked, Kreisler supplied, and the result was vigorous, healthy musicianship. Would that Mr. Kreisler could be persuaded to confine himself to doctoring music which is really sick.

Debussy's Minuet is beautiful, but would have been more so without the mute, which Mr. Kreisler is so fond of using. Minuets are not generally supposed to be mysterious affairs, calling for smothered tone color, and Mr. Kreisler certainly is sufficiently master of his violin to play softly with it. The interpretation, however, was poetic and enjoyable. Mr. Kreisler's own compositions are fanciful little works, full of really violinistic effects. The Tambourin is humorous and fascinating, and the audience would have been glad to hear both that and the Caprice over again.

The Paganini double harmonics were wonderfully clear, especially as Mr. Kreisler was evidently having trouble all the afternoon in keeping his violin up to the pitch. The alternate pizzicato and bowed notes were perfectly given.

Three of the numbers given yesterday, either on the program or as encores, were played at the first recital this season, and the other encore was the Mottet Musical of Schubert. Is Mr. Kreisler growing lazy or indifferent? Or does he think that Boston should be satisfied with only the charming little 17th and 18th century pieces of which he is so fond? He should know his audience here by this time.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First production in Boston of "The White Sister," a drama founded on F. Marion Crawford's novel of the same name, dramatized by Mr. Crawford and Walter Hackett. The cast:

Monsignore Saracinesca.....James O'Neill  
Captain Giovanni Severi.....William Farnum  
Lieutenant Leo Severi.....Dwight Dana  
Doctor Piers.....Joseph Whiting  
Lieutenant Basil.....Riehl Lang  
Brescia.....Joseph Carducci  
Countess Charamonte.....Mina Gale  
Madame Bernard.....Fanny Addison Pitt  
Baroness.....Belle Chippendale Warner  
Sister Giovanna.....Viola Allen

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Miss Lillian Russell presented for the first time in Boston a comedy in four acts by Edmund Day, "The Widow's Might," with the following cast:

Mortimer Wa.....Frederick Truesdell  
Richard Wall.....Joseph Tuohy  
Hamilton Broad.....Julius McVicker  
Charles Hoffman.....Walter Hitchcock  
Willard Hooper.....Sydney Booth  
Silas Giron.....John D. O'Hara  
Henry William Puffer.....Samuel I. Burton  
Joseph Moran.....Daniel Fitzgerald  
John Bigelow.....Ray Reed  
Hampton.....T. Hayes Hunter  
Mrs. Henry William Puffer.....Susanne Westford  
Clara.....daughters Her d.....Maud  
Maud.....Mabel Grete  
Mabel Grete.....Helen Ross  
Clara.....Laura King  
Mary Maples.....Margaret Maclyn  
Beryl Quarrier.....Ellen Mortimer  
Mrs. Laura Curtis.....Lillian Russell

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The College Widow," a comedy in four acts, by George Ade. The principals:

Billy Bolton.....John Craig  
Peter Witherspoon.....George Heath  
Hiram Bolton.....George Hassell  
Jack Larrabee.....Theodore Frebus  
Stub Larrabee.....Donald Moe  
Tom Pearson.....Wilfred Young  
"Silent" Murphy.....E. Lenard  
"Matty" McGowan.....William Walsh  
Hon. Elam Hicks.....Russell Clark  
Sub Hicks, his son.....Al Roberts  
Cyprianus Talbot.....Frank Bertrand  
Jessie Tanner.....Mabel Colcord  
Piers Higgins.....Gertrude Binley  
Mrs. Primley Datzelle.....Eleanor Brownell  
Jane Witherspoon.....Mary Young

o Sall.....Harold Clairmont  
erre Colombe.....Hal Brown  
ingine.....Edythe Ketchum  
Joebe Sage.....Beatrice Turner  
me, Rouge.....Florence Hale  
and.....Ruth Francis  
the.....Eva Wheeler  
the.....Beatrice Miller  
Charlotte Hunt



Betty Freeman.

"The Sporting Deacon," by Charles E. Blaney and James R. Garey, produced for the first time at the Grand Opera House.

Prof. Elliott Woodward.....W. H. Turner  
John Hammond.....John J. Flanagan  
Gerald Dean.....Neal Barrett  
M. Maurice La Vage.....Butler Mandeville  
Tom Darton.....Harry Elsher  
The Rev. Aaron Skinner.....G. W. Williams  
The Rev. Jephtha Weed.....Charles Hartley  
Joe Fowler.....Neal Burns  
Clara Woodward.....Edith Yeager  
Katherine Ostrander.....Laura M. Stone  
Mona Irving.....Irma Manning  
Peggy.....Beth Kaufman

AMERICAN MUSIC HALL.

Johnson-Ketchel Fight Pictures and Entertaining Comedy Bill.

A bill full of laughs is that at the American Music Hall this week where the Johnson-Ketchel fight pictures, repeated, are about the only item on the list that is not funny.

George Fuller Golden with a string of jokes and stories successfully projects his humor across the footlights. He needs no sledge hammer to drive home the points of his witticisms, which have the charm of freshness and novelty and a style of delivery all his own gives his fun making originality and effectiveness.

Rinaldo, "wandering violinist," in a character get-up, plays difficult compositions unpretentiously. He gets sweet music from his instrument, playing with the ease which betokens skill. His reception yesterday was hearty and twice he had to return and tell the enthusiastic house: "No more."

His first two selections won approval.

KEITH'S THEATRE.

Excellent Bill Enthusiastically Received by Big Audiences.

Sam Mahoney, the Revere Beach life-guard, whose instant success upon his debut in vaudeville at Keith's last week warranted an extension of his original engagement before starting upon his long tour of the Keith circuit, shares the headline place on this week's bill at Keith's with several other stellar attractions, including Amelia Summerville, always and everywhere a favorite; W. C. Fields, the best thing going in the line of a comedy juggler, and Billy B. Van, substantially assisted in his musical comedy, "Props," by the Beaumont sisters. It is an altogether excellent bill, enthusiastically received by two big houses yesterday.

In his spectacular production "The Frozen North" Mr. Mahoney, with possibly a few exceptions, presents the same effective act he used last week. There is the same tank of ice-cold water in which Mr. Mahoney, amid cakes of real ice, swims with the utmost abandon, emerging dripping wet to send himself upon a cake of ice and relate to his audience how he brought himself back to health, strength and weight by all-the-year-round bathing and proper gymnastic exercises.

Of the other numbers upon the bill W. C. Fields, who is but recently back on native shores after a tri-

umphant tour abroad, was the big hit with last night's audience. There are several who are clever at manipulating, juggling and balancing silk hats, but Fields stands at the top of them all in versatility and grace. In his juggling of tennis balls he also introduces much brand-new business, and several times accomplishes with no effort the seemingly impossible.

Billy B. Van, who was once in burlesque and apparently will never be able to ever forget his earlier surroundings, has in "Props" a sketch that isn't entirely new in idea. The scene represents a vaudeville stage on a Monday morning, and Van is the property man—"props" it is in the vernacular of the stage. The Beaumont sisters, one of whom appears at first as the "scrub-lady" about the house, but subsequently as a real actress, while the other is supposedly the week's head-liner in the scene, do some clever dancing. Van

NOV 7 09 RACHMANINOFF

Sergei Rachmaninoff, the distinguished Russian composer, pianist and conductor, gave a recital in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. He then played for the first time in this city. The program was made up of his own composition: Sonata, D minor, op. 28; melodie, Humoresque, Barcarolle, Polichinell; Four Preludes—D major, D minor, C minor, C sharp minor.

Mr. Paderewski was known in this country as the composer of a minuet before he first visited us toward the end of 1891. Mr. Rachmaninoff was known here as the composer of the prelude in C sharp minor about 12 years ago. Alexandre Slioti, his cousin, played it in Steinhart Hall Feb. 12, 1898, and later in that season he played it twice and acquainted us with the waltz op. 10. Mr. Buonamici has played Rachmaninoff's first piano concerto at a Symphony concert. The Elegiac Trio (in memory of Tschalkowsky), the "cello



sonata, which he played for the first time in this city.

Mr. Rachmaninoff's recital placed only his own compositions. The sonata is one of his later works. He played it last season in Moscow, which city he visited for the first time for some time been in the city to conduct some of his compositions. The sonata is undoubtedly the most important of his pieces for the piano alone. It is built on a large scale. The three movements are connected by means of thematic reminiscences. The first movement has at the same time a resolute and a sombre character. I understand that the second theme is one of the songs in the liturgy of the Russian church. It too is melancholy. So is the second movement, although the melancholy is not so black and there are many moments of tenderness and beauty. The music is characterized by rhythmic energy rather than by striking thematic material. The church song of the first movement, which is now chanted in fertilissimo, brings the end.

The sonata as a whole suffers from the monotony of mood. The music gives an impression of hopelessness not removed by the final suggestion of uplifting ecclesiastical faith. The prevailing color is a dark gray, and the relieving shades are grays of a lighter nuance. The sonata is eminently sincere and thoughtfully worked out—worked out at a length that is almost forbidding. The workmanship is highly creditable to the composer, but this workmanship is more apparent than melodic invention or emotional or dramatic feeling.

The lack of spontaneous melody is noticeable in nearly all the smaller pieces on the program of yesterday. The "Melodie" has a certain melody, but Rachmaninoff's thematic material in general has little profile, little physiognomy. The late Vernon Blackburn said that a tune was a melody that was overripe. Rachmaninoff's melodies are seldom ripe; they seldom have perfume. The "Humoresque" and "Polichinell" would probably be called "characteristic," which is a courteous word used generally by those who, constitutionally polite, do not know what else to say in praise.

The "Barcarolle," on the other hand is a delightful piece of impressionism, although the opening recalls one of Rubinstein's Venetian boat songs, not so much by the melodic figure as by the harmonic setting of the scene and atmosphere. The "Barcarolle" has genuine beauty inherently and in its suggestion. The preludes have a certain force, nor is the most familiar the one that towers above the others. Each one interests in its own way.

There is an old saying, and, like many old and authoritative sayings, it

is a radically false one: "He plays like a composer." It is true that Brahms, while he had demoniacal energy and brute strength, was an unclean player, whose fingers were often all thumbs, and undrilled ones at that. But Handel, Bach, Couperin, Scarlatti, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Meyerbeer, Weber, Liszt, Rubinstein, Saint-Saens, were virtuosos, famous in their day, and they also composed. Mr. Rachmaninoff is a pianist to be respected. In some ways, as in his treatment of a melody, he reminds the hearer of Slioti. He has not the peculiar elegance and fleetness of that excellent pianist, but he has a broader style, a more sweeping vision. He has a fine sense of proportion, and a cool, but agreeable, touch.

It is true he played only his own pieces, and comparisons are unfair. It is undoubtedly true that he brought out fully the strong points and the weak points of his music. His appearance on the stage was prepossessing. He was neither self-satisfied nor too modest. His face has characteristics that were both found and missed in the music of yesterday. The sonata is neither intensely national, nor could it justly be called the work of a cosmopolitan. It is music by Rachmaninoff, who is probably a thinker rather than a musician of a highly emotional nature. It is to be hoped that he will give another recital here, for the pianist and his music are an interesting study.

The audience was one of only fair size for Symphony Hall. Although the concert was a short one, many were tardy and some went out before the end. The continuity and effect of the sonata suffered in consequence of the late comers. The great majority of the audience was deeply interested. The pianist-composer was heartily applauded, especially after the smaller pieces, and at the end he was obliged to add to the program.

MME. MARCHESI

Mme. Blanche Marchesi gave a song recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. She was assisted by Brahms Van Den Berg pianist, Mme. Marchesi sang these arias and songs:







M. ... the next month in ... will-eyed Debussy ... to ... Cesar Franck's music ... old ... and a lady no more ... reckoned with Jean Saint-Saens or ... mod, explained of Mr. Baker's in- ... pretation. It is true that it is not ... to every pianist to play Debussy's ...

"Dr. Gradus ad Parnassum" and "Golli- ... og's Cakewalk" seemed on first hearing ... he suite the most important of these ... pieces, although "The Little Shepherd" ... a poetic fancy. There is genuine ... humor in "Dr. Gradus ad Parnassum" ... to those who have toiled at Clementi's ... famous work. The reminiscences of ... certain etudes in that volume, or, ... rather, hints at these etudes, are con- ... trasted as in a spirit of fine irony with ... section of Debussy in his most Debus- ... syan vein. So, too, there is humor in ... he cakewalk. "Jumbo's Lullaby" is a ... little thing for a huge beast, if the ... jumbo is the elephant who was once ... world famous. It would be interesting ... to compare these pieces with those of ... onssorgsky in which he painted in ... ones the candor, the wistfulness, the ... errors, even the egotism, of childhood. ... Debussy's children are a bit sophisti- ... cated.

There was an audience of good size ... and there was much applause. Mr. ... ox's better qualities are appreciated ... here by many. One could have wished ... or more poetic feeling and a stronger ... sense of continuity in Chopin's nocturne.

## TWO TENORS SING RADAMES IN 'AIDA'

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's ... "Aida," performed by the Boston op- ... era company, Henry Russell conduct- ... er, Mr. Conti conducted.

Aida ... P ... Celestina Boninsegna ... Amneris ... Maria Claessens ... Una Sacerdotessa ... Bettina Freeman ... Radames ... Christian Hansen ... Il Re ... Francis Archambault ... Amonasro, Aida's father ... George Baklanoff ... M ... Jose Mardones ... La Massaggiere ... Ernesto Giaccone

Mr. Hansen made his first appearance ... here as Radames last Saturday night. ... He then seemed to be a tenor with a ... strong, resonant voice, suited to a he- ... roic rather than a purely lyric role, and ... he was often effective when attending ... circumstances would have been discour- ... aging to even a more experienced sing- ... er. It was evident last night when he ... began that he was not vocally well dis- ... posed, for his tones sagged. Toward ... the end of the second act his voice ... faltered and he was replaced by Enzo ... Leliva, the Radames of the first per- ... formance of "Aida" at the Boston Opera ... House.

The other signers were the same as at ... this first performance, and it is not ... necessary to speak in detail of their ... impersonations. It may be said, how- ... ever, that Mme. Boninsegna was an in- ... teresting Aida and that she sang al- ... ways with spirit and artistic intention, ... and often with much taste. She did not ... sob so violently as before in the beau- ... tiful aria of the Nile scene, and she had ... greater respect for long melodic lines ... which she formerly chopped into short ... phrases, thus thinking to gain greater ... dramatic force. Aida is not a cringing ... slave, neither is she a fine lady at the ... court; she is a captive, but the daughter ... of a king, and Mme. Boninsegna does ... not forget this.

It is a pity that Mme. Claessens has ... not a more sensuous voice. She plays ... the part of Amneris with dignity and ... has the routine that comes only from ... experience. She, as others who have ... taken the part, makes a sad mess of ... the passionate and haunting phrase ... after the chorus of female slaves at ... the beginning of the second act, one ... of the most expressive phrases in ... all opera.

Hearing "Celeste Aida" again, I could ... not help remembering the remarks made ... by Mr. John F. Runciman nine years ... ago in the Saturday Review, when he ... was commenting on the opera. "When ... I look over the score I have an im- ... mediate vision of a minute tenor standing ... over the prompter's box, making swim- ... ming motions with his arms, bleating ... like a goat with his mouth full of salt ... water and throwing appealing glances ... at the ladies in the boxes for a round ... of applause after the final high B flat." ... We have all heard many tenors sing ... this air. Few of them were "minute"; ... Ceppi, for example, was a stalwart fel- ... low—he used to be a cannon ball tosser ... in Italy, and perhaps for that reason ... was treated respectfully by the critics. ... De Marchi was soldierly, Caruso is not ... physically a shrimp, Campanini was ... every inch a man; but nearly all of ... these tenors—Campanini and Saleza ... were exceptions. Ang "Celeste Aida" ... as though it is not a romance, a reverie, ... a sonnet to Aida's eyebrow, but a song ... that required violent physical exertion. ... Again the stage settings, the impos- ... ing and beautiful grouping in the tri- ... umph scene, the costumes varied with ... fine taste and with a view to a com- ... posite and brilliant picture, the soft- ... ness of the Nile scene and the voice

of Miss Freeman as the priestess called ... for admiration. Again Mr. Baklanoff ... was a picturesque Amonasro with a ro- ... bust and agreeable voice, and again the ... work of the chorus was admirable. The ... tempo of various sections of the march ... and of the following finale dragged and ... there was not the feeling of continuity ... or the anticipation of a final and over- ... powering climax that there should have ... been.

The audience was a large and brilliant ... one, and the singers received curtain ... calls.

## MISS DAVENPORT SINGS IN 'LAKME'

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Delibes' ... "Lakme," Mr. Conti conducted.

Lakme ... P ... Viola Davenport ... Malika ... Bettina Freeman ... Ellen ... Evelyn Parnell ... Rosa ... Virginia Pierce ... Mrs. Benson ... Elvira Leveroni ... Gerardo ... Paul Bourrilhon ... Nilakantha ... Francis Archambault ... Frederico ... Rodolfo Fornari ... Hagl ... C. Stroesco

Miss Viola Davenport, who has studied ... chiefly in Boston, made her first appear- ... ance on any stage last evening as the ... heroine of Delibes' pretty opera, and ... made a favorable impression. Her voice ... is a soprano of fine quality and large ... compass. There is enough color in her ... tones for dramatic purposes, and the ... voice is flexible, well suited to florid ... passages. She sang for the most part ... easily and often skillfully. At times her ... extreme upper notes were clear, pure ... and beautiful, as in the opening song in ... the temple. At other times she "pushed" ... her upper tones, and fell below the true ... pitch. No doubt the nervousness of a ... first appearance had something to do ... with her false intonation, which was ... only occasional, and conspicuous by rea- ... son of the prevailing accuracy.

She has yet to study the trill and de- ... scending runs. The run at the end of ... the introduction to the "Bell" song was ... unclear and in striking contrast with ... the general excellence of her technic. ... She sang with a charming simplicity ... and often with emotion, not only with ... the emotion that lies in certain tones of ... her voice, but with the added feeling of ... a singer who appreciates the character ... of a situation and the significance of ... the text. Miss Davenport's voice warrants ... her ambitious endeavor and, with fur- ... ther and intelligent study, she should ... rank well in the list of American ... singers.

As an actress she must learn by ex- ... perience. She has made a good begin- ... ning, for she knows the value of re- ... pose and she refrains from unmeaning ... and boring gestures. She is, of ... course, as are the great majority of the ... young women who are to appear at the ... Saturday night performances, only an ... amateur, and she should be judged as ... such. She carries herself well; she ... stands still, when other amateurs in ... her place would be in irritatingly ner- ... vous motion. She has learned some- ... thing of the expression of the hand, ... and her hand does not look like a ... bunch of radishes; she moves easily ... and takes a position naturally, not as ... though she were remembering painfully ... her lesson.

To expect any revelation of deep emo- ... tion, passion, intensity, from a girl of ... her little experience would be absurd, ... nor does the part of Lakme call for any ... exhibition of consuming passion. The ... part is well adapted to her face and ... figure. When she stood in the temple ... door; when she sang to the crowd at the ... command of her father, she was an ... exotic apparition. She was at home in ... the Orient.

I have spoken thus at length and ... frankly of Miss Davenport because I ... believe it is worth while to do so. It is ... evident that she has a voice for opera. ... The road to success is long and thorny. ... May she tread it with perseverance and ... courage and arrive at the goal!

Although Mr. Archambault is not a ... singer to take the part of Nilakan- ... tha, the performance, aside from the ... interest awakened by the appearance ... of Miss Davenport, gave much pleas- ... ure to an audience of good size, for ... the performance was effective. Stage ... settings and costumes pleased the ... eye. The ensembles were spirited, and ... the operetta quintet in the first act ... went with an agreeable dash. Miss ... Davenport was heartily applauded, ... both by many friends and by those ... who had not her welfare particularly ... at heart.

## OPERA HOUSE DOUBLE BILL.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagli- ... acci" Heard by Good-Sized House.

Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and ... Leonecavallo's "Pagliacci" were given ... yesterday afternoon at the Boston Opera ... House. Although the performances were ... repetitions, there were changes in the ... casts. That of "Cavalleria Rusticana" ... was yesterday as follows: Santuzza, ... Mme. Boninsegna; Lola, Miss Freeman; ... Mamma Lucia, Miss Rogers; Turiddu,

Mr. Leliva; Alfio, Mr. Fornari. Mr. Luz- ... zatti conducted both performances.

When Mme. Boninsegna made her en- ... trance, and for a while thereafter it ... looked as though her performance were ... going to be merely conventional, and as ... though the singer, however effective she ... might be in action, did not understand ... the value and significance of repose.

She was inclined toward an over-elab- ... oration that marred the effect of her ... acting, but she proved later that she ... could be dramatic in repose, as in the ... scene when Lola first appears—if con- ... centrated and cat-like intensity may be ... called repose. She was admirable in the ... passionate outburst after Turiddu had ... left her to follow Lola into the church. ... She sang with much taste throughout.

The other parts were well taken. The ... chorus was excellent and gave a notably ... fine example of concerted action when ... it took up and passed the rumor of ... Turiddu's death. The orchestra under ... Mr. Luzzatti played with uncommon ... unity and dramatic power.

The cast of "Pagliacci" was as fol- ... lows: Nedda, Miss Lewicka; Canio, ... Mr. Leliva; Tonio, Mr. Boulogne; Syl- ... vio, Mr. Picco; Beppe, Mr. Balestrini; ... peasants, Messrs. Stroesco and Dun- ... stan.

Mr. Leliva took the place of Mr. ... Hansen, who had been announced as ... Canio, and his impersonation, follow- ... ing upon that of Turiddu, was a fea- ... ture of the afternoon. It was hard to ... believe that this Canio was the Tur- ... riddu of a half-hour ago, for not only ... had Mr. Leliva identified himself heart ... and spirit with a new character, but ... he seemed of different flesh and bone. ... He was hand in glove with the part, ... and he was applauded, both during ... and at the close of each act. Miss ... Lewicka as Nedda gave a graceful ... performance. There was a good-sized ... audience.

The Symphony orchestra gave the ... sixth event of the season last evening in ... Symphony Hall. Mr. Fiedler conducted. ... The program was as follows:

Goldmark ... Rustic Wedding symphony ... Saint-Saens ... Violin concerto in B minor ... Sinding ... Rondo Infinito

For those who enjoy charming melo- ... dies, varied instrumentation and the oc- ... casional pompousness of Goldmark's ... style, this symphony, or suite, as it ... might better be called, is ever fresh and ... pleasing. The variations of the first ... movement are scored for the various ... sections of the orchestra in turn and it ... would be difficult to know which is the ... most interesting. Had Mr. Fiedler ... paused a moment longer after the alle- ... gro pesante (seventh variation) the au- ... dience would have applauded.

The "Bridal Song" and "Serenade" ... were given with great delicacy and ... sweetness. The "Garden" scene and the ... last movement were, as usual, the most ... interesting to the audience, and at the ... close of the numbers Mr. Fiedler and ... the orchestra were stormily applauded.

Mr. Noack played Saint-Saens' con- ...certo in a masterly fashion. His tone ... is not so large as some who have been ... heard in this concerto, but it is re- ... markably pure, sweet and true, and ... the technique he showed last evening ... was perfect, both as regards the posi- ... tions and the bowing. The tones are ... as round and clear at the top of the ... E string as lower down, and in stacc- ... cato is in legato.



Viola Davenport.

The first movement showed the vigor ... and crispness of his style, and this was ... further illustrated in the last movement, ... which was played with great dash and ... brilliance. It was a pleasure to watch ... Mr. Noack. He has no mannerisms, and ... his modest, unaffected, business like per- ... formance was most satisfactory. The ... Siciliano was, perhaps, a shade too ... matter-of-fact, but it is far better so ... than over-sentimental.

The "Rondo Infinito" of Sinding was ... the only work on the program new to ... Boston. It is a stormy, noisy composi- ... tion, with march-like rhythms and ... dash. There is but little melody. A ... short episode for strings is the only ... breathing space given to audience or ... orchestra. As a showy end to a pro- ... gram it has its function, but anywhere ... else on a program it would prove hard ... and bare.

## BOSTON WILL HEAR "RIGOLETTO" NEXT

Verdi's Work Billed for Produc- ... tion by Opera Company To- ... morrow—Was First Sung ... Here June 8, 1855.

## NOTES AND GOSSIP OF VERSION OF HUGO'S TALE

By PHILIP HALE.

The opera tomorrow night at the ... Boston Opera House will be Verdi's ... "Rigoletto," a dramatic work which ... was looked on with horror when it ... was first produced in New York and ... Boston.

The first performance in Boston was ... on June 8, 1855, at the Boston Thea- ... tre. Mme. Bertucca-Maretzek took the ... part of Gilda, Felicita Vestrali that of ... Maddalena. Bolcioni was the Duke, ... Amodio the Jester, Rocco Sparafucile, ... and Coletti was the old nobleman that ... delivered the curse. Max Maretzek ... conducted.

The criticism at the time is now ... entertaining, amusing reading. John ... S. Dwight was especially grieved. He ... called "Rigoletto" the "most insignifi- ... cant of all the operas," and he added ... that even Verdi's admirers did not ... seem to like it. "The thing dramati- ... cally is too monstrous to be endur- ... able, except as your attention is ... caught away from the drama by the ... sparkling detail of the music or by ... nice points for voice or orchestra. It ... certainly is not a great opera. It is ... rather a light play of fancy, and ... therein we like it better than such ... overstrained efforts at the tragical







# 'PREACHING' PLAYS FAIL IN LONDON

Correspondent Sees Rebellion  
Against "Tractlike" Pieces—  
Cites Withdrawals of "Mid  
Channel" and "False Gods."

## COMMENT AND GOSSIP ON THEATRICAL TOPICS

BY PHILIP HALE.

Is it true that neither the American nor the English public likes "preaching on the stage," which, being interpreted, means, the presentation of a drama that sets or should set, an audience a-thinking? A London correspondent, commenting on the production of "The Servant in the House" at the Adelphi, says that the play came at an inopportune time, not only because its theme was something like that of Jerome's "Passing of the Third Floor Back," but because London playgoers are "in a state of rebellion against being preached at from the stage." "So extreme is this spirit of rebellion that two of the tractlike plays, "Mid Channel" and "False Gods," close this week"—the letter was dated Oct. 27—"while the runs of several of the others are drawing to untimely ends."

The Herald has already spoken of the production of Mr. Kennedy's play in London, but the remarks of the London correspondent just quoted and the reviews of the play published in the Times and the Glasgow Herald invite further discussion.

The Times treated the play in a rather flippant manner. It admitted that the author's motives were excellent; it admitted that "as the hearty applause of last night's audience showed, there is a public which has a genuine taste for this sort of thing." "For our part we must say that we by no means like—in fact, greatly dislike—this sort of thing; and that Mr. Rann Kennedy's play gave us as much discomfort as Mr. Jerome's. It is just a matter of taste."

The Times found Mr. Kennedy's play extraordinarily crude. "Ordinary 'earn spinning,' farcical 'business,' symbolism, sermons—all are mixed up together in the most artless fashion. \* \* \* The bishop (the English bishop) is indeed no bishop, but a bogeyman all black, just as the ingenué of the play is all white; and art of that kind is not the art which we admire." And here is the conclusion: "But, as we said before, there is a public which admires it, and which cheered the play last night, and all the players, and summoned the author before the curtain, and would not go away until he had made them a fervent speech. Well, the whole thing was very fervent; but it is possible to be at once fervent and tiresome, fervent and silly. Not that this play is always tiresome or always silly. And I is very well played by all concerned. And Mr. Kennedy may say with undeniable truth that, if we do not happen to like this sort of thing, why, there are many people who do."

Observe the opening words of the London correspondent of the Glasgow Herald. They are in the vein dear to the Saturday Review, when from an Olympian height it views Americans crawling far beneath. "Americans have a delightful childishness, which strikes an effete European as a priceless mental characteristic. They have welcomed Mr. Rann Kennedy's 'The Servant in the House' with acclamation and no doubt they think it very earnest and epoch-making." There is only one repartee to this: "Hoot man!" Likewise "Hoot tout man!" The correspondent dismissed the play as "crude, obvious," "a theatrical morality play." "There is a certain commonness in the telling of this story, and, what is worse, it has never the ring of sincerity." Here is a sample of the criticism: "His church is going to ruin; there is no congregation; and there is a smell of drains. I always suspect the symbolism of drains. It comes from Ibsen. The man who is placed in comparison with the clergyman and his worldly loving wife is the bad brother, the Dralman. His wife had died of typhoid fever, hence his profession and his claim to sympathy of the audience. \* \* \*

Monday evening, Nov. 21, at 8 P. M., Puccini's "La Bohème."  
Gilda.....Francesca Aldi  
Maddalena.....Elvira Levesoni  
Colluccio.....Virginia Parnes  
The Duke of Mantova.....Giovanni Constantino  
Sparafucile.....George Boldanoff  
Count Monterone.....Giulia Nivette  
Count Monterone.....Frances Archambault  
Wednesday evening, Nov. 21, at 8 P. M., Puccini's "La Bohème."  
Mimi.....Allan Nielsen  
Musetta.....Matilde Lowicka  
Rodolfo.....Florence Constantino  
Marcello.....Raymond Bonagone  
Colluccio.....Jose Mardones  
Sparafucile.....Attilio Puccini  
Alcindoro.....John Morgan  
Benoit.....Luigi Tavecchia  
In December.....George Bussini  
Parpignol.....C. Strassero

Thursday evening at 8 P. M., Lehar's "The Merry Widow."  
Nedda.....Matilde Lowicka  
Cyprien.....Raymond Bonagone  
Silvio.....Giuseppe Parnes  
Beppe.....Guglielmo Beltrami  
Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana."  
Santuzza.....Celestina Boninsegni  
Lola.....Betina Freeman  
Mamma Lucia.....Mildred Rogers  
Turiddu.....Enzo Lellera  
Alfo.....Rodolfo Fornari  
Friday Evening at 8 P. M., Donizetti's "Don Pasquale."  
Norina.....Allan Nielsen  
Ernesto.....Paul Bonarillon  
Don Pasquale.....Antonio Piacentini  
Dottor Malatesta.....Rodolfo Fornari  
Ca Nottario.....John Morgan  
Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana."  
Santuzza.....Celestina Boninsegni  
Lola.....Betina Freeman  
Mamma Lucia.....Mildred Rogers  
Turiddu.....Enzo Lellera  
Alfo.....Rodolfo Fornari

Saturday Matinee at 2 P. M., Delibes' "Lakmé."  
Lakmé.....Lydia Lipkowska  
Mallika.....Betina Freeman  
Ellen.....Virginia Parnes  
Rosa.....Elvira Levesoni  
Bontosen.....Elvira Levesoni  
Geraldine.....Paul Bonarillon  
Rodolfo.....Rodolfo Fornari  
Nikantara.....Guglielmo Beltrami  
Haji.....C. Strassero  
Saturday Evening, 8 P. M., Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande."  
Mimi.....Ruth Savage  
Musetta.....Matilde Lowicka  
Rodolfo.....Vincenzo d'Alessandro  
Marcello.....Raymond Bonagone  
Colluccio.....Jose Mardones  
Sparafucile.....Attilio Puccini  
Alcindoro.....John Morgan  
Benoit.....Luigi Tavecchia  
Parpignol.....C. Strassero

## HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

The usual two performances of Handel's "The Messiah," by the Handel and Haydn Society, will be given at Christmas time, the first on Sunday evening, Dec. 19, and the second on Monday evening, Dec. 20. For the midwinter concert, Sunday, Feb. 13, a performance of Sullivan's "Golden Legend" is announced, and for the Easter oratorio on the evening of Easter Sunday, March 27, Enrico Rossi's "Paradise Lost" will be performed for the first time in America. Full details regarding the soloists and sale of tickets will be made known at an early day.

## Concerts of the Week.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concert in aid of the Pension Fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Program printed elsewhere.  
Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. Grand operatic concert by leading singers and the orchestra of the Boston Opera Company. Program printed elsewhere.  
MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Second song recital by Mme. Blanche Marchesi, who will sing these arias and songs: Gluck, "Diva! tes du Styx"; Bach, ariette from "Phœbus and Pan" (by request); Brahms, "Von ewiger Liebe"; Wolf, "Der heilige Joseph singt"; Strauss, "Zueignung"; Lie, "Soft-footed Snow" (by request); Liszt, "Die Lorelei"; "Die tote Nachtigale"; Tschai-kowsky, "Cradle Song"; Johnson, "Murmuring Breezes"; Chopin, "Campanella"; Debussy, "Myrte"; Gounod, "La Gloire" (by request); "Chevaux de Bol"; Mandoline (by request); "The Lass with the Delicate Air" (by request); Puccini, "Nymphs and Satyrs" (by request); "A Serenade"; "The Blackbird Sing"; Lehmann, "The Land O' Nod" (by request); Nevin, "One Spring Morning."  
FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Seventh public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Mozart, Symphony E flat major; Rubinstein, concerto in D minor, No. 4 (Mme. Samaroff, pianist); Debussy, "Paris: a Night Piece"; "The Song of a Great City" (first time in America); Wagner, overture to "Rienzi."  
SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Piano recital by Mme. Teresa Curran. Chopin, sonata, B minor, op. 58; Schumann, sonata, G minor, op. 22; Macdowell, "Keltic" sonata; Liszt, sonata del Patrocinio; "Felicitation" (Hungarian chapsody, No. 6).  
Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.

## CONCERT NOTES.

Mirko Belenski, a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will play at his recital in Chickering Hall, Tuesday evening, the 30th, a suite by Bach for 'cello alone, a sonata by Beethoven, and pieces by Lalo, Schumann, Saint-Saens, Dvorak and Debussy.  
The postponed Hess-Schroeder quartet concert will take place in Chickering Hall on Monday evening, the 29th.  
Miss Yolanda Mero will give her second piano recital in Jordan Hall, Saturday afternoon, Dec. 4.  
Miss Tina Lerner, whose playing last season gave much pleasure, will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 7.  
William A. Becker, an American pianist who has played with much success in Europe, will make his first appearance here in Jordan Hall, Thursday afternoon, Dec. 9.

ing woman in "The Princess Chloë." When this operetta was produced in Boston Jan. 15, 1900 at the Columbia Theatre, her part was taken by Minnie Method. It was about four years ago that Mme. Sylva determined to sing her grand opera. She made her debut at the Opera Comique, Paris, with great success as Carmen, Sept. 14, 1906. She sang in Boston as Mlle. Ponpon in "The Fortune Teller" March 13, 1899.

Mme. Margarita d'Alvarez, contralto, was born 26 years ago in Liverpool, where her father a Peruvian, represented his country as consul-general. She was educated first in England, then at the Brussels Conservatory, where she was graduated with the first prize in all her classes. She made her debut at Rouen two years ago and her second season in Algiers. She had just begun an engagement at the Antwerp Royal Opera when Mr. Hammerstein secured her release and made a contract with her for five years.

Frederico Carasa, tenor, was born 22 years ago in Sebastian, Spain, one of 12 children, of whom only four boys are alive. Frederico was the only one who went on the stage. He sang soprano as a boy, began the study of law, but was persuaded to devote himself to music by Trabadelo, with whom he studied in Paris for the last three years. Last winter he made his operatic debut at Ghent, where he sang in "Aida," "Trovatore" and "The Huguenots." Afterward he created a sensation at Covent Garden, where he sang in "Cavalleria Rusticana."

To K. E. W.—Miss Alice Nielsen first appeared in Boston as Annabel in "Robin Hood," April 27, 1896, with the Bostonians at the Tremont Theatre. She took the part of Anita in "A Wartime Wedding," music by Oscar Weil, May 14 of the same year. She was Yvonne in "The Serenade." She was here in Victor Herbert's "The Fortune Teller," March 13, 1899, and in Herbert's "The Singing Girl," April 16, 1900. In "The



(Photo by Sarony.)  
OLGA SAMAROFF,  
Pianist, Who Will Play Schumann's Concerto at Pension Fund Concert Tonight.

"Singing Girl" she had her own company and played at the Boston Museum. She was in Boston with "The Serenade" Sept. 20, 1897.

Donizetti's delightful "Don Pasquale" will be performed here by the Boston Opera Company on Friday night. The first performance in Boston was in English by the Seguin Company Oct. 1, 1846. In 1853 (May 4) the opera was sung by Mme. Sontag, Pozzolini, Rocco, who took the part of Don Pasquale, and Badiali. There was a performance in 1866 when the singers were Miss Riddell, James Whitney, Dr. Guilmette and Rudolphsen.

A memorable cast here included Grisi, Mario, Badiali and Susini. Mme. Sembrich brought her own company to the Boston Theatre and produced the opera Jan. 10, 1901, with de Lara, Bensaude and Rossi as Don Pasquale. Rossi afterward went to the Metropolitan, and chagrined because he thought he was unappreciated, returned to Italy, where he became crazed and, it is said, cut out his tongue. I believe he died soon afterward.

Mme. Sembrich again was heard in the opera as a member of the Metropolitan Opera House Company March 31, 1903, when her associates were Dani, Scotti and Gilbert as Don Pasquale.

Miss Nielsen was first heard here as Norina at the Park Theatre May 8, 1897, when Barocchi took the part of Don Pasquale, Fornari played Doctor Malatesta and Giaccone, Ernesto.

## Repertory of Third Week.

The repertory of the third week of the Boston Opera Company, beginning tomorrow night, will be as follows:

view of only one picture version of "The Roi sans peur," and that is Verdi's genius wrote pretty incidental music on the play.

There is Donizetti's "Lucresia Borgia," at Hugo's "Marie Tudor" furnished the libretto for operas by Pacini, Kaschperoff and Gomis.

The Herald spoke recently of the use of "Angelo" by Mercadante, Cui, Ponchielli, d'Alberti.

There are about 15 operas and at least one ballet founded on "Notre Dame de Paris." No one of them had long life. Among Thomas' "Esmeralda" was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1900, about 17 years after the first performance at Drury Lane.

There are half a dozen versions of "Ruy Blas," and one of the "Burgresses." Hugo objected especially to the opera "Rigoletto," and it was not produced at the Opera House until 1885, although it had been performed at the Theatre as "Italiens" in 1867 with a remarkable cast—Mmes. Frezzolini and Albonti; Mario and Corsi—all revived there, and performed at the Theatre Lyrique in 1863. Mr. Finck says in his agreeable book of gossip, "Success in Music": "When Victor Hugo was angry because his consent had not been asked for using his play as a libretto. But after the fact had heard this opera in Paris he wrote: 'I am anxious to meet the man who has rendered by sounds the sentiments and passions which it has been so difficult for the greatest actors to render by words.' \* \* \* Victor Maurel called me to Verdi's opera." Now, Maurel was not the first to sing Rigoletto at the Opera; he sang it at the Theatre Italien in 1884, when he was manager of that opera house. The first singing the part at the Opera was Lassalle, who died only a short time ago. It is a singular fact that although Maurel visited Boston as early as 1874, and was here again in 1895, 1896 and 1899, he



(Copyright by Mishkin Studio.)  
FREDERICO CARASA,  
Tenor.

not appear here as Rigoletto until Oct. 10, 1897.

The Herald publishes today a portrait, recently taken, of Mme. Olga Samaroff, who will play Schumann's concerto at the pension fund concert tonight, and traits of three distinguished members of the Manhattan Opera House company, two of whom will sing here for the first time. They will be heard at Mrs. Hall Allister's musical mornings Dec. 13, and Jan. 10 at the Hotel Somerset. Mme. Marguerite Sylva, soprano, was in at Brussels, where her father was physician, Dr. Christian Smith. She is educated musically at the Brussels Conservatory. She made her first appearance at the Drury Lane as Carmen years ago, when she was very young, and not knowing English, memorized the libretto without thoroughly understanding the words. She first came to the United States with Beerbohm Tree's company in 1895, but afterward went into operetta and appeared at the Herald Square Theatre Sept. 27, 1898, as Suzette in "The



ly as up and the virtuous, hearted if rough-toned working-men are well known to the tub-thumpers."

All the London journals and the correspondents of the provincial newspapers stated that the audience liked the play. They insisted that the author should make a speech, and he made a speech; it was an excellent taste, like he correctly reported. There are, then, theatre-goers in London who do not object to preaching from the stage.

It is true "False Gods," the English adaptation of Brieux's "La Folie," failed in London. Is it not possible the failure was due to the dulness of the sermon? There are boring preachers even in the pulpit. The Rev. Hugh B. Chapman of the Royal Chapel of the Savoy delivered a sermon in which he boomed the play. "The need of sympathy with those who suffer, which is the last word in the play, struck me as absolutely true and is a rebuke to the selfishness which has to a large extent brought about the present attitude; while the words of the Egyptian high priest, however cynical, invest the deity with an awfulness and spirituality, which, though insisted on in our articles, has almost disappeared, because to feel it intelligently means both thought and refinement. The contrast between such plays as 'False Gods' and certain musical comedies comes home to me with a force I cannot describe, and yet so typical and gross are we that there still exist those who, night after night, revel in, to say the least of it, suggestiveness of the worst description, though ready to profess horror at the bare suggestion that their religion may be at fault, and may possibly require reformation. One is reminded of the frivolous emotee at Athens, when several of the young Greeks, who were conspicuous for laxity in their morals, were ready to lose their lives rather than allow the gospels to be read in the modern dialect. 'False Gods' is a fearless attack on this same spirit, which is still rife among us, and the immense value of the play consists in its challenge to the professors of religion though it has no mercy on the stupidity of the deluded, who almost demand the follies and untruths which, when shown up, incite to rebellion. \* \* \* When I left the theatre I came to the conclusion that it was as fatal to disregard the pitfalls of Socialism, which, however ideal its principles as set forth by some of its best exponents, too often among the masses means irreligion, as to flinch from denouncing the still graver evil of superstition, which means reaction and eventually atheism. I was proud therefore to have witnessed in this connection what I venture to think is perhaps the strongest, purest and truest play as yet offered to the English public."

It was not necessary for the clergyman to abuse musical comedies in order to extol "False Gods." Musical comedies, when they are good and well performed, have their place on the stage and they should be supported. When many theatres are by preference the home of musical comedy, then the question may be raised whether the taste of the theatre-going public is not debauched by the continual and dominating appearance of scantily-clad show girls, attractive costumes, jingling music. A musical comedy is not necessarily an operetta, nor is an operetta simply an operetta by reason of the title.

The Boston public is evidently partial to musical comedy, otherwise so many musical comedies would not be produced. Managers of theatres give the public what the public wishes to see. Take the case of "The Servant in the House." It was a long and successful run in New York, a city that is often characterized by villages and even by little Amos, as goddess, and whenever there is an election of a mayor, it is characterized by more or less prominent citizens of New York, as a cesspool of corruption, a city of the Plain. Nevertheless, "The Servant in the House" excited much attention in New York. It was expected that Bostonians and the wifery in the suburbs would flock to see it. Did they? There were large audiences for a fortnight, and then they dwindled all at the last the audiences were pitifully small. It was said openly at the time that "The Servant in the House" was only for "high brows."

How many drama worthy the name of drama have been produced in Boston the last two seasons? How many that were worth were decently supported by the public of this city? There have been excellent farces; there have been many excellent musical comedies, but many musical comedies conspicuous for their structure and situations, but with dialogue have rewarded the stage for bringing them here? Did Mr. George or her comedy "A Woman's Way" meet with full appreciation? Or "A Gentleman from Mississippi" a great crowd and met

with the desired success. There have been few dramas performed here that would set anyone a-thinking. There was much in "A Woman's Way" that might have furnished material for academic discussion between any husband and wife. In "The White Sister," an old theme, the conflict between religious duty and human love, is restated. Even the most careless spectator might ponder certain truths incidentally taught in "A Gentleman from Mississippi."

There should always be entertainment for those in need of it. Good farces, sparkling musical comedies, amusing or exciting vaudeville acts, burlesques, imitations—all these are welcome, and beneficial to the community, when they are of good quality. Should there not also be entertainment for those who wish an appeal to their brains as well as for those who wish to shake off care or aid digestion?

In the old geographies the French were described as a pleasure loving folk, vain, frivolous, excitable. As a matter of fact, they are a singularly industrious and saving folk, and they take the theatre, the true theatre, seriously. Their dramatists do not shrink from putting any problem into a drama. Not long ago in Boston there was a public meeting and the subject of discussion was concerning the best way in which to teach the young important physiological truths, in order that they might grow up better men and women from knowledge rather than from the pernicious ignorance that is supposed to be synonymous with "innocence." A few nights ago "La Page Blanche," by Gaston Devore, was produced at the Theatre de l'Athene, Paris. The following synopsis of the play was published in the New York Herald: "Champeron wishes to bring up his daughter on broad lines so that she will know all the secrets of marriage. His wife will not hear of this and the daughter is educated in her ideas. Thus she is taught that marriage is a mere formality without consequences. Being married, she escapes, horrified, from the conjugal domicile only, however, to fall into the arms of her lover." It appears that the Paris journals thought the subject audacious, and the Figaro said the subject was treated audaciously. Of course much depends on the treatment of a subject. The story of Oedipus and his fate; the theme of "Measure for Measure," or even of "Othello" might serve for an immoral and repulsive play. The subject itself of "La Page Blanche" is not necessarily immoral; on the contrary, it is highly moral. Maupassant treated the same idea in his novel, "Une Vie," and many wives, even in Boston, reading that novel, sympathized with the heroine, for her disillusionment had been their's.

How many know that the Passion Play, a play in three nights, was produced at the Coliseum, San Francisco, last month? That it was produced before a "spellbound" audience of 3500? "The audience was awed with reverence—it was mute with admiration at the faithfulness of the production. Regardless of the completeness of the scenic offering, of the superb electrical effects, and the faithful and artistic costuming, it was the spectacle of Jesus bearing with sweet humility the jeers and blows of the Pharisees that overwhelmed \* \* \* The scene portrayed more horribly than text the sufferings of the Man of Sorrows, the hideousness of the life which he gave for the salvation of the world." Thus the Chronicle: Charles Hoberg played Peter, and we are assured that "apparently he had given much study to the part, and happily he had avoided the affectation which, as a rule, characterizes an amateur actor."

How James O'Neill must smile reading the accounts of this performance and remembering his own experiences in San Francisco! It was on March 3, 1879, that he played the Saviour at the Grand Opera House in San Francisco. According to the records, the play ran two weeks. It was withdrawn, then revived, but enjoined at the close of the first week. Mr. O'Neill, continuing to play after the prohibition, was ordered to prison, convicted at the trial, and fined \$50.

There was a plan to produce the Passion Play at Booth's Theatre, New York, and "new costumes were made," but there was a storm of opposition when Saml Morse attempted to produce it at his Temple Theatre in New York. There was a dress rehearsal, with full costumes, chorus and orchestra Feb. 16, 1893. The audience was an invited one. There was an attempt to give another rehearsal, but soon after the performance had begun, Morse was arrested. He was afterward tried for giving a performance without a license, but the complaint was dismissed. There was a performance March 30, before an invited audience, and there was no interruption, but when a series of performances was announced to begin April 3, Morse was served with an injunction.

Many must have rubbed their eyes when they read that "Charlotte Temple," dear old "Charlotte Temple," had been prohibited in a town on the ground that it

was "immoral." Why, "Charlotte Temple" used to be played at Barnum's New Museum in New York, and his shows were always moral. It was played recently even in Boston, where our city fathers are fussy about the stage, and are sitting up nights to protect the morals of the citizens and citizenesses. We might have expected the prohibition of the old tear-stained play in St. Louis, where clergymen characterized Isadora Duncan's dances as "the grossest violation of the proprieties of life." The resolutions of the clergymen that protested show that they are close observers and at the performance were probably armed with opera-glasses of extra-magnifying power:

"Resolved, It is a matter of exceeding

regret that in the name of charity and before an audience of character and culture and excused only by being high art, a woman clad only in a kirtle, slitted to the belt, of a fabric so diaphanous that in certain changing phases she was virtually naked, rising to the horizontal in the whirl of the dance, has been permitted to appear. Such a performance, whatever the motive, is the grossest violation of the proprieties of life, and we trust it may never be repeated in our fair city."

"Many of St. Louis' richest women" stood by Miss Isadora. Mrs. Kavanaugh likened her to an "exquisite figure on an old vase," and Mrs. Thomas Bond was quoted as saying: "It was beautiful, and I didn't look for anything else." That is where she differed from the clergymen.

But they are sensitive in the West. "Honey Boy," "The Good Old Summer Time" and "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" were frowned on by music teachers at the meeting of the Wisconsin Teachers' Association at Milwaukee. One schoolma'am in Sheboygan county, who helps her pupils sing on every Friday "What's the use of moonlight if there's no one 'round to love?" was held up to scorn by Miss Eleanor Smith of the University of Chicago. "Miss Smith said the sentimental teacher explained her course of musical instructions by saying that the children all left the school happy and whistling after that song, and were sure to come back on Monday morning with bright and ambitious faces."

Mr. Ch. J. Bishenden, in a letter to the Pall Mall Gazette, complains of the enunciation of English actors and incidentally speaks a good word for himself:

"Sir—When Mr. (now Sir Herbert) Tree had the Haymarket Theatre, I had reason to complain to him—on behalf of the public—that it was impossible to hear even half of what was said on his stage. To do him justice he at once set about an improvement, asking me to come again, giving me a seat in the dress circle. Of course, I could hear better there, and he had made his company speak more distinctly, but the gallery, etc., could scarcely hear. As an Englishman I regret to say that I can always hear what is said in the theatres in Paris, even if they speak rapidly, and the same with Italian artists when speaking or singing. The fine voices, and splendid elocution of Ristori and Salvini—the latter I heard in Drury Lane Theatre—are proofs of what proper study will do. It is a great discredit to English performers that they neglect to do their own beautiful language justice by remaining content with a careless style of delivery. I made a special study of the vocal organs, lungs, etc., with Sir Morell Mackenzie, so as to get natural voice production and proper breath control, and as the state of the voice depends on good health, I built up a strong constitution. It is no use for vocalists to find fault with the acoustics of buildings. I can always be heard in the largest halls. When singing at the Royal Albert Hall, to over 8000, I was distinctly heard in the softest passages, my words being clear and strong. At the Queen's and Bechstein Halls, when I sang last year, one of my solos was 'O Ruddier than the Cherry,' which goes at a rapid pace, every word was distinct. The English language is beautiful and musical if properly used, and ranks next to Italian. Public speakers especially, if they neglect to study the health, are sure to suffer in voice and physique, and a recent case proves this, when one of the principal performers had to retire in consequence of bad health. It is to be hoped that in the near future voice, singing and health will be made a deep study in the theatre especially, and so bring about a much-desired reform."

And yet it is the general belief that the enunciation of English actors, actresses and singers is much more distinct than that of their American brothers and sisters.

## MEN AND THINGS.

It is pleasant to see a judge high in office going back to the myths and legends of the ancients that he may adorn his decisions. Statesmen, settled on visiting, are no longer given to crowning a peroration with a

Latin quotation. Mortimer Collins said that Horace wrote his odes and satires for the express purpose of being quoted in the House of Commons, but we are informed that even a member making his maiden speech would not now dare to clench an argument or rout the opposition by repeating in a thunderous voice a few lines from Horace, Virgil, or Lucretius. No lawyer today in Boston would allude as did Rufus Choate, to Seneca bleeding in the bath. "Bath" brings us back to Justice Bischoff of the Supreme Court of New York.

A woman sued a newspaper for libel because it said that she "was surprised by a process server while in the act of taking her morning bath." Justice Bischoff decided that she had not suffered damage by the publication.

"However shocking to her natural modesty and wounding to her sensibilities, it cannot truly be claimed that the plaintiff's character or reputation has in any sense been impaired. Actaeon was punished, but Diana did not incur disgrace. It would require some degree of torture to average intelligence seriously to assert that to say of a woman that she was surprised by an intrusive visitor while enjoying her matutinal ablution could in any way seriously reflect on her character."

There used to be a song at Harvard in the time of Dr. George F. Babbitt, a song, written, if we are not mistaken, by the late "Hank" Andrews, about Midas. It began something like this:

King Midas was the worst-used man  
In all mythological—  
The son of Gordias, I mean,  
The King of Phrygia—

We are inclined to think that Actaeon was treated in a still shabbier manner. It is true that there is dispute as to the cause of Diana's displeasure. All agree that Diana liked him for his skill in hunting. Why did she transform him into a stag? Some say because he asked her hand in marriage; some say because he loved and courted Semele; Euripides preferred the story that he had boasted of his superiority in the chase; but the popular legend is that he saw her bathing in a fountain whose waters were famed for transparency. Now Pausanias saw this fountain. It was near Plataea, on the road to Megara. Nevertheless the shrewd Pausanias did not swallow everything that was told him. "I believe," he wrote, "that the dogs of Actaeon were mad without the interference of the goddess; in this state of madness they would have torn in pieces without distinction anyone whom they met." And some said that Diana only threw a stag's hide over him; that she did not transform him.

No one of the ancients states that Actaeon went about telling what he had seen, or that he talked freely with the reporter of the village newspaper. Why should he have been punished more severely than Damon in Thomson's poem? It will be remembered that Damon surprised Musidora bathing in a stream. Damon left lines traced by his ready pencil:

Bathe on my fair!

Yet unbelieved save by the sacred eye

Of faithful love, I go to guard thy haunt.

But first he had drawn "madd'ning draughts of beauty to the soul." Did

Musidora invoke vengeance on Damon?

Did she set her dog on him? Did she

tell her big brother? Not a bit of it.

She acted like a sensible woman; she

carved on a spreading beech these lines:

"Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses

mean.

By fortune too much favored, but by love,

Alas! not favored less, be still, as now,

Discreet: the time may come you need not

fly."

We have read somewhere in the note

of a prying scholiast that Diana may

have had some physical blemish, hence

her rage.

"The noble dames at the Court of

Henry III and Henry IV. were not

given to bathing. Michelet dubbed the

16th century the century without

a bath. In the time of Louis XIV. and

of Louis XV. noble dames bathed luxu-

riously and it was not unusual for them

to hold receptions while thus engaged.

The water was not transparent, how-

ever, gums or powders of some sort per-

fumed it and made it opaque. There

are delightful stories in books of mem-

oirs about the jesting, the badinage,

the repartee, that enlivened this bath-

ing, and they are told without evil in-

ten-tion, in absolute good faith. The

narrators were as innocent as Torquato

Tasso when he described joyfully prom-

iscuous bathing in his "Age of Gold."

The Pall Mall Gazette is publishing a

column headed "The Light Sides of

Things." It is what is known popularly

as a funny column. Some time ago the

Pall Mall Gazette published a column

of a like nature written by Mr. Frank

Richardson. Nearly all the jokes were

about whiskers. Mr. Richardson could

not escape from whiskers. His wit or

humor was lost in them. Here are two

samples of the new column.

"Men wanted for stuffing ottomans

A somewhat painful advertisement in

contemporary shows the straits

which the unemployed have been

duced for. Help! Girls required







plays that are exciting and then peter out.

The play is being staged by John Emerson, one of the ablest of stage managers. For several seasons Emerson has worked with Fitch, so he thoroughly understands the Fitch method. It may be said at once that if the play were alive he would be a great success. Mr. Emerson's work.

When the curtain goes up it reveals a scene that Fitch might have planned. The characteristic is it, so human, so close to American life. It represents the interior of the older Rand's home in the country, hideous, dull and generally uncomfortable. At once the family is listed. All the members of the Rand family who are at home, the mother, the mother, the ambitious young daughter, are discussing the question whether they shall migrate to New York.

They all wish to go except the father. He has always lived in the country and likes it. He has prospered there, and always honestly. The discussion is interesting, but somewhat prolonged. When the others leave father and son are left. Their talk is interrupted by the sudden entrance of George Hannock, a dissipated-looking, poorly-dressed young man, with an exceedingly dry collar. He knows that the older Rand for years paid his mother money, here is sufficient means of blackmail.

The young son defends his father; he is speedily asked to leave the house. Later, after an altercation, the young man departs with a check. Then the father confesses to his boy the whole truth. Young Hannock is his son, too. He makes the son promise that the story shall not be repeated to anyone. After all the excitement the father grows so weak that he is obliged to go upstairs. A moment after he leaves the room he is heard to fall. There is wild excitement in the background, servants running in the hall, cries of mother and daughter, exciting telephoning for a doctor.

A few moments it is plain that his father has died. Then the older sister makes her appearance. She has come straight from New York, where she has been "mistaken." In her eagerness to tell her "engagement," which the family knows nothing about, she does not for a moment hear of her father's death. When the news is broken to her she rushes out wildly to comfort her mother. Young Rand sits alone on the stage and gazes.

He seldom tolerates soliloquy. Here he is peculiarly successful. It is as if the character were thinking aloud. At first the boy is dreadfully bewildered by the sudden coming of death. What does it mean? Suddenly he realizes what it means for himself, escape from the crowded conditions of the country to "the city." His exaltation under the circumstances is painfully cynical, but it is an effective act. Its only fault, however, is fundamental. George Hannock, knowing so much about the elder Rand would have known that Rand was his father. But if this contention were admitted the whole play would fall to pieces. The weakness is very damaging to the whole structure.

It is inevitable that the Rands should migrate to New York city. They have a beautiful house, and as several years have passed, George Rand has had time to become involved in high finance and in politics. He is by way of being nominated for Governor of New York. He is engaged to marry the sister of one of his staunchest supporters. His secretary, who is none

other than his half-brother, George Hannock now revealed as a morphine fiend. Incidentally, Hannock has fallen in love with Cicely Rand, the younger sister. He has also discovered that his employer has inherited some of his father's crooked ways and used them on a larger scale.

He intends to take advantage of his knowledge by securing benefits for himself. He goes a little too far, and finally Rand decides to buy him off with the promise of an annuity. But Hannock does not propose to be bought off. The trouble between the two men leads to the revelation of the interest between Hannock and Cicely. Rand sends for his sister. She boldly declares that she loves Hannock. She is not moved by arguments or by threats. When her brother insists that she will never allow him to marry him, she says that he has already married her. The very day, only an hour ago.

Rand sends the girl out of the room and calls his half-brother. He tells the fellow the truth. It makes Hannock act like a maniac. He forced Rand to bring Cicely back. When Cicely appears Hannock wildly shrieks that the story is a lie. He uses language never heard on the American stage. In his frenzy he draws a pistol for the purpose of killing Cicely and himself. He puts a quietus on Cicely by striking her with the butt of the pistol. He aims at himself, but Rand catches him and shoots him into the air. Cicely is carried out of the room and a prolonged scene of

## AGONY

There is no crescendo, for the highest point has already been reached. There is what may be described as a monotony of emotional intensity. Hannock pleads for the privilege of killing himself. Rand, who has sent for the police, refuses to give up the pistol. Then Hannock tries threats. He knows of things that will ruin Rand's reputation.

For a few moments Rand is shaken. He realizes for the first time that he has been crooked. He sees what mischief he has done through his insatiable ambition. Here the author's psychology totters. There seems no way of escape except by letting Hannock take himself out of the way. Reluctantly Rand places the pistol on the table; but as Hannock is about to seize it, he snatches it up again and flings it out of the window. It is about time that the climax should be reached, for actors and audience are pretty well exhausted. When, however, in response to applause, the curtain rises again, a plain clothes man is seen escorting Hannock out of the room. Last night there were many curtain calls.

It would seem as if the author had got himself into a serious complication. How is he going to work out of it in the last act? He can hardly be said to try. The fact is, his material has become exhausted. He makes a lame and impotent conclusion to a very daring play. Rand realizes that his ambition for success and glory have ended in disgrace. He cannot hope now for happiness. He must even lose the girl he loves. But his self-abasement is the very means of his securing her. In the scene between them the girl utters moral platitudes that must have made the author laugh as he wrote them. He will begin all over again. He will be another man, by one of those miracles of character revolution that take place only in the theatre.

Except for that last act the workmanship is remarkably fine. The first act is, in spite of its defects, highly interesting and expert. The second act suffers from having too much good material. The audience cannot keep up with it. There is not enough relief in the second half to make it endurable. Some work ought to be done on it to whip it into shape. Throughout the play the dialogue is remarkably fine, simple, natural, spontaneous, and often shrewd and witty. It is true, however, that several of the personages often speak out of their characters. They say things that under the circumstances such persons could not possibly say. Here is revealed a great weakness of Fitch's. It is one of the greatest approaches that can be made against the artistic worth of the Fitch plays.

On the whole, the performance is of high excellence. The hit is made by Tully Marshall as Hannock. In make-up, bearing, speech and action it is a wonderfully consistent and lifelike creation. It establishes this actor among the greatest interpreters of character on the American stage. It is a part that would tax the resources of any player, as well as the physical energy. The long sustained hysteria in the second act is a rarely astonishing tour de force.

As young George Rand, any actor would be handicapped, for Rand is a good deal of a prize. Mr. Walter Hampden plays the part with great dignity and impressiveness and with notably clear diction. In the more violent scenes he shows genuine power. But he repeatedly falls into the conventional methods of the stage. They often make him seem artificial and stilted.

Miss Mary Nash as Cicely gives a natural performance of a rather unpleasant type of American girl. She carries out to perfection the author's obvious purpose. As the selfish and obstinate elder sister, whose marriage turns out distressingly. Miss Lucile Watson plays so realistically that in some of her scenes it is almost painful to follow her. She deserves the highest credit for sacrificing sympathy for the sake of honest interpretation. In the thankless part of Ellenor Vorhees, the girl engaged to George Rand, Miss Helen Holmes acts with a conventionality of demeanor that becomes occasionally depressing.

Perhaps the part could not be properly interpreted in any other way. That excellent character actress, Miss Eva Vincent, has comparatively little to do as Mrs. Rand; but she does it uncommonly well. To Mr. George Howell falls the part of Bert Vorhees, George Rand's political henchman. He interprets it with a most delightful ease and variety of expression. It stands next to Mr. Marshall's work. A word should be said for A. H. Stuart's performance of the elder Rand, wholly lifelike, and in its denotation of terror and weakness, extremely pathetic.

## BOWDOIN SQUARE THEATRE—"Kit the Arkansas Traveller," melodrama.

Kit Redding . . . Frederick Van Rensselaer  
Manuel Bond . . . James S. Barrett  
Washington Stubbs . . . Harry E. Humphrey  
Mary Redding . . . Editha Ketchum  
Alice Redding . . . Ruth Francis and Editha Ketchum  
Judge Snuggs . . . Tommy Shearer  
Major Squiggs . . . Harry Brooks  
James Temple . . . Harold Clairmont  
Jerry Sleeper . . . Hal Brown  
Capt. Wheeler . . . Samuel Brack  
Lord Fitzfolio . . . Ralph Campbell  
Julius Caesar Washington Smith . . . Frank Swain  
Barkeeper . . . Harry Williamson  
Mrs. Temple . . . Florence Hale  
Mrs. Washington Stubbs . . . Suzanne Ames  
Frau Pedders . . . Beatrice Turner

## AMAZING HYPNOTIC FEATS BY PAULINE

Presents Interesting, Amusing and Uncanny Performance at American Music Hall—Score of Subjects in Antics.

## SOPHIE TUCKER SINGS SONGS IN OWN WAY

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The Creole Slave's Revenge":

Dick Remington . . . Frank R. Angus  
Jim Mobley . . . George Germaine  
Hiram Sniffen . . . Harry Hughes  
Dan Leimer . . . Edward Nannery  
Judge Shirley . . . Charles Bronill  
Cal Deacon . . . Edward Armstrong  
Scip . . . Lawrence Merten  
Maj. Danoon . . . J. D. Montroy  
Charlie . . . Lloyd Hanson  
Cecile . . . Edythe Tressler  
Alice Shirley . . . Minnie Stanley  
Mary . . . Margaret Nelson  
Pansy . . . Mamie Lincoln Pixley

## CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"A Contented Woman," a comedy in four acts, by Charles Hoyt. The principals of the cast:

Benton Holme . . . John Craig  
Cutting Hintz . . . Wilfred Young  
Aunt Jim . . . Mabel Colcord  
Uncle Todie . . . Donald Meek  
Mrs. Ebbsmith . . . Gertrude Binley  
Brighton Betts . . . George Hassell  
Phil Bowles, barkeeper . . . Al. Roberts  
Boyle Dowel, prize fighter . . . Bert Young  
Grace Holme . . . Mary Young

The actor of the old school, who recites to a soft piano accompaniment, who also brings smiles and tears in quick succession, the actor who is the hero of unnumbered poems and drawing-room sketches, is personified in Albert Chevalier, the famous English character actor, who made his first appearance after many years at Keith's last night.

So seldom are his methods creating an intended effect—the rhymed monologue and the piano behind the scenes—employed in vaudeville that they seemed new. Distinction was given by the finesse and restraint with which they were used.

Part of Mr. Chevalier's success was due to his carefully planned costumes and make-up. In "The Falling Star" just his appearance in the frayed frock coat, slovenly tie, dilapidated silk hat, with his face heavily lined and his eyes rimmed with red, held the audience fully a minute before he spoke. His racy Cockney dialect added to the strangeness of his impersonation. To convey the finer shades of feeling it would be hard to say whether he depended more



ALBERT CHEVALIER, At Keith's This Week.

upon the wonderful mobility of his face or the expressiveness of his small white hands.

A quality which marks Mr. Chevalier a master in suggesting pathos is his restraint. He expressed volumes by a mere twist of his finger or a jerk of his head at the right place. The suggestion of suppressed intensity of feeling greatly heightened his lines, which in themselves were rather commonplace.

At the announcement of some of his familiar songs there was a prolonged welcome of applause. "The Workhouse Man" is his newest impersonation.

"In England the 'Workhouse' is the last resource of the destitute," says the theatre program. "The most miserable wail will shun its shelter rather than accept with it the official label: 'Pauper'."

Although such has been done in late years to remedy the hardships formerly endured by inmates, there still remains one restriction—the separation of the sexes—which is cruelly hard on devoted old married couples compelled in their last years to seek the aid of charity. It is against this outrage that Mr. Chevalier appeals in his latest impersonation, "The Workhouse Man."

In contrast to the pathos of this number came "Wot Vur do 'ee Luv 'Oi," which is a burlesque with a very tender vein of sentiment.

For vigor and swing of her songs, Miss Nellie V. Nichols, a singing comedienne from the West who made her first appearance in this city last night, was warmly applauded. She not only told the baseball fan how he acted, but showed him so in such a spirited manner that the house called her before the curtain several times. In her imitation of amateur imitators she was especially effective.

"The Models of the Jardin de Paris," presented by Billie Burke, seems obviously built about the leading comedian, Carl Henry. What it lacked in plot and coherence he supplied by buffoonery which was of a rather individual brand.

Four dummies manipulated by A. O. Duncan, the ventriloquist, figure on the bill, also Minni, the largest performing elephant in the world, a pony who jumps rope and a brown, silky horse. The animals were put through their paces by Capt. Max and Miss Adelina in an act called Gruber's circus.

Marcel and Boris, who have been p

## BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Third performance of Puccini's "La Boheme." Mr. Conti conducted.

Mimi . . . Alice Nielsen  
Musetta . . . Matilde Lewiska  
Rodolfo . . . Florencio Constantino  
Marcello . . . Raymond Boulange  
Colline . . . Jose Mardones  
Schaunard . . . Attilio Puleini  
Alcindoro . . . John Morgan  
Benoit . . . Luigi Tavecchia  
Un Doganiere . . . George Dunstan  
Parpignol . . . C. Strocchio

The Herald, reviewing the first performance of "La Boheme" at the Boston Opera House, expressed the opinion that this opera, a succession of scenes taken from Murger's romance,

is the most spontaneous and vital of the composer's works. Successive performances confirm this opinion. In "Boheme" we hear the young, fresh voice of Puccini. He had lived before, and no doubt not wholly against his will, in that land so lovingly described by Thackeray, who would not see the darker side of the careless, joyous life: "A pleasant land, not fenced with drab stucco, like Tyburnia or Belgravia; not guarded by a huge standing army of footmen; not echoing with noble charlots; not replete with polite chintz drawing rooms and neat tea tables; a land over which hangs an endless fog occasioned by much tobacco." Thus the famous description begins—"where most are poor, where almost all are young, and where, if a few oldsters do enter, it is because they have preserved more

tenderly and carefully than other folks their youthful spirits, and the delightful capacity to be idle." And many oldsters seeing Puccini's "Boheme," cry out with Thackeray: "I have lost my way to Bohemia now, but it is certain that Prague is the most picturesque city in the world."

Puccini's librettists followed Barriar and Murger's play rather than the romance of Murger. There are even Frenchmen today who find the romance dull; they complain of grissettes as heroines, and artists whose chief aim is to make the bourgeois sit up. "As for their work," says one of the objectors, "they are always at work, but they never accomplish anything. No, these fellows are not artists. True artists make less noise and do more work." Another says that life in Bohemia is a preface to the morgue or the hospital, not to the academy. Yet they admit that Schaudard and Colline are types that still exist. Outside of them and Mimi and Musette the characters in the romance are not "lyrical."

It is true that Puccini's librettists dramatized the chapter in the romance that tells of Francine and Jacques. Their Mimi is not the Mimi of Murger, who is rather common, capricious, mercantile. She is always ready to leave Rodolfo for lovers with more money. Here is Murger's sketch of her personality: "She was 22, small, delicate, roquish. Her face seemed the sketch of an aristocratic one, but her features, extremely fine and softly lighted, as it were, by her blue, limpid eyes, in certain moments of boredom or bad temper, had an appearance of brutality that was almost savage, and in them a physiologist might have recognized perhaps the indications of deep-rooted egotism or profound indifference." On the other hand, the Rodolfo of Murger is a much finer young man than the Rodolfo of the librettists. When the latter confides to Marcel, having previously trumped up a charge against Mimi of infidelity, that he wishes to leave her because she is a consumptive, he is a more despicable character than even B. F. Pickerton, the hero of "Madam Butterfly." It would be a pleasure to see Leoncavallo's "La Boheme," for which he wrote the libretto as well as the music, and followed more heedfully the romance of





MISS ALICE NIELSEN, WHO SANG ROLE OF MIMI.

1957. No doubt Puccini's is music in the better work, but the comparison is interesting, as is that between Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" and Debussy's "Manon."

As a matter of the performance of the opera at the Boston Opera house is the same, it is not necessary to go into detail concerning the character. Let us say a few words first of various music. For after all, an opera of this kind is long after singers have gone in it are forgotten, and the music is remembered only when it is dead. The first act contains what is excellent, as the music of the companies the action and the sentiments of the Bohemians. The opening scene, the entrance of the artist with his story, the Intermezzo, the song of Rodolfo, and all the exquisite love music. The act and the last are by far the best. The characters in the first act are suffering bitterly from cold, and the stage setting usually represents snow on the neighboring roofs. But in the second act, on the evening of the same day the characters dining gayly in the open air. A happy race, these Parisians of the East! The reproach has been made that the music for this gay scene is too elaborately constructed, that the waltz is the most important in the structure of the act, is vulgar. The justice of this reproach is not apparent. The "vulgarity" of the waltz depends largely on the tempo at which it is taken, and on the manner in which it is sung.

The opening of the third act is striking. The music paints the dreariness of the hilliness of the scene. There are charming moments in the dialogue between Rodolfo and Mimì, but there is also in this act much that is commonplace. The effect of the voices of the lovers lost in the distance as the curtain falls has been discounted by the introduction of the same device at the end of the first act.

After Mimi enters in the fourth act, her music is wholly admirable till the end. There are few more touching scenes in all opera, if there are any; elegant not merely by force of the situation, but by the simple directness of the musically emotional appeal. The simplicity of the music is irresistible. It is enough to say of the performance that Miss Nielsen was gain effective, both as singer and actress. Her impersonation is carefully composed. In the earlier scenes she has the charm and perfume of youth and love, and in the later scenes she plays to the simple directness and pure emotional quality demanded by the art. Mr. Constantino's Rodolfo is among his best parts and he sings not only with a wealth of tonal beauty, but with true dramatic intelligence. Mr. Cologno has a good voice. If only he could learn that force is not the only thing asked of a singer. Two others

contributed in various degrees to the success of the performance and Messrs. Tavecchia and Mogan amused the audience by the performance of character parts.

The opera tonight will be "Pagliacci" with Mme. Lewicka and Messrs. Goiri, Boulogne, Picco, Balestrini, Stroesco and Dunstan; and "Cavalleria Rusticana" with Mmes. Boninsegna, Freeman and Rogers, and Messrs. Leliva and Fornari.



JANODA LEWIS

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Performances of "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" by the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell, director. Mr. Luzzatti, conductor.

<b>"PAGLIACCI"</b>	
Nedda .....	Matilda Lewicka
Tenore .....	Enrique Goini
Tenore .....	Raymond Boulogne
Silvio .....	Giuseppe Piccoli
Beppe .....	Giuglielmo Baistrelli
<b>"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA"</b>	
Santuzza .....	Celestina Boninsegna
Lola .....	Anna Roberts
Lucia .....	Mildred Rogers
Turiddu .....	Enzo Lelli
Alfio .....	Rodolfo Fuarli
<p>"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" were produced in 1890 and 1893 respectively. Success in each instance was immediate and great. The fame of each opera spread at once throughout the musical world. Managers of opera houses jostled each other in their eager-</p>	

new comedy, the work, "Pagliacci," appeared in Germany, which provoked against "Cavalleria Rusticana"; others applauding it as a corrective of immorality. Cutille Meides tried to keep "Pagliacci" out of Paris, because as he claimed, the libretto was stolen from his "Femme de Taborin." Leonora avowed she had the libretto was based on an actual occurrence, that his father, a judge, had Canio before him in court.

Judge, did I call before him in court. As a matter of fact, the story is an old one, and it served long ago for a Spanish play on which "Yorick's Love" was based. Furthermore, within the last six years there have been instances on European stages of an actor jealous in real life as in his part stabbing or shooting a woman in a play, not merely to oblige the author, but to please himself. Mendes' drama is more terrible than "Faghiel," by reason of the biting and cruel irony of the dialogue in the last scene, the conversation of the swells admiring the talent of Tamarin in depicting jealousy and rage; but this irony would be as nought in an operatic version. By the way, what became of the incidental music that Chabrier wrote for Mendes' tragi-parade?

Yet there were some who prophesied that the two operas would soon disappear from the stage. Alas for the prophets! The two are still drawing cards in the opera houses of the world. Mascagni's "Intermezzo" and the prologue to "Pagliacci" are tumultuously applauded somewhere every night in the season, and Canio's lamentation is known through, "My cousin (Caruso)" to



ENRIQUE GOURI

thousands who never heard the opera. Nor is there any immediate prospect of a decrease in popularity. Young women, convinced that they are brimming over with "temperament" dream of appearing as Santuzza, and young baritones know that they could give a new and interesting version of Tonio's address before the curtain.

The two operas have aged, and there are more wrinkles on them than certain Italian operas of the fifties. Of the two, "*Cavalleria Rusticana*" now seems the more spontaneous, and on the whole the more original. There is true intensity in Mascagni's honest blurt. Leoncavallo was the shrewder man of the stage in "*Pagliacci*"; he was also the more sophisticated, and he had the better memory. There is nothing in "*Pagliacci*" so charming as Turiddu's song behind the scenes, nothing so characteristically southern as the opening chorus in "*Cavalleria Rusticana*." On the other hand, Mascagni could not have written the stage music in the second act of "*Pagliacci*" which Leoncavallo wrote—with the aid of certain Frenchmen.

The long continued success of the two operas is not far to seek. The librettos are short and poignant. What Holboes of Malmesbury said the life of man would be influenced by certain conditions—short, brutal and nasty—might justly be applied to the Sicilian tale, drama, opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana." The only stage place to be compared with it in English as a tragic episode revealed by a flash of lightning is the "Yorkshire Tragedy," attributed by some to Shakespeare. The Sicilian play has been acted here at three different times in an English version drawn from the opera libretto and produced by Alexander Salvini; in Italian by Mme. Duse and her company, and last season by Mimi Aguglia and her Sicilians. The play needs no music. Seeing either Mme. Duse or Mme. Aguglia, the spectator forgets the existence of Mascagni's tunes. And in like manner a "Pagliacci" without music would be a powerful drama.

It should not be forgotten that within these two operas came the reaction against the oppressive length of the Wagnerian music-drama. It is advisable to couple either Mascagni's or Leoncavallo's with a lighter work, a ballet, or a comic opera. Thus tonight "Don Pasquale" will be performed with Cavalleria Rusticana, though Donizetti's charming opera might well follow the tragedy.

Both operas were smoothly given last evening. There was a distinct improve-



TELESTINA BONINSIGNI

ment in intonation among the soloists. The choruses were given, as before, with precision and spirit.

Miss Lewicka sang the part of Nedda pleasingly, and sang it with more power and warmth of action. Mr. Goussard was praised one by his earnestness and intense interest in the details of his art. His voice is not large, but he sang without effort and with appreciation of dramatic values. Mr. Boulogne's Tonto called forth continued applause. Mme. Bonin-Sagna was again a dramatic Suzzuza, artistic in much of her vocal work.

There was a very small audience last evening, an audience that came late and went early. This was due, doubtless, to the fact of its being a holiday. But the emptiness of the house caused the music to sound overpowering at times.

The operas tonight will be Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," with Alice Nielsen, Paul Bourrilhon, Rodolfo Fornaciari, John Mogan and Mr. Pini-Carsi as Don Pasquale; and "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mme. Boninsegna and Messrs. Donatino and Fornari.

Nov 27 1909

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance by the Boston opera company, Henry Russell director, of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," opera buffa in three acts, followed by Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." Mr. Conti conducted.

"DON PASQUALE."

Norina.....Alice Nielsen  
Ernesto.....Paul Bourrellton  
Don Pasquale.....Antonio Pini-Corsi  
Dr. Malatesta.....Rodolfo Fornari  
Un Notaro.....John Morgan

VALLERIA RUSTICA

Santuzza.....	Celestina Bontsegna
Lola.....	Bettina Freeman
Lucia.....	Mildred Rogers
Turlddu.....	Florence Constantino
Aldo.....	Rodolfo Fonari

Donizetti's delightful opera has been sung here only three or four times within the last 20 years. Mme. Sembrich appeared as Norina in 1901 and 1903, and Miss Nielsen took the part of Norina at the Park Theatre in May, 1907, when Mr. Fornari was the Dr. Malatesta and Mr. Barlechi the Don Pasquale. Long ago—it was in 1853—Henriette Sontag was heard here as Norina, and a couple of seasons later the opera was sung by a remarkable quartet, Mme. Grisi, Mario, Badiali and Suzini. Grisi and Mario were in the original cast when the opera was produced at the Theatre d'Itallens, Paris, Jan. 4, 1843, with Lablache as Don Pasquale and Tamburini as the doctor.

The opera was written in haste. Some say in a week, but the statement that the score was ready after 13 days and that it was orchestrated in about a week is more credible. The next year Donizetti was attacked by the mental disorder that brought to him death in 1848. When the opera was produced in Paris the costumes were of the period; the men wore the ordinary frock coats and dress coats of the time, and Lablache, a huge man, sported an immense camella in his buttonhole at each performance. (In like manner "La Traviata," "Donlnoir," and "L'Eclair" were first played respectively with costumes of the period, conventional dresses of drawing room, town and country.) But contemporaneous costumes were soon voted dull and prosaïc and when "Don Pasquale" was sung in French at the Theatre Lyrique in Paris in 1864 the costumes were those of Louis XV.'s reign.

The first act took place in a garden, and Don Pasquale entered in a Sedan chair; and for the scene with the creditors at the beginning of the third act a ball scene was substituted. These changes were observed in the revival at the Opera-Comique, Paris, in 1836. But in "Travolta" there has been a return in Paris to the costumes worn at the time of Dumas the younger's heroine and when "Travolta" was produced here last season by the Manhattan Opera House Company the costumes were according to the new idea—the original costume of Verdi and his librettist.





The story of the opera is an old one. The libretto furnished for Donizetti was based on that of "Ser Maro Antonio," to which music was set by Pavese in 1810 and by Coccia in 1834. It is old, but it is human, and it is sufficiently amusing. It is old but it is also new, and it is enacted in many cities and villages without music, and it furnishes amusement—to the neighbors.

There is delicious music in "Don Pasquale," charming melodies—the Serenade is the most striking example—admirable ensembles, of which the quartet in the finale of the second act is a masterpiece of buffo melodic and dramatic writing. There are many graceful, many sparkling pages.

The opera should be performed in a small theatre, no larger than the Park; it needs a little stage and there should be the closest intimacy between singers and audience. Yet the acoustic properties of the Boston Opera House are so good that the musical fluid of even a great opera may envelop an audience.

The opera demands accomplished singers trained in "bel canto," in buffo delivery, and in the comedian's art. Norina is not a tomboy, a madcap, a fresh young thing, least of all is she a Xanthippe. Don Pasquale is not a low comedy part. The old man is vain, he has an enormous appreciation of himself, he is pompous, but he is not a buffoon, he is not wholly ridiculous; he is a tragic figure when he discovers the treachery of his friend and that he has been cruelly mocked.

When Miss Nielsen played Norina here two seasons ago she was too kind, and she made little distinction between farce-comedy and comedy. While



she sang the music with spirit and often charmingly, she was inclined to overact. Last night she showed marked improvement in these respects, holding herself well within bounds without losing the salient qualities of the part. The part offered full scope for her native charm and vocal art.

Mr. Pini-Corsi made his first appearance in the opera house. He played the part of Don Pasquale in a virile, realistic manner. It would be difficult to judge the quality of Mr. Pini-Corsi's voice from last evening's hearing, as the role calls for but little real legato singing. It was full and powerful. He used the speaking voice constantly, but blended it with the singing cleverly and effectively. His personality dominated the opera.

Mr. Fornari's Dr. Malestesta is for more interesting than the other parts he has given so far in this Opera House. It was excellently conceived, and well carried out. There was but little chance for Mr. Bourrillon to show his power as Ernesto. The serenade was delightfully given. The performance was noted for its general brilliance and spirit and the unusual balance in excellence in the parts.

The one appearance of the chorus in the second act brought merited applause for its always excellent work, to which was added most effective vocal shading and stage business that was both skilful and amusing.

There were two changes in the cast of "Cavalleria" last evening. The part of Lola was sung by Miss Freeman. Her voice was very satisfactory and, as in other performances, she showed ease and a remarkable freedom from amateurish traits. Mr. Constantino is admirable as Turridu, and the other singers were also at their best. The house was absolutely filled.

The opera this afternoon will be Delibes' "Lakme," with Mmes. Lipkowska, Freeman, Parnell, Pierce, Leveroni and Messrs. Bourrillon, Fornari, Nivette and Stroesco.

The opera this evening will be Puccini's "La Boheme," with Mmes. Ruby Cutter Savage and Matilde Lewicka, Messrs. d'Alessandro, Boulagne, Mardones, Pulcini, Mogan, Tavecchia, Dunstan, Stroesco.

## DELIUS' NOCTURNE

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Fiedler conducted. Mme. Samaroff was the pianist. The program was as follows:

Symphony in E flat major, Mozart  
Concerto, C minor No. 4 for piano, Rabinstein  
"Paris, a Nightpiece; The Song of a Great City," Delius  
Overture to "Rienzi," Wagner

The symphony was one of the celebrated three. Would that any one of them might be heard in a small hall and with an orchestra duly proportioned. The piano concerto is familiar to all, too familiar, some might say, for the greater number of pages now seem outworn and empty and the second movement intolerably sentimental. The overture to "Rienzi," with its circus pomp and blare, is also well known.

The nocturne of Delius was played for the first time in America, and the music of this Englishman, born of Germans domiciled in England, was known to probably nearly all in the audience only by hearsay. If at all, and to the great majority the name of the composer was unknown; yet by some, especially in Germany, Frederick Delius is considered an extraordinarily gifted tone poet. He is now 46 years old. It was about 1883 that he left England to raise oranges in Florida. He lived on a plantation a lonely life, observed the habits of oranges and negroes, and meditated and studied music. He grew homesick and entered the Leipzig Conservatory, where, as Mr. Runciman put it, "he endured his musical training."

In 1899 he gave a concert of his compositions in London, and his music excited wonder, consternation, and, in some quarters, praise. During the last 10 years his fame has spread throughout Germany, and during the last two or three years several of his more important works have been performed in England, and more than once. Of course there is not a word about him in Grove's Dictionary of Musicians, in the revised edition which is remarkable chiefly for its omissions, yet he is taken very seriously in Germany, he has strong partisans, and there are Deliusites, as there are Debussysites and Regnerites. And so in old times there were the Hittites, the Amorites, the Elamites, the Ekronites, and other ites who have all disappeared and left no trace.

It is said that the sojourn of Delius in Florida influenced mightily his musical mind, as is seen in his "Appalachia" and his opera "Koanga," but we are now concerned only with "Paris," which was composed in 1899 and performed for the first time at Elberfeld in 1905. Surely there is no thing of Florida in "Paris." Yet Delius is not a haunter of great cities. He prefers isolation and quiet, and for 20 years his home has been in the village of Grez-sur-Loing on the skirts of Fontainebleau forest.

It might be said that Delius, composing "Paris" had been influenced by Charpentier, but the latter's "Louise" was not produced till 1900, and Delius knew neither the composer nor his "Coronation of the Muse" in which street cries of Paris served as thematic material. There is no argument, no program to this nocturne. The intention of Delius is revealed only through the title and the music itself, music written for the fullest kind of an orchestra with all sorts of pulsatile instruments.

"Paris" is not easily judged by reading the score or after one hearing. There are interesting things in it, unusual and interesting effects, both harmonic and orchestral. The hearer is sure of this: the composer had a definite plan and was not merely experimenting. The opening and the ending are singularly impressive. When it comes to the "Song of Paris" the song seems to be a medley of street cries and the din at a street fair. A motto for the chief allegro might be the orphic line of the cosmic bard: "Onward we move, a gay gang of blackguards, with wild flapping pennants of mirth." But it would be unjust to dismiss the work with a jest, for wild and bizarre as much as this music is on first hearing, the hand of an orchestral and harmonic master is everywhere.

There are harmonic progressions that are startling, as the harmonies against a solo cello; they, indeed, seem sour, but we have all learned from experience that what seemed at first sour in music afterward is often recognized as full of strength and irregular beauty. Whether this nocturne is a picture in tones of Paris at night depends largely on how Paris is known to each hearer. He that has never strayed from the boulevards of the fashionable cafes or from the avenue de l'Opera may fail to recognize the nocturnal city. But there are other boulevards and other avenues, and there is a Paris not so familiar to all visitors. Delius does not fall into the error of writing as for a panorama. There is in this music both the mysterious hush, the brooding, in any great city at certain hours; there is also the din that is peculiar to Paris and its streets.

There is no miniature painting. The brush is a thick one and at times the paint is thrown on; but the result is an effect. "Paris" is a singular composition. It should be played soon again. Although there were brilliant moments in the performance, the orchestra did not always appear confident, and there was at times a perceptible lack of continuity. There should have been two harps, as the composer requested, for the one harp was weak and overpowered when it should have been strongly in evidence.

Mme. Samaroff by her performance

made the dry bones of the composition live for a night, and by the simplicity of the reading of the second movement almost succeeded in removing the reproach of sentimentalism. The concerto, alas, is now to be numbered with the music that was once thought to be "advanced," that once gave hearty pleasure. Its themes now seem commonplace, or sugary, or rowdy. Mme. Samaroff's performance was admirable in quality of tone; in musical intelligence, concerning the general architecture and each particular phrase; in general spirit and in fine detail. She played, as is her wont, with delightful ease and a refreshing absence of self-consciousness.

The symphony by Mozart, especially the minuet and the finale, gave the audience much pleasure.

## MME. CARRENO'S RECITAL.

Plays Program with Three Piano Sonatas All in Row. *R.H.*

Mme. Teresa Carreno gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Chopin, sonata op. 58; Schubmann, sonata op. 22; MacDowell, "Keltic" sonata; Liszt, Sonnetto del Petrarca; Irrhlicher, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6.

Three sonatas in a row might well have disuaded even admirers of Mme.

Carreno from going to Symphony Hall yesterday, yet there was—when the size of the hall is taken into consideration—an audience of fair size, an audience that was deeply interested and highly appreciative of the excellent features of the performance. If Mme. Carreno had added Liszt's sonata to the three, the program might have struck terror to the stoutest soul. Never shall we forget Mr. Lamond, Mr. Frederick A. Lamond, a Scottish pianist, educated in Germany, who once gave a recital here with a program made up exclusively of sonatas by Beethoven, which he played with grim determination. We see by German music journals that he is still going to and fro in the earth and giving concerts of a like nature.

Yet the Sonatas chosen by Mme. Carreno were sufficiently contrasted both in mood and in form of expression to prevent any impression of monotony through the recurrence of set forms. The weakest portion of Chopin's Sonata is the Largo, which lends itself easily to a sentimental interpretation, but Mme. Carreno avoided this pitfall without making the music seem unmeaning or perfunctory. The three last movements of Schubmann's Sonata are always beautiful. To some the crowning feature of the concert was the performance of MacDowell's "Keltic" Sonata. It is a pity that the motto of this sonata was not printed on the program:

Who minds now Keltic tales of yore,  
Dark Druid rhymes that thrall;  
Deirdre's song, and wizard lore  
Of great Cuchullin's fall.

For the lines might have aided in the understanding of the prevailing mood of the sonata. This is heroic music, tragically heroic, with here and there a passage of tenderness and loveliness, as the page in the second movement, which may be supposed to portray Deirdre with her splendid beauty and her "tongue full of sweet sounds." It is said that MacDowell purposed to write a symphonic poem, "Cuchullin." This sonata constantly suggests the orchestra; it seems at times, as in the superb exordium, to be thought for the orchestra, and as though there was that in the music which the piano could not express.

It was a pleasure to hear Mme. Carreno again. Her performance yesterday was both thoughtful and brilliant. After Schubmann's sonata she played the same composer's "Bird as Prophet" in answer to the long continued applause.

Delibes' opera, "Lakme," was given its fourth performance at the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon. The cast was the same as at the first performance: Lakme, Miss Lipkowska; Mailika, Miss Freeman; Ellen, Miss Parnell; Rosa, Miss Pierce; Mrs. Benson, Miss Leveroni; Geraldo, Mr. Bourrillon; Nilakantha, Mr. Nivette; Frederico, Mr. Fornari; Hagl, Mr. Stroesco. Mr. Monti conducted. *K.L.*

The music of "Lakme" has all the qualities of immediate popularity; it does not have to be studied or heard again and again to be fully appreciated. Not stirring by any intense human appeal, it does not whip up the emotions of the hearer; his enjoyment is placid, and the tragic end of Lakme induces a gentle melancholy. All this is agreeable to the music lover of catholic taste. After "Lakme" one leaves the opera house with unjailed vitality, as after any wholesome diversion.

Of the performance there is little to be said that has not already been said in reviews of the previous performances. Miss Lipkowska's impersonation is now familiar here, and had yesterday the same charm of delicacy and grace that characterized her debut. Her voice again gave pleasure by its sweetness and purity, and more than once





E. LIPKOWSKA, WHO SANG IN "LAKME" YESTERDAY.

the beauty of sustained tones. Mr. Bourillon made an impression by his voice. Miss Frey's voice sounded well in the duet. In act 1, and her imperious distinction throughout. Her parts were well taken, and she was applauded for his singing and good bit of acting in the little role. It may be said in a general way that the action on the part of the principals was frequently halted, but the opera does not make any great demands, but the action is so abundant and secure, and there is yesterday too often a visible wait for the scenes.

The singing was admirable throughout. The opera is lavishly mounted and there was applause at the rising of the curtain on each scene. The audience is appreciative and there were the usual raptures.

DEBUT IN "LA BOHEME."

me. Savage Sings Role of Mimi at the Opera House.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Third Evening. Puccini's "La Boheme" Mr. Luzatti conducted.

... Ruby Savage ... Maria di Pesa ... Vincenzo d'Alessandro ... Raymond Boulogne ... Jose Mardones ... Attilio Pulcin ... John Mogan ... Luigi Tavecchia ... George Dunstan ... Constantino Stroesco

The interest of the opera last evening centered in the debut of Mme. Ruby Savage. Mme. Savage is a gentle, prettily Mimi, graceful in all her poses and attitudes. Her voice has a good deal of power in the middle and upper registers and the tones in general are produced easily and are agreeable. The lower notes could not be heard above the orchestra and prompter, who also succeeded in concealing much of the vocal work of Maria di Pesa and d'Alessandro. The appreciation of the dramatic and tragic side of the opera has yet to be developed in these young women. But they knew their parts and there was no faltering from beginning to the end of the evening. Nor did they show nervousness.

The parts of the four students were well done, in fact, the best work of the evening lay with them. D'Alessandro as a high, pure tenor voice, not powerful but of good quality and very true. A delightful feature of the evening was the singing of d'Alessandro's voice with that of Mme. Savage, and also with Mr. Boulogne's. Mr. Boulogne, he added, sang with far more consideration for others' parts than on previous occasions.

The work of the chorus fell below the usual high level.

There was a small audience, but much applause.

MME. LIPKOWSKA IN NEW ROLES

Mme. Lipkowska will be heard this week at the Boston Opera House in "La Traviata" and in "Rigoletto." The parts of Violetta and Vilda are well suited to her voice, and she has taken them frequently in St. Petersburg. It is said she sang in "La Traviata" last season at the Opera Comique, Paris, as well as "Lakme," and she chose "La Traviata" for her first appearance here.

viata" for the opera in which to make her first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House the 18th of this month.

Mr. Constantino will take the part of Radames tomorrow night in "Aida," to the joy of many, for neither Mr. Leliva nor Mr. Hansen has sung and acted with true distinction in the heroic part. Mr. Constantino was the Radames at the Majestic Theatre nearly two years ago, when Mmes. Noria and Claessens were the Aida and Ammerls and Mr. Blanchard the Amonasro.

There was a time when Gounod's "Faust" was the favorite opera of visiting companies. There was a time when "Faust" was performed so often at the Metropolitan that Mr. Henderson dubbed that opera house the "Faustspielhaus." Of late, performances of the opera have been comparatively few in Boston, and there have been few in the two great opera houses in New York. When the Metropolitan Company visited Boston in April, 1904, the opera was performed with Alno Ackte, Josephine Jacoby, Dippel, Plancon and Campanari. The opera was chosen for the opening of the short season at the Boston Theatre April 1, 1907, when the singers were Geraldine Farrar, who then made her first appearance here as an opera singer; Josephine Jacoby, Dippel, Journet and Stracclari. Mr. Savage's company gave the opera here in English in November, 1905, with Mmes. Serena and Albright, and Messrs. MacLennan, now of the Berlin Royal Opera House, Goff, who died too soon, and Cranston. The San Carlo Company gave a performance Dec. 12, 1907, at the Majestic Theatre, when Mr. Maurel made his first appearance in this city as Mephistopheles. The other singers were Mmes. Noria and Bramonia, Dani and Blanchard. There have been performances in English at the Castle Square.

Speaking of the Castle Square, I remember performances of "Faust" there in 1895-96, when Mr. Savage was beginning his career as a manager, performances memorable chiefly for the lavish use of electricity. William Wolff, the Mephistopheles, not only electrified the flowers in Marguerite's garden; he emitted electricity all over the stage; he leaked electricity; he oozed electricity. There was continual snapping, crackling, fizzling. Thus was the dramatic action improved. The bill should have read: "Faust; A Grand Electrical Exhibition."

Wallace Goodrich will make his first appearance as an opera conductor at the Boston Opera House in "Faust."

On Saturday night Miss Elena Kirmes will make her debut as Santuzza and Miss Schroeder as Nedda. Miss Kirmes is a Melrose girl, who studied here and in Naples. She has sung with success in several Italian cities and was connected with La Scala, Milan, last season. Miss Schroeder is a daughter of the distinguished cellist, Alwin Schroeder, and she will make her first appearance on any stage.

"Madama Butterfly" was announced for performance this week, and it has been in rehearsal for some time. As this opera, although it has been performed here in Italian and English is the least familiar of operas now in the repertory of the Boston Opera Company, a few words about it may not be impertinent.

"Madama Butterfly," like "The Barber of Seville," "Mefistofele," "Carmen," was voted a failure the night of the first performance.

As the story goes, Puccini saw in London the play based by David Belasco on John Luther Long's pathetic little tale. He was moved by the play and he resolved to turn the Japanese woman into an operatic heroine. Messrs. Illica and Giacosa prepared the libretto, and the first performance of the opera

was at the Grand Theatre, Milan, Feb. 17, 1904. The chief singers were Mmes. Rosina Storchio and Giacomini, Messrs. Zenatello, De Luca and Gaetano Pini-Corsi. The audience was most favorably disposed. Composer, librettists, singers were favorites; but the opera was a dismal failure. "It is with deep regret," said one journal, "that we witnessed this failure, a failure in spite of certain truly remarkable qualities to be recognized here and there in two long acts of music." The audience, bitterly disappointed, hissed in accordance with the traditional and fine Italian custom.

Puccini did not sulk and make faces at the critics and the others that did not like his music. He did not say with a dramatic gesture: "Let them hear it until they do like it." The opera was withdrawn at once from the stage and the composer girded up his loins to better the work. He did not display the Olympian indifference of Rossini when he saw the failure of his "Barber." He was not discouraged, as was Bizet, who after the failure of "Carmen"—the opera was condemned because the music was said to be Wagnerian and the libretto an immoral one!—withdrew from the city, swore that he would not write to suit the public, and died, broken hearted. Puccini went to work.

The revised edition was produced at the Grand Theatre, Brescia, in June, 1904. The chief singers were Mmes. Kruseniski and Lucacevka and Messrs. Zenatello, Pini-Corsi and Bellati. The opera was received enthusiastically. Seven numbers were repeated and the composer was called before the curtain again and again. "Madama Butterfly" then made its triumphant way. It was applauded in Milan as furiously as it had previously been hissed.

In one respect Puccini did not improve the opera. In the original version the curtain did not fall on the forsaken woman's vigil. It remained up while the prelude to the last scene served as an intermezzo, and the spell was not broken by a scramble to the foyer or by idle chatter.

In the version prepared for Paris, Kate Pinkerton did not figure. Her presence on the stage is wholly unnecessary, and it is eminently disagreeable. Pinkerton is a cad, but even he would not have allowed his United States wife to intrude on his forsaken Japanese wife. It should be remembered that Pinkerton made a contract in each case, and a man of honor would have respected the first. Furthermore, Mrs. Pinkerton, as she is usually represented, is not an excuse for the lieutenant's behavior toward Cho-Cho-San. Pinkerton surely gave the toast: "Here's to our wives and sweethearts. May they never meet."

Years of Puccini's operas have now been heard in Boston: "La Boheme," produced by Charles A. Ellis, Jan. 25,

1899 (Mmes. Melba and de Lussan, Messrs. Pandolfi, Bensaude, de Vries, Boudouresquo); "Tosca," produced by Maurice Grau, April 4, 1901 (Milka Ternina, Cremonini, Scotti and Gilbert); "Madama Butterfly," produced in English by Henry W. Savage at the Tremont Theatre, Oct. 29, 1906 (Mmes. Szamosy, Behnee, Saecker, Messrs. Shehan, Richards, Jungerman, Brownlow, Parker, Walter Rothwell conducted); "Manon Lescaut," produced by Mr. Conried, April 10, 1908 (Lina Cavalieri, Caruso, Scotti, Barocchi, Lucas).

The first performance of "Madama Butterfly" in this city was by the Metropolitan Opera House Company, April 3, 1907 (Geraldine Farrar, Josephine Jacoby, who took at short notice the part of Suzuki, because Louise Homer was sick, Dippel, Scotti, Reiss, Dufliche, Muehlmann. Mr. Vigna conducted).

The first performance in the United States was at Washington, D. C., in the Columbia Theatre, Oct. 15, 1906. It was in English and by Mr. Savage's company. He had half a dozen Butterflies in his company, but Miss Szamosy was the first to take the part in this country. Miss Farrar was the first to sing it in Italian—at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, Feb. 11, 1907, when the composer was present.

The Herald spoke recently of Leoncavallo's "La Boheme." A correspondent wishes to know in what respects the libretto differs from that of Puccini's opera and which was the first to be produced.

Puccini's was produced at Turin, Feb. 1, 1896. The chief singers were Mmes. Ferrari and Pasini, Messrs. Gorga, Wilman, Pini-Corsi, Polonini and Mazzora. Leoncavallo's was produced at the Venice Theatre, Venice, May 6, 1897. The chief singers were Elisa Frandini, Musette, Rosina Storchio, Mimi, Beduschi, Marcel, Angeli-Fornari and Rodolphe.

Leoncavallo insists that he first thought of Murger's romance as the subject for an opera, that he mentioned his purpose to Puccini, who also thought so well of it that he went to work and anticipated Leoncavallo. The story may or may not be true. Leoncavallo has complained for several years that his rivals stole his subjects, but to name several subjects is not to establish a proprietary rights in them, much less in operas that are so often written.

The plot of Leoncavallo's "Boheme" may thus be set in a few words.

The first act takes place in the interior of the Cafe Momus. Rodolphe and Mimi are celebrating Christmas night, their wedding night. Musette and the rest of the band. The landlord is not able to get any money out of them, and he is about to throw them out when an old professor, Barbeus, offers to pay the annual rent. Barbeus, who should play blind, allows him to see who fools the band, and Schumann wins. Meanwhile Marcel and Musette agree that they love each other.

The second act is in the room of the house where Musette dwells. Her furniture has been seized and sold off during her absence. When she returns, with friends, they take it as a good joke, and they organize then and there a festival. The din brings the neighbors to the windows, and the scene ends in a general row. Mimi runs away with the Vicomte Paul, who has been brought there by his tutor, Barbeus.

In the third act she returns in a care of Rodolphe, but at first she goes into the neighboring room, that of Marcel. Only Musette is there; Marcel and Schumann have not enough money to buy breakfast and Musette writes to Marcel that she cannot endure any longer this hand-to-mouth existence and she will quit him.

It is again Christmas when the fourth act opens. Rodolphe is sad and lonely in his room. Mimi comes in. At the end of her strength, Musette enters, gay and exultant, but seeing the wretched condition of Mimi, she puts aside joy and gives Schumann some jewels to buy what is necessary for Mimi. It is too late. Mimi dies recalling the Christmas of the last year.

Some find the comedy scenes treated musically with more humor and more dramatic spirit by Leoncavallo. Hanslick, who did not look with favor even on the operas of the ultra-modern school, heard the two works in Vienna. He found only this difference between the two librettos: Puccini introduces stupid or disagreeable scenes that Leoncavallo passed over; Leoncavallo introduces scenes equally foolish or disagreeable that Puccini avoided. This judgment was accepted as witty in Vienna, but, pray, what are the "stupid" or the "disagreeable" scenes in Puccini's Opera? Hanslick asked "which is the better opera," first asking whether in either case there should be the positive "good." Hanslick decided in favor of Puccini; there is more musical talent and natural sentiment in his "Boheme." There is more variety of scenes in Puccini's. Leoncavallo, as Puccini, puts a slow waltz song into Musette's mouth. Hanslick, after hearing two rehearsals, dragged himself unwillingly to the performance of Leoncavallo's opera. He found in the score much orchestral technique, an intimate knowledge of the theatre, some wit, but no creative strength, no individuality, no sense of the beautiful. It should be remembered, however, that Hanslick did not like Puccini's opera; he found the second act trivial and boring, and the third act boring and sentimental.

It would be interesting to hear the two operas on successive evenings.

And how opinions differ about Paderewski's symphony which was produced for the first time in England at the Queen's Hall, London, Nov. 9. Hans Richter conducted. The Times said: "It was perhaps inevitable that a work of modern date, dealing with such a subject" (the Polish revolution) "should be of very sombre hue." It thought that the themes were finely invented, developed with unusual skill and earnestness, and effectively scored. "The slow movement is a purely lyrical number of exquisite quality, and the story of the revolution is told in the finale with an emotional and dramatic power that carries all before it and excuses even the long and rather tedious battle scene in which the well known orchestral effects are used."

The Pall Mall Gazette was disappointed. "We failed to trace any special distinction in the music; the thematic material was curiously unoriginal, never, perhaps, definitely suggesting other things, but nearly always carrying with it a flavor of the expected, almost at times to the verge of commonplace." It found the orchestration notable. "We take exception, though, to the thunder machine and the three sarusophones, the effect being doubtful and somewhat ill-judged in that the novel sound was scarcely prominent or distinctive enough to achieve its object." "Altogether the work is disappointing, and curiously so except that perhaps from very earnestness of endeavor the composer may have become, as it were, too self-conscious to do his undoubted powers the full justice."

The London correspondent of the Glasgow Herald doubted "if Paderewski really has the inventive inspiration for such a subject or the grasp of musical architecture for the writing of a symphony. His success as composer, and he has shown genuine talent, has mainly been in his smaller piano pieces." "The polyphony, such as there is, has neither clearness nor mastery; and the harmony in general is ill-nourished, the middle part being weak and ineffective. The scoring is ordinary." "None of the composer's descriptive effect come off. He evidently has not the orchestral imagination." And so on, and so on. Nor did the writer find any suggestion of thunder in the tonitruous. "It had some resemblance to the music of the 'Boheme'."



Francis Richter, a blind pianist, played for the first time in London Nov. 5, and the Times began its review with these remarks, that may be pondered profitably by all that attend concerts: "The first thing that strikes the ear in the work of blind performers is it is possible to adopt either of two methods; for, on the one hand, the natural disadvantage of blindness may be a hindrance to view, and it may be stated that Mr. Richter, for example, surpasses the average skill of those who cannot see. On the other hand, the want of vision, as that of some blind pianists, his playing never gives the unpleasant feeling of a forced and hurried execution, which is characteristic of those who cannot see. I am sure that any worthy pupil of Liszt's quickly would prefer to have his teacher be blind, as he is, than to have the same standard to Mr. Richter, as to those who possess the gift of sight. We may record that he seems to have a sense of touch and instinct and a sense of artistic contrast."

Sir Hubert Parry has been talking about music and democracy. The Referee gave this synopsis: "It was characteristic of the man that he appealed for the best music simply on the ground of its forming satisfactory amusement, and that he should begin his argument with the thought that the masses were to get as much enjoyment out of life as we can." Music was shown to be democratic in its essence, for it was the property of the people, and could not be unexed by the millionaire. The next point that was insisted on was that it is essential that what people took as their music should be good music, or, at the first, at least. This cannot be galsaid, for the reception of the finest music depends on knowledge and, to a considerable extent, on culture. Sir Hubert said it was surprising to see people sit and listen to music that was only fit for a middle classman. Triviality in music was regarded as unpardonable, because it could not afford lasting enjoyment. *Democracy* was associated with *simplicity* and *directness*. The things he liked best were the great *popular* and *industrial* which bespeak the human quality best. This is true, and herein lies the reason why the most appealing university music is in the form of a few rich chords rendered to harmoniousness, as the unexhaustible cravings and feelings of the human spirit, and while it is

Fernand Sekles of Frankfurt has composed a fantasia for orchestra, "Aus den Gärten der Semiramis," which will be produced in Dresden. Dr. Mink purposed to produce Sekles' "Serenade" when he was conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, but there was some difficulty about procuring the parts.

Mme. Calve will make her only appearance in London this season in concert Dec. 3.

Mme. Zelle de Lussan is singing in Great Britain.

The repertory of the fourth week at the Boston Opera House, beginning to-morrow night, will be as follows:

MONDAY, NOV. 20, AT 7:45 P. M.  
Verdi's "Aida."

Ida.....	Mmes. Bonifasegna
Amneris.....	Clara Stone
A Priestess.....	Friedman
Radames.....	Messrs. Constantino
The King.....	Archambault
Amnonor.....	Baldenoff
Ramses.....	Mardones
A Messenger.....	Glaccone

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 1 AT 8 P. M.  
Verdi's "La Traviata."  
Violetta.....Miss. L. Gossens  
Flora....."      "      "      "      "  
Alfred.....Messrs. B. and F. Rogers  
Germont.....            "      Balogue

THURSDAY, DEC. 2 AT 8 P. M.  
Verdi's "Tristano."  
Gilda.....Miss. L. Kowalska  
Maddalena....."      Leveroni  
The Duke of Mantua.....Messrs. Constantino  
Rigoletto.....Byklandt  
Nurse....."      Strotte  
Count Monterone....."      Pechin

FRIDAY, DEC. 3, AT 8 P. M.  
Gounod's "Faust."

Marguerite	Mmes. No-la
Siebel	Ficenin
Marthe	Rogers
Faust	Messrs. Bonwiller
Mephistopheles	Nicette
Valentin	Boulogne
Wagner	Paulin

SATURDAY, DEC. 4, AT 2 P. M.  
Verdi's "La Traviata."  
Violetta ..... Mmes. Lipkowska  
Flora ..... Leveroni  
Annlin ..... Rogers  
Alfredo ..... Messrs. Barrillo  
Germond ..... Boulogne  
SATURDAY, DEC. 4, AT 7:45 P. M.

Neida.....	Elfrida	Schroten
Cunio.....	Messrs.	Bourghien
Tonfo.....		Boulanger
Silfo.....		Placo
Beppe.....		Balestrini
Mancagnin's "Cavalleria Rusticana."		
Santuzza.....	Elena	Klimes
Luib.....	Anna	Roberts
Inela.....	Mildred	Rogers
Thuridon.....	Messrs.	Oggero
Alfo.....		Fornari
Mr. Conti will conduct Monday		

Wednesday and Thursday evenings.  
Mr. Goodrich will conduct the performance of "Faust."

The solo singers in the performances of "The Messiah" in Symphony

Full by the Handel and Haydn Society will be as follows: On Sunday evening, Dec. 19, Grace Bonner will sing, Violet Elliot, Edward Barrow and Frederic Martin. On Monday evening, Dec. 20, the solo parts will be sung by Josephine Knight, Violet Elliot, Edward Barrow and Willard Flint. The soloists for the performance of Sullivan's "Golden Legend," Sunday evening, Feb. 13, will be Mrs. Kleeck-Bradbury, J. Lambert Murphy, Emilio de Gogorza and others. For Bossi's "Paradise Lost," Easter Sunday evening, March 27, the soloists will be Grace Bonner, Josephine Knight, Edward Barrow, Willard Flint, Stephen Thayer and Gwyllyn Mills.

Verdi's "Requiem" will be given at the Eliot Church, Newton, this afternoon at 4 o'clock by Josephine Knight, Adalaida Briggs, J. Garfield Stone, Everett B. Merrill, Everett E. Trudeau, organist and director.

Miss Lilla Ormond, contralto, and Sullivan A. Sargent, bass, will give a concert in Milton town hall Tuesday evening, the 30th. The program will include duets by Schumann, Mendels.

Miss Tina Lerner, the Russian pianist, will give a recital in Jordan Hall, Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 7. Her program will include pieces by Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Metzl, Paganini-Liszt and Liszt.

**S. NDAY**—Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. Grand  
 operatic concert by leading members and  
 orchestra of the Boston Opera Company.  
 Tickets published elsewhere.  
**MONDAY**—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second  
 concert of the Hess-Schroeder quartet.  
 Impolito-Ivanov, quartet. A minor, op. 13.  
 No. 1. First time; Brockway, suite for  
 piano and piano and Brockway, piano  
 and strings. Mozart, quintet for clarinet  
 and strings. Howard Brockway, pianist.  
 and Georges Grieg, clarinetist, will assist.  
 A. Gleason will play the viola in place of E.

**TUESDAY**—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M.  
Violoncello recital by Mirko Belinski of the  
Boston Symphony Orchestra, assisted by Al-  
fred de Voto, pianist. Bach, suite, D major,  
No. 6, for 'cello alone; Beethoven, sonata,  
A major, op. 69, No. 3; Lalo, concert, D  
major; Boellmann, symphonic variations;  
pieces by Schumann, Saint-Saens and Du-  
val.

Langhorne studios, Pierce building, 3 P. M. Song recital by Mr. and Mrs. Gaines. Duets by Beethoven, Loewe, Delibes, Foot and Marzials. Songs by Mario Costa, Delibes, Tosti, Schumann, Loewe, Tschukowsky, Lehmann, Rubinstein, Ronald, E. Schneider, Gaines, Ganz, Mullinson, MacDowell.

Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Mme. Julla Rosenberg in an entertainment, "Denmark in Song and Story."

Franklin Union Hall, S. P. M. Concert by music department, city of Boston. William Howard, conductor. Orchestral pieces: Wagner, overture to "Der Freischuetz"; Elgar, "Salut d'Amour"; Mascagni, selection from "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Debiss, ballet suite "La Source"; Meyerbeer, Coronation March. Clarence H. Wilson, baritone, will sing Bullard's "Sword of Ferrara" and Sarjeant's "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind." Barthold Sfboman will play Vieuxtemps' Introduction, theme and variations for violin. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

WEDNESDAY—Steltern Hall, 8:15 P. M.  
 Pianola recital given by M. Steltern & Sons  
 Company. Earl William Smith will play  
 pieces by Moszkowski, Rachmaninoff, Lesche-  
 tizki and Brahms. Oscar L. Huntington, bass,  
 and Mrs. Anna Rose Huntington, soprano, will  
 be the soloists with pianola accompaniment.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. First

concert this season of the Cerebra Society, Wallace Goodrich, conductor. Concert in memory of Benjamin Johnson Lang. Mozart's "Requiem" and the Grail scene from the first act of "Parsifal" will be performed. The solo singers will be Mrs. Edith Chapman Gould, Miss Katherine Richter, Berwick von Norden, Leverett B. Merrill.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Eighth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. D'Indy, symphony in B flat major, No. 2 (repeated by request); Mozart, recitative and aria sung by Vitella in "Titus" (Mme. Schumann-Heink); Handel, concerto for oboe and strings (Georges Longy, soloist); Gounod, stanzas from "Sapho" (Mme. Schumann-Heink); Wagner, overture to "Rienzi."

South Boston high school, 8 P. M. Music department, city of Boston. Orchestral pieces: "Fugue," avenue to Vienna, "The Flight," "Saint d'Amour," Gounod, "Camille," music from "Faust," Sullivan, contract; Verdi, march from "Aida," Albert C. Orzoff, tenor, will sing Burr, "Percy's 'Gloria' and G. L. Tracy's "Come, Love to Me." Jacques Buvaute will play Leonard's variations on "Comin' Thru' the Rye" for saxophone. William Howard, conductor, and C. E. G. will be featured.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Yolanda Burr's second piano recital.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.

**PERIQUO BLAVO**

## SERIOUS PLAYS

The Herald quoted last Sunday a statement made by a Londoner to the

effect that audiences of his city did not like plays that were zealous tracts that they would not listen to preaching from the stage. The Herald took this statement for the text of a short and amiable sermon.

A day or two after, copies of English newspapers were received that apparently contradicted the Londoner's remark. R. C. Carton's play, "Lorraine Sabiston, Dramatist," produced at the St. James' Theatre, Nov. 9, puts the

issue between romanticism and modernity. A comedy at the Haymarket contrasts egotism and altruism. "Mr. Maugham's new play shows how selfishness breeds decadence; in 'False Gods' we had a discussion of the bene-

the comedy still drawing large audiences at the Garrick illustrate, among other things, the ignominy of idleness and Sir Arthur Phroso's play, produced early in the season, showed some of the possible effects of the unnatural limitation of marriage possibilities." The *Pall Mall Gazette* concludes: "There are still those who are moaning over the diseased condition of the British Theatre. There is more justification for the opinion that seldom, if ever, during the past 100 years has it been worth

There are people who are not actors of repute—perhaps not Mr. Dodson's admirers—who would quote conversation and say that while they wish to be amused, but that they are great audiences in the theatre. They would go to the theatre if the theatre were produced that would set them a-thinking. Some of this throng enjoy a good musical comedy, but even two or three times; but the majority of the theatre are given over to musical comedies in which the reliance of a stage play is founded on the attraction of a handsome man and woman, a man who may away—not because they are prudish or priggish; not because they do not like to see a beautiful woman; but because they like to see a handsome man. Thomas Browne, "I speak not in prejudice, nor am averse from that sweet sex, but I firmly associate of all that is beautiful with the strong and manly alike, like the comic in the song, Arthur Rimbaud, in one of his visions, met at some nocturnal festival in a city of the north all the women of the world as painters. A show like that would be worth seeing.

Such plays as "A Woman's Way," "The City," and "The White Horse" are popular. Their faults may be, are a welcome relief from the inconsequential stuff—that is now amusing, now pretty, now dull, now sentimental—that is the fashion in so many cities of this country.

What is the motive of Mr. Barton's play "Lorrimer Sabiston, Dramatist"? There are three dramatists in this comedy. Sabiston has made money by his plays, for he has always had one eye on the box office. The only money he cannot afford to lose is his. He and his wife, for instance, had written "Israel" he would have ended it as Mr. Bernstein did, in his review for Mr. Charles Frohman and alleged taste. Sabiston, however, is strong on the "use" to be known as "the purity of the stage." As a merchant, he detests the new school of playwrights who endeavor to picture life as it is. As an actor, he detests the new school of dramatists, as Kehlman, whose plays have a Parisian flavor. The third is Darcos, who is young and an ultra-modern. He plays a role in Sabiston's "Israel," but Sabiston, who "lives in a big house and smokes five-penny cigars." One day Sabiston hands him a play which he has written, a "Darius to strong Sabiston, fearing to lose his popularity with the public, wishes Darcos to stand for the role of Darius. Darcos accepts the proposition, giving him his sentence the excuse of the eponymy in "Romeo and Juliet." "One Law for the Woman" is then produced as the work of Sabiston, which is a comedy, the counterpart of the Glasgow Herald pertinently says: "Why this wonderful play could not have been given to the actresses which would not be asked."

The play is produced and makes a sensation. Now enters the tragedy-comedy. Sabiston is in love with Lady Cheynell, who is impossible person. He declares that the play is disgusting and should not be seen or discussed. Sabiston's daughter, who is engaged to a man who is more and more in love with Lady Cheynell, and he does not observe that she, stirred mightily by the play, is interested in the supposed author, Darcus, who has just returned from a two-months' voyage by Sabiston is somewhat alarmed because his daughter is infatuated with Darcus, but he is philosophical until he learns one morning that Darcus was the author of Lady Cheynell's story. He is told that Darcus had tried to persuade Sabiston to acknowledge the authorship, for Darcus was no radically dishonest and he knew that his own work would be a success at the highest level of "One Law for the Woman."

The critics differ concerning the reasonableness of the play. The Times asks and answers this question: "Why should a man be so speculative as to give his work to another man? The answer is that Sabastian wanted to have a outlet for his chuckle at the new school who despised him; and why not? Improbable, but not inhuman. So skillfully is the comedy developed that the situation is almost entirely credible. As a whole, it is the best piece of work which this skillful playwright has given us. Dialogue was always a strong point in Mr. C. G. Llewellyn's work, and his reputation for it. There is brilliance in it, and the literary quality is peculiarly excellent. The emotional interest reserved, yet each situation comes into the picture with so much artistic skill that we often look for, but seldom get in the theatre. The acting was in a large measure responsible for

The correspondent of the Glasgow Herald chooses another key. He speaks of the lot of talk about dramas old and new, and the popular taste, and says: "In this aspect the play might be a lecture before one of the play-going societies." He cannot understand why Lady Chyrenley fell in love with the supposititious author, simply because she liked the play. "As that young dramatist is drawn as an awkward young man who has nothing to say for himself, her infat-







Italian word. There is the Spanish "carapacho." Dr. Kitchener, by the way, in his "Cook's Oracle" wrote concerning turtle soup. "As it is our wish that this work should be given to the public at the lowest possible price, the recipe for dressing a turtle is taken out—as a professional cook is always hired for the purpose of dressing it. The space this long recipe occupied is now filled with directions for making useful pickles."

If the humble New England household does not like turtle—if turtle makes the members sick, as it sickened one of the two survivors of the wreck of the Ballyshannon in the Bab Ballads—there is pemmican, a wholesome, toothsome, nutritious dish, and served on the table it need not necessarily incite a discussion over the claims of either Cook or Peary. The New York Tribune recently looked on pemmican with an editorial eye, gave the recipe for it, and added that a liking for it was an acquired taste. Let us give the precise definition found in the New English Dictionary: A preparation made by certain North American Indians consisting of lean meat, dried, pounded and mixed with melted fat, so as to form a paste and pressed into cakes; hence, beef similarly treated, and usually flavored with currants or the like, for the use of Arctic explorers, travellers and soldiers, as containing much nutriment in little bulk, and keeping for a long time. To quote the line of Marlowe: "Infinite riches in a little room." Hence there may be intellectual pemmican, and hence the phrases "the modern man prepares his history pemmicanized" and "the era of the pemmicanization of life." Pemmican is a truly American dish and should be encouraged. It can be dried on the roof of the apartment house, and father can pound it on Sunday.

We spoke last Sunday of the Pall Mall Gazette's funny column. Mr. C. E. Jerningham's "Maxims of Marmaduke" gives a more cheerful view of English wit and humor. Here are two or three samples:

"Almost every Englishman imagines he is moral because he objects to immorality—in others."

"He who is drunk in a first-class carriage has had a fit; he who has had a fit in a third-class carriage is drunk."

"Man—a biped with prejudices—which he calls principles."

Here is a quotation from "Woman as a Work of Art":

"Since her return from the restorers at Homburg Mrs. B.—has, as we expected she would, greatly improved. We are now able to detect the delicate coloring and the elaborate workmanship which were before obscured by unnecessary varnish. In Mrs. B.—the nation has secured an important example of the New York school. She possesses considerable freedom of style, but her middle distance is a trifle pompous."

### THIRD SUNDAY CONCERT.

Nearly Half of Program Repeated to Large Opera House Audience.

The third in the series of Sunday concerts took place last evening at the Boston Opera House. The orchestra, Walter Goodrich, conductor, and soloists, from the opera company gave the following program. Weber overture to "Oberon." Cavatina from "Romeo and Juliet" (Mr. Idzkowski). "All Fors" a duet from "Traviata" (Miss Nielsen). Voluntary, Serenade, "The Evening Star," from "Tannhauser" (Mr. Baklanoff). Bzeli, Adagio and Minuet from "L'Arlesienne" (Mr. Idzkowski). Strauss, Serenade, "Alles Verg's" Tosti. "Good-bye" (Miss Nielsen). Jppollott-Ivanoff. Cavatina scene two Russian folk songs with piano (Mr. Baklanoff); sextet from "Lola" (Mmes. Nielsen and Rogers). Idzkowski, Strocen, Pico. Pico, Cavatina to third act of "Lohengrin" (E. R. Simmons accompanied Miss Nielsen's solo; Mr. Luzzatti played the piano accompaniment).

The concert was much larger than at either of the two previous concerts in this series and there was more general criticism, so that over half the program was either repeated or lengthened by encore numbers. In spite of the fact the concert was not too long, for the program was well made, and showed that due allowance had been made for the demands of a friendly and intelligent audience.

Miss Nielsen made her first appearance at these concerts, and she was greeted with an enthusiasm that increased after she had sung. Her voice, with its distinctive quality of virginal freshness and charm, and her use of a voice in opera, are familiar here; and she is not so well known as a singer.

She showed that she appreciated the wide difference between the requirements of these two arts. She not only sang, she interpreted with intelligence, and she was effective without the aid of tricks and manners to which a stage training often tempts. She was brilliant without exaggeration and eloquent in mezza voce.

She often sang so softly that in a theatre of less good acoustic properties her tones would have been lost. Her interpretations had individual flavor; they were her own, and not traditional. It is a pleasure to add that as one of her encore pieces she sang "Swanee River," thereby not only giving manifest delight to the audience, but honoring a beautiful folksong that is too much neglected by American singers.

Distinguished foreigners have been more appreciative than those who may claim the song as native; Mmes. Calve and Mantelli have sung it here, and it has figured in instrumental programs of a high order.

Mr. Baklanoff has an exceptionally agreeable voice, but he was inclined to flat a little in Wagner's aria, which, nevertheless, he had to repeat. He sang the folksongs with unctuous tone, and added another song of similar character.

Mr. Idzkowski's voice was best in its full high tones; his performance would be more effective without certain mannerisms that riveted the eye of the hearer.

The sextet from "Lucia" was, as usual, repeated, and so were other numbers, notably the "Caucasian Scene," which was beautifully played. Mr. Goodrich was recalled as warmly as were the singers.

### "Such a Little Queen" Gets Its Opening Performance in Boston—Good Piece Given by Excellent Company.

TREMONT THEATRE—"Such a Little Queen," comedy in four acts, by Channing Pollock. First performance in Boston. Production by Henry B. Harris.

Mary ..... Jessie Ralph  
Baron Cosaca ..... George W. Barnum  
Anna Victoria ..... Elsie Ferguson  
Nathaniel Quigg ..... Louis R. Grisel  
Robert Trainor ..... Francis Byrne  
Adolph Lauman ..... Ralph Stuart  
Elizabeth Lauman ..... Eleanor Lawson  
Stephen IV., King of Bosnia ..... Frank Gillmore

Cora Fitzgerald ..... Gertrude Barrett  
Margaret Donnelly ..... Marion Little  
Harry Sherman ..... Stanley G. Wood  
A Messenger ..... William Cahane  
Count Maychec ..... Kraft Walton  
General Myrza ..... Arthur A. Klein  
Prince Niklas ..... A. W. N. Wendorf

Mr. Pollock's play is a blend of comedy, melodrama, sentiment that is at times mawkish, old-fashioned romance, American slang that is usually associated with farce comedy, and the blend is, on the whole, agreeable and entertaining. The first two acts are delightful throughout. In the third act the action drags, and the self-sacrifice of the Queen is an old trick, garishly melodramatic and unconvincing, but it serves this purpose: The unsophisticated wonder at the fall of the curtain how the pleasant ending will be contrived.

The short fourth act is merely a setting of things to rights. Trainor, the stangy lover, is the "deus ex machina," aided by the merchant Lauman, who, between the second act and the fourth, not appearing on the stage, has had time to undergo a surprising psychological change. General Myrza and the embassy from Herzegovina are easily converted by a good supper, plenty of wine, and the promise of personal honor and profit.

The exiled king is told by Trainor that the queen lied to him to save his crown and that she really loves him. The final fall of the curtain is on the embracing exiles recalled to their thrones, while Trainor looks forward to Honduras and a visit from Lauman's daughter, who has loved him all the time, and from Lauman, who looks on him with favoring eye as a son-in-law.

"Kings in Exile!" The novel of Daudet is known to all, and there was really no need of Mr. Pollock's references to Napoleon III., Louis Philippe, Theodore I. and other rulers, who, either before ascending the throne or afterwards, were obliged to live humbly and earn their living. That the king or queen of a petty country should be found living in a Harlem flat and working in a New York office is not incredible, nor is it possible only in fairy tales.

In the first two acts there is an excellent study of character. The change in the thoughts and in the behavior of the King is deftly shown, and the character of the Queen is developed with considerable skill. The other figures introduced are not lay figures; they have life, they reason after their own manner, they are men and women we meet. This study of character stops abruptly with the end of the second act.

No one in the audience is moved by the thought of the King sleeping on a bench in the open air, or by Cosaca, prime minister, hungry, or by the sight of the Queen selling her pet bird so that she may pay for her telegram which was not for her. And, as I have said, the melodramatic track at the end of this act is not

effective. Nor is this lack of effect due to any weakness on the part of Miss Ferguson or Mr. Gillmore. It is their skill that saves the scene from being preposterous and absurd.

The dialogue in the first two acts is natural, crisp, often amusing, always interesting, and it is designed not merely for rhetorical or comedy effect, but it adds in the development of the plot, and in the portrayal of character. In the acts that follow it sinks as the situations sink. It is then familiar and commonplace.

But with all its faults, the comedy is for the most part entertaining, and the audience is interested in human beings.

The company is practically the same as the one which was first seen at the Hackett Theatre, New York, Aug. 31, and seldom does a company come here that is so excellent throughout from heroine to messenger boy, from hero to the cook in the Harlem flat. Miss Ferguson is a delight to the eye and the ear, and she plays with a wealth of resources that are neither squandered lavishly nor doled out in dribbles, but held in control with fine intelligence. She does not rely on her personal attractiveness; her face, figure, carriage, voice, are all in her favor.

As the exiled Queen, she is dignified without the strut and superb gesture; but she is first of all the woman that would fain be loved. When an American woman, playing a foreign part, is obliged to speak English with a German accent, the experienced tremble for her; but Miss Ferguson's accent was true, inevitable and not assumed, nor was it ever laid aside as by one weary of a part or forgetting it; and this accent gave piquancy to her excellent and expressive diction. In scenes that were purely a comedian's and in scenes that were emotional, she displayed the finest qualities. Her impersonation was, indeed, admirable.

Nor can the supporting company be too highly praised. Mr. Gillmore, as the King, who was naturally amiable, indolent and selfish, and as the man who was awakened to a realization of higher things, was excellent. He looked a king and bore himself as such with grace and dignity. And so one might go through the company, from Mr. Barnum, as the irreconcilable Baron, to Miss Barrett and Miss Little, the girls in Lauman's office; from Miss Lawson, who gave character to a slightly sketched and rather thankless part, and from Mr. Stuart, effective and amusing as Lauman, and Mr. Byrne, natural and convincing as the manly, slangy adorer of the Queen, to Mr. Klein, whose make-up impressed even Lauman, and to Miss Ralph, whose behavior as the cook struck terror to all housekeepers in the audience.

The audience, a large one, was deeply interested in the play and in the performance. There were many curtain calls.

"Such a Little Queen" is well worth seeing.

BOSTON THEATRE—Klaw & Erlanger present Maelyn Arbuckle in "The Circus Man," dramatized by Eugene W. Presbrey from "Squire Phin," by Holman F. Day. The cast:

Fighting Hime Look ..... Maelyn Arbuckle  
"Squire" Phin Look ..... Edson R. Miles  
Judge Willard ..... Frank J. Currier  
Sylvana Willard ..... Lillian Thurgate  
Klebe Willard ..... C. W. Goodrich  
Widow Snead ..... Esther Lyle  
Liza Haskins ..... Alice Martin  
Cale Dunham ..... T. F. O'Malley  
Eather Dunham ..... Jennie W. Groves  
"Hard Times" Wharf ..... George Harcourt  
King Bradish ..... J. D. Walsh  
"Piggy Four" Avery ..... E. Y. Backus  
Ara Brickett ..... George A. Waller  
"Cap" Nymph Biddish ..... W. N. Reed  
Dow Babb ..... Frank Craven  
Uncle Buck ..... Jonathan Keefe  
Mayo ..... James Norman  
Jim Babb ..... Robert Tyler  
Bob ..... Robert Tyler

### MAJESTIC THEATRE

Maxine Elliott Reappears in "The Chaperon," by Marion Fairfax.

Miss Maxine Elliott reappeared in "The Chaperon," a comedy in three acts by Marion Fairfax, which she presented here last season. The cast of characters, in the order of their appearance, was as follows:

Mary ..... Miss Ada Gilman  
Betty Coombs ..... Miss Mary Keogh  
Mr. Richard Coombs ..... Arthur Whitby  
Alice Coombs ..... Miss Suzanne Perry  
Mrs. Coombs ..... Miss Muriel Godfrey Turner  
Kitty Keating ..... Miss Rene Kelley  
Countess Van Tuyle ..... Miss Maxine Elliott  
Footman ..... Thomas Barrett  
Mrs. Hemingway ..... Miss C. Saumarez  
Althia De Morelos ..... Miss Marion Plerce  
Tom Harkins ..... Theodore Morris  
Ed Miller ..... Edward Arnold  
Bert Partington ..... E. F. Meade  
Jim Ogden ..... Julian L'Estrange  
Count Van Tuyle ..... Thomas Holding  
A Native ..... J. G. Brammali

Hattie Williams, at the Hollis Street Theatre, in "Detective Sparkes," a comedy drama by Michael Morton, presented in Boston for the first time.

Lord Axminster ..... Frank Burbeck  
Fred Coleridge ..... Julian Royce  
Alec Forbes ..... Edwin Nleander  
Mr. Smathe ..... Percival Ayler  
Col. Morley ..... Frank Shannon  
Inspector Boroughs ..... Herbert Budd  
Gordon Westwood ..... F. Owen Jaxter  
Mr. Pales ..... Kenneth Hill  
Hilda, Lady Axminster ..... Anne Meredith  
Nellie Fenwick ..... Vera Stowe  
Mary Coleridge ..... Vida Croy Sidney  
Maid ..... Mary Manly  
Alec Forbes ..... Hattie Williams

COLONIAL THEATRE—Klaw & Erlanger present Max Rogers in the musical play, "The Young Turk." Book by Aaron Hoffman, music by Max Hoffman, lyrics by Harry Williams. The cast:

Howe Swift ..... Ben Hendricks  
Howe Swift, Jr. ..... Max Rogers  
Mrs. Knott ..... Charles Bowers  
Oxenham ..... Joseph Carey  
Tipliam ..... Walter Paschal  
A Sailor ..... H. Kleinman  
Izzett Ali ..... William Edmunds  
The Sultan ..... John Dunsmuir  
Ammi El Emmul ..... Walter Paschal  
Mustaffa Bey ..... Harry Cowar  
The Sultana ..... Herman Walters  
Tewfik ..... J. R. Lemery  
The Croupier ..... Charles Sinclair  
A Vendor of Systems ..... H. S. Whitney  
United States Consul ..... Maude Raymond  
Mrs. Alice Keene ..... Naun Jacques  
Alice ..... Nellie Poills  
Mirza ..... Nellie Poills

### CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE.

English Adaptation of Sudermann's "Honor" Played by Stock Company.

### CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—

"Honor," English adaptation by Cecil Magnus of Sudermann's "Die Ehre," in four acts, produced by John Craig stock company. The cast:

Frank Collins ..... John Craig  
Darby Collins ..... Donald Meek  
Mrs. Collins ..... Mabel Colcord  
Nellie Collins ..... Gertrude Binley  
Susan Anderson ..... Marie Loring  
Anderson ..... Al Roberts  
Mrs. Lafferty ..... Marcia Williams  
Lord Percy Featherstone ..... Theodore Eriabus  
Henry Wilkinson ..... George Hassell  
Elizabeth ..... Eleanor Brownell  
Lawrence Wilkinson ..... Wilfred Young  
Thomas Hamilton ..... Bert Young  
Arthur McIntyre ..... William Walsh  
William ..... Frank Bertrand  
Hindu servant ..... Frank Field  
Helen Wilkinson ..... Mary Young

### BOWDOIN SQUARE THEATRE.

"Held by the Enemy" Wins General Commendation of Patrons.

### BOWDOIN SQUARE THEATRE—

William Gillette's military play, in five acts, "Held by the Enemy."

Lieut. Gordon Hayne ..... Frederick Van Rensselaer  
Col. Chas. Prescott ..... Harold Clairmont  
Maj. Gen. H. B. Stamburg ..... Harry Brooks  
Uncle Rufus ..... James S. Barrett  
Brig. Surg. Fielding ..... Tommy Shearer  
Thomas Henry Bean ..... Hal Brown  
Asst. Surg. Hathaway ..... Samuel Brack  
Capt. Benton ..... George Mast  
Lieut. Col. McPherson ..... Ralph Campbell  
Capt. Woodford ..... Leo Joslin  
Corp. Springer ..... Harry Williamson  
Sergeant of the guard ..... Eddie Williams

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The Volunteer Organist," a four-act play by William B. Gray. The cast:

Hop Barrett ..... John Bryant  
Hubbard Griffin ..... Harry Yard  
Hanford Scott ..... Phil McCarthy  
Ebb Uiter ..... Charles Hasty  
Grace Barrett ..... Anna Frederick  
Howard Sturges ..... Albert Eastdale  
Lucretia Barrett ..... Florence Hogan  
Tom Sturges ..... Richard Cluxton  
Jennie Yokem ..... Lillian Cluxton  
Mrs. Yokem ..... Martin Malloy  
Sam Yokem ..... Henry J. Oehler  
Nathaniel Mansfield ..... Fred Laudemann  
Pierre Leveridge ..... Willie Golden  
Willie Nelson ..... Irving Gluck  
Johnnie Nelson ..... Bertha Harlin  
Mrs. Pearson ..... Bertha Harlin

### KEITH'S THEATRE.

Chevalier's Second Week—Benjamin Chapin in Playlet—Good Bill.

The second week of the famed English character actor, Albert Chevalier, which opened at Keith's yesterday, proved anew the strong hold this clever entertainer has upon the most refined and cultivated of American theatregoers. His art is so complete in its carefulness and so delicate in its refinement that his too short groups of selections take a rightful place among the very highest of histrionic presentations.

There is no detail lacking even in the least pretentious of his characters to mar the faithfulness of the portrait. Whether it be a singing or a speaking character which he aims to reproduce, he apparently never falls of the close copy of nature.

Mr. Chevalier began his "turn" with a showing of the "workhouse man," a type of humanity of which this country perhaps has no exact likeness. Literature, however, has presented to us a clear idea of what the inmate of an English workhouse is and one could see at a glance the closeness of the study and the fidelity of the production. There is pathos in the picture, but it is not the pathos that leads to depression. The old man and his old wife who have been together for "nigh forty years" and who are good pals are looking upon the bright side though the workhouse is where "you don't get very fat" is theirs. They can still be together "and there's a good deal in that."

Following this opening number was a burlesque French song which was given with all the lightness and easy grace Chevalier's most volatile mood. Next came an English bumpkin's love declaration. Then followed the familiar and never-worn-out "Our Little Nipper," or this artist's classic. The touch of this artist's classic, "My Old Dutch" and highly finished "My Old Dutch" and the closing selection.

There was variety enough to call play the best powers of the artist.



appreciation of the... by uproarious applause and... The enjoy-... is deeper and more lasting. One... away thinking, and the memory... artistic excellence of what has... seen and heard becomes perma-

return of Benjamin Chapin... short play, "At the White... is, next to Mr. Chevalier, the... prominent feature of the bill... remarkable impersonation of the... war President retains its unique... character. The little play, which is... work of Mr. Chapin himself, is in... danger of imitation, nor is it likely... any other actor will attempt to... him in the character. The... sent company lends itself unusu-... well to the needs of the occasion... was not an easy task that Mr... attempted in placing on the... some of the highest aspira-... of the martyred President and... nobility of character. With cer-... and not many reservations it... be admitted that his success is... of much praise. The remainder of the bill is at-... tively varied and of excellent... quality. There is a slap-dash sketch... ed "Nearly a Soldier," which rep-... ents a recruiting scene and in... a pair of comedians named... owing and Lavan have dialogue... singing, dancing and travesty... the lady of the team displays un-... al arobatic abilities. Will Rog-... a Simon pure cowboy beyond any... bt, gives some clever acts in lasso... wana. He throws two lassoes at... same time, encircling separately... horse and the rider. He also ties... plaited knots in lines by throw-... the into the air. Other acts are... the Van Dileman troupe, acrobats... gymnasts, "The Duchess," a new... edy sketch, and Lilli Shaw, singer.

AMERICAN MUSIC HALL.

Hypnotist Repeats Success — Kate Elinore Pleases—Other Numbers.

Pauline," the hypnotist, began a sec-... week's engagement at the American... sic Hall yesterday afternoon, intro-... ing many new demonstrations in... ce of those on last week's program... all these, the most wonderful and... vine g at least to the average ob-... er, was what Pauline called "the... ed test." As it was carried over... n last week, it is not necessary to... rcribe the act; it is enough to repeat... it controlled the circulation of... d and the rigidity of muscles in the... ect's arm, and that when the palm... ed suddenly at a word from the... otist a responsive thrill ran through... audience. Any of the turns were amusing, as... a three young men were persuaded... hypnotic suggestion that they were... loners and began to auction off an... able. No. 1 believed that the object... a horse No. 2, that it was a cow;... 3, that it was a grand piano; and... sudden shock with laughter as all... at once, and loudly, tried to effect... le. An interesting feature of the... nstration was the frequent com-... l of "Rigid"—when both the ges-... and the emotion of the subjects... arrested in order that the audience... t observe and compare their vary-... al expression. There were so many volunteers from... ndience that it was impossible to... ment upon them all; more than 30... d to the stage at the first invita-... of which not all proved to be good... s. There was a momentary ob-... n from certain members of the au-... to the removal of one of these... teers, but Pauline instantly re-... good feeling by courtesy and good... s. He was loudly applauded for all... s. Elinore, in a sketch called "The... of the Suffragettes," shared the... ne honors of the program. She... he true comic gift, and she pos-... that inestimable asset of both the... ville performer and the actor, per-... ty. Her methods are filed down a... nce the days, not long ago, when... as known as one of "the Elinore... " Her performance has now all... tter and velocity that it had then... has even a more marked flavor. day she was inexpressibly funny... s the suffragette in a hybrid uni-... of all nations, and as Salome. The... costume consisted of gauze drap-... pangled with small kitchen uten-... il the reproach of immodesty that... used controversy in certain im-... ations of Salome, was eliminated... a burlesque of Salome's dance... er dances. Three Richardsons gave specialtie... rings and exhibitions of physical... n and skill. They displayed a... of body and muscle that is ex-... al even on the vaudeville stage... ked expression of the admiration... audience again and again. Dave... and Ray Bailey were clever in... "flirtation dance"; Charles Dia-... nd Miss Beatrice gave harp and... ne solos and duets; the four

Broadway Boys were recalled several... times to sing additional rapid-fire quar-... tets, and two young men whose names... did not figure on the printed programs... appeared in clever dances in place of... acrobats who had been announced. The... Ameriscope closed the program.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Repeti-  
tion of Verdi's "Aida." Mr. Conti con-  
ducted. Cast.

Aida..... Celestina Boninsegna  
Amneris..... Rosa Olitzka  
A Priestess..... Bettina Freeman  
Radames..... Florencio Constantino  
The King..... Francisco Archambault  
Amonasro..... George Baklanoff  
Ramfis..... Jose Martones  
A Messenger..... Ernesto Giaccone

Though familiar to operagoers for a... generation and more, "Aida" seems to... lose none of its popularity and drawing... power. This was proved again last... night, despite the fact that the com-... pany, with two exceptions, had been... heard in it several times before, for the... opera house was crowded and the audi-... ence gave frequent expression to its... warm approval of the performance.

The occasion was marked by the... first appearance of Rosa Olitzka with... the Boston Opera Company, and was... made notable because Mr. Constantino... was heard for the first time as Ra-... dames.

The production went with pleasing... smoothness born of familiarity with... score and book, so that principals, cho-... rus and orchestra joined with zest in a... generally harmonious and sharply co-... herent performance. The orchestra... might moderate its vigor at times, how-... ever, with advantage and deliver its... heavy work with less crash and blare.

The sumptuousness and beauty of the... scenery again brought forth plaudits... from the audience. Too often "Aida"... is given with temple columns that look... as if they had been soaked by a Nile... inundation and with awnings and palms... that seem to have had centuries of win-... ters in the icy blasts of Siberia rather... than to have grown under the ever-... sunny and dry skies of Egypt. None... of this appears in the Boston Opera... House Memphian settings. The vastness... and grandeur of the temple and the... exquisite beauty of the night scene on... the banks of the river arouse merited... enthusiasm.

Perhaps the scenery is a bit too... new, if anything. The costumes seem... to have come right from the loom. The... breastplates shine as if just out of... the dog's hands and the little... of gods borne by the stately pro-...

cession have apparently leaped... straight from the factory to the stage.

The chief honors of last night's per-... formance naturally went to Mr. Con-... stantino. His resonant, clear and finely... modulated voice was in prime condition... and never lost its beauty of tone, how-... ever intense its strength and passion... became. He was a fine figure of a sol-... dier to look upon, while the dignity and... sincerity of his dramatic expression... lent distinction to a performance that... was otherwise of a high order.

Miss Boninsegna was received with... evident pleasure and won much ap-... plause. Mr. Baklanoff, too, did excep-... tionally fine work as the fierce Ethio-... pian king.

DANCES AT OPERA HOUSE.

Miss Isadora Duncan Is Seen Again  
In "Iphigenia In Aulis."

That portion of Bacchic Boston which... the Opera House will hold saw Miss Is-... adora Duncan dance Gluck's "Iphigenia... in Aulis" yesterday afternoon. So warm... was the approbation of the audience... that it compelled many encores and at... last a speech.

The program was as follows:

Overture..... Orchestra  
(With the close by Richard Wagner.)  
Reading of Greek chorus. Mr. Augustin Duncan  
a. Air Gal. A greeting to Iphigenia in  
b. Lenton f. Aulis.  
Clytemnestra sung by Miss Anna Roberts.  
Air Gal..... Orchestra  
a. Moderato } Maidens of Chalkis play at ball  
b. Allegro } and knuckle-bones by seashore.  
c. Allegretto } Maidens' dance. Imitation of  
d. Menuetto } dance of Caristides in temple.  
Andante. Iphigenia Passes.  
Iphigenia sung by Miss Viola Davenport.  
a. Air Gal } Maidens see Greek fleet and  
b. Passe Pied } dance for the joy of sight.  
PART II.  
a. Air. Bach..... Orchestra  
b. Gavotte, Bach..... Orchestra  
PART III.

Choeur des Pretresses.....  
Dances des Sythes..... Sung by complete female chorus  
Dance of the blessed spirits (from Orpheus)..... Orchestra

a. Musette.  
b. Sicilienne.  
c. Bacchanale.  
Hand ale

Scarcely a seat in boxes, pit or bal-... cony was vacant when the Opera House... orchestra, Arturo Luzzatti conductor, began... the overture. Augustin Duncan, in... very becoming Attic garb, read the... Greek chorus to an audience that listened... politely, but plainly wanted to see Miss Duncan as soon as might be.

She slipped unobtrusively through the... dun-colored hangings at the far corner... of the stage, a tiny figure in the vast... cleared space. The diaphanous raiment... of preachers' oburgation and press com-... ment was there in the shape of a kirtle... that did not reach the twinkling feet... and now concealed and now revealed the... bared legs. But no one minded a bit... for it was all part of the lithe grace and... refreshing abandon which have won... fame for Miss Duncan and her dancing. The dances of yesterday have been



ROSA OLITZKA, WHO PLAYED AMNERIS IN "AIDA."

seen here before. Twice this autumn... she has delighted audiences at Sym-... phony Hall and at the Opera House those... who saw Miss Duncan for the first time... were in the minority. That is why, perhaps, the handclapping at the close... was so hearty and continuous, for spec-... tators wanted some particular number... that had pleased them and was not on... the afternoon's program.

The dance with the female chorus... singing off stage failed to rouse much... enthusiasm, possibly because every... one liked Miss Duncan best in her... dances of delicate springtiness and the... purple-clad figure gliding about to the... strains of slow music was too funereal... to please. Under the charge of Chorus... Master Oreste Sbavaglia the music was... sung with sympathy.

Until toward the close of the perform-... ance applause was seldom more than... perfunctory, maybe because most per-... sons in the house feared to upset the... rather complicated program by hand-... clap in the wrong spot. But when the... Bacchante was done none stinted their... expressions of appreciation.

Again and again Miss Duncan was re-... called, sometimes only to bow, and... sometimes to yield and give another... dance.

In the house some stood ready to go... and some sat, hats and coats on, but... none ceased to applaud. Miss Duncan... advanced with a handful of Illies, passed... them to Mr. Luzzatti, did yet one more... dance, and when the audience would not... be still made a speech.

It was principally a word of thanks... to Director Russell for the opportunity... to dance at the Opera House with the... chorus and the orchestra. Miss Duncan... said a little of her ambition to revive... the Greek drama, promised more and... better dances for another year, said "Au... revoir," and was allowed to go at last.

HESS-SCHROEDER CONCERT.

Postponed Performance Takes Place  
A.P. —Mr. Ferir Is Still Ill.

The postponed concert of the Hess-... Schroeder quartet was given last even-... ing in Jordan Hall. Mr. Ferir was still... too ill to play and his place was taken... by A. Gietzen. The program was as... follows:

Ippolitoff-Iwanoff. A minor quartet;  
Brockway, suite for violoncello and piano-  
forte; Mozart, quintet for clarinet and  
string quartet.

The program was of the type that... permits the audience to go home re-... freshed, not exhausted by strained at-... tention. The quartet of Ippolitoff-  
Iwanoff is far easier to understand at... first hearing than much of the music... of the modern Russian composers. It... is simply constructed, both harmoni-  
cally and rhythmically. It demands... good ensemble work and clear tech-  
nique on the part of the individual... The coloring is not so vivid

as one might expect from a Russian, nor... is it so distinctly Slavic. The Lento... introduction to the first movement is... very beautiful and rich, and its re-  
currence in the last movement is... welcome and helps to give a feeling... of unity to the quartet. The Inter-  
mezzo is a violin solo, with accom-  
paniment of the strings, all four being... muted. It is a charming bit and was... well played by Mr. Hess, but on the... whole the composition does not im-  
press one as being strikingly melodic.

Mr. Brockway's suite is a musically... piece of work, the second and third... movements being the most interesting... and original. The ballad was played by... Mr. Schroeder with great beauty and... warmth of tone, the piano part being... merely an accompaniment. In fact, Mr... Brockway has subordinated the piano... to a surprising degree throughout the... suite. His playing was clear, accurate... and sympathetic.

The quintet of Mozart is one of the... most perfect and charming examples of... chamber music of the classic school. As... the composition was written for a clar-  
inet player whom Mozart befriended, the... clarinet was naturally given the promi-  
nent part. Mr. Grise's playing calls... forth nothing but admiration.

Although Mr. Ferir was missed from... his accustomed place, one can truth-  
fully say that the quartet never played... better than last evening. The ensem-  
ble was excellent, and tone and shading... were most artistic.

WILLIAM DEXTER SMITH.  
Famous Song Writer and Critic  
Dead at Brother's Home.

William Dexter Smith, better known... as Dexter Smith, writer of famous... songs, and for 50 years a prominent... figure in this city as a musical and dra-  
matic critic, is dead at the residence... of his brother, Frank Smith, at 519... Washington street, Brookline, at the... age of 71. He dropped dead on Dart-  
mouth street, Boston, in front of... Trinity court, on Sunday night. The... body was taken to the morgue and... identified by his brother yesterday... morning.

Born in Salem in 1838 and educated in... the common schools there, he came to... Boston at the age of 13, and when... about 20 entered upon his long career... as a writer of songs and verse. He... wrote librettos for several light operas... produced by Eugene Tompkins when he... was at the Boston Theatre.

Among the famous songs for which... he wrote the words are: "No Cross, No... Crown", "Ring the Bell Softly, There's... Crape on the Door," and "Put Me in My... Little Bed." He wrote the "Closing... Ode" at the breaking up of the old... Museum stock company, and opening... odes for many of the newer Boston... theatres.

He leaves a sister, Mrs. George Wil-  
son of Quincy, and two brothers, Frank... Smith of Brookline and Albert Smith of... Salem.



Violoncellist Appears Before Good-Sized Audience; Pleasing Program.

Bach: Suite VI, Bosthoven, Sonata No. 3;  
Beethoven: Concerto in D major; Schumann:  
Albumen; Saint-Saens, "Le Cygne"; Dav-  
idson: Am Springbrunnen; Boellmann, "Sym-  
phonie Variations."

"Am Springbrunnen" was remarkable for the clear, even spiccato bowing. One rarely hears a spiccato so free from fuzziness. The "Variations Symphoniques" were also satisfactorily played, with breadth and variety.

Mr. Alfred de Voto was an admirable accompanist and the audience was large and enthusiastic.

Gives First Concert of the Season  
in Jordan Hall.

Bach, cantata. "Thou Guide of Israel";  
Cladwick, "Christmas Pastoral."

The choral work was of good quality. The parts were well balanced, the intonation was good, and in general there was good attack and intelligent phrasing. The best singing of the chorus was in the unaccompanied numbers, in the carol and in the Latin chorus for women's voices. The chorus would be better for a few more high soprano voices, and one and all last evening were too much tied to their music.

While the individual singers in the solo quartet have good voices, the combination of them was not effective because of the great variety in quality. The orchestra was unsatisfactory. Since the players were for the most part members of the Symphony orchestra their rough work was doubtless due to insufficient rehearsing with the chorus and in not being held up to their best.

Bach's adata was dryly and duly given, but Chaheick's music event with heart and interest. It is a work full of variety, songs, contrapuntal and harmonic surprises, a carol, an alto solo, a folksong, and an orchestral interlude. The thematic material is interesting, often beautiful. To a number would have been sufficient for the evening's program without the cat-

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: First performance of Verdi's "La Traviata," in four acts, by the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell, director. Mr. Conti, conductor.

V. Letta Valery	Lydia Imkowska
Thora Bervox	Mildred Rogers
Ar. a.	Elvira Levern
Alfred Garmont	Paul Bourrilion
Gez. Garmont	Raymond Boulogne
Gez.	Fernesto Glacum
Bar. Desobigny	Attilio Polcin
Gez. Desobigny	George Lunata
Gez. Desobigny	Giuseppe Perl
	C. Strocce

Mme. Lipkowska took the part of Violetta for the first time in this city. The role is generally considered in these days the peculiar property of a coloratura singer, although once in a while a great dramatic singer, as Gemma Bellincioni, in spite of the fact that her voice is warm and rebellious, thrills an audience by the passion and the pathos of her performance.

It is the fashion in some quarters, especially in London, to sneer at "Travelers"; to insist that the "immorality" of the story—and there are some in New York who contribute at stated times to the "immorality" of fiction, by voting the same



complaint—they are shocked also at the thought of Manon Lescaut on the stage, but entranced at the sight of the rapturous embraces of brother and sister in "The Valkyrie"; to pooh-pooh the musle Verdi wrote for "La Traviata" and put it far below that of "Rigoletto" and "Il Trovatore"; yet managers persist in giving the opera, singers persist in appearing in it, audiences are apparently entertained, sometimes moved, and there is wild applause over the vocal fireworks of the prima donna.

But the best pages of "La Traviata" are not those designed to exhibit the agility and extreme upper tones of a soprano. The best pages are those of exquisite and haunting phrases and melodies—as the indescribably melancholy and recurring phrase of Violetta in the third act, as she watches Alfred at the gaming table; as the melodies in the last act that moved the emotions of Turgenev as well as those of Helen, whom he described as hearing them.

Mme. Lipkowska has taken the part of Violetta in St. Petersburg and at the Opera Comique, Paris, and she chose the part for her first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House. They that saw and heard her as Lakme looked forward to her Violetta with a reasonable anticipation of pleasure.

For the last 20 years we all have known distinguished singers in this part. Some of them had reached middle age, and perhaps for this reason the apathy of their dramatic performance was natural and to be expected. Some were fat, not scant of breath, but hardly corresponding in face and figure to the woman of Dumas the younger or to the unfortunate on whose story he based his romance and then his drama. The majority displayed in the first act the brilliance and the reckless gayety of the leading woman of a village "presiding" at the centre table of a church fair. I remember only one woman who had the calm, serene insolence of a reigning courtesan in this act, and she was Mme. Melba. She is not by any means an emotional actress, but her good sense, her observation, her face, which is like unto that of *La Belle Imperia* in Dore's illustrations, and her carriage and behavior gave similitude to the scene.

For a "grande amoureuse," whether she be by birth a noble dame of the sort portrayed lovingly by Brantome or in her childhood a gutter snipe, distinguished by her indifference, by her imperial insolence, Harriette Wilson might be cited, perhaps, as an exception. Sir Walter Scott described her as "far from beautiful, but a smart, saucy girl, with good eyes and dark hair and the manners of a wild schoolboy." This should be enough to prevent Harriette from being numbered with the queens of the demi-monde; but her memoirs which have lately been reprinted show conclusively that she was of a lower rank. Among the women that have played the part of Violetta here, Miss Nielsen should not be forgotten, for her performance had a peculiar charm by the sincerity of its pathos.

It was expected that Mme. Lipkowsky as Violetta, would be a dainty, seductive and then pathetic figure rather than one brilliant and at the last tragically despair and agony. It was expected, also, that she would sing the florid music with pleasing facility and abandon, if not always with faultless mechanism, and that she would sing the tender melodies sympathetically. It is doubtful whether the harrowing performance of Matilda Heron as Camille would be praised today. That of Clara Morris would no doubt be considered too realistic. It is too much to expect of an opera singer to be realistic as Violetta in all the episodes of her stage life. It is enough that she should effectively and dies without unduly



It is now the practice in Paris and in other cities to provide the costumes of 1850 and not to go back to the 18th century. Probably the latter costumes were furnished last night, because it was thought that they would add brilliance to the stage setting. The question of the propriety of these costumes is one for academic discussion.

The large audience was deeply impressed by the manner in which the opera was produced and by other excellent features of the performance. Applause often rewarded the singers after arias and concerted pieces, and there were calls before the curtain.

At tonight's performance of "Rigoletto," Lydla Lipkowska will be seen in the role of Gilda, Florencio Constantino as the Duke, George Baklanoff as Rigoletto and Giusto Nivette in the part of Sparafucile.

**Society, Under Leadership of  
Wallace Goodrich, Gives Con-  
cert in Honor of Its Former  
Conductor, B. J. Lang.**

The Cecilia Society, Wallace Goodrich conductor, gave its first concert of the season last night in Symphony Hall. The program included Mozart's Requiem Mass for solo singers, chorus and orchestra, and the Grail scene from "Parsifal." The solo singers were Mrs. Edith Chapman Gould, soprano; Miss Katherine Ricker, contralto; Bertrick von Norden, tenor; Leverett B. Merrill, bass. An orchestra of 65 players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra assisted. Albert W. Snow was organist.

It was eminently meet and proper for the Cecilia to give its first concert this season in memory of its former conductor, B. J. Lang. He founded the society and from the beginning to the end, although his life was a crowded one, although his musical interests were many, the Cecilia was as the apple of his eye, nor did this interest abate one moment after his resignation of the office of conductor. At the Cecilia concerts he brought out many important works, compositions of all schools, for his taste was catholic and he was well acquainted with the latest news in the musical world. He wished not only that the Cecilia should be recognized as an admirable choir of singers; he also wished that it should be on a firm basis pecuniarily, and his labors in this direction were indefatigable. He was happy conducting the Apollo Club; he enjoyed his seasons with the Handel and Haydn; but his heart and soul were in the Cecilia.

Musical Bostonians and those Bostonians who have civic pride also assisted in the memorial service last night by their attendance. The city owed much to Mr. Lang. He worked for musical righteousness when music was not fashionable. He knew not the word discouragement. His tact and shrewdness enabled him to enlist in his cause not only the sympathy but the substantial backing of those who were acquainted with his perseverance, industry and courage. Thus was he often enabled to bring about praiseworthy results when others might have failed.

Not without reason was the G  
scene from "Parsifal" a feature of  
program, for it was Mr. Lang that f



ade known to Boston by its excellence, which others would have thought impossible, the beauty of Wagner's last music drama. The Grail scene was an appropriate choice last evening, not only because it is one of the few portions of "Parsifal" that are effective in concert, but because usually it was significant to the occasion. In some the scene is more impressive in concert than with the stage setting and action.

Its solemnity and sonorous beauty were given full value last evening, especially by the chorus, of which the several choirs sang with fine balance of tone. The voices behind the scene in their last chorus were of exquisite tenderness.

It was in the Requiem, however, that the chorus as a whole outdid itself. It was not enough to say that the performance was one of complete unity, that the voices were fresh and clear, the response to signal instant—the chorus sang as though inspired with memories evoked by the occasion, and gave to the music, as in the Lacrimosa, a rare significance. It was all in all a performance of which both the past and the present conductor might well be proud.

The work of the solo singers was on par with the general excellence of the concert. There was a fair-sized and deeply impressed audience.

Dec 4, 1909

## FAUST' FIRST TIME AT OPERA HOUSE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: First performance of Gounod's "Faust" by the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell, director. Wallace Goodrich conducted.

Paul Bourrilion as Mephistopheles, Glusto Nivette as Valentin, Raymond Boulogne as Wagner, Bettina Freeman as Marguerite, Attilio Pulcini as Valentin, Jane Norla as Marguerite, Mildred Rogers as Valentin, and George Dunstan as Valentin. Mme. Norla made such a favorable impression recently as Santuzza that her Marguerite was the more disappointing. She took the part here two years ago this month at the Majestic theatre, and took it suddenly when Miss Nielsen was indisposed. She took the part last night for the first time at the Boston Opera House.

Her conception of the Marguerite of the second and third acts is radically wrong, nor was she brilliant or even interesting in her error. The moment she saw Faust she was a lovesick girl. He made goo-goo eyes at him while he was addressing her. She was ready to fall on his neck. "Who is this handsome stranger? I hope he will stay here this evening," she seemed to say. His wonder is that she did not then tell him that she was always at home when he was out. The wonder is that she did not trip him away from him as she did at turn and wave her handkerchief. He has all seen Marguerites that are slightly coquettish in this scene. Idiom, if ever, has any Marguerite shown so clearly that she knew her penance and was ready and anxious to be picked. There was no need of Mephistopheles or of any electrified over bed.

Nor in the garden scene did she give an audience an idea of Marguerite, dreamy, disturbed by thoughts which were her unmaidenly, with a great capacity for loving, but of such purity that she must himself respected her and would not have left her as she was. Her talking to and fro in the garden was not an effective departure from the traditional business at the spinning wheel, and the plucking of flowers discounted the effect of the "He loves me, loves me not, he loves me" regret to say that Mme. Norla's Marguerite, histrionically, had little charm or distinction in the scenes before Faust triumphed over her, and her song to a convining night with its watching of amused stars was not an outburst of virginal passion.

Her performance in the church scene, which last evening was acted inside the church, was much more effective, and in this scene she sang with more marked emotion and with an abandonment of self-consciousness. This scene, as in others that preceded, there were some lapses in intonation, but on the whole her performance vocal was superior to her action. As a singer she often showed skill and taste, and her tones, except in the extreme upper part of her voice, had fine and agreeable quality.

It may be said justly of the performance of the opera as a whole that it was almost dull. Miss Freeman sang Siebel's song in a pretty manner, although she was not always sure of her intonation; Mr. Bourrilion was a conscientious Faust except in his more long routine work as Mephistopheles. There was little true vitality in the action, although Mr. Boulogne was a sturdy Valentin, who sang probably as the soldier would have sung.

Nor was this the fault of Mr. Goodrich, who conducted an opera at this house for the first time. As a matter of fact, the most striking feature of the performance was Mr. Goodrich's conducting. He had firm control of the forces; but he gave an attention to the orchestra that made it seem as though it were composed of other players than those of former nights. There was greater precision, there was greater euphony.

Orchestral phrases were cared for as though they were for singers, and the orchestra sang. There was a discreet balance of choirs. The brass was not unduly forcible. The wood-wind was allowed to have its say. And throughout there was a respect for proportion. Perhaps in some instances there was a too scrupulous regard for detail, when there was greater need of a bold effect. The climax, for instance, at the end of the garden scene, did not fully express the amorous frenzy of the embracing lovers. But all in all, Mr. Goodrich deserved high praise, and his conducting put the orchestra in a new light.

The chorus did excellent work, and the ballet scene was graceful. The Soldiers' Chorus was given with such spirit and sonority that the audience insisted on a repetition. The stage settings were elaborate, although the architecture of the German village was incongruously Italian in the distance.

The opera this afternoon will be "La Traviata," with Mme. Lipkowska and Messrs. Lellva and Boulogne as the chief singers.

The operas this evening will be "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mmes. Kirmes, Roberts and Rogers and Messrs. Oggero and Fornari, and "Pagliacci," with Mrs. Schroeder and Messrs. Hansen, Picco, Pulcini and Balestrini.

## MME. LIPKOWSKA GRACEFUL GILDA

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Second performance of Verdi's "Rigoletto" by the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell, director. Mr. Conti conducted.

Lydia Lipkowska as Maddalena, Elvira Leveroni as Countess Ceprano, Virginia Pierce as Giovanna, Mildred Rogers as Paggio, Jeska Swartz as The Duke of Mantua, Florencio Constantino as Rigoletto, George Baklanoff as Sparafucile, Glusto Nivette as Count Monterone, Giuseppe Perini as Marullo, Attilio Pulcini as Count Ceprano, George Dunstan as Borsa, Ernesto Giaccone as Rigoletto.

At the first performance of this opera in the Boston Opera House Mme. Alda took the part of Gilda. Last night Mme. Lipkowska impersonated the Jester's daughter for the first time in this city. The cast was otherwise the same.

Gilda, as Violetta, has of late years been merely a creature of coloratura, and interest in her began and ended with her performance of the florid air "Caro nome" and with the character of her final trill. She has one opportunity for emotional acting, in the third act, for in the fourth act her facial play is lost on account of the necessary darkening of the stage. And what have we been accustomed to see in this third act? A woman in a state of slight distress, but not swept away by shame and agony from the welcome sight of the conductor's baton; a woman, sometimes young, as artless and pleasing as Florence Easton, when she was called on suddenly to take the part in one of the performances given by Mr. Savage, but generally well-ripened, and so plump that her abduction was a serious task.

The first Gilda was Teresa Brambilla, one of five sisters who all sang on the stage. Teresa had been singing in opera for 20 years when she created the part of Gilda in 1851. Seven years before she had been described as young, with a golden voice, an uncommonly musical nature, and as an actress moving by her ability to portray all emotions without affectation, without extravagance. The Italian panegyrist added that her trill was of dazzling brilliance; that her singing of a melody went to the heart of the hearer; that her eyes were black and wonderfully expressive. According to the testimony of others, she was much more than an accomplished singer, who happened to be able to sing acceptably. The first Gilda did not rely wholly on her coloratura. She was a passionate Italian, well trained both in vocal and dramatic art.

Distinguished singers have taken the part of Gilda in Boston—Frezolini, Clara Louise Kellogg, Gerster, Melba, Nordica, Tetrazzini and others; extraordinary women as Ambre; but during the last 20 years we have seen no great lyric tragedian in the part. The Gilda we are accustomed to is a vague figure, comparatively insignificant when the duke or the jester is on the stage. She is not so sharply defined musically as Maddalena or Sparafucile, and the latter is one of the most striking figures in all opera. When Gilda appears, the first thought of the audience is, "How will she sing 'Caro Nome'?" When she has sung it and the final trill as she goes into her bedroom is heard, the audience is indifferent to her fate. It remembers only that she must take part in the im-

mortal quartet. The third act is Rigoletto's. There are a few minutes for her in the second for vocal triumph or failure. If there is little applause for her after the eagerly anticipated air, she feels a keener shame than that provided for her by the librettist in the act that follows, and Sparafucile can slay her none too soon.

Mme. Lipkowska is a young and pretty maiden, a sympathetic figure, who, as an actress, moved gracefully in conventional grooves. The natural quality of her voice charmed, as in the other operas in which she has appeared, and, as before, there were times when her singing gave much pleasure. The ease and accuracy with which she took the interpolated high note at the end of "Caro nome" awakened enthusiasm. Unfortunately, her intonation throughout the evening was too often faulty, and phrase after phrase was marred by her tones falling below the pitch. Mme. Lipkowska has indisputable gifts. It is to be hoped that her tendency toward false intonation will not become an established habit.

Mr. Constantino often sang delightfully, and showed himself an artist of high rank, but his performance on the whole was not so brilliant as it was on the first night of this opera. Nor was Mr. Baklanoff's Rigoletto so carefully com-

posed as at the first performance. He at times forced his tones and forgot that the jester has pages of sustained song as well as passages of declamation, and his acting suffered from lack of restraint. He was more effective in the first and second acts than in those that followed. Mr. Baklanoff is young and the part of Rigoletto demands an experienced tragedian. No doubt time and opportunity will ripen his impersonation, make it more sombre, more terrible, and less futilely extravagant. And why should Rigoletto, though a jester, wear a hideous wig? Mr. Nivette was again an admirable Sparafucile.

The chorus did its work, which is of little importance in this opera, exceedingly well, and the orchestra was more discreetly conducted than at the first performance. The music for the band on the stage in the first act was played by the orchestra. Again the stage settings and the storm scene excited admiration. Never has opera been so sumptuously produced in this city; never has it been produced with such attention to striking effects and minute details. When the prices of admission charged for these performances are taken into consideration the sumptuousness of the productions is all the more remarkable. The audience was not so large as it should have been, but its appreciation and enjoyment were evident. The chief singers were applauded heartily, and there were curtain calls.

The opera this evening will be "Faust," and it will be sung in French. The performance will be the first of this opera at the Boston Opera House. The chief singers will be Mmes. Norla, Freeman, Rogers and Messrs. Bourrilion, Nivette, Boulogne and Pulcini. Mr. Goodrich will conduct. The performance will begin at 7:45 o'clock.

Dec 4, 1909

First evening

B.S.O. Public

rehearsal

rehearsal

## REPEATS D'INDY'S NOBLE SYMPHONY

The eighth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Schumann-Heink and Mr. Georges Longy were the soloists. The program was as follows:

Symphony in B flat major, No. 3, D'Indy; Recitative and aria of Vitellia, Mozart; Concerto for oboe and strings, Handel; Stanzas of Sappho, Gounod; March of Homage, Wagner.

D'Indy's symphony was repeated "by request," and I understand that the request was made by many. That there was a desire on the part of many to hear the symphony again this season and soon after the performance on the 6th of last month is a cheering sign. It looks as though this noble work, one of the few wholly great symphonies in the literature of music, were at last appreciated in the city where five years ago it was received by the great majority with indifference and by some with an amusing show of what might be called personal resentment.

The Herald spoke at length concerning the symphony so short a time ago that it is not now necessary to give a detailed description of the music of the performance. Yet a word may be allowed with reference to the charge brought by some against it as lacking "melody." Vernon Blackburn once said that a tune was an over-ripe melody.

There are no tones in the symphony, which is full of melodic beauty. The same charge was in turn brought against Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin and Wagner.

They that swoon in ecstasy, hearing the sugary and obvious tunes in Goldmark's "Lustle Wedding," will not find melodies in D'Indy's symphony, and it would be foolish to ask from them any appreciation of the superb architecture and the equally superb workmanship, or to expect them to recognize the purity and the sublimity of the musical thought or the power and beauty of the emotional expression. Yet repeated hearings will open ears and quicken minds. This symphony is the great achievement in absolute music of the ultra-modern French school, and in Germany to find a symphony that may be placed justly by its side, we must go back to the Beethoven of the fifth and the ninth. The symphony of Cesar Franck is on a little lower plane, to be classed with the first and third of Brahms, Schumann's in D minor, and Schubert's in C major.

The performance was an engrossing one, often impressive, often brilliant. The choral in the apotheosis would have been more magnificently triumphant if it had been taken at a little slower pace. The effect of this section, as Mr. d'Indy conducted it when he visited Boston, was overwhelming. The choral was then, as it were, a new song before the throne, the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder. And they that know Vincent d'Indy, his manner of thought, his serene faith in his church, and in the two chief themes warring in this symphony.

Mme. Schumann-Heink sang in Italian the recitative and aria of Vitellia from Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito." The opera was written to order, and hurriedly, when Mozart was a sick man. It was a return to the old-fashioned Italian opera, and the parts of Sextus and Annulus, the lovers, were written for women and acted by them. And yet this opera came after "Don Giovanni," and only a few days before the performance of "The Magic Flute." Mozart was never a revolutionary. It was to his glory that he perfected the old form of opera and carried it as far as it could go, as in "Don Giovanni." The air sung by Mme. Schumann-Heink is an excellent example of the old-fashioned "grand air," and it is interesting today chiefly as the opportunity for a display of pure vocal art. The aria demands a singer of a generous compass, with tones broad and full enough for stately declamation and flexible enough for mastery of coloratura, and also with a knowledge of the essential elements of what is loosely described as the "grand style."

Mme. Schumann-Heink's performance was admirable in every way, in natural richness of tones, in varied and intelligent declamation, in beauty of sustained song and in the ease and effectiveness with which she treated florid measures and those of less brilliant ornamentation. The recitative and aria as she sang them were as a cantata in which various emotions were eloquently expressed. Nor did this justly celebrated opera singer overstep the boundary line that separates an operatic from a concert performance.

The same might be said of her singing of the stanzas from Gounod's "Sappho," which are too often sung in a swollen and bombastic vein in the effort to express "passion"; but these stanzas are not charged with passion, and Mme. Schumann-Heink, realizing this, voiced Sappho's sadness and the regret that was neither wild nor explosive, but sombre, hopeless. "O Death in Life, the days that are no more." Then after this lament, there was the plunge to eternal sleep beneath the waves. In Mme. Schumann-Heink's singing of Gounod's music there was haunting tonal charm, subdued intensity, artistic simplicity, the steadily increasing force of expression that leads inevitably to the climax—qualities that make a performance memorable. She was applauded warmly and recalled several times.

Mr. Longy, the distinguished first oboe of the orchestra, the musician who, as oboist, has enlarged the fame of this orchestra and as conductor has introduced many orchestral and chamber works in Boston, was welcomed heartily and also warmly applauded. It was his first appearance as a soloist at these concerts, nor has an oboe set solo been played at them, I believe, since Mr. Santet played Handel's Concerto early in 1888. There was a time when concertos and other pieces for clarinet, bassoon, flute, oboe, or trombone, were heard in concerts that were then of the highest class; but that time has gone by, and audiences in Paris are impatient even of concertos for piano or violin in a symphony concert. Yet it seems as though distinguished virtuosos in the wind choir of an orchestra should have a right to be heard as soloists.

The late Charles Mole played a symphonic poem for flute at a Symphony concert in the fall of 1894, and the dignity of the concert was not impaired. Mr. Longy's art has long been recognized in Boston, as it was in Paris. It is enough to say that he played the Concerto of Handel, with its old-fashioned melodic figures, its formal decorative passages, its exquisite tenderness in the sarabande, as he alone can play; and he showed the simplicity, the modesty of the true artist.

The orchestra will make its second trip next week. The program of the



concerts the 17th and 18th will be as follows: Brahms, "Tragic" overture; Rachmaninoff, "The Island of the Dead" (symphonic poem after Rimsky-Korsakov's picture), conducted by the composer; Rachmaninoff's piano concerto No. 2, C minor played by the composer; Wagner, prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

Dec 5 1909

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE — "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci," with the following cast:

"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA."  
Santuzza..... Elena Kirmes  
Lola..... Anna Roberts  
Mamma Lucia..... Mildred Rogers  
Turiddu..... Lorenzo Oggero  
Aldo..... Rodolfo Fornari

"I PAGLIACCI"  
Nedda..... Elfrida Schroeder  
Canio..... Christian Hansen  
Tonio..... Giuseppe Picco  
Sylva..... Attilio Pulcini  
Beppe..... Guglielmo Balestrini  
First Peasant..... C. Strocchio  
Second Peasant..... George Dunstan

The occasion was notable for the appearance of Miss Elena Kirmes as Santuzza and of Miss Elfrida Schroeder as Nedda. Miss Kirmes, like Miss Geraldine Farrar, used to live in Melrose. She has studied in Boston and in Naples and has sung for several seasons in Italian opera houses. Miss Schroeder is the daughter of the celebrated violoncellist, Alwin Schroeder, and last night she made her first appearance.

Miss Kirmes made Santuzza look like the Italian peasant girl that she was. A more realistic make-up could not have been achieved. The singer displayed a dramatic soprano voice of fine carrying power and good quality. Her acting, if not wholly illuminating, was conventionally correct. Miss Kirmes promises to be useful.

As Lola, Miss Anna Roberts sang agreeably and with discretion. The Turiddu of Lorenzo Oggero, though by no means brilliant and though lacking in spirit, had moments of sincere feeling. Mildred Rogers was too big for

"Mamma Lucia." This part, small but important, ought to be interpreted by a woman who can make it seem helpless and appealing.

In "Pagliacci" Miss Schroeder looked very beautiful and acted with obvious temperament and dramatic fervor. Her voice was of lovely quality, but too weak for the opera house. There were many moments when the orchestra drowned it altogether. She needs more study. Mr. Hansen made a strapping and vocally capable Canio. The best work, however, was done by Giuseppe Picco, as Tonio. He sang and acted with authority and ease.

In both operas the chorus did notably fine work.

## "LA TRAVIATA" REPEATED.

Mme. Bronskaja in Role of Violetta at Opera House Matinee.

Boston Opera House, Second performance of Verdi's "La Traviata" by the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell, director. Mr. Conti conducted.

Mme. Eugenia Bronskaja sang the part of Violetta Valery and Mr. Enzo Lelva the part of Alfred Germont. The cast was otherwise the same as before.

Mme. Bronskaja was a Violetta who neither by voice nor action inspired great sympathy until the last act. Her voice is clear and telling, but lacks warmth, nor does her appearance give one the least suggestion of a consumptive girl. Mme. Bronskaja sings in tune, and with the exception of the trill her coloratura work yesterday was excellent. The last act was by far the best, both as to vocal quality and the tragic expression in her acting. This was moving, as convincingly sad as the first act had not been convincingly gay. The broken sentences, half-spoken, half-sung, were finely given.

Mr. Lelva was a good Alfred, and he also rose to his greatest height in the last act. It is a pity his method of voice emission is so jerky and his tone so flat in quality, for the voice in itself is high and true in pitch, and he acts with spirit and understanding.

The chorus did especially well in the finale of the third act, where the climax was excellent.

There was a large audience and there were many curtain calls.

## MISS MERO PLAYS AGAIN.

Yoranda Mero is Applauded in Jordan Hall at Second Recital.

Yoranda Mero gave her second recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was an audience of 1,000. She did not follow strictly the printed program. Among the pieces at the first play were Dohnanyi's Variations, four pieces by Chopin, Heymann's "Einfusspiel," a prelude by Bortkiewicz, Liszt's arrangement of ballet music from Schubert's "Rosamunde," and Liszt's transcription of the "Liebes-od" from "Tristan and Isolde." The second program announced Chopin's

"Baracolle," which she forgot to play, and she was thereby much disturbed. Moszkowsky's "Etincelles" and Liszt's Rhapsody No. 12.

Dohnanyi's theme with variations was the most important piece of the program if solidity and length give importance to music, and in her performance of the variations Miss Mero showed a fluent and polished mechanism, musical intelligence and a certain personal quality that did not appear so clearly at her first recital. When Dohnanyi was here in November, 1900, he played these variations and forced tone till the wires shrieked in protest; for Dohnanyi at that time was not a colorist; he cared not for nuances or mezzo-tints; nor was there artistic sobriety or self-control.

Miss Mero put these variations in a more agreeable light, and she was especially successful in those that had a Hungarian flavor. The nocturne of Chopin—which the program said was in "D sharp major"—had little sentiment as played by her, but the waltz had the appropriate grace and elegance. The prelude, by Bortkiewicz—is he the pianist who was living last year in Berlin?—is an agreeable composition after the manner of Chopin. Heymann's "Einfusspiel" was played brilliantly, and it would seem that it is in pieces of this nature that Miss Mero excels.

## SENTIMENT TRAIT OF DEXTER SMITH

Dexter Smith was known as the writer of the verses "Ring the Bell Softly," "No Cross, No Crown," "Put Me in My Little Bed," to thousands who never saw him. No doubt if he had written his obituary notices, he would have put a higher value on his more ambitious poems; for he contributed freely to the newspapers and there was a time when the Boston Journal published sonnets and occasional verses by him. No doubt he smiled at the popularity of his humble lines to which music was set, for he was a man of much reading, and with a cultivated taste for the drama, music, literature; furthermore he had a sense of humor. He had travelled much; he had seen and known cities and men. Of late years he liked to browse in book shops and talk with old acquaintances about the days, the actors, the singers that were gone.

He was a sentimentalist in spite of his humor, and his sentiment was of a nature easily understood by the plain people, to use Abraham Lincoln's phrase. The familiar sight of crape on the door, and the wish of the child to be put in his bed, appealed to him as it did to thousands of home people, and he expressed the sentiments in homely language. The music set to these verses suited them. It has been said that the Americans are the most sentimental people in the world. It matters not whether they live in the city or in a hillside cottage. Sometimes this sentimentality gets into politics, it becomes hysteria, and even great or foolish things are done.

The peculiar sentimentalism that made the popularity of Dexter Smith's best known poems, possible is best illustrated by a passage in the works of Artemus Ward. In "Affairs Round the Village Green" he tells stories about the friends of his grandfather, who used

to shine as a declaimer on exhibition days, because "identified with the holidays, because 'identified with the holidays, but and cod interest—drives a fish cart, in fact'; Hubertson, the lunthead, turned out to be an able lawyer; 'Singlerson, the sweet-voiced boy, whose face was always washed, and who was real good, and who was never rude—he is in the penitentiary for putting his uncle's autograph to a financial document'; Williamson, another 'good little boy, who divided his bread and butter with the beggar man, is a failing merchant, and makes money by it'."

And now comes the sentimentalism: "But Chalmerson hasn't done much. No, Chalmerson is rather of a failure. He plays on the guitar and sings love songs. Not that he is a bad man. A kinder-hearted creature never lived, and they say he hasn't yet got over crying for his curly-haired sister who died ever so long ago. But he knows nothing about business, politics, the world and those things. He is dull at trade—indeed, it is a common remark that 'everybody cheats Chalmerson.' He came to the party the other evening and brought his guitar. They wouldn't have him for a tenor in the opera, certainly, for he is shaky in his upper notes; but if his simple melodies didn't gush straight from the heart, why were my trained eyes wet? And, although some of the girls giggled, and some of the men seemed to pity him, I could not help fancying that poor Chalmerson was nearer heaven than any of us all!"

Chalmerson and his like delighted in singing "Ring the Bell Softly." Chalmerson is still singing it, and "Twas the Flower from My Angel Mother's Grave," and

"There's one little wish I have, love: See that my grave's kept green."

The Herald has received a copy of "Heart Songs: Dear to the American People and by Them Contributed in the Search for Treasured Songs Initiated by the National Magazine." The book is published by the Chapple Publishing Company, Ltd., of Boston.

There is a preface, or "foreword," as the publishers please to call it. It seems that this book "will be to American musical literature what 'Heart Throbs' is to prose and verse"; that the book is "compiled directly by 20,000 people, who not only sent in their favorite songs, but in accompanying letters told how these songs had been interwoven with the story of their own lives." The book includes old singing-school favorites, war songs, college ditties, sea songs, lullabies, dancing tunes, darky melodies, love songs, hymns—"the universal selection seemed to turn to 'mother's favorite'."

The juxtaposition of the songs is at times interesting. Thus on page 30, "Nut Brown Maiden" (for male voices), the appeal to the maiden who has a ruby lip to kiss, a slender waist to clasp, and other attractions, is followed immediately by

How gentle God's commands!  
How kind his precepts are!

And on page 110, "Joop de Dooden Do" faces "Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty."

The publishers have put in one volume songs about which long articles might be written, songs that might admit long annotations and digressions. The songs of the civil war show the sentimentalism to which I have referred, but I miss the song about the brother fainting at the door. The song to the evening star from "Tannhauser" is followed by "Sweet Genevieve." Stephen Adams is not forgotten, neither is "O Mein Lieber Augustin"; neither is "O Ye Tears." Alexander Gulimant once said that "Rule Britannia" expressed the surly doggedness, the pluck, the arrogance of the British empire. It is a pleasure to find the old tune, "The British Grenadiers," which is also drunk with insular inso-

lence. Here is S. C. Foster's "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," and at once there is the thought of Artemus Ward: "The other night some silver-voiced young man came under my window and sang 'Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming.' I didn't go. I didn't think it would be correct."

There is "Captain Jinks," but where are its companions—"The Bell Goes a Ringing for Sarah," "Champagne Charley," "Tommy Dodd," "Up in a Balloon," "Come and Join the Army of the Rollicking Rams"? Mrs. Osgood again invites "dearest" to call her pet names—a bird, a star, a flower. Handel and Verdi are represented. In "Larboard Watch" the wearied sailor, spent with toil, again drinks with joy the cheering grog. Query: Was the drink really named after Admiral Vernon, who wore a program cloak? "Updee" and "Jerusalem the Golden" are side by side; and "Beautiful Dreamer" is opposite "Our Baby." Mrs. J. W. Bliss asks "Where Is Now the Merry Party?" Hans Breitmann asked the same question, and answered it famously:

All gone! Afay mit de lager beer—  
Afay in de ewigkeit!

What could be more appropriate than this? "Christians, Awake" is followed by "Hush, My Babe."

Ah the memories of song books at district school

Wild ro'ed an Indian girl,  
Bright Alfarata,  
Where sweep the waters  
Of the blue Jungla.

We also used to sing "Over the Summer Sea" to the Duke's tune in the fourth act of "Rigoletto," and Ossian's Serenade, in which we chased the antelope over "the plain and the tiger's cub we bound with a chain, and the wild gazelle with its silvery feet we gave her"—and there was a decided and particular her on the other side of the room—"for a playmate sweet."

"Goodbye, Sweetheart, Goodbye," brings with it the thought of Brignoli. "Oh! Susanna" is here, but "where's 'The Hamfat Man' and 'Hasn't She Got the Nerve'? The presence of "Sally Come Up" consoles us. The child again keeps tabs on the clock striking in the steeple and begs father to come home.

"The Independent Farmer" is to New Englanders of today not without irony loved by the Greeks.

He loves his country and his friends,  
His honest's his armor,  
He's nature's nobleman in life,  
The Independent farmer

This song is appropriately opposite "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Further on is "The Sword of Hunker Bill."

E. A. Hosmer demands a summer cottage. "O Give Me a Home by the Sea." There are still a few choice building sites on Cape Cod, but the price is ridiculously high and lumber is brought from a great distance. Here is "Kathleen MacAvourneen" by the father of Cora Pearl, who at the zenith of her fame had diamonds for hoot buttons. It is to be regretted that prudery altered the last line of "Sally in Our Alley."

Years ago our maiden aunt sang with great expression "Love not, ye hapless sons of clay," words by the Hon. Mrs. Caroline Norton. It was in the front room. Sea shells were on the mantelpiece. On a spider-legged stand in a corner stood a wonderful set of carved ivory chessmen brought from the East by her brother the hairy sea captain and the pieces, elephants and warriors, and rulers retained the perfume of the East. "The Token," "The Keepsake," Mrs. Hosmer's poems and "The Women of the Bible" were on the centre table. We see the singer and hear the song. It was whispered that she had been betrothed to a young man who had been accidentally shot in a cow pasture. Her voice was weak but pleasant, and at she sang in an artless man-



Elena Kirmes.

Elfrida Schroeder.



Hensel, Rogers, Stewart and Siebus, Miss Edith Swift, contralto, will sing songs by Beethoven, Schumann and Gortz.

### REPERTORY OF FIFTH WEEK.

The repertory of the fifth week at the Boston Opera House, beginning Monday, the 6th, will be as follows:

MONDAY, DEC. 6, 8 P. M.

Verdi's "La Traviata." Violetta Valéry..... Lydia Lipkowsky  
Flora Borsini..... Mildred Rogers  
Anna..... Lydia Lipkowsky  
Alfred Germont..... Ernesto Giacomini  
Giorgio Germont..... Raymond Boulogne  
Castone..... Ernesto Giacomini  
Baron Douphol..... Attilio Pulcinella  
Marquis d'Obigny..... George Dunstan  
Dr. Grenvil..... Giuseppe Perlini  
Joseph..... C. Stancico  
Grand corps de ballet.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 8, 8 P. M.

Puccini's "Madame Butterfly." Butterfly..... Alice Nielsen  
Suzuki..... Bettina Freeman  
Kate Pinkerton..... Joska Swartz  
P. B. Pinkerton..... Lydia Lipkowsky  
Sharpless..... Rodolfo Fornari  
Horo..... Ernesto Giacomini  
Principe Yamadori..... Attilio Pulcinella  
Lo Zio Bonzo..... Francis Archambault  
Akuside..... John Mogan  
L'Ufficiale Imperiale..... Giuseppe Perlini  
L'Ufficiale del Registro..... George Dunstan  
La Madre di Cio-Cio-San..... Mildred Rogers  
La Zia..... Elvira Leveroni  
La Cugina..... Virginia Pierce

THURSDAY, DEC. 9, 7:30 P. M.

Donizetti's "Don Pasquale." Don Pasquale..... Alice Nielsen  
Ernesto..... Paul Bourillon  
Don Pasquale..... Antonio Pini-Corsi  
Dottor Malatesta..... Rodolfo Fornari  
U Notario..... John Mogan  
Followed by Lole Fuller and her Muses in the "Ballet of Lights."

FRIDAY, DEC. 10, 8 P. M.

Verdi's "Rigoletto." Rigoletto..... Lydia Lipkowsky  
Laddalena..... Elvira Leveroni  
Countess Ceprano..... Virginia Pierce  
Giovanna..... Mildred Rogers  
Page..... Joska Swartz  
The Duke of Mantua..... Ernesto Giacomini  
Rigoletto..... George Baklanoff  
Parafuile..... Giuseppe Perlini  
Count Monterone..... Attilio Pulcinella  
Marullo..... George Dunstan  
Borsa..... Ernesto Giacomini  
Grand corps de ballet.

SATURDAY, DEC. 11, 2 P. M.

Puccini's "Madame Butterfly." Butterfly..... Alice Nielsen  
Suzuki..... Bettina Freeman  
Kate Pinkerton..... Joska Swartz  
P. B. Pinkerton..... Lydia Lipkowsky  
Sharpless..... Rodolfo Fornari  
Horo..... Ernesto Giacomini  
Principe Yamadori..... Attilio Pulcinella  
Lo Zio Bonzo..... Francis Archambault  
Akuside..... John Mogan  
L'Ufficiale Imperiale..... Giuseppe Perlini  
L'Ufficiale del Registro..... George Dunstan  
La Madre di Cio-Cio-San..... Mildred Rogers  
La Zia..... Elvira Leveroni  
La Cugina..... Virginia Pierce

SATURDAY, DEC. 11, 8 P. M.

"Popular Evening." Verdi's "Rigoletto." Rigoletto..... Lydia Lipkowsky  
Laddalena..... Elvira Leveroni  
Countess Ceprano..... Virginia Pierce  
Giovanna..... Mildred Rogers  
Page..... Joska Swartz  
The Duke of Mantua..... Ernesto Giacomini  
Rigoletto..... George Baklanoff  
Parafuile..... Giuseppe Perlini  
Count Monterone..... Attilio Pulcinella  
Marullo..... George Dunstan  
Borsa..... Ernesto Giacomini

Concerts of the Week.

SUNDAY Boston Opera House, 8 P. M.  
Grand opera concert by leading members and the orchestra of the Boston Opera House. Program elsewhere in this issue.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Tina Lerner. Beethoven, Sonata, C major, op. 2 No. 3; Chopin, prelude in F sharp minor; nocturne in F major; Klänge in G flat, op. 10 No. 5; Waltz in A flat, op. 34; Ballade in F minor, op. 37; Mendelssohn, Rondo Capriccioso; Metzi, Nocturne; Paganini-Liszt, étude in A minor; Chopin-Liszt, "Mélodie Freuden," Polonaise in F major.

Penway Court Music Room, 4 P. M. Song Pictures and Greek Dances by Miss Janet Duff. Song Pictures: Gounod "Invocation a Vesta," Coquard, "Prière d'Ariane," Purcell, "Nymphs and Shepherds," and Dido's Lament; Beethoven, "Song of Bacchante"; Greek Dances: Gluck, Greeting to Iphigenia; Weaver, Ball Game; Schubert, Butterflies; Song Pictures: Stradella, Pieta, Signore; Brahms, Sappho ode and "My Love Is Fair"; Tschalkowsky, "Why are the Roses so Pale"; Korhay, Birthday Song; Greek Dances: Chopin, Duet, Mournful; Persephone; Greek, Earth, Rejoicing for Persephone's Return; Hebert, Rose Reveille; Gounod, The Bunch.

An orchestra of strings led by John H. Denmore will accompany and play these pieces: Gluck, Grazioso, Air gal, old Greek air (traditional); Massenet, Meditation from "Thaïs"; Schubert, "Adieu." Laughlin Studios, Pierce Building, 2 P. M. Second song recital by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gaines. Duet by Paer, Saint-Saens, Ferrari, A. Whiting. Songs by Massenet, Durante, Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Noren, Chamblaud, Cuyler, MacCunn, Hatten, Malison, Cyril, Scott, H. Parker, Gaines, Mrs. Beach.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Mrs. Lafayette Goodbar, soprano, assisted by Leo Van Vleet (cello), and Arthur Colburn, pianist. MacDowell's "Deserted," and "Thy Beaming Eyes." Mrs. Beach's "Just for This," "Far Away," "Nacht," "Exaltation," "Juni," "After," "Ah, Love, but a Day," "Deirdre," "Als die alte Mutter"; Beethoven, "Still wie die Nacht"; Whippley, "Oh! for a Breath of the Moorlands"; Schubert, "Who Is Silvia"; Poole, "Constancy"; The Forge "Erwartung." "Wie lieblich dich hab' ich geliebt," "Herzchen Frühlings," "Ab! Du bist mein Traum," "Blumchen am Hag"; Verdi, aria "Pace, pace mio Dio," from "La Forza del Destino"; Mrs. Goodbar, Four Love Songs.

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Siebel, Erda, Azucena, Rigoletto, Maudslayi in "Dusk of the Gods," Urban, A Shepherdess in "Tannhaeuser." She sang in an operatic concert Dec. 10, 1899.

In December, 1907, she was at the Majestic Theatre with the San Carlo Company and then took the part of the Blind Mother in "La Gioconda," Laura in the same opera, Azucena, etc. The statement made by some that she first sang here in 1907 was a wild one.

Many will welcome the opportunity of seeing Lole Fuller and "Her Muses" dances at the Boston Opera House Thursday night. Some will remember her first appearances in Boston when she was practically unknown. She was in a foolish piece by Fred Marsden, "Quack M. D.," which was produced in the Grand Opera House Oct. 5, 1891.

It was in Andran's "Uncle Celestin," produced at the Boston Theatre Jan. 8, 1892, that she danced her "serpentine dances" to the amazement and the pleasure of the spectators.

Abbe Perosi has composed a dramatic oratorio inspired by the book of Job, "In patris memoriam," and the music represents the anguish of the composer for his father's death. The oratorio is for a soprano and a chorus, and its text is taken from the Office of the Dead. The oratorio will be produced for the first time at Naples next May. Perosi, says a correspondent of the New York Sun, is engaged in composing the third suite, entitled "Florence," and he intends to write a symphony which will represent a great human tragedy, and will conclude the set of suites dedicated to the three Italian cities, Rome, Venice and Florence. The symphony will represent the earthquake of Messina, and will be named after the destroyed city.

Leoncavallo's new opera "Marbrough," which has been produced in Rome, will be brought out at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, early in 1910.

The Pall Mall Gazette wishes that concerts would begin at 6 o'clock on Sunday. "There is hardly a more agreeable hour of the day to listen to music than after tea." Yes, yes; tea with buttered toast, or possibly a muffin. The happy homes of England!

### CONCERT NOTES.

Rehearsals of the Harvard Dental alumni chorus, in preparation for the dedication of the new Harvard Dental School building, show good results. The formal exercises will take place in Sanders Theatre at 2:30 P. M., Wednesday, the 8th, when these selections will be performed under the direction of Dr. James A. Reilly (D. M. D., '81): "The Heavens Proclaim Him," Beethoven; "Unfold Ye Portal," Gounod; "Loyal Song," Kuecken. The chorus will sing at the alumni dinner at the Somerset the 8th.

Ernest Perabo will give a concert in Chickering Hall, Monday evening, the 13th, when he will bring out Mrs. Berdia C. Huntress, pianist. The program will include piano duets by Rheinberger and N. von Wiem, Mendelssohn's Serious Variations (Mr. Perabo), Beethoven's cello sonata in A (Messrs. Schroeder and Perabo) and cello pieces by Bach (Mr. Schroeder).

Such seats as have not been taken for the Handel and Haydn concerts by the season ticket holders of last year will be sold publicly tomorrow morning, and on Monday morning, the 13th, seats for either of the Messiah performances, the one on Sunday, the 19th, the other on Monday, the 20th, will go on sale at Symphony Hall, where the concerts take place.

The program of Richard Platt's piano recital in Steinert Hall, Tuesday evening, the 14th: Grieg's sonata op. 7, Schumann's "Faschingsschwank aus Wien," Chopin's Bolero, Nocturne G major, Polonaise A flat major, Platt's nocturne, Debussy's "Polisson d'or" and pieces by Mendelssohn and Rubinstein.

The program of the Boston Symphony concerts, Dec. 17-18 will be as follows: Brahms, Tragic overture; Rachmaninoff, symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead," led by the composer; Rachmaninoff, Second concerto for piano, played by the composer; Wagner, Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

Mrs. Gisela Weber will give a violin recital in Steinert Hall in early January. She was born in Germany of French parentage but since early youth brought up in America. She has studied under Vohling and Schradiek and until lately has been at the head of the violin department of the Cincinnati College of Music.

W. Traupe, a violinist of the Symphony Orchestra, will be the soloist at the next Pianola Recital in Steinert Hall.

Master Moritz Rosenthal, pianist, of Somerville, will give a recital in Steinert Hall, Monday evening. The program contains five preludes, three études, a nocturne and mazurka; value, A flat, op. 42; ballade, G minor, and the polonaise in A flat by Chopin; Schubert's impromptu, B flat; "Rigoletto" fantasia, and rhapsodie No. 10, Liszt.

Mrs. Bertina Wesselhoeft's program in Chickering Hall Wednesday evening will include Handel's "Cara Sposa," two old German songs, two old French songs, two songs from "In My Love's Garden" by Remick, and songs by

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The attention paid to details in the stage settings at the Boston Opera house has excited admiration. La Traviata was especially well mounted, yet there was one detail that might excite discussion and then investigation, for investigation generally follows positive statements and the discussion in which one of the disputants at least should be tied securely to his chair. The costumes in La Traviata were supposed to be those worn in the time of Louis XIII. or perhaps Louis XIV. In the banquet scene far in the background was the sign of wine bottles galore on a table. To the audience these bottles looked as though they held champagne, which is to the great crowd wine. The question is, Were bottles of this sort in use at the period and were the necks of them ornamented with foil of silver or tin? This is an important matter especially as opera is now held to be educational.

This reminds us that Mr. R. Kennedy Rumford boxed the ears of the Times critic of the London Times because the critic said something about the fitness of the songs sung by Clara Butt, Mr. Rumford's wife, at a concert where serious orchestral works were performed. The manager of the Times requested Mr. Rumford to apologize, and as Mr. Rumford refused to humble himself, a sunnons for assault was granted against him. Mrs. Clara Butt Rumford is remembered here, for she sang at a Symphony concert 10 years ago and also in recitals. She sang, for instance, with what is known as great expression, "Abide with Me," accompanied by a piano and an emotional cabinet organ. She is over six feet in height, at least she was in 1899, and looks abundantly able to defend her art against any critic. Mr. Rumford is no shrimp, no canary bird. He is as tall as his wife, if not taller, and, like Sig. Bimlinger, he is a baritone singer. We understand that he is an athletic person, and was renowned on the cricket field. The London Times has long been noted for the dignity of its reviews of musical performances, and it does not seem possible that Mrs. Rumford could have been rudely treated. She has long been noted for singing cheap ballads, not wholesome, beautiful or quaint folk songs, but the sheet music trash that lulls the hullo- is British matron after a cramming lunner.

Miss Kitty Marion, who glories in being a violent suffragette, released from Newcastle jail, proudly told a reporter that during her imprisonment she had sawed a hole in her pillow, torn up a Bible and done her best to fire the cell. Whereupon the Pall Mall Gazette remembered the words of Tuckin: "You must not foster a woman; she must take her own fair form and way, if she take a hand in mind as in body, must have her household motions, her dress, and steps of virgin liberty."

was an attempt to establish  
 houses for dogs in Paris, that  
 they may be sold for human con-  
 sumption. Dogs in times past have  
 reckoned good eating. The Otta-  
 was esteemed the dog as more deli-  
 ciate eating than pork. and Capt. Cook  
 and his merry men ate one and agreed  
 that he made "a very good dish"—that  
 it was a little inferior to an English  
 one. But these dogs had not tasted  
 a maize food; they had been fed on  
 breadfruit, coconuts, yams and other  
 vegetable food. The people on the Island  
 of Savu preferred dogs and cats to  
 sheep and goats. They liked best of  
 all the dog; then the horse, and then  
 the buffalo and their poultry; they  
 were fond of fish. Mark well that  
 these people eat maize undisturbed  
 and without either picked nor blunted by  
 arsenic and carbolic; and so at  
 present in Africa dogs were con-  
 sidered as a delicacy, and they were the  
 favorite food of the Bedies. The ar-  
 gentives of the island differed in opinion  
 from the Bedies, that all devouring crea-  
 tures, as the foxes and wolves, had no  
 good in them. But, because they en-  
 joyed rare delicacies; but Galin com-  
 pared dogs meat to that of the hare.  
 The Romans used to bring whelps a  
 "white meal" and among the pa-  
 trons of the Temple, only three

ago, "they attributed most value to their flesh, which was eaten before they did see, for by them came no evil humor at all." There were people on the islands of the New World who ate only dogs that did not bark. Hor the bark was extracted we are not informed. On the other hand early in the 15th century the inhabitants of Corsica, "which are fierce angry, wild, cruel, audacious, disobedient, active and strong, do also feed upon dogs, both wild and tame; and it is thought that their meat is a little furtherance to their inclination, for such is the natural disposition of dogs." The influence of a dog diet on Parisians will be observed with great interest by earnest anthropologists, sociologists and dietists.

Let us return to nature. Civilized man is fussy about his food. Thus a Mrs. Bradley in another state, unhappy in her marriage, alleges that, "although she is a good cook and an expert in the preparation of German dishes," her husband refused to eat what was set before him and clamored in a shrill and disrespectful voice for steaks and chops.

In connection with this glimpse of harassing domesticity, we observe that the British Medical Journal publishes the old compilation of facts about the appetite and taste of kings. Gabriel Peignot of Dijon over 60 years ago wrote a chapter on the gastronomic tastes of certain celebrated personages from which the British Medical Journal might have profited. Thus we read that Frederick the peaceful, 39th emperor of Germany, who died Aug. 19, 1493, was crazy for melons. "and this immoderate taste conducted him to the tomb by means of an indigestion." That Passo was so fond of sugar that he put it in his salad—there are still persons who eat lettuce with vinegar and sugar, and cut the leaves into little pieces with a knife; that Mr. Rogerson of England spent on his food in nine months the sum of £150,000. "Reduced to poverty and the sad state of a beggar, he used a guinea, the last one that had been given him in charity, for procuring and preparing an ortolan. Having eaten it with all the delight of a consummate epicure, he blew out his brains." This is indeed a little world of great wonders!

**Withdrawal of Advertisement on  
Ground of Adverse Criticism  
Proves Amusing to the Lon-  
don Paper.**

The London Times published some time ago an entertaining discussion of a question that is sometimes raised even in American cities. The article began: "When the dentist in Labiche's 'Trente Millions de Gladiators' was slapped in the face by the druggist's assistant, he exclaimed reproachfully, 'And I thought you were a man of the world.' Many of us must be feeling just now the same disappointment in Mr. George Edwardes. Through the Westminster Gazette he has given the whole newspaper press of this country a slap in the face—and we had thought him a man of the world."

And why did Mr. Edwardes rage and imagine a vain thing? Because the music critic of the Westminster Gazette, reviewing "The Dollar Princess" produced by Mr. Edwardes, while he commented on the whole favorably, had the presumption to disapprove the libretto.

Mr. Edwards therefore wrote: "It appears to me to be an anomaly to advertise in one column and to be attacked in another"; and accordingly, "I have instructed the managers of my various theatres to withdraw my advertisements and to cease my connection with your journal as it has now become a menace to me."

Thereupon the Times proceeded to have sport with Mr. Edwards; "If the musical plays which Mr. Edwards produces at his various theatres" are half as funny as his ideas about the newspaper press we do not wonder at their popularity. There is no escaping the logical inference from his own words. They imply that he regards advertisement charges as so much hush-money. If I advertise my wares in one column, there must be no adverse criticism of them in another. That would be an "anomaly." Mr. Edwards cannot abide an anomaly. Like the gentleman with the dancing bear in "She Stood to Conquer," he desires everything to be "in a concatenation according." Column must march with column, the only difference permitted being that while one is an open advertisement the other is discreetly veiled under the guise of criticism. It is understood that one payment covers both. Thus, and only thus, do you avoid "anomaly" that offends Mr. Edwards' fastidious sense of the symmetrical and the congruous. And we had thought him a man of the world.

The Times then reasoned with the sensitive manager. "Clearly the explanation of this grotesque incident is that Mr. Edwardes is too busily engaged in directing his various theatres instructing their managers, and safeguarding them from anomalies to observe some simple facts of the world outside. One of these simple facts is that newspapers exist not only for their advertisers, but also for their readers; and their readers desire to read the news of the day—including news of what is going on at Mr. Edwardes' various theatres—together with comments for their guidance. This, of course, is a regrettable anomalous state of affairs—Mr. Edwardes with his lynx-eye for anomalies will have detected one here—but there it is, and he and we must make the best of it. It would be more seemly, no doubt, more symmetrical and congruous, if the people who buy newspapers would be content to confine their reading to Mr. Edwardes' advertisements and then to go and throng his various theatres.

he relied on the French Code which prescribes that "wives must obey their husbands." But the Code also prescribes that contracts must be fulfilled. The manager is suing for "specific performance." The great question in court will be whether a married actress can be embraced without the permission of her husband.

Some new plays have been produced in London, among them a comedy, "Love in a Tangle," by Harry B. Vogel (Nov. 16). "A wealthy young Earl, with the idea of winning the honest love of a beautiful young Countess, passes himself off in her aunt's house (the aunt is a Duchess) as a tutor to the Countess' little cousin, who is a Duke. In the end of course his rank is discovered. . . . The conversation of the Duke, the Duchess, the Marquis, the Earl, the Countess, the Baron and the General had at last the effect which Lant street was said to have in 'Pickwick'—it shed a gentle melancholy upon the soul. When a gentleman who has been 'refused' by a lady announces the fact to another lady in such a sentence as: 'I find that a hope I had cherished is not likely to mature; I think that adequately expresses it,' he becomes a creature rather too bright and good for human nature's daily food, and the soul of the auditor pants for the simplicity of less self-consciousness."

A new version of "East Lynne" made by Eric Mayne was produced at the Lyceum, London, Nov. 13, with the addition of a comic postman. The Pall Mall Gazette, gave this account of it: "People came on and went off visibly to suit the author's convenience; and now and then a character whom we had left at the end of one act convulsed with grief turned up cheerful and smiling" in the next, as though nothing had happened. But the old Pathetic Appeal remained. Lady Isabel was before us once more, with her pale face, dark spectacles, and gray wig; and Little Willie (oh! the moments of anguish we have spent with Little Willie in the years gone by!) was there again, with his curls, his sad eyes, his cough, and his long-drawn-out death scene. And Mr. Carlyle once more neglected his first wife in the old familiar fatuous way, and richly deserved all he got; and Capt. Levison once again smiled and lied, and was as visibly incapable of deceiving any woman with her eyes open as a hungry tiger would be capable of deceiving a stray child wandering innocently in an Indian jungle. And, although the Appeal remained, the audience did not respond to it in quite the old way. And we noted a tendency to tittering rather than to tears."

A new suffrage play was produced at the Haymarket, London, Nov. 13, "Might Is Right," by Netta Svrett. A number of suffragettes kidnap a bachelor prime minister and imprison him until he shall promise to introduce as a government measure a bill for the enfranchisement of women who are qualified by holding property. He holds out for some days, but he falls in love with one of his captors and promises to bring in the bill in return for her promise to marry him.

The latest detective play in Paris, "Nick Carter," by Blsson and Livet, is a "thriller." Carter is the king of detectives and Mr. Melvil is the king of criminals. The former cares not for women. The latter has this amiable weakness, and thus his downfall is assured. Melvil has a mistress, one Carmen, and he falls in love with Helen, an heiress from New York, who is betrothed to Glancy, an officer in the American navy. After one unsuccessful attempt, Melvil abducts Helen on her wedding day, when he kills her aged guardian whom he afterwards impersonates. He takes Helen to a tavern frequented by thieves. Carter tracks them, but is caught and bound and thrown into a well, while his comrades are exposed to the fumes of gas. They all escape. Then Melvil carries Helen to his country house, a regular fortress. Carter contrives to enter it. So does Carmen, who gets hold of Helen, fastens her to a hook in the wall opposite a clock "whence emerges" a barrel of a loaded gun. The gun is about to go off, but Melvil rushes in, throws himself in front of Helen and is killed. There are two police dogs in the cast.

In "Page Blanche," a play at the Athénée, Paris, to which The Herald has already alluded, there is a "passionate duet" by Miss de Silvy and a grand-son.

But people, in their folly, will not be content to live his simple life; and accordingly the conductors of newspapers have to pander to their readers' vicious taste for reading other columns than the columns of advertisement. Of course these poor panders of the press, like other panders, brazen it out with fine words. They even go so far as to talk of their 'duty' to their readers, of 'liberty of the press,' 'independent criticism,' and other pretentious abstractions. What weight, it may well be asked, have such paltry considerations against the immunity of Daly's from 'attack,' against the liberation of the Galety from 'menace'—in a word, against the sacro-sanctity of Mr. Edwardes' various theatres? So long as Merry Widows and Dollar Princesses go on waltzing, and everybody else goes on yelling 'Yip-lady-lay-lay-lay' the various activities—more various even than Mr. Edwardes' various theatres—ought manifestly to be put down as glaring anomalies. But, as 'things are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be,' there is reason to fear that newspapers out of a servile deference to their readers will go on being anomalous; and that one of the consequences for Mr. Edwardes, whether he likes it or not, whether he advertises or not, will be complaints of 'the book' when 'the book' fails to please the critic."

Nor does the Times think that many of the hundreds of thousands who like musical comedies trouble themselves about the existence of a libretto. "An intelligible plot, a continuous story, a good 'book' are by no means guarantees of pleasure. \* \* \* People go to Daly's or the Gaiety not to see a 'story' acted, a mimic representation of life, but to see a certain set of popular performers exhibiting their familiar charm. This to our mind is a perfectly legitimate enjoyment, and is in fact pursued by the patrons of every kind of stage play. \* \* \* Then they are seeking at these theatres an escape from life, relief from the pressure of reality--and the nonsensical jumble of 'the book' helps them to that. In fine, then, it is not improbable that the coherent story, the intelligible plot, the 'straight book' so urgently demanded by the musical critics, would if it were forthcoming be the death of the peculiar and quite genuine entertainment now provided at Mr. George Edwardes' various theatres. And yet he, of all people, apparently does not know that, and is so concerned about the value of the one ingredient in his productions that, fortunately for them, is valueless that he has now actually perpetrated a ridiculous gaffe for the sake of it! What an anomaly!"

When H. E. Irving played recently the dual character in "The Lyons Mail" at Windsor, the Pall Mall Gazette remarked that the same thoughts would probably run through the monarch's and the actor's minds. "For this is Mr. Irving's first 'royal command' appearance at Windsor, and so great is the resemblance of mind and feature between Irving pere and Irving fils that what Sir Henry felt on the occasion of his first appearance before his sovereign may safely be assumed to be the feelings of his son on a like occasion. We know that Irving suffered neurotic agonies at Sandringham—in fact he never really conquered his nerves. He did not, of course, get stage fright and rush off panic stricken to the wings, as he did at the Sunderland Lyceum when playing Cleomenes in 'A Winter's Tale' in his twenties. It is just 50 years, by the way, since Irving appeared in Linnithgow to give a reading. Not one soul turned up to hear him. 'I never slept better than I did that night,' Irving afterward remarked.

There is talk of a singular lawsuit in Paris. The plaintiff is the manager of the Athenee Theatre. The defendant is Miss Lanthelme, a well-liked actress who in private life is Mme. Edwards. She lately agreed to create the leading part in an adaptation of "Manon Lescaut." Her husband, who seems to be unpleasantly suspicious, borrowed the manuscript and found to his horror that the stage directions required his wife to be embraced frequently and passionately by the leading man. The husband forbade her to play the part, which she had begun to rehearse, and

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The fourth Sunday concert by the orchestra and soloists from the Boston Opera Company took place last evening at the opera house, Wallace Goodrich conducting. The program was as follows:

Goldmark, overture, "Sakuntala"; aria from "La Gioconda" (Mme. Olitzka); aria from "Carmen" (Mr. Eorillon); Tschadkowsky, "Dance des Mirallons" and "Dance Chinoise" from the "Nutcracker Suite"; aria from "Trovatore" (Mme. Boninsiega); introduction to third act of "Die Meistersinger"; songs with piano, Liszt, "Die Lorelei"; Mrs. Beach, "Ah! Love, but a Day"; Schumann, "Trauungslängnacht" (Mme. Olitzka); aria from "Semiramide" with piano accompaniment (Mme. Boninsiega); Entr'acte and Barcarolle from "Hoffman's Tales"; songs with piano, Georges Frailmont, "Tendresse," "Lison" (Mr. Bourillon); Cortège from "The Queen of Sheba."

The piano accompaniments were played by Messrs. Luzatti and Simmons.



of the shorter program as evidence that allowance had been made for the tendency of the audience to demand operas. It might have added that the contents of the program also showed an understanding of the public taste.

Last evening's program bore witness to a good deal of shrewdness on the part of the management, which has been quick to recognize that this Sunday night audience loves a strain of the spectacular in its entertainment. The glitter of a voice or of a gown, little informalities in the entrance and exit of a singer, command rapt attention, and make fervid and prolonged applause; but on the other hand, any but the most pleasant or tuneful nature, however well they may be played, are apparently regarded as a digression from the real business of the evening.

Last night's audience had, therefore, every reason to be satisfied, for not even the excerpt from "Du Meistersinger" can be called taxing, and the other orchestral numbers were of a popular nature. The singers showed a friendly attitude, and were generous with encores.

To revert to the matter of unconventional behavior on the part of soloists, nothing could have been more informal than the exit of Mr. Bourillon after his aria from "Carmen"; he sang, he finished, he withdrew, and the audience, uneasy at the premature disappearance, applauded him and drowned the post-aria which some would have liked to hear. Most of the singers at these concerts have been inclined to ignore the music that follows a solo.

Mr. Goodrich conducted with much skill and in the orchestral accompaniments he showed both an understanding of the acoustic properties of the auditorium and consideration for the solo voices. There was much enthusiasm from an audience of moderate size.

to on his given with only a counter-part to Camille. Perhaps for this reason, the operatic Violetta is a harmless person in the first act and dies in the last scene without ruffling the sensibilities, much less borrowing the nerves, the opera was applauded for years in London when the play was prohibited by the censor. Censorship is, however, almost always amusing, even when it is irritating.

Yet there have been some who objected to "Camille" as a subject for opera or for musical treatment of any kind. Tschalkowsky reproached Arensky severely for taking Dumas' story or drama as a subject for a species of suite. He asked Arensky how, when Shakespeare, Gogol, Pushkin, Dante, Tolstol, Lermontoff were at hand, any musician of education could look for inspiration in the "false, sentimental and vulgar" history of an adventurer in the demi-monde. This shows that Tschalkowsky has not read Dumas carefully, for the lady of the Camillas was far from being an adventurer.

The stage settings again excited admiration. Those of the first and second acts were especially noteworthy.

On Wednesday evening Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" will be performed for the first time at this opera house. The chief singers will be Mmes. Nielsen, Freeman, Swartz, Rogers, Leveroni, Pierce and Messrs. Lellva, Fornari, Giaccone, Pulcini, Archambault, Mogan, Perini, Dunstan. Great palms have been taken with the production.

On Thursday evening "Don Pasquale" will be repeated with Miss Nielsen and Messrs. Bourillon, Tavecchia and Fornari as the chief singers. Lola Fuller and her muses will dance for the first time in Boston in the "Ballet of Light" the same evening.

MAJESTIC—"Deborah of Tod's," a dramatization from the novel by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, was given by Miss Maxine Elliott, with the following cast:

- Keziah.....Mrs. Arthur Whitby
- Jimmy.....A. Herbert
- Gen. Sir Arthur D'Alton, K. C. B.....O. B. Clarence
- Deborah Neville of Tod's Farm, East Devon.....Miss Maxine Elliott
- Lady Kingsford.....Arthur Whitby
- Lady Kingsford.....Miss C. Saumarez
- Mrs. Milson.....Miss Suzanne Perry
- Lord Halshurst.....Thomas Holding
- Mr. Benjamin Corella.....Donald Calthrop
- Oscar, the general's son.....Frederick Meads
- Violet.....Miss Rene Kelley
- Lillian.....Miss Muriel Godfrey
- Turner.....Frederick Lane
- The Hon. Joe Delafosa.....Thomas A. Bralton
- Servant at Lillian Delafosa's.....Ernest James
- Butler at Gen. Sir Arthur D'Alton's.....Frederick Lane

Mrs. de la Pasture opens the play at Tod's farm. There is a brief talk between two of the farm servants, followed by the entrance of Gen. Sir Arthur D'Alton, K. C. B. Lord D'Alton has been sent for by Deborah, the mistress of the farm, who is living there alone. She presently appears in the lovely figure of Maxine Elliott,

coquettishly and daintily gowned in green and red, with a red hood, a triumph surely of the Devonshire dressmaker's art, developed from a hint from Paris.

Deborah is delighted to see her father's former commanding officer. He, too, is charmed. Once, she reminds him, he loaned her father £500. She wishes to pay the money back with interest. He protests, but in vain. Then she asks him, as soon as he ends his visit in the nearby country house, to come and visit her. He is startled. The invitation is unconventional. But he is an elderly man. Why not? Of course he decides to accept. Then comes the curtain. A brief act—really a prologue, simple, pretty, romantic, rather promising.

The interior of the farm house is next revealed, very English and prosperous-looking. Lord D'Alton, during his visit, has completely charmed his innocent hostess, who now is revealed in green and white and black. In a burst of paternal affection he places a kiss on the girl's lips. Deborah at once accepts his proposal of marriage! It sounds like comic opera or burlesque; but it is really serious, and at the same time good comedy, with a touch of pathos.

Lord D'Alton is at his wits' end. He appeals for advice to one of his friends who drops in from that country house. The friend is delighted. Why, marry the girl, of course! She has a fortune in her own right. So when his friend's wife, with a group of young people, comes to call on Deborah, Lord D'Alton achieves a curtain by introducing his future wife. Again a brief act—something like a snippet. It seems abrupt.

The next act has substance. It takes place three months after the marriage at the house of Lord D'Alton's married daughter. Here we have one of those glimpses of fashionable society in England so startling to the ingenuous American mind. The grown-up children are all there, the married daughter, with her impoverished husband and with her devoted friend who offers to pay her debts; the cynical, gossiping unmarried daughter, with her brazen philosophy and odious slang, and the brother also cynical and, of course, in debt.

They are about to have some amateur theatricals and over these there is some mildly amusing fussing, which brings in the married woman whom Lord D'Alton used to be so fond of. Here is a distinct touch of the yellow streak. When the rehearsal is in full blast, Deb-

orah enters. This time a century frankly from Paris, a marvelous pink creation, a dream. She is shocked, horrified. She spoils the festivity. She shocks her husband by her bad taste. He is almost petulant. Then young Lord Halshurst, the quietest member of the group, comes to talk with her. When, with deeply intoned sincerity, he tells her that he loves farming, the secret of the play is out.

But Deborah does not even suspect his haste, remote devotion, and a few minutes later she is talking with that brazen little step-daughter. Awful revelations about Lord D'Alton from the girl. Horror from Deborah. Indignation that a daughter would speak so disrespectfully. Then comes the son to converse.

Really, these conversations grow a little tiresome. He means to be kind to his stepmother, but when she speaks of his debts he thinks she has been told by his father to scold. But, no! She wishes to pay up for him. She actually presses the money into his hand. His shame brings down the curtain. A rather weak climax for the third act, which peters out after the earlier scenes. And yet the star figures only in the second half.

The drawing room in Lord D'Alton's London house shows the ill-mated couple almost at odds. If Lord D'Alton was not so well bred he would seem almost cross. Deborah, superb in white lace, longs for Tod's, while her husband covertly examines a costly trinket he has bought for that lady he used to be so fond of. Deborah soon has a chance to tell Lord Halshurst how she loathes London with its luxurious and idle rich and its starving poor—also idle. Lord Halshurst would like to take Deborah to Ranelagh, but that plan is spoiled by the call of Lord D'Alton's married daughter. She warns Deborah about Lord Halshurst.

At this point the play becomes frankly absurd. Attention wanders. There is an inclination to laugh. Deborah prepares to start for Tod's by appearing again in her green and black and white. But she does not start. Close on the arrival of that brazen daughter with details of her engagement to a duke, or something of the sort, comes the lady for whom the costly trinket had been ordered. Deborah has just picked up the bill from the waste basket. The lady is almost speechless. Brokenly she tells the news; Lord D'Alton has been killed—outside her door. The curtain falls as Deborah tears the bill. That ending has a damaging effect on the whole play. It sends the audience out with the feeling that perhaps it was not much of a play, after all.

It is a pity that it is not much of a play, because of a character that merits a fine setting. Lord D'Alton, a genuinely human and amusing figure, marvellously well played by an English actor, brought over for the part, O. B. Clarence. If the play reaches New York it will make Mr. Clarence's fortune. The actor ought not to be allowed to leave these shores. He has humor, insight, skill and the power of keeping a character consistent. Scold, indeed, is so delicate, so true and so brilliant a piece of character acting seen on our stage. Miss Elliott is not in the least like a Devonshire lass. She is altogether too sophisticated. But she has moments when she seems wholly sincere. Most of her work, however, seems like charming playing at the character, instead of being it.

The others in the cast are all good. Special praise ought to be given to Miss Kelly, as the brazen daughter; to Mr. Meads, as the son, and to Mr. Calthrop, as the silly stage manager of the theatricals.

At the end of the third act there were several curtain calls. Finally, the author appeared with Miss Elliott, a charming lady in black, with a black-plumed hat. In response to more calls she finally said: "I come among you an absolute stranger. And I feel at the bottom of my heart the kindness you have shown me tonight."

Miss Elliott will give on Wednesday afternoon a "Deborah matinee," which means that all the women named Deborah will be Miss Elliott's guests. If they come to the box office and present their cards. There is no age limit in the invitation.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. The Harry Scott company present "The Girl from the U. S. A.," a musical dramatic novelty in three acts. Book by Eunice Fitch and Harry Scott. Music and lyrics by Lily Leo Lazelle and Dave Nowlin.

- Richard Weston.....Dave Nowlin
- Yildirim Bey.....Fred G. Reynolds
- Count de Volpore.....Edw. Charles
- Lieut. Pierre Lindey.....Jack McNamara
- Sun Tse.....Charles Leekins
- Hop Loy.....W. Hirst
- French Gendarme.....Frank Billings
- Butler.....George Tyler
- Turkish Eunuch.....Eddie Price
- Jack Powers.....Cleo Marshall
- Vivienne.....Ethel Van Orten
- Carmen.....Carrie La M...

BOWDOIN SQUARE THEATRE—"Way Down in Maine," rural drama in four acts.

- Jerome Stockton.....Frederick Van Rensselaer
- Peter Schultz.....Harry Brooks
- Julius Quick.....Boone Shorer
- Billy Bounce.....William M. Corey
- St. Slocum.....Hal Brown
- Seb Senor.....Samuel Brack
- Jack Dunston.....Harry E. Humphrey
- Chief of signal corps.....Ralph Campbell
- Thomas Stokes.....Harold Clairmont
- Tatasha Fleming.....Sadie Hilton
- Selena Templeton.....Edythe Ketchum
- Sorpolette Simpkins.....Florence Hale
- Sally Sprightly.....Beatrice Turner
- Tilly Martin.....Eva Wheeler
- Bessie Fleming.....Charlotte Hunt

**CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE**  
John Craig company produces "The Taming of the Shrew," by Shakespeare  
Cast:  
IN THE INDUCTION  
A lord.....John Craig  
Christopher Sly.....Al Roberts  
A page representing a lady.....Frank Field  
A player woman.....Gertrude Shirley  
The hostess.....Mabel Colcord  
IN THE PLAY PERFORMED  
Petruchio.....John Craig  
Grumio.....Donald Mack  
Gremio.....George Hassell  
Horatio.....Earl Young  
Baptista.....William Walsh  
Vincentio.....George Heath  
A pedant, misrepresenting Vincentio.....Russell Clarke  
Lucentio.....Willard Young  
Tranio.....Theodore Frierson  
A tailor.....Al Roberts  
Blanch.....Gertrude Shirley  
Curtis.....Mabel Colcord  
A widow.....Eleanor Brownell  
Katherine.....Mary Young

**JULIAN ELTINGE HAS NEW DANCE**

Returns to the American Music Hall with a Fresh Program of Entertaining "Feminine Impersonations."

**JOE WELCH AMONG OTHER FAVORITES ON THE BILL**

It was a welcome to old favorites at the American Music Hall yesterday afternoon, and a hearty one.

**CARTER DE HAVEN TOPS KEITH BILL**

Appears in a Turn Full of New Songs and Novelties—Eleanor Gordon Has a Spirited Sketch.

**BOBBY NORTH PRESENTS JEWISH IMPERSONATIONS**

**RECITAL GIVEN BY MISS LERNER**

By PHILIP HALE.  
Miss Tina Lerner gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows:

- Beethoven, Sonata in C major, op. 2, No. 3; Chopin, prelude, F sharp minor, nocturne, F major, etude in G flat op. 10 No. 5, waltz, A flat, op. 34, ballade F minor, op. 52
- Mendelssohn, Rondo Capriccioso; Metzl, nocturne; Paganini-Liszt, etude in A minor; Chopin-Liszt, "Mourning Precedent," Liszt, Polonaise in E major.

Miss Lerner played in Boston for the first time at one of Mrs. McAllister's Musical Mornings. Her first appearance in Boston this season was yesterday, when she had the courage to play a sonata by Beethoven and one of the earliest ones, a sonata in which the composer was evidently under the influence of Haydn and Mozart. Only here and there are hints at the greater Beethoven, and the music in the main is exterior and objective, at times purely decorative.

Miss Lerner showed her artistic nature by recognizing this fact. She did not attempt to give the sonata a depth and a breadth that were foreign to it, but played frankly in the spirit of the music, which is light pearted, gay, pretty, gently emotional, music of the sort that appealed to the Viennese early in the 19th century and for many years afterward. As the sonata is played by Miss Lerner it gives pleasure to-day. Her performance was delightful by reason of its grace, simplicity, fluency, delicacy, and unflinching sense of proportion.

It is unnecessary to speak in detail of her performance of the pieces that

**Lydia Lipkowska in Role of Violetta—Florencio Constantino**

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "La Traviata" performed by the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell director. Mr. Conti conducted.

- Violetta Valery.....Lydia Lipkowska
- Alfredo.....Mildred Rogers
- Dr. Germont.....Elvira Lantoni
- Alfredo's servant.....Florence Constantino
- Alfredo's friend.....Raymond Bouloigne
- Alfredo's friend.....Ernest Giaccone
- Alfredo's friend.....Attilio Pulcini
- Alfredo's friend.....George Dunstan
- Alfredo's friend.....Giuseppe Perini
- Alfredo's friend.....C. Stroeck
- Alfredo's friend.....Roberto Vanni

The performance last night evidently gave pleasure to the audience, which was a large one, for there was frequent applause and the chief singers were called before the curtain. Mme. Lipkowska, who was indisposed last Saturday afternoon, had recovered sufficiently to sing, but her indisposition accounted, perhaps, for a noticeable insecurity of intonation, although her performance in this respect was better than it was last Wednesday. The manner in which "La Traviata" is produced has been discussed recently and at length in The Herald, and it is not necessary to repeat what was then said. Mr. Constantino took the part of Alfredo for the first time at this opera house. It is not one of his most distinguished roles.

According to the program the action of this opera is put back to the year 1700. The costumes are supposed to be in accordance with those of that period in Paris. There was a striking incongruity: Mme. Lipkowska was dressed in costumes of the late forties or early fifties of the last century. These costumes become her admirably. In the first act she looked as though she had stepped from a picture by Winterhalter, whose portraits of the court beauties in the early years of Eugenie and also of Victoria were once famous and admired.

Mme. Lipkowska was thus a pleasure to the eye; but her lover and his father and the others looked when she was present as though they were masquerading. It would be better if all the men and women on the stage were dressed in the costumes of 1852, as is the practice now at the Opera Comique, Paris, and in certain other leading theatres. It may also be said here that it is the custom for the elder Germont to wear gloves when he enters Violetta's country house; and when he is in the costume of 1700 these gloves are black.

But Germont is still more the "heavy father," the "pere noble," when he comes on the stage dressed in an extra long and snugly buttoned black coat, a glossy stove pipe hat and irreproachable gloves, outward signs of the highest respectability and the assurance of moral worth. Then his solemn expostulation carries the greater weight. If Germont wears the costume of the earlier century he should wear pantalettes with an elaborate fringe.

As The Herald said the morning after the first performance of "La Traviata" at the Boston Opera House, a great actress has not been seen here as Violetta for many years. This prima donna may have had a certain distinction in the first two acts; that one may have had a brilliant exterior; but no one has played the part as it might be played;



Afterward the piano is the solo with the exception of Metel's nocturne, are familiar, although the nocturne is not often heard in concert. In all of them the characteristics of Miss Lerner's art—for her art is indisputable—were clearly revealed. First of all, she was made the piano her friend. She was not afraid of it as though it were a savage beast, to be subdued by violence, she does not fret it as though it were a beast caught, somewhat tamed, yet sullen, rebellious, ever ready to escape from bondage. The voice of the piano responds gratefully to her, and in a site tones.

For her touch is light and caressing, full and never without quality. When there is need of force, the pianist's strength is sufficient, and the dynamic degrees are so well adjusted that her fortissimo is never a brutal noise, a jangling or a crashing. There is always the suggestion of strength in reserve. And between her softest and her loudest expression are many shades of force, eloquent and colored at her will. Her mastery of mechanism is not obtrusive. Her phrasing is lucid and she does not make the mistake of turning piano prose into poetry, or of confounding that which is only idyllic with the epic. Add to these and other qualities an individuality modestly exerted yet none the less influential.

It is a pleasure to hear Miss Lerner for she reminds the hearer that the piano is not necessarily an unmusical instrument, one only for the display of digital feats, a test of endurance, a box of mesaphonic noises. The piano under the hands of many is distinctly a pulsatile instrument. Under the fingers of Mr. de Pachmann or Miss Lerner this much abused instrument sings melodiously, and passages that serve others only for athletic and vainglorious display, are changing arabesques, ornaments of the finest lace work, fleeting yet remembered thoughts of varied color and rare beauty.

There was a deeply interested and most appreciative audience of small size.

## GAVE GREEK DANCES.

Miss Janet Duff Appeared at Fenway Court in "Song Pictures."

Miss Janet Duff, assisted by a small string orchestra, John H. Densmore, conductor, gave a program of "song pictures" and Greek dances yesterday afternoon at Fenway Court.

The songs, which Miss Duff interpreted by both voice and gesture, included:

Gounod's "Invocation to Vesta"; Coquard's "Plainte d'Arlene"; Purcell's "Nymphs and Shepherds"; and "Dido's Lament"; Beethoven's "Bacchante song"; Stradella's "Pietà Signore"; Brahms' "Sappho Ode"; and "My Love is a Tree"; Tschaikowsky's "Warum soll denn die Rosen"; Korhay's "Birthday Song."

A number of orchestral works were interpreted by dance, including music from Gluck's "Iphigenia," Schubert's "Moment Musical" and works by Weaver, Chopin, Grieg, Herbert and Gounod, which were entitled, in the program, according to the nature of the dance and not in the usual way. The orchestra played Gluck's "Grazioso" and "Air Gal," an old Greek air, the "Meditation" from Massenet's "Thais" and Schubert's "Adieu."

A printed article inserted in the program invited comparison between Miss Duff and Miss Isadora Duncan. Such a comparison is unnecessary. It would probably be difficult for anyone who had seen and admired Miss Duncan, to interpret music that has become identified with her, in a wholly different way from Miss Duncan's way; nor would it be desirable. Miss Duff made variety in her program by singing the songs, and she interpreted these for the most part, very effectively.

Her performance of them, in costume and aided by the use of gesture and movement about the stage, suggested an operatic performance. At moments there was the suggestion of dance in its broader sense, but for the most part the action was purely dramatic.

In the orchestral works and arrangements, however, Miss Duff danced. She gave a pretty interpretation of Schubert's "Moment Musical," which was entitled "Butterflies," and the dancer captured the part and capture of a butterfly. This was encored, and so were other numbers. The pantomime of a girl of ball also had much charm, although Weaver's music is common. Miss Duff was particularly graceful in her use of arms and hands in gesture.

There was a fair-sized and appreciative audience, but the performance was set so late in the afternoon that many were unable to remain until the end.

## THE SCARECROW IN BRATTLE HALL

Last night at Brattle Hall, Cambridge, the Harvard Dramatic Club presented for the first time on any stage "The Scarecrow," a play in three acts, by Percy Mackaye, with the following cast:

Justice G. and Merion E. A. C. Layman, 1G.  
G. Ody Rickay, Mrs. G. H. Papazian  
Lord Ravensbane, J. C. Savary, 11  
Dickon, T. M. Spelman, 13  
Rachel Merion, Miss Marion Gragg  
Miss Dorothy Kendall  
Richard Talbot, P. Snedeker, 11  
Sir Charles Reddington, E. A. Bemis, 11  
Miss Gertrude Jameson  
Amelia Reddington, Miss Mary Howe  
Capt. Rugby, R. C. Bonchey, 12  
Minister Dodge, H. C. Simon, or Se.  
Miss Dodge, Miss Herminie Foelska  
The Rev. Master Rand, F. H. Hall, 10  
The Rev. Master Todd, T. S. Kenyon, 11  
McCarthy, S. A. Eliot, 13

It is easy to understand why this work has never had a professional production. It has few or none of the elements that make a popular play. It would be caviare to the public. It is one of those plays that interest the "special audience," made up very largely of students of dramatic literature and literary folk.

In the preface to the published version of the play Mr. Mackaye says that he received his suggestion for the work from Hawthorne. The piece, however, to sustain itself at all must stand on its own feet.

The theme is simple. A middle aged woman living in Salem in the 15th century has given herself over to witchcraft. In her youth she was seduced by a young fellow, who is now a highly respectable middle aged judge. Her child died in infancy. She hates the judge and longs for revenge. She also longs for her child, he would be a young man now. With the aid of a New England Satan, "Dickon," at the blacksmith forge, where he works, she constructs from a pumpkin head and a few utensils, a scarecrow.

Her first plan is to scare away the crows, but when she discovers that "Dickon" can give life to the scarecrow and convert him into her lost son, she is delighted. Out of a cloud of smoke the young man appears, and presently away he goes to make love to the respectable judge's lovely niece. Here is the substance of the first act.

In the second act, the youth, with "Dickon" as his tutor, under the name of Lord Ravensbane, calls on the judge's niece and presses his suit. It seems rather sudden wooing; but woosers in those days were at the same time more matter-of-fact and more precipitate. Naturally the young man who already loves the girl is furious; but Rachel herself is dazzled by the attentions of a great nobleman. These attentions make her ready in the third act to marry him.

But at the climax Lord Ravensbane, on looking in the mirror which Rachel has bought from the witch, sees himself as he truly is, a scarecrow. Here there is an effective climax, the only one in the piece. The final act brings redemption to Ravensbane. His love for Rachel makes him actually a man. By casting aside the pipe that has kept him alive, he nobly sacrifices himself.

The idea of the play is good. The working out is feeble and tedious. It reveals a curiously fantastic, undisciplined and uninteresting imagination.

There is no sense of reality or of relation to life to give the satire meaning or humor or pathos. It is as if some actors from another planet came on earth to exploit in drama their incomprehensibly strange ways.

The presentation is disappointing. The actors mispronounce words, run phrases together, drop the most vital parts of their speeches, and, as a rule, speak without any kind of distinctness. They fall, too, to pick up their cues quickly. And in their stage business they show insufficient rehearsing.

Some of the individual performers, however, have merit. These include Mr. Spelman as "Dickon"; Miss Gragg as Rachel and Mr. Bemis as Sir Charles Reddington. The audience last night was large and attentive. It is pathetic to think of the extent to which academic audiences will submit to being bored.

The play is to be repeated at Brattle Hall on next Thursday evening and in Jordan Hall, Boston, on Saturday evening.

## MRS. GOODBAR'S RECITAL.

Sings Her Own Compositions Among Others at Stelner Hall.

Mrs. Lafayette Goodbar gave a song recital in Stelner Hall last evening. The program was as follows:

MacDowell, "Deserted"; Beach, "Just for This," "Far Away"; MacDowell, "Thy Beam-ing Eyes"; Dvorak, "Ala Die Alte Mutter"; Bohm, "Still Wie Die Nacht"; Beach, "Nacht," "Exultation"; Whelpley, "O for a Breath o' the Moorlands"; Schubert, "Sylvia"; Foote, "Constancy"; cello solo, selected; Beach, "Juni"; La Forge, "Erwartung"; Beach, "Wie Lieb Ich Dich Hab"; "Von Wicked"; "Herzens-Frueling"; Beach, "After"; "Love, But a Day"; Abt, "Du Bist Mein Traum"; "Blumenchen am Hag"; Verdi, "Pace, Mio Dio"; Goodbar, four love songs.

Leon Van Vliet was the violoncellist, and J. Arthur Colburn the accompanist. Despite the rain there were but few empty seats in the hall. Mrs. Goodbar evidently knew her audience, for each song was enthusiastically received and several encores demanded. Except for

the tremble, Mrs. Goodbar's voice is of pleasing quality, and she showed a good deal of power on the high tones. Her enunciation was distinct in spite of a slight lisp, her delivery of tone was easy, and she stood unaffectedly and gracefully. Mrs. Goodbar accompanied her own compositions herself.

Mr. Van Vliet played a melody with the cello muted for his first number, and for encore gave a pizzicato number mainly in quarter and eighth notes and played forte. He had the courage to play both numbers with the music before him. Mr. Van Vliet also played an obligato for the Abt numbers, and these went smoothly in spite of the cello being slightly lower in tone than the piano.

Mr. Colburn accompanied well.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance at this house of Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," by the Boston Opera company, Henry Russell director. Mr. Conti conducted.

Cho-Cho-San ..... Alice Nielsen  
Suzuki ..... Bettina Freeman  
Kate Pinkerton ..... Jeska Swartz  
F. B. Pinkerton ..... Enzo Leliva  
Sharpless ..... Rodolfo Fornari  
Goro ..... Ernesto Glaccone  
Principe Yamadori ..... Attilio Pulcini  
Lo Zio Bonzo ..... Francis Archambault  
Yakuside ..... John Mogan  
Il Commissario Imperiale ..... Giuseppe Rizzi  
L'Ufficiale Del Registro ..... Guglielmo Balestrini

La Madre Di Cho-Cho-San ..... Mildred Rogers  
La Zia ..... Elvira Leveroni  
La Cugina ..... Virginia Pierce

"Madama Butterfly" was performed for the first time in Boston in English by Mr. Savage's company at the Tremont Theatre Oct. 29, 1906, when Mmes. Szamosy and Behnee and Messrs. Sheehan and Richards were the chief singers. Mr. Rothwell conducted. The first performance in Italian was by the Metropolitan Opera House company at the Boston Theatre April 3, 1907, when the chief singers were Mmes. Farrar and Jacoby and Messrs. Dippel and Scotti. Mr. Vigna conducted.

This Japanese tragedy with music was founded, as we all know, on Mr. Belasco's drama, which in turn was an amplification of Mr. Long's moving story. It is not necessary to inquire into the resemblance of the operatic libretto to the drama or the tale, whether it be close or remote. The main question is whether the libretto is dramatically effective for operatic purposes. The libretto is in certain ways repulsive; but in this it resembles the librettos of other and famous operas. An officer in the United States navy, sojourning in Japan, amuses himself with a native woman, who is simple, affectionate, confiding. She believes that he is her husband. He leaves her and she has a child by him. Believing that he will return to her, she rejects all other offers and is faithful to him. He returns and brings with him his American wife. All this is pathetic, tragic—for she kills herself; but it is not a repulsive story. The libretto is repulsive because the wife of Lieut. Pinkerton enters the house of his mistress, and in Mrs. Pinkerton's eyes Cho-Cho-San is his mistress and not his wife. The question of the Japanese woman put to the American woman: "Why have you come here?" might well be asked by any one in the audience. Now the American wife, and the officer in the American navy, and the United States counsel, agree that the decent thing to do is to give Cho-Cho-San some money and take away the child. As the counsel exclaims in a fine burst, but "dolce":

I know that for such a trouble  
There is no consolation!  
But the future of the baby  
Must be our first and special thought.

Mrs. Pinkerton does not indulge herself in a fit of jealousy. She counts Cho-Cho-San as one of the sights to be seen in Japan. That she has robbed her of her husband is nothing; she purposes to continue the good work by robbing her of the child that it may grow up an American and orthodox under the protecting folds of the Star Spangled Banner. All this is repulsive. It is not surprising that Parisians objected to it, and when "Madama Butterfly" was produced in that city, the smug Mrs. Pinkerton did not appear on the stage.

With the exception of this repulsive, and at the same time grotesque, scene, the libretto might serve for a short opera, but there is not enough material for three engrossing acts. There is not enough action for an opera of large proportions, and the amount of stage business introduced—which Japanese have declared to be laughably untrue to life and manners in their country—is not a compensation.

Nevertheless the true interest in this opera is in the libretto, not in the music. "Madama Butterfly" is musically the weakest of Puccini's operas, beginning with "Manon Lescaut." The music was more sophisticated and mannered than in the three that precede. It is seldom spontaneous; it is often reminiscent of music in "La Boheme" and "Tosca," and the reminiscences are more than

repetitions of formulas and mannerisms. This is especially true of the lyrical passages in which the melody is not so fluent and long-sustained as in passages of which these are but echoes, sometimes vivid, sometimes faint.

The most impressive effects musically are orchestral, but there is nothing in "Madama Butterfly" to compare with the orchestral painting in the prelude to the third act of "La Boheme," or in the prelude to the last act of "Tosca." The greatest height reached by Puccini in the Japanese opera is in the music that accompanies Cho-Cho-San's vigil, and in this the unseen chorus, used as an orchestral voice, gives a peculiar and haunting quality. Nor is it too much to say that the best pages throughout the work are those in which the music is pictorial, pantomimic or decorative. When it comes to emotional expression, the opera falls below the two, and even the three, that came before it.

There was a large and brilliant audience. Miss Nielsen took the part of Cho-Cho-San for the first time on any stage. It is a part that is eminently suited to her as actress and singer, for poor Mme. Butterfly is not a tragedy queen that struts and frets her hour upon the stage, indulging in heroics. Like Mimi, she is a humble sufferer, quietly pathetic, but none the less a heroine and a tragic figure. It was soon evident that Miss Nielsen, although her intonation was refreshingly pure and her vocal skill abundantly in evidence, was not "in voice," for the tones did not always go across the footlights, and certain tones which are usually clear and thrilling were clouded.

Mr. Russell came before the curtain at the beginning of the second act and asked for her the indulgence of the audience. A victim to the changes in the weather, Miss Nielsen was voiceless yesterday morning, and in the afternoon her physician advised her not to sing; but she did, to save the performance. If it had not been for her courage, there would have been no opera last evening.

It was also evident that she had composed her impersonation with marked intelligence. Her Mme. Butterfly was something more than a prima donna wearing a Japanese costume as though at a masquerade; she was a loving woman, childlike in her simplicity and trustfulness, dazed by treachery, finding comfort in the distress that led to suicide by the thought of a future for her child.

Miss Nielsen's impersonation was not episodic, now interesting, now dull; it was continuously engrossing and with a crescendo of emotion. It was artistic both in frank expression and in fine restraint. And although she was not able to use her voice as freely as she wished, though she was obliged to humor rebellious tones and could not always be effective either by volume or by use of color, she sang with true expression, and was often convincing or appealing by sheer strength or beauty of song. She was warmly applauded after her condition was known, and there were several curtain calls after the second act.

Indisposed as she was, her impersonation was the feature of the performance. Her associates were sincere and earnest in their efforts. Mr. Leliva's upper tones were effective, but his diction suffers from a natural infirmity of speech. Mr. Fornari was a matter-of-fact Sharpless. Mr. Glaccone was an entertaining Goro, although he was given to overacting. Miss Freeman's voice was heard to advantage as Suzuki, but she overplayed the part, and should ponder the value of repose. Suzuki is not addicted to gesticulation. She is phlegmatic, almost sullen in her fidelity to her mistress. The other parts were more or less satisfactorily taken.

These notes are with reference to a first performance. No doubt, the singers will be more at ease in those that follow, and Mr. Conti will give a more flowing orchestral reading. Last evening there was too often an impression of scrappiness and more than once musical thought seemed to halt with the action on the stage.

The chorus sang creditably. The stage settings were beautiful. Whether Japanese maidens and men, officials and servants, constantly go teetering about is a question to be answered by travellers with anthropological curiosity. The Japanese servants I have seen walk quietly, but after the manner of other human beings, nor do they hold up their hands continually as though they were doomed to a comic dance.

This evening the second and third acts of "Don Pasquale" will be performed, with Miss Nielsen and Messrs. Bourillon, Tavecchia and Fornari. The "Ballet of Light," danced by Miss Lole Fuller and her muses, will follow. The performance will begin at 7:45 o'clock.

## TEACHER AND PUPIL SING.

Miss Bertha W. Swift and Miss Edith Swift in Recital.

Miss Bertha Wesselhoft Swift gave a song recital in Chickering Hall last evening. She was assisted by Miss Edith Swift, contralto, and Jacques Benavente, violist. Miss Margaret Gorcham was the accompanist. The pro-





the opera, and Mr. Constantino sang it with genuine feeling, simply, without sentimentalism or the sobbing and gurgling that some tenors mistake for emotional expression. And Mr. Constantino acted the scene, as well as the one with Alfio, in a convincing manner, without undue emphasis and with a certain power of characterization that he does not always display.

Mme. Boninsegna was an ineffective Santuzza, both vocally and dramatically. She did not appear to be in the vein. Miss Roberts was a pretty Lola. The chorus sang well, but the opening number was taken at an injuriously slow pace. Mr. Luzzatti was not fortunate in his choice of tempi, and the first scene dragged; nor did he have a firm control of the orchestra.

After the opera Miss Lole Fuller and her Muses appeared for the first time at this opera house. At first Miss Von Axen and Orchidee danced solo dances. A slip inserted in the program book read as follows: "Miss Lole Fuller presents Miss Von Axen and Orchidee preceding the ballet as representatives of the individual work of her Muses and soloists. Von Axen is the perfection of art. Orchidee of mythology and of the spontaneous school of which Miss Fuller is the founder. She presents these two dancers as Art and Nature. The ballet is the ensemble work of her Muses, whose personality can only be

expressed in their separate and individual work which can be seen at a full recital." Thus was the audience prepared to dilate with the proper emotion.

Miss Von Axen was indeed a charming apparition, and she danced with rare grace. I say danced, although that superb artist, Miss Adeline Genée, might smile at this use of the word, though she would certainly applaud the youthfulness and freshness and elasticity of the dancer herself. Miss Von Axen's dancing was the skipping, prancing, loping and striking of attitudes that are familiar to all who have seen Miss Duncan. Not that she imitated this "reviver of Grecian dances," but her dancing was

of that school. She had the advantage of girlishness, an expressive face and an exquisite figure. Orchidee's dancing was of the same order, but it had less personal distinction.

The "Ballet of Light," which was all too short, seemed to be an illustration of nature by effects of light. Sea, snow-storm, hurricane, volcanic eruptions, falling stars—and other phenomena—served as a setting or accompaniment for posturing and dancing. These effects of light were curious, bizarre, nightmarish, and often pretty. The ballet of fire was singularly beautiful. The spectator recalled the Lole Fuller of former dances and also her imitators. The filmy costumes, and the draperies and folds were carried and managed with much skill, and the final tableau, "The Great White Lily," with Miss Fuller as the Flower, was a delight to the eye. All in all, it was a pleasing entertainment, and the great stage of the opera house gave room for full effect.

The audience was deeply interested in the dancers and the lighting, and applauded frequently and heartily.

The opera this evening will be "Rigoletto," with Mesdames Lipkowska and Leveroni and Messrs. Constantino, Baklanoff, Nivette and Perini as the chief singers.

Owing to the continued illness of Miss Alice Nielsen, instead of "Madama Butterfly," "Aida" will be given tomorrow afternoon, with the following cast:

Aida, Mme. Boninsegna; Amneris, Mme. Claessens; a priestess, Bettina Freeman; Radames, Mr. Cartica; the King, Mr. Archambault; Amonasro, Mr. Baklanoff; Ramfis, Mr. Mardones; a messenger, Mr. Giaccone.

Mme. Bronskaja will sing at the operatic concert next Sunday night in place of Miss Nielsen. Messrs. Constantino and Mardones will sing and Mr. Herrotte, violinist, will play.

gram was as follows:

Handel, "Cara Sposa," old German air. "In einem Rosengartenlein"; "Es ist kein Berg"; old French song, "Bergere Legere," "Paris est au Roi"; Spohr, "Rose Softly Blooming"; Brahms, "Gestillte Sehnsucht," "Gelstliches Wiegenlied"; Ries, "Schoene Tage"; Brahms, "Die Schwestern"; Remick, two songs; Henschel, "No More"; Rogers, "As I Was Walking," "Beneath the Lilies"; Sibelius, "A Maiden Yonder Sings"; Stewart, "Awake, Dear Heart"; Korbay, "O'er the Forest," "List to Me, Rosebud"; Goetz, "Mellande in the Wood"; old English song, "Oh! Dear! What Can the Matter Be"; D'Indy, Sea Song; Barck, "Wegewart," "Fruelingsnaken."

It was a satisfactory recital in several ways. The program was short, the songs were interesting, and many of them were beautiful.

The singers showed many of the virtues and faults that might be expected from teacher and pupil. Both enunciated distinctly, phrased well in most of the songs, and neither singer was quite true in pitch.

Miss Swift's voice is light, of bright quality, but somewhat worn in the upper register. Her best work was in the songs of Rogers and Sibelius. These were sung with warmth of tone and intensity of feeling.

Brahms' songs, sung by Miss Edith Swift, and with viola obbligato, were not satisfactory, for they lacked rhythm. Brahms' meters are admittedly difficult, but it is possible to give them with a feeling of unity and swing. The fault last evening lay mainly with the violist. In the second group, the Hungarian songs and the little English one were admirably done. Miss Edith Swift's voice is rich, sympathetic and full.

Miss Gorham's accompaniments deserve high praise for their grace and charm. There was an audience of good size.

Dec 10 '09

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—On account of the indisposition of Miss Nielsen, "Cavalleria Rusticana" was substituted for the second and third acts of "Don Pasquale," which had been announced. Mr. Luzzatti conducted.

Santuzza.....Mme. Boninsegna  
Lola.....Miss Roberts  
Mamma Lucia.....Miss Rogers  
Turiddu.....Mr. Constantino  
Alfio.....Mr. Fornari

The feature of the performance was the singing of Mr. Constantino. He is especially effective in the farewell to Mamma Lucia in the second act. Mascagni's music in this scene was worn better.



William A. Becker, American Musician Educated in America, Gives Recital Before Friendly Audience. Dec 10 '09

By PHILIP HALE.

William A. Becker gave a piano recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. He played for the first time in Boston. There was a small but friendly audience. The program was as follows:

Handel, theme and variations ("Harmonious Blacksmith"); Beethoven, "Waldstein" sonata; Schumann, "Warum, Grillen," "Vogel als Prophet"; Chopin, Scherzo in B minor, Waltz in C sharp minor, Polonaise in A flat; Schubert, Impromptu in B flat, op. 142, No. 3; Becker, Barcarole in G; Rubinstein, Staccato study in C.





Orch. Idee.

The program stated that Mr. Becker, who comes, I believe, from Cleveland, is "an American pianist educated in America." This statement may be of use to the writer of biographical sketches, to necrologists, to antiquarians as yet unborn, but an audience does not care whether a pianist studied in Berlin or Terre Haute, Vienna or Hockanum Ferry. The chief question is, "How does he play?"

Mr. Becker has no doubt studied industriously, but his mechanism is not modern; it creaks at times; it does not always convey surely the pianist's intention. It is the technic of the black walnut age, often respectable, seldom refined or brilliant.

As an interpreter Mr. Becker disappointed, for critics in German cities where he has played have paid him flattering tributes. Handel's theme was curiously sentimentalized, played in a manner wholly alien to the spirit of the period to which it belongs, played with mannered nuances and slackenings of the pace as though it were the work of a modern neurotic. The variations were not well differentiated, and as a rule they swam in the sonority of the damper pedal. The performance of the sonata was matter-of-fact, square-toed, and yet with occasional singularities, as in the deliberation before attack and with what might be called a dilatoriness in the reading of the introduction to the Rondo. The pieces by Schumann were played carefully rather than poetically.

Mr. Becker is evidently an earnest student with honorable aims. It might benefit him to listen intelligently to players of the modern school as far as technic is concerned, and to interpreters as well as virtuosos.

Dec 11 1909

## KNEISEL QUARTET PLAYS.

Gives First Matinee of the Season at Fenway Court. A.P.

The Kneisel quartet gave the first matinee of this season yesterday afternoon in Fenway Court. The program was as follows:

Beethoven, quartet in B-flat major, op. 130. Loeffler, sextet, "Le Passaer d'Eau"; Tschakowsky, sextet in D minor, op. 70.

The assisting artists were Leo Schultz, violoncello, and Josef Kovarik, violonist.

It is as difficult to describe such music as was played yesterday at Fenway Court as to describe a sunset or a heartache. Beethoven's quartet, op. 130, written in his later years when deafness had come upon him, was an expression of his deep feeling, of his loneliness and his sadness. The four instruments tell this story, each in its own way, with amazing variety, ingenuity, but with a unity of character and purpose to be found in the quartets of no other writer. The playing of the Kneisel quartet yesterday was marvelously perfect in the balance of the four voices. In the perfection of ensemble and beauty and richness of tone.

Mr. Loeffler's "Poem" has been heard in Boston before, but it is unpublished and was played yesterday from manuscript. It is one of Mr. Loeffler's earlier works, written some 15 or 20 years ago. Less subjective than Beethoven's music, and less definite in its moods than Tschakowsky's sextet which followed, it formed an exceedingly well chosen

link in the program. Mr. Loeffler is a master of opalescent color, and the six instruments showed great sonority and power.

Of Tschakowsky's sextet the second and third numbers proved most interesting to the audience. The second movement is treated like a duet for violin and cello, with a fascinating accompaniment in the other parts. The allegretto has well defined Russian airs which are familiar and therefore pleasing to the average concert-goer.

The concert was one to be long remembered for beauty of program, of playing and of surroundings.

## 'RIGOLETTO' SUNG AT OPERA HOUSE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Repetition of Verdi's "Rigoletto" by the Boston Opera House company, Henry Russell, conductor. Mr. Conti, conducted.

Gilda.....Lydia Lipkowska  
Maddalena.....Elvira Leveroni  
The Countess Ceprano.....Virginia Pierce  
Clovanna.....Mildred Rogers  
Paggio.....Jeska Swartz  
The Duke of Mantua.....Florence Constantino  
Rigoletto.....George Baklanoff  
Sparafucile.....Giusto Nivette  
Count Monterone.....Giuseppe Perini  
Marullo.....Attilio Pulcini  
Count Ceprano.....Howard White  
Borsa.....Ernesto Giaccone

The repetition of this performance emphasized its merits. Mme. Lipkowska finds Gilda easily within the compass of her abilities. She both sings and acts it well. Mr. Constantino, too, is very much at home in the part of the Duke of Mantua. And as Rigoletto, George Baklanoff gives signal proof of his exceptional gifts. He sings with effect, and he acts often with fine ability.

He has already demonstrated that he is one of the most versatile of the members of this organization. The chorus again shows what good voices and fine training can achieve. It has become one of the best features of the operatic season.

Carlo Cartica, the new Italian dramatic tenor, will make his first appearance this afternoon. He will sing Radames in "Aida." He is one of the best known exponents of the Italian school. He sang in almost every opera house in Italy. The performance will commence sharp at 1:45. Mesdames Boninsegna, Claessens, Freeman, MM. Cartica, Archambault, Baklanoff, Mardones and Giaccone will be in the cast.

Tonight, "debutante evening," Miss Viola Davenport will take the part of Gilda in "Rigoletto," and her associates will be Miss Leveroni and Messrs. d'Alessandro, Boulogne and Archambault. Mme. Bronskaja and Messrs. Constantino and Mardones will sing at the concert on Sunday night.

## BRYN MAWR CLUB GIVES "MEDEA"

BY PHILIP HALE.

"Medea," a tragedy by Euripides, was performed last night in the English version of Gilbert Murray in Jordan Hall under the direction of the Bryn Mawr Club of Boston in aid of

an endowment fund for Bryn Mawr College. The players were coached by Mr. George Riddle, who had direction of the production. The singers were trained by Mr. Malcolm Lang, who wrote the choral music for the play. The scenery and costumes were designed and supervised by Mr. Joseph Lindon Smith. Mr. Murray's translation was used by the courtesy of the translator.

Medea.....Anne Sturm Rotan Howe  
Jason.....Donald M. Payson  
Creon.....Harold E. Fife  
Aegeus.....Alfred L. Hampson  
The nurse.....Jane Winsor Gale  
The two children.....Charles H. Fiske, 8d, and John W. Ames, Jr.

The attendant.....Robert Swasey  
A messenger.....A. S. A. Brady  
Leader of chorus.....Eleanor Gray Tudor  
First speaker.....Esther Hayden Stanton  
Second speaker.....Leslie Knowles  
Third speaker.....Elizabeth Ward Perkins  
Fourth speaker.....Margaret James

While the "Medea" of Euripides is not equal in high sustained tragic flight to his "Hippolytus," or in demoniacal intensity to his "Bacchae," or in melting pathos to other tragedies by him that might be named, it has an engrossing dramatic quality and it burns with passion. It is easy to see how the admirers of Aeschylus and Sophocles and how Aristophanes looked with alarm on this realist, this daring innovator, who attempted to portray men and women as they were and brought down gods and goddesses to their level.

Today Euripides must be reckoned among the moderns. Mr. Murray's translation is, indeed, a free one; but whether "Medea" be read in his version, in the stiff old translation into prose, in the Bohn Library or the still stiffer poetical version reprinted in Everyman's series, the effect is great and lasting, and last night the tragedy, played as it was by amateurs, made a deep impression at the time, and it will haunt the memory.

Enjoyment of the tragedy was not an affectation; not a pose of a "high brow." Seldom in any theatre was there so little restlessness, so little turning in seats, and it should be remembered that there was, of course, no intermission, no change of scene.

Euripides, like Shakespeare and Moliere, wrote his plays for the theatre; he wrote them to be acted; he wrote with a shrewd sense of effect. And a play like "Medea" is for any city, for any century, for it is a play based on an elemental passion, and that passion is deep-seated, relentless hatred. There are men today, many of them, like Jason.

Probably there are not in proportion so many superb haters among women as Medea; at least not among northern races; yet her hatred is intelligible, and it must be appreciated and the spirit of it be applauded by many of her sex. The killing of her children was after all an episode in her stormy life. She had slain others before them, and all for love of Jason. Whether she really slew her children because she could not bear to think of them in the palace of another while she was in exile, or though this she would not say aloud—because they reminded her of Jason, is immaterial. This particular murder meant little to her, a subtle barbarian, a cunning sorceress. Her hatred was sublime.

But this is neither the time nor the place to discuss a tragedy that has for centuries excited the wonder and admiration of the world. It is enough to say that last night it made even more modern plays of the first quality seem artificial, paltry, mean.

And saying this, one pays high tribute to the character of the performance, for it would have been easy to mar the effect by awkwardness of bearing or gesture, halting diction, undue emphasis, unmeaning inflection.

The part of Medea in diluted versions tried the skill and tested the temperament of a Rachel. The greatest actresses have not found the task a light one. That an amateur like Mrs. Howe should not only play the part acceptably but with positive force and much finesse was remarkable. First of all she looked the woman of Colchis, sensuous, unrelenting, dangerous in love or hate.

Her face was that of a woman of a far country; it suggested the strangeness, the subtlety, the fascination of a Byzantine empress. She bore herself with grace and dignity, whether she stood, sat or moved; whether she were in repose or in action. Her face was expressive; when silent she was eloquent, and her speech was in turn appealing, thrilling. Her enunciation was distinct and there was no vexing trace of a painstaking teacher; her diction was forcible, not too deliberate in expression of purpose, not violent in rage.

It would have been easy to turn Medea into a virago, as Lady Macbeth is generally played. Mrs. Howe avoided the pitfalls that beset an amateur, and in the art of listening she could be imitated by many experienced actresses, especially by those who have come suddenly into prominence, because, forsooth, some manager has discovered in them "personality."

This Medea had the quality of fascination; she knew appalling secrets, her ways were dark; but she was not only a magician, she was a passionate woman, the more passionate by reason of her low voice that was the most terrible when she spoke honied words to Jason. It would be a pleasure to point out admirable details of her impersonation, effects of facial play, effects made with apparent simplicity by a movement of the arm, a turn of the body.

Her associates had evidently been trained carefully by Mr. Riddle, and they showed the results of his intelligence and experience. They did nothing to impair the natural beauty, the grandeur of the scenes. One might have wished a clearer enunciation from the nurse at the beginning, and the messenger, though he spoke in the main his speech with excellent effect, was not always distinct.

The chorus leader and one or two of the chorus women delivered their lines impressively. Very little, in fact nothing, is known concerning the precise nature of the choral music in the Greek tragedy. Mr. Lang's music was unpretentious and it was not incongruous.

The scene was appropriately set and the costumes of Medea enhanced the exotic and at times sinister beauty of the wearer. A large audience listened with the closest attention, although occasionally it found relief in hearty applause.

The performance of "Medea" will be repeated tomorrow afternoon and Monday afternoon of next week.

Dec 12 1909

## NEW TENOR SINGS AT OPERA HOUSE

Verdi's "Aida" was repeated at the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon, Mr. Conti, conductor, with the following cast: Aida, Celestina Boninsegna; Amneris, Maria Claessens; Priestess, Bettina Freeman; Radames, Carlo Cartica; the King, Francis Archambault; Amonosro, George Baklanoff; Ramfis, Jose Mardones; Messenger, Ernesto Giaccone. K.O.L.

Although "Aida" has already been given more than once this season, there were many in yesterday's audience who had not yet seen the Boston Opera Company's sumptuous production. As before, the beauty of the stage settings—a beauty that appealed potently both to the eye and to the imagination—made a profound impression.

The interior of the temple with its effect of vastness, the Nile at night, the entrance to the city of Thebes, the scene in the palace before the iron gate, a scene that enhances tenfold the solemnity of the voices underground, and the triple summons to Radames—these were striking features in an opera that was ordered by a luxury-loving Egyptian ruler. The costumes, too, were beautiful, not only in themselves, but in ensemble effects, and the lighting of the stage was most artistic.

A feature of the performance was the first appearance here of Mr. Cartica, the Italian tenor. His voice is of a robust quality. It may be doubted whether Radames is Mr. Cartica's most congenial part, but he sang and acted with dignity, if conventionally. He was at his best in the Nile scene, as was also Mme. Boninsegna, and these singers, with Mr. Baklanoff, gave a performance of this act that was engrossing in both song and action.

Mr. Baklanoff was a striking figure throughout. Mme. Claessens was conventional in the role of Amneris, and the other singers confirmed the impressions they had already made.

There was a large audience, and there were curtain calls after each act.

## RIGOLETTO SUNG.

Viola Davenport Takes Part of Gilda in Fourth Performance.

"Rigoletto" was sung last evening at the Boston Opera House for the fourth time this season. The cast was as follows:

A.P.  
Gilda.....Viola Davenport  
Maddalena.....Elvira Leveroni  
The Countess Ceprano.....Virginia Pierce  
Clovanna.....Mildred Rogers  
Paggio.....Jeska Swartz  
The Duke of Mantua.....Nincento d'Alessandro  
Rigoletto.....Raymond Boulogne  
Sparafucile.....Francis Archambault  
Count Monterone.....Giuseppe Perini  
Marullo.....Attilio Pulcini  
Count Ceprano.....Howard White  
Borsa.....Ernesto Giaccone  
Mr. Luzzati, conductor.

The performance was excellent in many ways and deserving of a larger audience than was present. As Gilda Miss Davenport was charming in her simplicity and freedom from pose and





Carlo Carlica, New Singer with the Boston Opera Company.

She looked and sang the part admirably well. Her voice is well controlled, is true and appealing in quality. There will doubtless be a tragic touch in the scene with Rigoletto near the end of the third act when Miss Davenport is older; but as yet there was terror and pathos in the voice and manner that promised well for the Gilda of the future. The love duet in the second act was so well done, and the coloratura songs, while not flawless, were extremely pretty.

Mr. Boulogne as Rigoletto was at his best last evening. He is not so light, so quick, as Rigoletto to some who have played his part, but his sincerity when pleading with the courtiers made of this a touching scene. Mr. Boulogne lacked finish in his vocal work, but on the whole he made an excellent impression.

Mr. Archambault as Sparafacile, on the other hand, made no impression at all, except that he had a big voice. Nor was Mr. Vandro, as the Duke of Mantua, convincing. He is awkward, his voice gives an uncertain feeling and is of inferior quality. The song from the balcony was the best thing he did, and most legato and pleasing in quality.

The chorus showed precision and some spirit. The orchestra drowned the climaxes as it has done before last evening, but it is smoother than during the first few weeks of opera. The stage setting was so beautiful that one would be tempted for seeing this opera even without such song, which was not the case last evening. The audience was most enthusiastic, and did its best to applaud the famous quartet.

## BACH'S BIOGRAPHY MUSICAL CRITIQUE

Sir C. Hubert H. Parry's Book  
Valuable as Study of Musician's Works—His Life a Colorless and Uninteresting One.

### NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MUSICAL WORLD

By PHILIP HALE.

"Johann Sebastian Bach; the Story of the Development of a Great Personality," by Sir C. Hubert H. Parry, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. The volume is a stout octavo of 584 pages, handsomely printed, and with a full index.

Bach was not the man for a romantic or a gossiping biographer. His life might be thus summed up: He span counterpoint and begat children. Sir Hubert frankly states that in Bach's case the events and facts of his life apart from art—Sir Hubert tells it with a large "A"—are insignificant, "and in consequence of the lack of public interest which he inspired in his own time even myths

and legends are but scanty, so there is but little temptation to dwell upon matters of secondary importance." How different the life of Handel, the great contemporary of Bach! Not without reason does Mr. Runciman characterize Handel as by far "the most superb personage one meets in the history of music," for Handel alone lived his life straight through "in the grand manner." When Handel was fashionably dressed, victorious, jovial, proud, hobnobbing with dukes and kings, lordling it over musical England, so mighty that he did not hesitate to browbeat a prima donna and threaten to pitch her out of a window, Bach was unimportant, obscure—shall we accept Mr. Runciman's word, "shabby"? The life of Handel, which is still to be written, in spite of Chrysander and the rest of the laborious biographers, is full of incident and color. It would interest the sociologist as well as the musician. But the events in Bach's life that would be of general interest might be counted on one hand.

Of course Sir Hubert pays due tribute to the late Dr. Spitta, who took Bach as seriously as though he had invented him. Spitta's biography is swollen with unimportant details; it is often dull; it is tiresome in its undeviating eulogy; it is massive and concrete, like the reading of Hamlet by Mr. Pip's friend, the tragedian. Nor is Spitta infallible as an authority, while as a critic he was a man of little discrimination, acumen and no imagination. Sir Hubert thinks that the gatherer of facts today has little to do; that he can lean heavily and confidently on Spitta. Yet Sir Hubert could have told us something about the condition of music at Coethen when Bach went there to dwell in 1717 as the chapel master of Prince Leopold. What sort of an orchestra did the prince have? Spitta was unable to describe the orchestra and choir; he could not find a mention of Bach's name in the town records, except in a few notices scattered through the parish registers; but the "Bach Jahrbuch" of 1905 contains a learned and interesting essay by Rudolph Bunge, privy councillor at Coethen, on Bach's orchestra and the instruments that survived the players. We even know the names of the musicians and what salaries were paid to them. Thus Bach received 33 thalers and 12 groschen a month. Sir Hubert might have used this material and other material unknown to Spitta and given the reader a better idea of the conditions under which Bach worked and of the musical life of the period.

Sir Hubert's biography is valuable as a study of the works of Bach and the value of this study to the musicians, whether he be performer, composer, critic or antiquarian, is not easily overestimated. The amateur interested in Bach's music will do well to read this book attentively. Sir Hubert writes as a musician deeply versed in his art and as a discriminative critic. He is not a believer in plenary inspiration. The enormous mass of Bach's compositions is not of pure gold. He wrote a great deal that was conventional at the time, music that was merely according to formulas. Nor was his life one great crescendo of musical power. Some of his mightiest compositions date back to the Weimar period.

The fairness of Sir Hubert as a critic, his reasonableness, his willing-

ness to say "I do not know," a confession that comes only from those who do know much and know it thoroughly, is shown in his remarks about the B minor mass. Speaking of the fact that some of the movements were adaptations or expansions of movements taken from other works, as church cantatas, and in one instance a secular cantata, and noting that the aptness of the transference from the German words to the Latin is amazing, Sir Hubert ends by saying: "The result not merely justifies the apparently anomalous procedure, but, in the particular instances, entirely stultifies abstract criticism," and he admits that the whole story of the coming into existence of the mass is "enigmatical to a fantastic degree."

In habit of thought and in manner of expression Sir Hubert is essentially Teutonic. Whenever there is the necessity of comparing the Germans with the Italians in music, he puts weight on the greater seriousness of the former; he likes to speak of the "depth of earnestness" essentially Teutonic. He finds this in the expression of sentiment in religious music. He does not mean to be unfair; he believes in what he says; for Sir Hubert in his own music and in his manner of thought and expression as a writer about music is essentially Teutonic, earnest, massive, and, alas, at times solemnly dull. To some the heavenly serenity, the sweet mysticism, the awe and adoration expressed in compositions for the church by the great Italians are far above Teutonic depths of earnestness and the seriousness that hovers over the abyss of dullness and often falls therein.

This life of Bach is a careful study of Bach's works, and this should be borne in mind by any one purposing to read it. If the reader is not interested in Bach's music, if he reads only for easily acquired and superficial knowledge that he may talk glibly in a parlor with young women that "dote on" the Passion according to Matthew or the organ works as disarranged by Liszt, Tausig and Busoni, he had better at once put the volume by. There are much shorter and more agreeable lives of Bach in French. To the student there is no better work on Bach, there is none so valuable as this by Sir Hubert Parry. It is more to be commended than the life by Spitta or the life by Bitter. It is a book to be studied, not merely read, and to be read in connection with the music itself. It is a pleasure to find Sir Hubert giving that great and romantic composer, Dietrich Buxtehude, a composer born too soon in the world of music, his just due.

In the performance of "Faust" last week by the Boston Opera House Company, the church scene was played without the church; that is to say, Marguerite heard the infernal voices, the denouncing Mephistopheles and the plain song of the "Dies Irae," when she was in agony of remorse and terror in the street without the church.

The scene was probably set in this manner for the sake of convenience, so that there might not be too long a wait, and the returning troops might soon make their appearance. But the intention of the librettists and the composer was that Marguerite should be within such as she is in Goethe's dramatic poem.

The story of this church scene is an interesting one. "Faust" was produced at the Theatre Lyrique, Paris, March 19, 1859. At the rehearsals it was found that the work was too long, and it was necessary to cut it. A trio for Faust, Siebel and Wagner was dropped from the second act; a duet for Marguerite and Valentin from the third; a romance for Siebel from the fourth, and a part of the duet in the prison was cut out. It was also determined that the church scene should be omitted, for it was thought that the censor would object to see in a theatre Satan as Mephistopheles behind a pillar of the cathedral. "The presence of the devil with a chorus of demons in a church," says Pagnerre, "they thought would wound the susceptibilities of the Papal court." This scene was saved by the intervention of Mgr. de Segur, a schoolmate and friend of Gounod. De Segur was the Pope's nuncio at Paris, and he was blind. He was at the rehearsals, and saw nothing, but he heard the music and was delighted. There was a conference, and he gave instructions that the church scene should be retained. Furthermore, he was so moved by Mme. Carvalho, the first Marguerite, that he presented her with a prayer book in which he wrote a dedication. Nevertheless, friends of Gounod urged him to cut out the church scene because it was "too long and ineffective."

The church scene was retained, but it originally came after the death of Valentin. "When Valentin was dead and borne away, when the crowd dispersed, the church which was in the background opened and the interior was disclosed." This stage trick was most successful. Mephistopheles was hidden behind a pillar. But afterward the order of these two scenes was reversed at the opera. Gounod gave the reason in a letter to the conductor at the theatre in Port Mahon.

"The dramatic sequence observed by Goethe," he wrote, "demands that the scene of Valentin's death should precede the church scene, and it is thus that I planned my work. Certain con-

siderations of stage setting inverted order and today at the opera the death of Valentin ends the fourth act. It is thought that it is more effective to end an act with a great ensemble rather than with a scene for two persons."

In the original version there was a long scene with spoken dialogue between Marthe, Siebel and Mephistopheles. There was spoken dialogue in other acts, except the fifth, which began with the Walpurgis Night in the Hartz mountains.

The Soldiers' Chorus was written originally for Cossacks who figured in an opera written by Gounod, "Yvan de Russie" or "Yvan the Terrible." This opera was nearly completed in October, 1857. Gounod showed it to the director of the Opera, but it was not produced, and Gounod used pages of it for "Faust" and other operas.

In the fourth act there was a spinning wheel song for Marguerite in her room, after a chorus of mocking young girls was heard behind the scenes. This air was afterward cut out, but then restored at the Opera.

Siebel's romance, "Versez vos chagrins," in the fourth act was cut out before the first performance. It was restored when the opera was given for the first time in London, and it was sung here at a performance in Mechanics building by the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau company, and it has been sung here in performances given in English.

Valentin had no entrance solo in the original version. The now familiar air based on a theme in the prelude was written for a performance in London—for Charles Santley, I believe.

When "Faust" was first given at the Opera in 1869 Gounod wrote an elaborate ballet for the Walpurgis scene, and Faure as Mephistopheles gave the signal, for at the wave of his hand the rocks of the Brocken flew apart and the ruins of a gigantic palace were seen. This ballet in seven numbers was a gorgeous one, and electricity, which then began to be employed in theatres, made it the more effective.

I have seen many performances of "Faust" in European and American cities. The church scene has been at times omitted, but I have never seen it staged as it was at the Boston Opera House. There is no reason why Marguerite should not be in the church. She is not under the ban.

Not long ago The Herald spoke of the objection of the Austrian censor at Venice to the plot of "Rigoletto" and his unwillingness to allow the opera to be performed with a royal person as the libretto hero; how he objected even to the title "La Maledizione."

It is a singular fact that neither Arthur Pougin in his life of Verdi mentions Carlo Feltrino in his life of Verdi mentions the fact that "Rigoletto" was performed at Rome as "Viscardello." There is a passing reference only to this title in Gino Monaldi's "Giuseppe Verdi." A physician in Boston has a copy of the libretto of "Viscardello" published at Rome, the year or the year after the first performance at Venice. Viscardello is the name of the jester. The Duke of Mantua appears as the Duke of Nottingham.

The scene of the tragedy is Boston! Probably Boston, England, though it should be remembered that Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," first named "Gustave III," and then "La Vendetta in Domino," was only allowed in Rome on the condition that the action should be transferred from Sweden to America, and that Gustave III, should be turned into a Count Warwick, Governor of Boston. At Paris the "American" version was not preserved. The action passed at Naples, for Mario, the tenor, refused to wear the "sober costume of a Puritan." The irony of it was that the opera was intended for Naples, where the license to produce it was withdrawn on the ground that the assassination of Sweden's King might set a bad example. The rehearsals of the opera had begun in Naples, when the news came on Jan. 13, 1858, that Felice Orsini had attempted to kill Napoleon III. at the Opera House in Paris. The Neapolitan authorities were therefore the more severe.

How many admirers of Edward MacDowell's music know that these piano pieces, "Forgotten Fairy Tales" (four in number), "In Lifting Rhythm" (two pieces), "A Tin Soldier's Love," "To a Humming Bird," "Summer Song," "Across Fields," "Bluettes," "An Elfin Round" (the six are in one volume), and "Amourette," purporting to be by Edgar Thorn, were composed by MacDowell? The pieces were published originally by P. L. Jung, in 1896, 1897 and 1898.

There is a story about the publication that shows the sweet nature of the composer. In 1895 or 1896 there was need of a trained nurse in his household, and he, wishing to show his appreciation of her services, wrote these little pieces in remembrance and made the condition with the publisher that the royalties should go to her, that the remembrance might continue. But why did he not publish the pieces under his own name? Possibly to see what the critics would have to say about a young and unknown composer. The wonder is that the identity of the author was not at once



# PEPITO ARRIOLA, THE CHILD PIANIST

discovered, for every page is MacDowellish in the contour of the melodic line, in harmonic thought and in tricks of rhythm. Then, too, who but MacDowell or some slavish imitator of him would have written the indications, all in English, "Gaily, pertly, "Softly, wistfully," "Well marked, almost roughly," "Very swift and light," "Not slow, lightly," etc? MacDowell could not escape from himself, and these pieces, slight as they are, reveal his poetic fancy, his

romantic feeling, his quaint, capricious humor.

Arthur P. Schmidt now purposes to add these compositions to his catalogue of MacDowell's works, announcing him as the author and yet retaining the pseudonym.

Pepito Arriola, who will play the piano here next Thursday, is undoubtedly a remarkable boy. He was born at Barcelona, Dec. 14, 1896, and he showed such astonishing musical instinct that when he was 2 1/2 years old he was examined in Paris by "an erudite and austere body of phrenologists," and the remarkable formation of his head excited their wonder. At the age of 3 he began to play the piano and compose. Arthur Nikisch, who was conducting in Spain, became acquainted with him, secured for him a stipend from the court of Spain and took him to Leipzig for thorough instruction. Pepito studied for a year in Berlin with Moritz Mayer-Mahr, and on March 28, 1906, played Beethoven's concerto in C minor, with orchestra, at a charity concert in the Philharmonic Hall of that city. He played in London in 1906 and again in June of this year, but he has not been foolishly exploited for the sake of gain. He is said to be like the Mische Elman of the first years, in this, that he is not only an extraordinary virtuoso for his age, but one extraordinarily endowed with musical taste and feeling.

## Handel and Haydn "Messiah."

No Christmas season would be complete in Boston without a performance of Handel's "Messiah" by the Handel and Haydn Society. Two performances are announced for next Sunday evening and Monday evening, the 20th inst. The soloists will be as follows: For Sunday evening, the 19th, Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, Miss Violet Elliot, Edward Barrow and Frederic Martin; on Monday evening, the 20th, Miss Josephine Knight, Miss Violet Elliot, Edward Barrow and Willard Flint. Such seats as have not been taken for the season may be had for either of these performances at Symphony Hall and at the store of the Boston Music Company on and after tomorrow morning.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

**SUNDAY**—Boston Opera House, 8 P. M., grand operatic concert by leading members and the orchestra of the Boston opera company, program elsewhere in this issue.  
**MONDAY**—Hotel Somerset, 11:15 A. M., Mrs. Hall McAllister's first musical morning. Mr. Caras, tenor of the Manhattan Opera House, N. Y., will appear for the first time in Boston and sing "O Paradiso" from "Romeo and Juliet," "La Mia Canzone" and a song by Denza. Miss Yolanda Mero, pianist, will play Chopin's Etude, D major op. 10, nocturne in E minor, Scherzo in B minor; Bart Kiewitz, Prelude; Rachmaninoff, Serenade; Merkle, Valze Intermezzo; Wagner, Liszt, Liebestod; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 14.

Chickering Hall 8 P. M., concert by Ernest Perabo, pianist, assisted by Alvin Schroeder, cellist, and Mrs. Borda C. Huntress, pianist. Program elsewhere in this issue.  
**TUESDAY**—St. Bernard Hall, 8:15 P. M., concert by Ernest Perabo, pianist, assisted by Alvin Schroeder, cellist, and Mrs. Borda C. Huntress, pianist. Program elsewhere in this issue.

**WEDNESDAY**—St. Bernard Hall, 8:15 P. M., concert by Ernest Perabo, pianist, assisted by Alvin Schroeder, cellist, and Mrs. Borda C. Huntress, pianist. Program elsewhere in this issue.

**THURSDAY**—St. Bernard Hall, 8:15 P. M., concert by Ernest Perabo, pianist, assisted by Alvin Schroeder, cellist, and Mrs. Borda C. Huntress, pianist. Program elsewhere in this issue.

**FRIDAY**—St. Bernard Hall, 8:15 P. M., concert by Ernest Perabo, pianist, assisted by Alvin Schroeder, cellist, and Mrs. Borda C. Huntress, pianist. Program elsewhere in this issue.

**SATURDAY**—St. Bernard Hall, 8:15 P. M., concert by Ernest Perabo, pianist, assisted by Alvin Schroeder, cellist, and Mrs. Borda C. Huntress, pianist. Program elsewhere in this issue.

**SUNDAY**—St. Bernard Hall, 8:15 P. M., concert by Ernest Perabo, pianist, assisted by Alvin Schroeder, cellist, and Mrs. Borda C. Huntress, pianist. Program elsewhere in this issue.

**MONDAY**—St. Bernard Hall, 8:15 P. M., concert by Ernest Perabo, pianist, assisted by Alvin Schroeder, cellist, and Mrs. Borda C. Huntress, pianist. Program elsewhere in this issue.

**TUESDAY**—St. Bernard Hall, 8:15 P. M., concert by Ernest Perabo, pianist, assisted by Alvin Schroeder, cellist, and Mrs. Borda C. Huntress, pianist. Program elsewhere in this issue.

**WEDNESDAY**—St. Bernard Hall, 8:15 P. M., concert by Ernest Perabo, pianist, assisted by Alvin Schroeder, cellist, and Mrs. Borda C. Huntress, pianist. Program elsewhere in this issue.



No. 6. Miss Ormond will sing: Debussy, air of Azazel from "The Prodigal Son"; G. Faure, Un Reve d'Amour; Hue, J'ai pleure en reve; Hahn, Fetes Galantes; Converse, Adieu; Grant-Schaefer, The Wind Speaks; Schneider, Flower Rain; Campbell-Tipton, A Spirit Flower, Serenade.

**FRIDAY**—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., Ninth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Brahms, Trazic overture; Rachmaninoff, Symphonie poem "The Island of the Dead" (after Bocklin's picture), led by the composer; Rachmaninoff, Concerto No. 2, C minor, for piano, played by the composer; Wagner, Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

The Tulleries, 11 A. M., Song recital by Charles Hubbard, tenor, assisted by Mrs. Oliver Whiteley Hilton, violinist, and Mrs. Charles A. White, accompanist. Songs: Schumann, Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'; Strauss, Allerseelen, Zueignung; Puccini, Che gelida manina from "La Boheme"; Handel, Where'er You Walk; Loeffler, To Helen; Schneider, Flower Rain; Wood, Evening; Chadwick, The Danza; Mrs. Whiteley will play pieces by Massenet, Volpe and Ogareff.

**DORCHESTER**—High school, 8 P. M., Concert by music department of the city of Boston. Mr. Howard conductor. Orchestral pieces: Weber, overture to "Der Freischuetz"; Haydn, Andante from the "Emperor" quartet; Delibes, Suite from the ballet "La Source"; Brahms, Lullaby; Massenet, Au-Verdi, selection from "Sapho"; Tosti, Riton-Andante; Verdi, selection from "La Traviata"; Capelloni, baritone, will sing the Prologue to "Pagliacci" and Leoncavallo's Mat-tinata. Louis E. Dalbeck, cellist, will play Schubert's Cradle Song and Hadley's Gavotte. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

The Tulleries, 3 P. M., Song recital by Mrs. Maud Goodell Magee, contralto, Franz, Im Herbst; Stanford, Lullaby; Masset, "Sa-Condore est blond"; from "Galatee"; Saint-Saens, The Bell; Durante, Danse; Puccini, La-Isadora Martinez, Saphic ode; Tosti, Riton-Andante; Verdi, selection from "La Traviata"; Capelloni, baritone, will sing the Prologue to "Pagliacci" and Leoncavallo's Mat-tinata. Louis E. Dalbeck, cellist, will play Schubert's Cradle Song and Hadley's Gavotte. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

**SATURDAY**—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., Ninth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.

## ANOTHER VERSION OF HARDY'S NOVEL

Last year in November the members of the Dorchester (Eng.) Literary, Debating and Dramatic Society produced a dramatized version of Thomas Hardy's "The Trumpet Major." The drama was written by A. H. Evans on lines suggested by Mr. Hardy. On the 17th of last month a dramatization of "Far from the Madding Crowd" was produced, and again the drama was written by Mr. Evans with the approval of the novelist. The play was performed in the Dorchester (or Casterbridge) corn exchange by Dorchester amateurs.

Mr. Evans, it seems, is a chemist (English for apothecary), as well as a playwright. The London Times gives the following account of the play, which will interest the numberless admirers of Hardy's novel:

"He divided his play into three acts, which take place in or near Weatherbury Manor House, the other scenes representing the garden of the cottage belonging to Bathsheba's aunt, in which the action opens with the meeting of the two Bat'shebas and Oak; Boldwood's home and Oak's cottage. Almost of necessity certain changes have been made in the order of events as compared with the arrangement in the book. For instance, in the real book, when the scene is set in the

Troy appears as well as Oak and Boldwood, and the incident of his catching in Bathsheba's dress is introduced here instead of in its rightful place in the air plantation. Also, he performs his dazzling feat of swordsmanship in the homestead and not in the hollow amid the ferns. But in spite of these and a number of similar alterations, Mr. Evans cannot be said to have taken any real liberties with the book. We get the story as Mr. Hardy told it and the dialogue is given as nearly as possible in his own words.

"The only important departure from the original is that the part of Fanny Robin is left out—that is to say, she is never on the stage, though of course there are many allusions to her and her relations with Troy throughout the play. Only her poor little coffin is brought on in the scene in Bathsheba's house with which the third act begins. At first sight this seems to be rather a daring omission, but in reality she is always in the background in the book itself, and the adapter has acted wisely in leaving her there.

"Without doubt he has made out of his materials a more satisfactory play and one far nearer to the spirit and intention of Mr. Hardy's novel, than the version which was played at the old Globe Theatre in 1882, and dramatically, of course, much better suited to the stage than Mr. Evans' first adaptation, 'The Trumpet Major.' At the same time, till we get the coffin scene and the shooting of Troy by Boldwood there is not and cannot be very much variety in the action, which consists chiefly in the frequent proposals of her three lovers to Bathsheba and the interchange of rustic wit between Coggan, Poorgrass, Tall and Smallbury, all of whom, but particularly Coggan, as played by Mr. Bawler, were quite funny. Of the three lovers, Mr. Evans was the most successful. Though he did not wear a coat like Dr. Johnson, he got very near to one's idea of Gabriel Oak, and both his acting and his Dorset dialect were excellent. In the sheep shearing scene in front of the manor farm a real live sheep and a real champion shearer hailing from Mr. Hardy's native village were introduced. Some of the audience seemed to pity the sheep as it was dragged off the stage with half its fleece shorn. But the shearer was so skilled that it certainly did not suffer at his hands, and in deference to humanitarian scruples arrangements had been made that when it was led off it was to be wrapped up in a cloak to prevent its feeling cold, and then turned into mutton. Mrs. Evans had a difficult part as Bathsheba, because the tragedy of her story was almost inevitably overshadowed by the comedy of the smock-frocked parts of the cast—a criticism which rather applies to the whole play. Of the other actors Mr. Stevens as Troy and Mr. Martin as Boldwood and especially Miss M. Hill as Mary Ann Money, were the best.

"The play is to be produced in London next Wednesday at the Cripplegate Institute, of which Mr. Hardy is president. That may prove to be a mistake. Its charm must depend principally on the fact that it is a local product, acted by Dorchester men and women, and there is a danger that in unfamiliar surroundings play and players may lose something of their reality and unique interest. But still, Londoners who care for one of the finest of Mr. Hardy's books should not miss the chance of seeing it. Of course a great many of

his finer touches cannot be reproduced on the stage. You cannot, for instance, be in the theatre and on the top of Norcombe Hill and watch the north star and Sirius and Capella and Aldebaran in the clear sky and feel that the twinkling of all the stars seems to be but throbs of one body timed by a common pulse. But you can and do get the spirit of the book and venture to say with Joseph Poorgrass, 'Since 'tis as 'tis, why, it might have been worse, and I feel my thanks accordingly.'

The Times refers to "Far from the Madding Crowd," a play by Thomas Hardy and J. Conyns Carr, produced first at Liverpool Feb. 27, 1881, and in London at the Globe Theatre April 29, 1882. At Liverpool the part of Bathsheba was played by Marion Terry and in London Mrs. Bernard Beere played it. In London the part of Gabriel Oak was taken by Charles Kelly and that of Frank Troy by J. H. Barnes, "Handsome Jack," as he was then called. Fanny Robin appeared in this version.

Some may remember the unpleasant controversy over Pinero's "The Squire," produced in London Dec. 29, 1881, by John Hare and the Kendals. The chief characters in this piece are strikingly like those in "Far from the Madding Crowd," and Hardy's own dramatization with the aid of Mr. Carr came into being no doubt as the result of this discussion, but his version was not successful, although the pastoral beauty of the scenes made the play attractive for a little while.

Thomas Hardy said not long ago that a playwright had no opportunity in England on account of the foolish censorship, and some protesting against the censorship have pointed to Hardy and said: "See what we have missed!"

It does not follow that a great novelist would be necessarily even an interesting dramatist. Mr. Hardy has written a very long and in some respects remarkable play in which Napoleon Bonaparte is the chief figure, but no sane manager would produce it and no audience would sit through the performance. Mr. Yeats is right in saying that a play should be acted, not read. If it cannot be acted it is only an experiment in literature.

And now let us listen to the voices of the press agents.

Robert Hilliard, who will appear at the Hollis Street in "A Fool There Was," was born in New York in 1857, and went into business in Wall street after his graduation from New York College. He built a theatre in Brooklyn. It was at Lester Wallack's suggestion that Hilliard went upon the stage. He appeared first at his own theatre, the Criterion, in "False Shame" in 1886, and made his debut in New York in "A Daughter of Ireland." His first distinct success was in the title role of "Mr. Barnes of New York." Then he was Mrs. Langtry's leading man and subsequently created the leading parts in many well known plays, including "Blue Jeans," "Jim Bludso," "Sporting Life," "The Nominee" and "The Mummy." During the long New York run of "The Girl of the Golden West" Mr. Hilliard impersonated the picturesque express robber. Vaudeville has claimed him from time to time. In this country and in London he gave 2500 performances of Van Bibber in "The Littlest Girl," by Richard Harding Davis. He has given in Boston the vaudeville acts "As a Man Sows," "The Man Who Won the Pool" and "No. 93." Last April at the Liberty Theatre, New York, he began again as a dramatic star in "A Fool There Was."

Some notable players are associated with Mr. Hilliard in "A Fool There Was." William Courtleigh played juvenile leads with Fanny Davenport and was in "Shore Acres," "The Foresters," "Old Kentucky," "Northern Lights," "The Princess and the Butterfly," "The Tree of Knowledge," "Trelawney of the Wells" and "Lost River." He supported W. H. Crane in "Peter Stuyvesant" and "A Rich Man's Son," was the Prince of Morocco in N. C. Goodwin's revival of "The Merchant of Venice," played Trenwith with Virginia Harned in "Iris" and toured with James K. Hackett in "The Fortunes of the King" and "The Redemption of David Corson."

Katherine Kaelred, who impersonates the vampire woman, began with Benson's Shakespearean company in England, and was featured by J. C. Williamson in Australia. Her first American appearance was with a Milwaukee stock company two years ago. Since then she has played in Mr. Savoy's production of "The Devil," with Arnold Daly in "The Pickpocket," and with Dustin Farnum in "The Renegade."

Nanette Comstock, when a slip of a girl, played the telegraph operator in Hoyt's "A Hole in the Ground." In 1887. She appeared in New York in "Kerry," "A Gold Mine," "Bootless Baby," "Shenandoah" and "Charley's Aunt," and in London in 1895 at the Adelphi as Wilbur's Ann in "The Girl I Left Behind Me." She was



"Heartsease," "The Little Girl," "The Altar of Friendship," "The Diplomat," "The Virginian," "Love's Lane" and "The Galloper," and has starred in "Jet" and as Virginia Carvel in "The Crisis."

Porter Emerson Browne, who based his play, "A Fool There Was," upon the Burne-Jones painting and Kipling's poem, "The Vampire," was born at Beverly, Mass., 30 years ago. His father, then a Boston merchant, wrote "Edgewood Folks," the New England comedy which proved the corner-stone of Sol Smith Russell's fortune. The younger Browne, after graduating from the Newton high school, became a newspaper reporter in Boston, Brooklyn and Denver. He has in-

gaged in manual labor in Colorado camps, on a Virginia stock farm and on a Georgia rice plantation. Then he settled down as a writer of fiction, and contributed to many magazines.

Miss Maxine Elliott, the only woman in America who is really a producing manager, sailed for England last spring, after a prosperous season, on what was popularly supposed to be a three months' vacation, but an actress-manager knows no leisure. A star must have a new play each season, and the play must be selected and steps taken toward its production in summer.

It is safe to say that not a dozen people who saw Miss Elliott produce "Deborah of Tod's" had any conception of the preliminary months of work and worry. Many plays were read from which one could be selected that might do, although no one can tell the worth of an unproduced play. When the selection is made the real trouble begins. There are long conferences with the author. Scenes have to be re-written—usually the author's pet scenes, the selection of an adequate cast. Actors are rehearsed in the various parts before the correct types are discovered and engaged.

Sketches are made of the scenes, which are submitted to the artist. The color schemes must harmonize with the gowns, carpets and furnishings. Models in miniature of the scenes are submitted and many times corrected. Drawings of the furniture are made on an exact scale. Miss Elliott enjoys this for she draws in pen and ink and paints in water colors for her own amusement. A "property plot" must then be made up, and even the note paper for the heroine writing a letter is designated. Milliners, modistes, shoe dealers, tailors, haberdashers, must be brought in and dealt with. The styles in a modern play must be at least six months ahead of time, as that period will probably elapse before the production. Then comes the reading of the play to the company and the mapping out of scenes by the moving about of manikins on a miniature stage. At the first rehearsals no scenery and no properties are in evidence. The doors and windows and articles of furniture supposed to be on the stage are designated by chalk marks. During the first dragging weeks the actors mumble their lines from the books, merely coming to "cues." The call is made for one act "perfect." All the properties are provided and the scene is set. Miss Elliott then stations herself out "front" in the darkened and torrid to gauge the tempo of each scene. The intonation of each speech is rehearsed again and again. There are the all-important ends of acts—the "curtains"—the question of climax. So Miss Elliott can say on the night of a production: "What I have to offer is my own. I did it myself and the credit belongs to me."

Forrest Halsey, who, with Lee Arthur wrote "Van Allen's Wife," has already made his mark as a novelist and artist. His latest novel is "Fate and the Butterfly," while another one of his novels, "The Panic," was made into a play last spring. Mr. Halsey, who comes of old American stock, first studied art, particularly etching. His drypoint of Lady de Bathe is considered by her to be one of her best likenesses. Among his other portraits is one of Patti, and one of Olga Nethersole as Sapho. Investments were unfortunate and Mr. Halsey's troubles compelled him to go to a sanitarium for a year. The past year and a half since he began writing—he is now a man of 20—saw him restored to health, and known as a novelist and playwright.

There is a general impression that stage successes are largely acquired through personal friendship with the managers. This is believed to be more generally true of women than of men.

The theory is only half true. There are many examples of personal merit winning out in the end. For example, Miss Eva Tanguay had anything but a smooth path to travel. When young she was thrown on her own resources; in fact, there was consid-

ered at the time of her death, in 1878, at Marlinton, Ohio. Miss Tanguay was only nine inches long and weighed less than two pounds. Her father, who was a doctor, despaired of her life, and as incubators were not practical in those days, he put the child in a little wooden box and placed her under the stove, where she remained several weeks and improved daily. People for miles around came to see the curiosity. This happened in the Canadian woods. Miss Tanguay's father died and her mother moved to Helyoke. Eva found it necessary to choose some means of livelihood, and she chose the theatrical profession. Her first engagement was with a stock company, and her first part of any prominence was Cedric Errol in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." She toured in that play for five years and afterward played in "The Merry World," "My Lady," "The Office Boy," "The Chaperons," "The Sambo Girl," and in 1906 in "A Good Fellow." She then went into vaudeville.

Annabelle Whitford is another one who gained prominence through hard knocks and privation. She started out as a dancer some years ago. Arthur Deagon came from the mines and his first experience on the stage was at a museum in Chicago, where he was known as "the cowboy tenor of the West."

Will Philbrook used to sell peanuts with a circus, and William Bonnell was a cabin boy. Bessie Clayton, now heralded as "America's greatest dancer," ten years ago was a little factory girl.

Kate Rolla, who is with "Miss Molly May," has appeared both in grand opera and in concerts with famous musical organizations. She sang here at a Boston Symphony orchestra concert in 1896.

Fannie Ward joined the Professional Woman's Club in this city when she was playing here a year ago.

Frances Keenan, who is in the east of "Miss Molly May," is the daughter of Frank Keenan, who was here early in the season in "On the Eve."

Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, the author of "Deborah of Tod's," will soon dramatize "The Tyrant," her latest volume. "Peter's Mother," which she made from one of her books, was produced with much success at Wyndham's in London in 1906. "The Little Squire," dramatized, was played at the Lyric. The blind know her as the author of "A Toy Tragedy," which has been printed in Braille type. Mrs. de la Pasture was born at Naples.

In the company that will support William Lackaye at the Majestic are Miss Clara Blandick, a leading woman with Kyrie Bellew on "Raffles," Julia Herne, a daughter of the late James Herne, and Gerald Groffin, who has been leading man in a stock company in New York.

The latest Keith find is "Little Billy," a youngster who sings, dances, and makes character changes with all the confidence of an old timer.

## MEN AND THINGS.

The Bryn Mawr Club of Boston is to be congratulated on this if for nothing else: The performances of "Medea" showed some who had perhaps been skeptical that there were after all brave dramatists before Messrs. Pinero, Shaw & Co.; that Euripides, for instance, is not merely a name, an incident in the old gag beginning, "I have ripped with Euripides and soaked with Socrates." The doubting Thomases were suspicious of a "pose." They saw in the mind's eye men and women inwardly bored, yet looking outwardly intense or with a thoughtful finger applied to a high brow as in portraits of the late Laurence Sterne. Yet when they saw the performances they were convinced of the sincerity of the appreciation.

The thought comes up, and will not down, why should there not be one theatre in town, a repertory theatre, where plays of this nature could be produced; where there could be revivals of plays of later periods, plays by Massinger, Otway, Congreve and others; where plays of a much more recent date which had not been well played, or for some reason had missed the public approval, could be tried again. Managers, no doubt, give the public what it wants. The great public wishes musical comedies, reviews, farces or some play which is thought to expose the inquisitorial methods of the police. The great public has its idols, a sartorial model, a young woman who is said to be a personality, an older woman who never surprises and perplexes her admirers by escaping for a few hours from her own identity, who never changes the mask tied on her by nature. And yet there are certain men and women, reasonable and reasoning creatures, not viewed with suspicion by their neighbors, who would like to see occasionally the plays that delighted their fathers and their grandfathers in this city. The younger generation, alas, has never been thrilled by "Venice Preserved," or "A New Way to Pay Old Debts."

Amateur performances are as a rule to be avoided except by those who take a cruel delight in the self complacency—we will not say vanity—of others. When these amateurs are known per-

sonal than in public, clothes will reflect to you the Doctor of Eugene Aram, and it will be laughable, grotesque, and a little sinister. Tragic emotions that need scenic illusion, a long preparation, a gradual heightening of emotion, are thrust into the middle of our common affairs. \* \* \* He will gesticulate wildly, adapting his movements to the drama as if Eugene Aram were in the room before us, and all the time we see a young man in evening dress who has become unaccountably insane. Nothing that he can do or say will make us forget that he is Mr. Robinson, the bank clerk, and that the toes of his boots turn up and up. And even when our acquaintances seek the aid of costume and scenery they are still Miss Gollightly and Mr. Slapdash. The impersonation of Medea by Mrs. Howe was, then, the more remarkable for she no doubt had personal friends in the audience, and yet on the stage she was as one from a strange land, of a century long gone by, yet of this year and of years to come, a woman swayed by a passion of all centuries.

The English are still fussy in the matter of metaphor. They wish their men in authority to preserve the traditions. The Lords not long ago smiled at the Bishop of Birmingham, who brought the maritime compass into debate for the sake of a forcible illustration, and thereby blunted his point and made a sad mess of his argument. Some recalled the misadventure that befell Sir George Balfour in the course of a debate on an Indian loan of £2,000,000: "Talk of this as a loan to India! Why, it is a mere flea-bite in the ocean." His hearers shrieked with laughter, and a Bengali writer said in the course of his description of the debate that the "House of Commons tore Sir George to pieces and exposed his 'cui bono' in all its naked hideousness."

Lady Lindsay, lecturing in London, said that she preferred the term "she poet" to "poetess," "which was as absurd as 'musical composeress,' or 'painteress.'"

There's no word "painteress" in English, but there's the word "paintress," and it has been in use from the middle of the 18th century. The same word in the 17th century was applied only to a woman that painted or rouged her face. Here is a curious distinction found in an account of painting pottery ware: "As both males and females are employed in this branch, the men are called painters, the women paintresses; but in blue painting where no men are employed, the women are called blue painters."

And why the objection to "poetess"? The formation follows that of a similar word in Italian, French, Spanish. The word is of long and honorable standing. Tindale used it in 1530. Lady Luxborough writing to Shenstone, said she wished to avoid the "reproachful name" of "poetess," even if she were capable of acquiring it; but we doubt whether she objected as an etymologist.

Some 30 years ago Mrs. Rosa Leland managed a theatre in Albany, N. Y. There was then a question whether she should be described as a manager or a manageress. Manager is not necessarily for males only. Sir Walter Scott spoke of Mrs. Siddons as a manageress, but she was virile enough to pass as a manager. And Mrs. Leland, in her day a seductive person, left off the "ess."

There are genteel persons in the concert world who speak of a female pianist as a "pianiste." Thus they think to differentiate. But "pianiste" is a French, not an English word, and in French it is both masculine and feminine; that is to say, Mr. Camille Saint-Saens is a "pianiste" in his own land.

And why should not Artemus Ward's distinction prevail? He told his wife, Betsy, that he should visit the birthplace of Shakespeare. "Don't you know he was the greatest Poet that ever lived? Not one of these common poets, like that young idiot who writes verses to our daughter about the roses as grows and the breezes as blowses—but a Boss Poet."

Mme. Steinheil has been offered about \$20,000 for 30 appearances at a music hall. Paris has known shows that were as morbid as this would be. A café proprietor engaged Nini Lafarge, the mistress of Fieschi who was executed for the attempt on Louis Philippe, to appear at his place. She was a drawing card, and the price of admission was raised after the first day from 12 to 20 sous; but Nini was satisfied with a sum amounting to about \$50 a week. In the eighties in Paris Louise Michel refused indignantly when Maxime Lissabonne offered her a position of hook-keeper in his restaurant, and yet she was then poor and needy.

## OPERA SINGERS' FIFTH CONCERT

The fifth in the series of concerts by soloists and the orchestra of the Boston Opera Company took place last

evening in the opera house, Wallace Goodrich conducting. The program was as follows.

Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute"; aria, "Pro Peccatis," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater" (Mr. Mardones); cavatina from "The Barber of Seville" (Mme. Bronskaja); Bach, air for string orchestra; aria, "O Paradiso," from "L'Africaine" (Mr. Constantino); Grieg, "Anitra's Dance" and "In the Hall of the Mountain King," from the "Peer Gynt" suite; aria, "Fin Puff," from "The Huguenots" (Mr. Mardones); Saint-Saens, rondo capriccioso, for violin and orchestra (Mr. Henrotte); Gounod, "Serenade" (Mme. Bronskaja); "Grail" narrative from "Lohengrin" (Mr. Constantino); "Entrance of the Gods into Valhalla," from "Rheingold."

The air from "The Huguenots," Gounod's Serenade and the encore numbers were given with piano accompaniment, played by Mr. Luizzatti; the other solo numbers were with orchestral accompaniment.

The audience was larger than usual and more generally appreciative of the orchestral part of the program. The orchestra's share thereof was a modest one, but its performance was a feature of the concert, especially in Bach's Air and "In the Hall of the Mountain King." The former was played with exquisite grace and tenderness, the latter with uncommon brilliance, and both were encoored, Mr. Goodrich being recalled with hearty and well merited enthusiasm.

Mr. Constantino's appearance, minus his mustache, disturbed the audience somewhat, for he looked so changed that there was an evident doubt whether it were really Mr. Constantino; but after he began to sing all doubts were cleared and he was applauded loud and long. His voice sounded especially beautiful in the Lohengrin's narrative, but he was inclined to hurry the performance.

Lightly disdaining the orchestral postlude, he left the stage the moment he had finished, as other singers have done at these concerts. It is to be regretted that soloists do not display toward the orchestra and conductor the courtesy that is shown to themselves, for they are indebted to both for able support and fine consideration for their occasional weaknesses.

Mme. Bronskaja and Mr. Mardones added to the pleasure of the audience, and Mr. Henrotte gave a delightful performance of Saint-Saens' work. All the soloists added to the program, and the audience would not let Mr. Constantino depart until he had sung the "Donna e Mobile," from "Rigoletto."

The opera tonight will be "Lakme," instead of "Madama Butterfly," which was announced, as Miss Nielsen is still to ill to appear.

Dec 14 07.

## CONCERT BY DE CARASA.

First Appearance in Boston of Manhattan Opera House Tenor.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mrs. McAllister's 10th musical morning took place yesterday in the Hotel Somerset. Miss Yolanda Mero, pianist, and Frederico de Carasa, tenor, of the Manhattan Opera House, took part. The program was as follows:

Chopin, etude, F major, op. 10; nocturne, E minor, Scherzo, B minor (Miss Mero); Meverbeer, "O Paradiso," from "L'Africaine" (Mr. Carasa); Bortkewitz, Prelude; Rachmaninoff, Serenade; Merker, Valse intermezzo (Miss Mero); Gounod, Cavatina, from "Romeo and Juliet" (Mr. Carasa); Liszt, Liebestraum, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 14 (Miss Mero); Tosti, La Mia Canzone; Denza, Vieni (Mr. Carasa).

Mrs. McAllister has brought several distinguished singers to Boston for the first time—as Lina Cavalieri, Miss Gerville-Reache, Maurice Renaud. Miss Farrar's first appearance here in concert was at one of these musical mornings. Mme. Melba made her only appearance in concert last season at one of them, and at the same one—it was a year ago this day—Miss Tina Lerner, the pianist, played here for the first time. These concerts have an unusual interest.

Yesterday Mr. Carasa of the Manhattan Opera House sang here for the first time. The Herald has often commented on the unfairness of judging an opera singer by his or her performance in a concert room. It may also be said that few singers are vocally best disposed in the morning. Mr. Carasa has a powerful voice with brilliant upper tones, a voice that seems more suitable to dramatic than purely lyric music. His intonation was not always pure. He is a young man, and he has much to learn technically, but he has an effective voice and indisputable dramatic fervor. Recalled after the two songs, he sang "Donna e Mobile," but not with lightness or elegance, and his florid work was slovenly.

Miss Mero has given two recitals here this season, and it is not necessary to comment again on her marked technical ability or the quality of her interpretations. She played the second group of pieces delightfully, and gave an exciting performance of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody. She was less successful with the pieces by Chopin. Warmly applauded, she added a caprice by Vogrich to the program.

Mr. Carasa brought his own pianist, who, by his wooden and thumping accompaniment, did the singer much harm.







## SINGER WHOSE SICKNESS PREVENTED APPEARANCE



(Photo by Chickering.)  
Miss Alice Nielsen.

Master Arriola was born at Barcelona 13 years ago this month. At the age of three he began to play the piano, and early in 1906 he played in Berlin a concerto with orchestra by Beethoven.

It was one of the delights of boyhood, in those happy years when a circus had a Shakespearian clown and only one ring, to hear the ringmaster praise the young lady who had in turn asked for the banners and the hoops: "Yes, Mr. Merryman, she rides well for one so young." What more can be said of a child pianist? And it should be remembered that what seems marvellous in a child of six or nine years is not so marvellous when he is 13 years old and has practised diligently under the supervision of a competent and experienced teacher.

In the smaller pieces by Chopin, the preludes, the boy pianist showed yesterday an aesthetic sensitiveness, a comprehension of proportion and contrast, and emotional tendencies that showed conclusively uncommon musical instincts. It was a pleasure to hear him play these pieces, because they were reasonably within his present grasp, and there was no suggestion of a child attempting feats which if they had been performed successfully in every way would indeed have amazed the audience. In the pieces that demanded greater strength—not the strength that is boisterous but that which suggests reserve force—and the emotional expression that comes only with maturity and the experiences of life, he inevitably was only a youngster honestly endeavoring to accomplish the impossible.

It is true that his touch was generally agreeable, that he often sang the melodic phrases, that certain features of his mechanism were surprising, but when he was at his best in these exacting compositions the hearer could think only of the eulogistic remark of the ringmaster; and there were times when the boy, handicapped necessarily by his youth and his little hands, did not play well, when his performance was evidently laborious or an earnest scramble.

He has an attractive personality. He has no airs and graces; he goes directly to his work; he is absorbed in this work and is thinking of the music rather than of the audience. He is normal in his appearance, and he looks well and happy. When he returns, if he continues his studies under a teacher that will be willing to wait patiently for results, and if he is not unwisely exploited, he will no doubt go far.

Miss Ormond sang the group of French songs delightfully. With the exception of a slip in the recitative by Debussy, her intonation was excellent, and I mention this because of late there has been an epidemic of false intonation here among professional singers, women young and old, and few have escaped it. Her enunciation and diction in these songs were admirable.

She did not rely solely on these qualities or on the natural beauty of her voice, and the grace and dignity of her behavior on the stage. She interpreted, not merely sang. She voiced the poet and the composer. The finesse of her interpretation was almost overlooked in the apparently spontaneous expression

of sentiments and emotions. She understood the mood and appreciated the specific character of each song, and by her art the hearer shared the mood and the appreciation with her. When there was occasion for a passionate outburst, she sang with irresistible dramatic fervor. The interpretation of the songs by Hue and Hahn was especially beautiful.

In the group of English songs she was less successful. Her intonation was not so secure, and she at times forced tone, nor were her enunciation and diction so generally noteworthy, although there were charming moments.

Mrs. White played the accompaniments with rare quality of tone, intelligence and sympathy. An audience of fair size applauded heartily the pianist and the singer. The former added to the program and the latter repeated the song by Schneider.

Traviata was sung last evening with the following cast:

Violetta Valery.....Eugenia Bronskaja  
Flora Bervoix.....Mildred Rogers  
Annina.....Mary Rourke  
Alfred Germont.....Florence Constantino  
Georgio Germont.....Cesare Formichi  
Gastone.....Ernesto Giaccone  
Baron Douphol.....Attilio Pulcini  
Marquis d'Obigny.....Roberto Vanni  
Doctor Grenvil.....Giuseppe Perini

Mr. Conti was the conductor.

Owing to loss of voice Miss Nielsen was unable to take the part of Violetta, and Mme. Bronskaja took her place, as before. Mme. Bronskaja showed much more warmth than on the previous occasion.

The first act was given with a more genuine gaiety, and with the close of this act Mme. Bronskaja began steadily to increase the depth and power of her impersonation till the end of the last act. The last few lines were somewhat ineffective, thanks to Mr. Constantino. Mme. Bronskaja's voice is not one to express great emotion, and she is obliged to resort to coughs or tears to carry out the impression. But in spite of this and a very healthy looking body, she does succeed as Violetta.

Mr. Constantino was not at his best last evening. He did not enter into the part. The scene with the father in the second act and the meeting with Violetta in the fourth act left one cold. He also sang occasionally with a forced tone, notably so in the song off the stage. Like many a less experienced tenor, he seemed so afraid of not being heard that he sang too loud.

Mr. Formichi's voice is singularly appropriate for the part of the father, and he acted with sincerity; his small stature does not count in his favor, however. The part needs weight. He has a good voice, and in general uses it simply and well.

Miss Rourke did the small part of Annina creditably, although she marred the effect of the scene between Violetta and Alfred in the last act by fussing around the room.

The ballet again appeared in their ugly Spanish costumes and danced the Cachuca to rapid waltz time, and were warmly applauded.

In other respects the performance of the Nocturne, as well as of the longer works, was somewhat hampered by a technical self-consciousness, so to speak, as though the player were not yet secure enough in technique to give his attention wholly to interpretation. The performance lacked abandon; yet at Mr. Platt's stage of progress this negative fault is better than the positive one of erring on the side of indiscretion. He gave ample evidence of brains and of musical feeling.

There was a small but friendly dispersed audience, and the pianist was recalled.

## MANNES' RECITAL.

Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes gave their first recital of the season in Jordan Hall last evening. The program was as follows:

A. P.  
Mozart, Sonata in F minor; Piere, Sonata in D major, op. 36; Brahms, Sonata in D major, op. 108.

Three sonatas form too heavy a program, no matter how carefully they may be chosen and combined, and therefore there was but a small audience to greet Mr. and Mrs. Mannes. They played admirably last evening; the music was all that could be desired.

Mrs. Mannes' tone is unusually beautiful, mellow and rich, and she is roughly artistic in all details. Mr. Mannes' low tones are powerful and agreeable but the higher ones impress as being insecure, due to his holding his instrument in such a drooping position that the left hand lacks weight. Paganini's sonata contains none of the little melodies usually found in the older music. It is grave, almost sad, though not. Its deep, full tones suit Mrs. Mannes' violin well. The second and third movements of Piere's sonata are interesting. The first movement is an endless repetition of the same theme in different keys, as characteristic of the modern composers. Brahms' sonata for a final number was too long and proved to be effective. It is less beautiful than others by the same writer, and less effective on the violin.

## Alice Nielsen's DEBUT IN 'FAUST'

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Gounod's "Faust" performed by the Boston opera company, Henry Russell, director. Mr. Russell conducted.

Mr. Constantino.....Florence Constantino  
Mme. Constantino.....Cesare Formichi  
M. Constantino.....Roberto Vanni  
M. Constantino.....Attilio Pulcini  
M. Constantino.....Giuseppe Perini

Mr. Alice Nielsen took the part of Marguerite for the first time at this house. It was a pleasure to hear her again on the stage.

Her performance of the part both vocally and dramatically was interesting in many ways.

New to the charm of this scene is its simplicity, and the music should be sung with the utmost simplicity and frankness. It is no time for Faust to press his voice and throw appealing glances to the ladies in the boxes; nor should Marguerite break the rhythm for rhetorical effect. Miss Nielsen was more fortunate than Mr. Constantino in passing this ordeal, yet a little more simplicity in action would have heightened the effect of both her recitative and her song.

Her Marguerite of the garden scene intelligently thought out and she sang and acted with marked skill. There were few, if any, traces of her in her position. Her upper tones were clear and resonant and her middle and lower tones had a delightful quality. She sang with unusual appreciation of text and situation and her performance was full of delicate and effective nuances. There are Marguerites who sing "The King of Thule" as though it were only a perfunctory introduction to the "Jewel" song. They seem to say to the audience, "Never mind this ditty; I'll be through with it in a minute; wait till I get to the 'Jewel' song and I'll show you how it should go."

But the soul of the Marguerite of the opera is in this ballad, not in the florid air which Gounod wrote at a time when at least one such air was demanded by the prima donna and expected by the audience. Miss Nielsen in the ballad bared the soul of Marguerite, who was after all a simple maiden, impressionable, but not forward, given to reverie, but not melancholy.

With the development of new ideas about opera, restless singers wishing to shun the conventional paths do surprising things with old and familiar parts. Thus from time to time we have a "new" Marguerite. Not wishing to incur the reproach of singing the Jewel Song as though it were a brilliant concert aria, they take all sorts of liberties both with the phrases and the rhythm, so that the air is broken into little bits, or singularly distorted.

Miss Nielsen's performance was not an exhibition of insolent bravura,

though it was a song she should be applauded or condemned, nor on the other hand did she check the musical continuity or rhythmic flow. Here and there she slackened the pace to gain legitimate effects by interpretation of the text; but whenever the main musical thought, the characteristic figure re-occurred, the tempo was faithfully observed with due regard for the text, not with inexorable and aggressive metronomic rigidity.

She sang the love music of the duet with genuine emotion, and both in song and action there was a crescendo of passion, which found its climax in her confidences to the night; but this climax was not hysterical, nor did it become an amorous shriek. It must be said that the tempo in the duet, as in other portions of this act, were at times too slow, and the scene dragged in spite of Miss Nielsen.

Mr. Constantino was too often inclined to favor purely vocal effects rather than the text of the librettists or the phrases and indications of the composers. He destroyed a melodic line by hanging interminably to the highest note of a musical sentence; he was given to listening to his voice and admiring it. Mr. Goodrich, although his reading of the score was careful and finished, too often gave way to the singers instead of holding them to their duty, and he, too, was inclined in this act to take things leisurely. Nevertheless, the conception of Miss Nielsen's Marguerite in this scene was artistic and emotional, and when she had her way there was no thought of dragging and consequent dullness.

She sang and acted in the church scene with dramatic effect, and the effect would have been greatly heightened had the scene been set properly and if Marguerite had been in the church with Mephistopheles behind a pillar. It is hard to see why the scene was thus set in defiance of all the traditions. A narrow front church scene would easily allow any preparation behind for the entrance of the troops and the consequent wait would be a very short one. It may also be said that the "Dies Irae" was sung at too slow a pace, so that the effect of this, the finest, the most tragic scene in the whole opera was marred.

All in all, the performance of Miss Nielsen was excellent, full of charm, emotion artistically controlled, and genuine distinction.

I have spoken of Mr. Constantino's failings in his desire to sing the music so that he might appear most favorably as a singer. His first act was dramatically and vocally his best, though some no doubt were disappointed because his clothes were not changed immediately after he drank the elixir. Possibly the elixir was not intended to take effect in the sight of the public; yet he must have doubted the ability of the fiend, when he saw no outward change and, an old man, departed with him in quest of amorous adventures. He was still stiff in the joints, bent and white-haired, when he sang lustily of his youth and expectations.

Mr. Constantino sang admirably with the exceptions above noted, but he sang on the whole as a distinguished tenor confident of applause to come, not as an impersonator of Faust, not as an intelligent phraser of Gounod's music. He was loudly applauded after the address to Marguerite's cottage, although the address was chiefly to the audience, with now and then a shy glance at the dwelling. No one demands that Faust should eye this cottage as though he were a real estate agent dreading a demand for improvements and examining the precise condition of the property; on the cottage should be wholly ignored.

Mr. Nivette sang the music of Mephistopheles brilliantly, and he acted with more spirit and variety than at the first performance. Mr. Boulogne was no doubt a good singer, but vocally he was unsatisfactory. The chorus, irrespective of the text, set for them in certain instances, did excellent work. There was a large, deeply interested and appreciative audience.

The opera tonight will be Verdi's "La Traviata," with Miss Nielsen and Messrs. Constantino and Formichi as the chief singers.

## Pepito Arriola Plays for First Time in Boston—Pleases in Numbers Within His Present Grasp.

By PHILIP HALE.

Master Pepito Arriola, pianist, played for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. He was assisted by Miss Lilla Ormond, mezzo-soprano, who was accompanied by Mrs. Charles A. White. The program was as follows:

Bach-Liszt, transcription of the Fantasia and Fugue in G minor for organ; songs: Recitative and aria of Azazel from Debussy's "Prodigal Son"; G. Faure, Un Reve d'Amour; He, J'ai Pleure en Reve; Hahn, Fetes Galantes; piano pieces, Chopin; Nocturne, preludes in C, G, F sharp, E flat; Polonaise in A flat; songs, Converse, Adieu; Grant-Schoefer, The Wind Speaks; Schneider, Flower Rain; Campbell-Tipton, A Sprit Flower, Serenade; piano pieces, Liszt, Liebestraum and Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6.



The first time was large and considering the fact that many had come to see Miss Nielsen and were disappointed, they were enthusiastic in their applause.

The management of the Boston Opera Company announces that the performance of "Faust" on Saturday afternoon will begin sharp at 1.30 o'clock.

Owing to the continued indisposition of Miss Alice Nielsen on Monday evening instead of "Madame Butterfly," "Il Trovatore" will be repeated.

With identically the same cast as to-night.

## BY METROPOLITAN SINGERS.

Season of Grand Opera Announced for Jan. 10 to 15.

A season of grand opera will be given in the Boston Opera House by the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, the first series of five performances from Monday, Jan. 10, to Saturday, Jan. 15. The second series of six performances will be during the week of March 28.

The repertory of the first series will consist of the following operas, four of them heretofore not given by the Boston Opera Company:

Monday evening, Jan. 10, "Tristan and Isolde." Mmes. Fremstad or Gadske, Homer; Messrs. Burian, Amato or Whitehill, Blass, Ross, Hall, Muehlmann. Conductor, Arturo Tosi.

Thursday evening, Jan. 13, "Lohengrin." Mmes. Destinn, Fremstad or Gadske, Homer or Wickham; Messrs. Joern, Forsell or Goritz, Muehlmann or Witherspoon, Hincley. Conductor, Alfred Hertz.

Friday evening, Jan. 14, "Tosca." Miss Farrar, Messrs. Bonel or Martin, Scotti. Conductor, Egisto Tangu.

Saturday matinee, Jan. 15, "Parsifal." Mmes. Fremstad, Messrs. Burian, Forsell or Whitehill, Goritz, Blass, Witherspoon. Conductor, Alfred Hertz.

Saturday evening, Jan. 15, "Il Trovatore." Mmes. Gadske, Homer, Flaubert or Meltschik, Messrs. Slezak, Amato or Gilly, etc. Conductor, Egisto Tangu.

## RACHMANINOFF

BY PHILIP HALE.

The ninth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Tragic overture.....Brahms  
"The Island of the Dead," symphonic poem to A. Boecklin's picture.....Rachmaninoff  
Second concerto for piano.....Rachmaninoff  
Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg".....Wagner

Mr. Rachmaninoff appeared yesterday as composer, pianist and conductor. He is not your ordinary composer-pianist or composer-conductor; he is a pianist of marked ability and a conductor of unusual skill, authority and magnetism.

His symphonic poem and his concerto were played here for the first time. When Mr. Rachmaninoff gave a recital with a program of his own compositions a month ago, he did not make a marked impression. The sonata, which is of about the same age as the symphonic poem, was for the most part austere, melancholy, self-restrained; the themes had not a decided profile, and the structure, though scholarly, was not remarkable. Nevertheless, the music had a certain individuality. Some of his smaller piano pieces had this and showed more spontaneity and charm in the invention.

"The Island of the Dead," which was performed in Moscow last season, was suggested by the well known picture of Arnold Boecklin, a picture of which there are four or five variants. It is fair to assume that the music expresses the composer's thoughts suggested by the picture; that it is not merely an attempt to translate the picture into tones. The best commentary on this composition for a program-book would be an engraving or a half-tone of the painter's work. But if this composition were only a literal translation of Boecklin's picture, how would the middle sections with the emotional storm and stress and the climaxes, especially the one that is built on the third chief theme, be explained?

For Boecklin himself described his "Island of the Dead" as a dream picture. "It must produce such an effect of stillness," he said, "that any one would be frightened if he should hear a rapping on the door." The island is far from the strife and the din of the world. In its awful solemnity it insures unbroken rest and quiet for the dead. The waves are hushed. No voice is heard, no cry of wandering bird. It is as though no human being could endure the solitude; as though the island had been cursed with the curse of silence, as was the world and the wretched man by the demon in Poe's wild tale. The only visitors are for a moment, and they silently entomb those who are to be silent forever. The ferryman is no Charon demanding passage money or reviling the unpro-

vided ghosts on the receding shore. And that white figure that stands by the coffin? Is it priest or mourner?

A literal translation of this picture into tones would necessarily be short, otherwise it would be monotonous in mood and in color. The first pages are admirable in the expression of the mood of the picture, as remembered by the hearer. After this mood is firmly established, the composer gives eloquent utterance to thoughts which he associates with Boecklin's painting. And to the hearer the composer seems, with his dexterous and effective use of the plain song "Dies Irae," and his own themes of lamentation and despair, to contrast the eternal silence of this cypress-tufted resting place and its inhabitants in their sepulchres with the emotions of those that must still live, strive, mourn. Thus does the composer give proportion and dramatic contrast to a work fundamentally sombre and nobly imaginative.

For this "Island of the Dead" is not merely pictorial; it contains lofty thoughts treated in an epic manner. The impressive effect is made not only by the character of the thoughts, but also by the arrangement of them and the orchestral expression. The poem is not episodic; there is unbroken continuity, as though one looking long at Boecklin's picture should meditate the eternal problems unanswerable in this world, realize the impotence of lamentation and protestation, and then accept the mystery and himself look forward to the last journey and the final resting place.

Mr. Rachmaninoff's concerto, written at least eight or nine years before the symphonic poem, is of a far different nature. It is frankly a concert piece for an accomplished pianist and for the pleasure of an audience. It is brilliant, and there are pages of pleasing sentiment and grace; there is effective orchestration. While the concerto is neither cheap nor vulgar, it is not, on the whole, a work of high distinction; but, when played as it was yesterday by the composer, it will interest, please and provoke applause. Mr. Rachmaninoff played brilliantly the virtuoso pages and in the second movement he showed genuine sentiment and refrained from sentimentalism. The audience was enthusiastic. I am told, for my acquaintance with the Friday afternoon concerts is of recent date, that the like enthusiasm has seldom been shown at a public rehearsal. The pianist acknowledged the applause, as he had played and conducted, in a dignified and quiet manner.

As a conductor, Mr. Rachmaninoff has had much experience in opera house and concert hall. This was seen at once. It was also seen that he was a master over men who responded gladly to his wishes, which were expressed with quiet force. He conducted simply; there was no fuss, nothing spectacular, but the man made his presence felt throughout the hall. He is a conductor of both subtle nuances and overpowering effects. Especially noteworthy was his preparation of a climax. The orchestra played as though inspired.

Mr. Fiedler gave an impressive reading of the overture by Brahms which must be reckoned among that composer's greatest works. The performance of Wagner's overture was deficient in contrasts and it might be said that Mr. Fiedler "thought" the overture too restlessly and at times at too fast a pace so that the combined contrapuntal walks were not always well defined or in proportion. Not the least pleasant feature of the concert was the appearance of Mr. Fiedler accompanying the guest to the conductor's stand and then remaining in the orchestra an interested and appreciative listener. This courtesy is characteristic of Mr. Fiedler.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Bach, Pastorale from the Christmas overture; Beethoven, symphony No. 4; Tchaikowsky, concerto in B flat minor for piano; Bizet, suite "L'Arlesienne" No. 1.

## IN "IL TROVATORE"

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance of Verdi's "Il Trovatore" by the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell, director, Mr. Luzzatti conducted.

Manrico.....Carlo Carlini  
The Count de Luna.....Gustave Formich  
Ferrando.....Emesto Giaccone  
Pulze.....Celestina Boninsegna  
Leonora.....Virginia Pierce  
Inez.....Guerrina Fabbri  
Azucena.....

A very large audience evidently enjoyed the opera. Nor was this surprising, for whether the performance of "Il Trovatore" be brilliant or mediocre, whether the chorus be large or small, whether the production be spectacular or shabby, the beauty and power of Verdi's melodies are irresistible, and the fourth act is still a masterpiece of dramatic expression in solo and in concerted music. Years ago it was the habit of the late Max Maretzek to take a scratch company to towns near New York for a performance of this opera. The chorus would be pathetically small and the orchestra still smaller, but the four chief singers were almost always well trained vocally and men and women of Italian fervor. I remember one of these performances in New

Haven in the early seventies. An Azucena and a few Phillipps were the Azucena and few have equalled her in this part.

The tenor was effective only in this one opera, therefore his career in the United States was short; but as Manrico he was fiery and a man of trumpet tones. And the Ferrando! He did not wear a helmet, for Maretzek was not fussy about costumes. He wore a huge and sinister slouch hat, and this seemed one and fitting headpiece. There never was a Ferrando like that one. Never was the woeful tale related with such emphasis and expression of firm belief. Verdi's music made its way as ever, and the audience was blind to the absurd scenery, the scanty chorus, the numerically weak and inefficient orchestra.

Last night the stage settings were worthy of the high aims of the opera house, and the stage management, except at the beginning of the second scene of the second act, was excellent. The chorus was effective, and Mr. Luzzatti conducted with spirit.

An old friend made her appearance for the first time at this opera house, Mme. Fabbri, who sang here in the early nineties with Adelina Patti in opera and in concert. Her impersonation of Azucena was on the whole the feature of the performance. Her voice has true contralto quality, and many of her tones are still effective in themselves and effectively employed. Her impersonation was of the old school, and there were frequent suggestions of the grand style. I do not say that her singing was wholly admirable, but it was characterized by breadth and fervor. Mme. Fabbri has not forgotten the respect due the long melodic line of Verdi, and she did not chop her phrases into little bits, in the hope thus to be more expressive. And in her action there was often the intensity and the passion of hatred that should characterize Azucena, one of the most sharply defined characters in opera.

The announcement was made in the program book that Mr. Formich was unable to sing, owing to the delay in the arrival of a steamer, and that he would make his first appearance next Monday night as the Count di Luna. Mr. Boulogne took his place last night and sang in French. This did not console the audience for his falling frequently below the true pitch, or for his manner of singing "Il Balen" and the other airs allotted to him.

Mme. Boninsegna was more effective in the last act than in the first and second. Mr. Carlini began poorly, but he improved as he went along his adventurous way. He sang the famous "Di quella pira" with animation and in heroic fashion. Miss Pierce was an Inez of many superfluous gestures, and her voice trembled with emotion in her scenes with the afflicted Leonora.

The singers were often rewarded with applause; the "miserere" scene aroused enthusiasm, and there were curtain calls.

The opera this afternoon will be "Faust," with Mmes. Alda of the Metropolitan Opera House, Roberts, Rogers and Messrs. Bourillon, Nivette, Boulogne and Vanni. Mr. Goodrich will conduct. The performance will begin at 1:30 o'clock.

The opera this evening will be "Madama Butterfly," with Mmes. Lewicka and Leveroni and Messrs. Kolombin, who will sing for the first time in Boston, Fornari, Giaccone, Pulcini, Archambault. Mr. Conti will conduct.

## NORDICA-CARRENO RECITAL.

Director Russell of the Boston Opera House announces a joint recital of Mmes. Lillian Nordica and Teresa Carreno at the Boston Opera House, Friday afternoon, Dec. 31, at 2 o'clock. The program will be as follows:

Appassionata Sonata.....Beethoven  
Mme. Carreno.  
Allerseelen.....Strauss  
Gretchen am Spinnrade.....Schubert  
Liebestraße.....Weingartner  
Mme. Nordica.  
Nocturne, Opus 62, No. 1.....Chopin  
Etude G flat.....Chopin  
Polonaise, Opus 53.....Chopin  
Mme. Carreno.  
Psyche.....Palladile  
En Avril.....Weber  
Mandoline.....Debussy  
Mme. Nordica.  
Barcarolle.....MacDowell  
Hexentanz.....MacDowell  
Concert Etude.....MacDowell  
Mme. Carreno.  
Pleading.....Elgar  
Titan's Cradle.....Lehmann  
Ah, Love, let a Day.....Beach  
I Send My Love up to Thee.....Beach  
Der Erlkönig.....Schubert  
Mme. Nordica.

Dec 19, 1909

"Faust" was performed for the third time by the Boston Opera Company yesterday afternoon at the Opera House, Wallace Goodrich conducting. The cast was as follows: Faust, Mr. Bourillon; Mephistopheles, Mr. Nivette; Valentin, Mr. Boulogne; Wagner, Mr. Vanni; Marguerite, Mme. Frances Alda; Siebel, Miss Roberts; Martha, Miss Rogers.

Mme. Alda sang the part of Marguerite for the first time at this opera house. The Herald has commented upon the clearness of her upper and lower tones when she sang Gilda here, and added that the former were inclined to be occasionally shrill. Yesterday her voice sounded well throughout. It is of agreeable quality, beautiful in lyric passages when it is not forced.

Mme. Alda looked the part of Mar-

guerite that she was. Her face was graceful, light in motion, youthful, so that the jewel song did not awaken amusement in the hearer. The song became her, as did the jewels that she donned, and she sang and acted this scene with simplicity and gaiety—an artless girl, with no thought of the footlights and the audience. There was little in the impersonation, however, to show that Mme. Alda had thought it out on lines of her own. She depended for her effects almost wholly upon her singing; her acting was conventional and lacked spontaneity. Her laugh at the end of the fourth act was effective—indeed, her acting of this scene was better than in any of her preceding scenes—but for the most part she moved gracefully along prescribed lines and waited for cues.

The performance as a whole might be summarized in the same terms. It was smooth, but not always animated, although there were brilliant moments. The song of the golden calf went with gusto; Mr. Nivette sang admirably here and elsewhere, and the chorus was lusty and united in song. Mr. Bourillon made a gallant looking Faust and phrased his music with much taste.

The mounted soldiers traversing the background made a brilliant spectacle, and heightened the effectiveness of the soldiers' chorus, which the audience did its best to encore. The general performance gave manifest pleasure to a large audience.

## NEW TENOR AT OPERA HOUSE

Hugo Kolombin Sings Role of Pinkerton in "Madama Butterfly."

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," by the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell, director, Mr. Conti conducted.

Butterfly.....Mme. Lewicka  
Suzuki.....Miss Leveroni  
Kate Pinkerton.....Miss Schwartz  
F. B. Pinkerton.....Hugo Kolombin  
Sharpless.....Rodolfo Fornari  
Goro.....Emesto Giaccone  
Principe Yamadori.....Attilio Pulcini  
Lo Zio Bonzo.....Francis Archambault  
Yakuside.....John Morgan

The performance deserved a much larger audience, for it was animated and generally interesting. Mr. Kolombin made his first appearance at this opera

house, and he will probably be a useful member of the company. His voice is a manly one, brilliant in the upper tones, which he sings with ease, and agreeable in the middle register when he does not allow the tones to be throaty. He is at ease on the stage; he carries himself well; and he has an air of distinction. He sang with musical intelligence. All in all, he made a favorable impression. We understand that he has had much experience and that he has a large repertory.

Miss Lewicka was an amiable Cho-Cho-San in the first act, and she sang pleasantly. Poor Mme. Butterfly, however, is afterward tossed by stormy emotions, and there is need of dramatic fervor and intensity.

The orchestra was well controlled and the performance moved with more fleetness than on the night of the production. The audience was highly appreciative, and there were curtain calls.

The opera on Monday night will be "Il Trovatore," with Mmes. Boninsegna and Fabbri and Messrs. Carlini, Fornich and Perini. Mr. Conti will conduct.

## THE OPERA REPERTORY.

First Appearance Here of Maria Gay, Spanish Singer, as Carmen.

The repertory for the week beginning Monday the 20th will be as follows:  
MONDAY, DEC. 20, AT 8 P. M.  
Verdi's "Il Trovatore."

Leonora.....Mmes. Boninsegna  
Inez.....Mmes. Fabbri  
Azucena.....Mmes. Carlini  
Manrico.....Messrs. Carlini  
Count di Luna.....Formich  
Ferrando.....Perini  
WEDNESDAY EVENING, THE 22D, AT 8.  
Bizet's "Carmen."

Don Jose.....Messrs. Constantine  
Escamillo.....Baklanoff  
II Dancairo.....Stroesco  
II Remendado.....Carlini  
Zuniga.....Archambault  
Morales.....Pulcini  
Carmen.....Mmes. Maria Gay  
Micaela.....Lipkowska  
Frasquita.....Lewicka  
Mercedes.....Freeman  
THURSDAY EVENING, THE 23D, AT 7:45.  
Verdi's "Aida."

Aida.....Mmes. Hoffmann  
Amneris.....Claessens  
Ira Sacerdotessa.....Freeman  
Radames.....Messrs. Carlini  
II Re.....Archambault  
II Re.....Formich  
Mephistopheles.....Mardones  
II Messaggero.....Giaccone  
FRIDAY EVENING, THE 24TH, AT 7:45.  
Ponchielli's "La Gioconda."

La Gioconda.....Mmes. Boninsegna  
Laura.....Claessens  
La Gioconda.....Leveroni  
Il Re.....Messrs. Constantine  
Baklanoff  
Alvino.....Nivette  
Zuniga.....Pulcini  
Isopo.....Vanni





SATURDAY MATINEE, THE 25TH, 2 P. M.  
Bizet's "Carmen."

Dona Jose	Messrs. Bourillon
Escamillo	Boulogne
El Dancairo	Strosescu
El Remendado	Glacoue
Zorika	Archambault
Moussa	Puleini
Chito	Mines, Gay
Alfaro	Bronskaja
Lasplata	Lowicka
Mercedes	Freeman

MEN AND THINGS.

A newspaper in New York, published last Monday a peculiarly interesting article concerning the religious practices of prominent Bostonians. A representative of this journal, who evidently has given his days to the study and cultivation of family trees, to social arboriculture, and his nights to an interlarded and annotated Social Register, through which occasionally a forced draught is felt, went to leading churches in the Back Bay last Sunday.

"Noted among the engaged girls in the Trinity congregation were Miss ——— and ———" (we omit the names). We are informed that one of the young ladies was with her "fiance," which being interpreted means betrothed, for the word "feller" in popular use is less restricted in meaning. Unfortunately we are not told what the young ladies wore, or whether the "fiance" shied when the collection plate neared him.

It would appear from this report that betrothed girls occupy carefully designated and reserved pews in this church. That they are separated from the women that have accomplished their duty or are resigned to spinsterhood, and from those that still have hopes. There are congregations in which the men sit on one side of the church and the women on the other; but pews only for the betrothed are not common in this country.

The reporter noticed at another church—he undoubtedly used a taxicab that morning—a worshipper who had won a blue ribbon at the horse show. It is not stated whether she wore this ribbon so that it could be seen as she stood, sat or knelt. In the same church were "several members of the Vincent Club." This news should reassure many, who have been led to believe that the members are given over incessantly to delirious dancing, which is to them the whole conduct of life. The belief is absurd, but here is positive proof of the absurdity, for even sacred dancing is not now allowed in the churches, except possibly in the cathedral at Seville on one day of the year.

"Others in the congregation were Mr. and Mrs. ———." And there is a list of names, as though the reporter had attended a reception at some lion-hunter's "residence," or been assigned to a floorwalkers' ball.

Some one may lift up his voice and say: "Could snobbishness go further or be more disgusting?" He might ask whether climbers will now be encouraged to use the lectern or the altar in their frantic endeavor to gain the social paradise. But there is another side to this matter. May not these reports, especially if the names be printed accurately with costumes carefully described and with the publication now and then of the portrait of an attractive worshipper, encourage churchgoing in Boston? The time may come when the list of pewholders, with the position of each pew, will be published and distributed at the door so that Uncle Amos, Aunt Lucinda, Miss Vashti, and young Mr. Bolivar visiting Boston can easily identify men and women, as they do sitters in boxes at the opera, or at least think they do and are therefore happy. A year from now these churches may each have a waiting list.

Reading the memoirs of Baber, "Emperor of India. First of the Great Moghuls," we came across this description of Baber's father given by the son. The father had "uncommon force with his fists and never hit a man without knocking him flat to the ground." Baber adds: "He was a humane man, and played a great deal of backgammon." Was this instance of humor unconscious or deliberate? Old Burton spoke of chess as a "testy, choleric game, and very offensive to him that loseth the mate." Did not William the Conqueror playing with the Prince of France and losing the game, knock the chessboard about the victor's pate? Backgammon, whether it be Russian or English, is a mild game. The players might well sip flaxseed tea. Backgammon by some is classed with jackstraws and golf—we say this not as of our own opinion, for we dread complaining or denunciatory letters from "Veritas," "X. X. X." and "Yours for health." Yet the Pall Mall Gazette not long ago flatly contradicted Mr. Balfour's statement that nothing has so materially contributed to the lighter side of civilization as the game of golf, which is for all classes. "A game," answered the Pall Mall, "which a man can play for an entire day with no other company than a caddie and a scoring-card may induce thought—we know it induces speech—and may even contribute to health, but that it is of any service to civilization we resolutely and emphatically deny." The fact that the game generally involves a subscription and entrance

fee and at points of the polo, the millocks, wry-necked mashes, and other barbarically-named weapons, incessant loss of balls at two shillings apiece, the fees to the caddies (not to mention discreet hush money from time to time), extra tailors' bills and all the expensive amenities of the clubhouse, is the very reverse of a game for all classes." The writer does not believe that golf is for both sexes, "for woman's golf is mainly agriculture;" and it is not a game for all ages, "for no man who can run should play a game in which a doddering walk will suffice."

The punctuality in the beginning of performances at the Boston Opera House is remarkable and cannot be too highly praised. Would that all the theatres would profit by the example!

But let us go back for a moment to Baber, Emperor of India, etc. "As I intended, when forty years old, to abstain from wine, and as now I wanted somewhat less than one year of being forty, I drank wine most copiously." A great Moghul, yet a human being.

A daring Englishman, Mr. Frederick Boyle asks, "What makes women homely?" The answer to this by a deep thinker is that there are no homely women. The woman with the plainest, sourest face may have a noble or seductive figure. The pity of it when this glory is hidden through life. Many are not so fortunate as Miss Arabella Churchill, although they would gladly be thrown from a horse to win a duke.

Young Manuel of Portugal found on his visit to England that he was expected to tip royally, although he was not accompanied as Persia's Shah of the Twenties by his dwarf, his giant, his jester, his historian and his poet laureate. Manuel's experience was like that of Artemus Ward: "I don't remember a instance since my rival in London of my gettin into a cab without a Briton comin and purtlytely shuttin the door for me, and then extendin his open hand to'ards me, in the most frendly manner possible. Does he not, by his simple yit tuchin gesture, welcum me to England? Doesn't he? Oh, yes—I guess he doesn't he."

RUMFORD ANGERED BY MILD CRITICISM

By PHILIP HALE.

The Herald reported recently the pleasant episode in the life of an artist in London: How Mr. Kennerley Rumford, baritone, and husband of Mme. Clara Butt, struck, or boxed, the ears of Mr. Collis, the music critic of the Times, in the vestibule of Queen's Hall; how the manager of the Times asked Mr. Rumford to apologize; how Mr. Rumford, a haughty person, refused to abase himself; whereupon a summons for assault was brought against him.

We now know what Mr. Collis said in print. The concert was on Nov. 27, and the symphony in C by Paul Dukas was performed for the first time in London. The program also included a "new" suite for strings by Baeh; an arrangement for strings of three organ pieces; an Allegro vivace in G; an Andante in B minor, and an Allegro deciso in G—all derived from Bach's sonatas for the organ. Mme. Butt sang three of Elgar's "Sea Pictures," and after she was applauded vigorously, added a fourth, "In Haven," which the Referee declared to be "a gem." She also sang Beethoven's "In Questa Tomba" and "Creation's Hymn."

The Referee made this comment: "How they were interpreted there is no need to describe. It is sufficient to say that they were sung by Mme. Clara Butt, as they have been, and probably will be, many times." But Mr. Rumford did not box the ears of this critic. He probably saw a compliment in the vagueness.

The Times made this comment in the notice of the symphony concert: "No doubt the apathy of the reception was partly due to the fact that the audience was largely made up of the admirers of Mme. Clara Butt, who are not generally interested in symphonies or other forms of serious music. The performance of some of Elgar's 'Sea Pictures,' two songs by Beethoven, with, of course, Donizetti's 'Il Segreto' as an encore, apparently satisfied them."

Was there anything in this to offend even the most sensitively uxorious man? It was undoubtedly true that the admirers of Mme. Butt did not care for any orchestral work as serious as the symphony by Dukas.

Mr. Rumford said in his letter to the manager of the Times:

Sir—I should not dream of apologizing to Mr. Collis. My wife and I take no exception to unfavorable criticism, but your critic's notice was not criticism at all, it was an impertinence on his part. He said that the symphony was badly received by the public because the audience was composed of admirers of my wife, who were unable to appreciate and understand serious music.

I thoroughly agree with you that it is unfortunate that these matters should be the subject of police court proceedings. If, sir, you are sincere in the expression of your opinion, the trouble is easily remedied by your instructing your critics to confine themselves in future to criticism, and not to persistent and personal abuse.

Had such so-called criticism been directed to me, I should have treated it with the contempt it deserves, but as it was directed against my wife, and is one of a series of sustained attacks upon her in your newspaper, I am now compelled to take strong measures to put a stop to the annoyance.

My solicitors are Hilder, Thompson and Dunn, 36 Jermyn street, who will accept service on my behalf. Yours truly, R. KENNERLEY RUMFORD.

Mr. Rumford is a tall and muscular person, and he himself sings—he is a formidable baritone. Some would describe him as a good husband. But is he not a foolish person? How was his wife abused by the Times? Mme. Butt's public musical taste is not conspicuous for refinement. This is shown by her choice of songs to please the great public. No singer of fine taste would have sung in Boston some of the songs chosen by Mme. Butt when she visited this city.

If Mr. Collis had cracked jokes about Mme. Butt's uncommon height or analyzed too minutely her peculiar beauty, Mr. Rumford might justly have been offended. When Mme. Butt was in Boston—she sang here at a Symphony concert Oct. 28, 1899, and afterward gave two recitals—she seemed to be a tall bundle of contradictions. She sang music by Gluck, Schubert, Schumann, Beethoven, Handel, but she also sang ditties by Cowen and Needham, and with evidently huge enjoyment S. Liddle's "Abide with me," to the accompaniment of piano and cabinet organ. In England she "moves thousands" by her singing of ballads, not ballads dear to Sir Walter Scott and Bishop Percy, not immortal ballads, but sentimental stuff. When she was here she sang at times with great dignity; at other times she had the airs and graces of a favorite "serlo-comic vocalist" in a variety show. Her lower tones were singularly beautiful, yet she would force them till they reminded one of a gargle at work or the wail of a bath-tub over the water leaving it through the waste pipe. Amalie Joachim once said: "Our tenors sing day by day more effeminately and our contraltos grow more and more like men; a woman should guard herself against falling into the mannerisms of a deep bass."

Mme. Butt sang Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" with a dramatic intensity remarkable for its quiet force, its artistic self-restraint. The voice of death was pale and chilling. The lips of the singer were cold with the coldness of the tomb. The girl to whom Death stretched out his hand did not shriek in hope of rescue; the thought of a cry was stifled; the voice faltered; there was no escape. Marvellous was the amorous exclamation "But for thee, but for thee," in Hatton's "Enchantress," but the irresistibly voluptuous coloring of the phrase went with the leer of a flushed barmaid. Truly a strange singer! There was no denying the rare richness and the fascination of her lower tones or the individuality of the woman. Yet she gave the impression of insincerity in her art, except when she sang inferior music that she knew would at once excite an audience to applause.

An amazonian creature, she need not have called in her husband's aid. The wonder is that she did not insist on arguing the question with the critic.

Mark the lame and impotent conclusion! The case was called in a police court Dec. 14. The counsel for the plaintiff arose and said his client "deprecatd the interpretation put upon the criticism complained of, which was not in any way meant to reflect on Mme. Butt's reputation as a singer. Counsel for Mr. Rumford accepted the statement of the plaintiff's attorney, tendered an apology for the row in which Mr. Rumford boxed the critic's ears and expressed regret that

the incident should have occurred. The case was then withdrawn."

The Pickwickian scene is over; but this fact remains: Mr. Rumford boxed the critic's ears.

A company is forming in New York to give a short season of opera in Havana next month. It is stated that Mmes. Nordica and Cavalleri will be two of the leading women and the first tenor will be Mr. Carasa, who sang here at Mrs. McAllister's musical morning last week.



Mme. Cavalleri will sing here in Symphony Hall Tuesday evening, Jan. 4. She has sung in Boston only twice: once at one of Mrs. McAllister's concerts, and in opera as the heroine in Puccini's "Manon Lescaut." The career of this woman, born at Rome, Dec. 25, 1874, has been a varied one, checkered and at times possibly dull. It is not necessary to relate the facts or legends of her childhood; how she was a flower girl or working in a far more humble way when one of the Rudins became interested in her. She was first known publicly as a singer in cafe concerts and her great beauty rather than any charm of voice or talent in diction made her famous. She was not content with this reputation, nor was she satisfied to be ranked with Mme. Liane de Poissy or Miss Lise Fleuron. She wished to sing in grand opera. So she studied with Mme. Mariani-Masi and made her debut at Lisbon as Nedda nine years ago this month. She was heard at the San Carlo, Naples, as Mimi, then at Warsaw at Violetta, Marguerite, Nedda and Mimi; later in Italian cities and St. Petersburg; still later in Paris and New York. Her voice was not naturally flexible or agreeable, but her ambition was boundless, her will indomitable, her industry fabulous. She made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House as Fedora Dec. 5, 1906. The critics were not kind to her that season. Some of them asserted that only her beauty was the reason of her engagement, and unpleasant remarks were made about favoritism in high places. Mme. Cavalleri was not disturbed. She kept at work.

This season at the Manhattan Opera House the same critics acknowledged gladly the great progress made by her both as singer and as actress—and they praised highly her Salome in Massenet's "Herodiade." She made recently the mistake of appearing in "Carmen," for the music is wholly unsuited to her voice. Victor Maurel, who has been teaching her, implored her to let the part alone; but she would not be persuaded. Mr. Maurel, who was in Boston a short time ago, had much to say about the industry of Mme. Cavalleri; her absolute devotion to her work; and he did not hesitate to add that in his opinion her Tosca was a great impersonation in all respects. She is certainly one of the most interesting women on the operatic stage.

Mr. Meltzer seeing her dance a few nights ago in New York was moved to write: "Long before her ambition led her to the opera boards, Lina Cavalleri had danced and sung for her living on the 'variety' stage. This helps to explain the triumph she won the other night, before an expert gathering, at the small dinner-reception of M. and Mme. Victor Maurel. The fortunate few who saw her 'interpret' breakdowns, with the agility of a dandy, waltzes with the abandon of a Viennese and jigs with the hilarity and vigor of the girls of Cork, speak rapturously of the grace with which

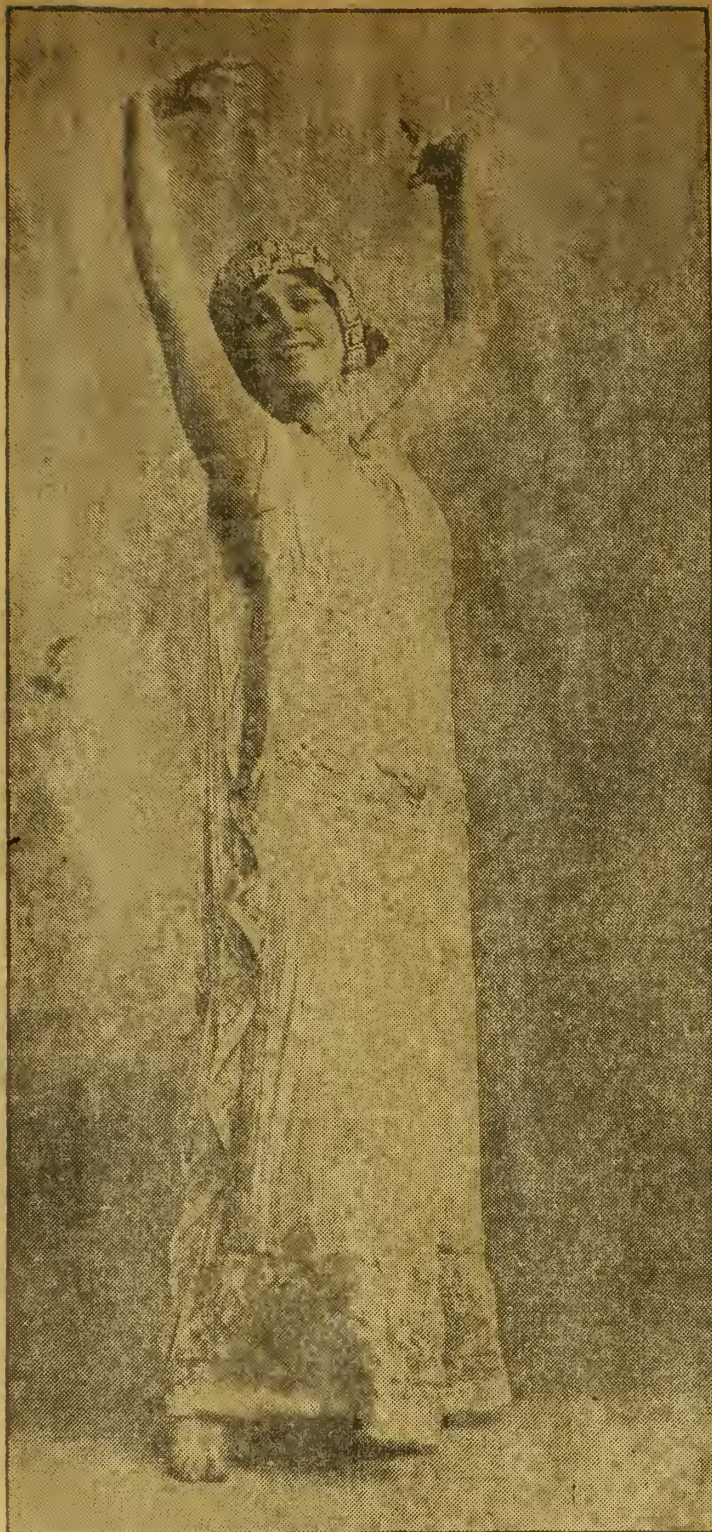
Her feet beneath her petticoat,  
Like little mice, stole in and out.

Also they agree with Sir John Suckling's later lines:

But oh! She dances such a way!  
No sun upon an Easter day  
Is half so fine a sight.

"Quo Vadis," an opera with libretto by Henri Cain and music by Jean Nougues, produced at Nice in last February, met with popular success at the Gaite-Lyrique toward the end of November. The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette writes that the enthusiasm of the audience the first night was extraordinary.

After the chorus of the Christians in the dungeons of Rome, magnificently led by St. Peter, in the fifth tableau, the house refused to let the curtain be lowered until the entire chant had been repeated three times. . . . Henri Cain is a librettist who does not let his classical knowledge interfere with his mastery of theatrical effect. His episodes are well chosen, strikingly produced, clear and telling. There is not a dull moment. Not even at His Majesty's has one seen a finer rendering of the burning of Rome. In the foreground are the gardens and terraces of Mt. Palatine. Miss Trouhanowa, the Russian dancer, surrounded by her corps de ballet, is executing a voluptuous and languorous dance, whilst the flames of the burning city come nearer and nearer. In the great scene of the Coliseum at Rome, Nero seizes from his tribune; he is surrounded by the patricians of Rome. Below, the crowd of Christians is being driven into the arena by the guards. It is a scene of bewildering magnificence, of cruelty and violence that needed a Wagner for the partition. It is not Mr. Nougues' fault if the full and confidence of his music is not carried to the violence of the scene. . . . Of these episodes, it is a pleasant task to handle such material and mould it into musical form. One may say, with such interest this composer's musical development during the next 10 years. Haste and fever will probably have given place to greater breadth and calm as he appears in his work."



(Photo Copyright, 1909, by Davis & Bickemeyer.)  
Singer Who Will Be Heard in Concert at Symphony Hall on Jan. 4.

There are some who say that this music is full of reminiscences. And why should it not be? The novelist pillaged Suetonius and Petronius. Mr. Nougues should have some respect for the methods of the author. "Quo Vadis" has suggested at least one symphonic poem, and another opera. Nero, who, they now tell us, was an enlightened ruler, and a much abused man, has been the hero of several operas. Rubinstein's was produced at the Boston Theatre Jan. 9, 1888, with Elol Sylva, William Ludwig, W. H. Fessenden, Amanda Fabris, Clara Poole, Emma Juch. Will Bolto's "Nero," long promised, ever be produced?

Maria Gay, who will sing in Boston for the first time at the Boston Opera House next week as Carmen, is a Spaniard, who has excited attention and provoked discussion in London, Paris, Brussels and other European cities. She made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House a year ago this month in Bizet's opera, with Miss Farrar as Micaela, Caruso as Don Jose and Jean Nougues as Escamillo. Some have been startled by Mme. Gay's realism; others have preferred the term pseudo-realism. This is as it should be. How stupid the musical world would be if all the accomplished artists and the still more accomplished listeners were to think alike. Mme. Gay has recently been startling the dwellers in the English provinces as a member of Charles Manners' English opera company.

When Mme. Gay made her first appearance in London in April, 1904, at a Philharmonic concert, and introduced D'Indy's "Lied Maritime," it was stated that she was a native of Barcelona, and the wife of a Spanish musician. "For many years," said the

Daily Telegraph of London, "she occupied herself with sculpture and painting, but Mr. Engel, the tenor, while on a visit to Spain, heard her sing, and advised her to study seriously. Four years ago Mme. Gay made a successful debut at the Lamoureux concerts in Paris, and since then she has toured with Mr. Raoul Pugno, the pianist, and sung in many cities in Europe."

When she first appeared in London as Carmen she excited comment by jumping on a table in the boozing-ken and executing a Spanish dance. "She uses the castanets," said an admiring reporter, "when she dances for her lover with a virtuosity no other prima donna ever equalled. Most of them merely pretend to play, while one of the musicians in the orchestra does the work."

A concert was given last Tuesday by the Winchester Orchestral Society. The program included the overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Mozart's symphony in G minor, excerpts from Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann" and Luigini's "Egyptian Ballet." Mrs. Sundell sang an aria and songs. The history of the formation of this orchestra is interesting as told by the secretary, Mr. Sylvester H. Taylor:

"There are a number of good amateur musicians in Winchester who have had no opportunity and possibly little inclination to do any regular serious work in the musical line owing to lack of working with others, and this autumn, at the suggestion of Mr. W. H. W. Bicknell, the etcher, who is also an enthusiastic 'cello player, a number of gentlemen in Winchester got together and formed the above named organization. Our idea was that we would guarantee the expense incidental to engaging a good

musical and orchestral forces, and also furnish a place in which the orchestra could rehearse as often as might be deemed necessary, with a view to giving at least two concerts a season, and in this way to arouse and hold the interest of the individual players who compose the orchestra."

"The leader engaged was Mr. John Little of Malden, and rehearsals were begun about the middle of October. We started with 19 instruments, but every week brought new members, not only from Winchester but from nearby towns, and now the orchestra numbers 47. Violins, 16; violas, 4; cellos, 5; basses, 4; flutes, 2; clarinets, 2; oboes, 2; bassoons, 2; horns, 4; trumpets, 2; trombones, 3; tympani, 1. We have now a waiting list of applicants, who will be given a trial after our first concert, next Tuesday night. . . . This little amateur organization is trying to do good earnest work in a musical way, and is being backed by men who believe that such efforts are a great help in an educational way."

Many will be glad to hear that Mr. Dolmetsch will repeat on Tuesday, the 28th, in Chickering Hall, his Christmas concert of last season. The program will include a "Lullabye" for soprano, with accompaniment of violins and organ; Corelli's "Concerto grosso" for strings, harpsichord and organ; a cantata by Bach for four solo voices, chorus, flutes, oboes and strings.

The Kneisel quartet will celebrate in Chickering Hall on Tuesday, the 28th, its 25th anniversary. The program will include Schubert's quartet in D minor (op. posth.); Cesar Franck, larghetto and scherzo from the quartet in D; Beethoven, quartet in E major, op. 127. This event should be of special interest to music lovers, and there should be more than ordinary appreciation of the work done by this admirable chamber club. The Kneisel Quartet gave its first concert in the old Chickering Hall Dec. 28, 1885. The quartet was then composed of Messrs. Kneisel, Fiedler, Svecenski, Glese, and Mr. Kuntz played the second viola at the first concert. The program was as follows: Volkmann's quartet in G minor, op. 14; Canzonetta from Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat major; minuetto from Mozart's quartet in C minor; Beethoven's quintet in C Major, op. 29. There were four concerts the first season and they began at 7:15. Mr. Roth succeeded Mr. Fiedler as second violinist in November, 1887; Mr. Roth was succeeded by Mr. Onbricek in 1899, and he in turn gave way to Mr. Theodorowicz in October, 1902; Mr. Theodorowicz was succeeded by Mr. Roentgen in 1907. Mr. Glese, the 'cellist, was succeeded by Mr. Anton Hekking in October, 1889. Mr. Schroeder took Mr. Hekking's place in October, 1891. Mr. Schroeder resigned in 1907 to go to Europe to live, and Mr. Willeke took his place. Mr. Glese is dead. Messrs. Roth and Fiedler are still members of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Schroeder is now the 'cellist of the Hess-Schroeder Quartet. The Kneisel Quartet was for several seasons supported by Mr. Henry L. Higginson, who lost neither confidence nor courage, although the audiences at the first concerts were not large, especially in New York, where it was not then the fashion to go to chamber concerts. In the spring of 1903 the members of the Kneisel Quartet left the Boston Symphony orchestra and soon made New York their dwelling place.

#### Concert Notes.

Monday, Jan. 3, violin recital in Chickering Hall by Irma Seydel.

Tuesday, Jan. 4, violin recital in Steiner Hall by Leandro Campanari.

Wednesday, Jan. 5, Mme. Lina Cavalleri, with a quartet of singers to sing her compositions.

Thursday, Jan. 6, concert by the Hess-Schroeder Quartet and first performance here of Max Reger's new string quartet.

Saturday, Jan. 8, Miss Edith Thompson's piano recital in Jordan Hall.

Monday, Jan. 10, violin recital by Mrs. Gisela Weber.

Thursday, Jan. 13, first chamber concert by the Flonzaley Quartet in Chickering Hall.

The Hoffman string quartet will give its series of chamber concerts this season in Steiner Hall. The first concert will take place late in January, when the program will include among the numbers to be played a new quartet by Alexander Winkler. Miss Alice Cummings, pianist, will with Carl Barth play Rachmanoff's 'cello sonata.

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Handel's "Messiah," performed by the Handel and Haydn Society. Paul McJannet, conductor. Mrs. Gray Bonner Williams, Miss Violet Elliot, Edward Barrow, Fred. J. Martin, the solo singers. Full orchestra. H. G. Tucker, organist.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Handel's "Messiah," performed by the Handel and Haydn Society. Paul McJannet, conductor. Mrs. Gray Bonner Williams, Miss Violet Elliot, Edward Barrow, Will and Elmer, the solo singers. Full orchestra. H. G. Tucker, organist.



FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2.30 P. M. 10th  
concert of the Boston Symphony  
orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.

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The individual artists were Miss Frances Hoyt, soprano; Miss Grace Hoyt, mezzo-soprano; Miss Florence Hardeman, violinist, and Herbert L. Clarke, cornetist.

Mr. Sousa, as usual, was liberal with his encores, and in addition to the numbers on the program gave many selections from his own compositions. A feature which caught the fancy of the audience was "My Wife's Gone to the Country," rendered by the band with appropriate variations. Among other encores were "El Capitán," the sextet from "Lucia," "Carnival of Venice," "Perpetuum Mobile," "The Free Lance," "Stars and Stripes Forever" and "Manhattan Beach."

# WILTON LACKAYE AT THE MAJESTIC

## "The Battle," by Cleveland Moffett, Gets Its First Performance in Boston—Unusually

By PHILIP HALE.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Battle," a play in four acts by Cleveland Moffett. First performance in Boston. Produced by Liebler & Co. First performance in Chicago Sept. 27, 1908, at the Grand Opera House. First performance in New York at the Savoy Theatre Dec. 21, 1908.

John J. Haggleton ..... Wilton Lackaye  
Philip Ames ..... Harry Hillard  
Gentle ..... Thomas McGraw  
Moran ..... Gerald Griffin  
Joe ..... Charles Abbe  
Secretary ..... Walter Stanhope  
Margaret Lawrence ..... Clara Blandick  
Jenny ..... Julia Herne

"The Battle" is an unusually entertaining play, though the play might be more justly described as a dialogue on economic and socialistic problems interrupted from time to time by episodes of singularly old-fashioned melodrama. When Messrs. Haggleton, Gentle, Ames, Joe and Miss Lawrence discuss trusts, monopolies, socialists, tenement house reform and subjects of a similar nature, they are delightful.

But Moran will keep talking about



WILTON LACKAYE, At the Majestic.

his wrongs, and at last he attempts to kill the rich man that crushed out his business and reduced him to the condition of a day laborer and was the means of his wife's death and his daughter taking to the street for gain, and in Moran we see a fine old crusty melodramatic type. Then there's Jenny. Fie on Jenny's case!

She is not the Jenny that excited the virtuous indignation of Shakespeare's woman, or the luxurious Jenny that Dante Gabriel Rossetti knew, but a tenement house Jenny, who as wet nurse in the house of a wealthy man was stuffed with food and champagne and thus started gaily on her career. She, too, is an old familiar type, although the scene in which she tries to win the love of the virtuous Philip by letting her hair down, putting gold foil on her neck, pretending to be faint, and kissing him madly is all human and effective. Nor was there really any reason why Philip should have suffered remorse for even the few minutes before his father, then unknown to him, showed him the undue sensitiveness of his conscience.

The interest in the play is in the dialogue, in the epigrammatic and at times cynical manner in which the economic, socialistic and sociological questions are discussed. There was no doubt concerning the attitude of

the audience last night. It was the remarks of Mr. Haggleton, the cruel monopolist, who ordered the plants of his rival to be destroyed, because they would not sell to him, the heartier the applause. When Mr. Haggleton stated as his firm belief that any one would act as he had done, that it is the daily custom of the American man and the American woman to get the better of others by bribery, corruption, lying or thieving, applause turned to enthusiasm.

The fact that Mrs. Haggleton left her husband and lived and died in a cheap boarding house on the East side of New York and did not wish her son, whom she took from his father, to know him or to inherit from him, did not sadden the audience. Nor was it seriously affected by the few sentimental scenes between father and son. I regret to add that the praise of honesty from the lips of the good Mr. Gentle did not meet with marked favor; that Moran's recital of his wrongs and his grief over Jenny's fate excited disconcerting laughter in some quarters of the theatre, and that Joe's burlesque address to the strikers was heartily applauded.

As Mr. Lackaye said in an amusing speech after the third act, problems are stated, not settled in this play. Perhaps the most ironic touch is when at the end Mr. Haggleton announces his intention of giving \$10,000,000 for the betterment of the poor, and his son, his daughter-in-law to be, and Gentle, a philanthropist in a Dickensian manner, all begin to differ as to what should be done with the money. The cynicism of the playwright throughout the drama is merely the frank expression of truth. The philanthropists and the Socialists—Socialists of the higher order—are neither so well organized nor so shrewd in their observation of human nature as are the monopolists against whom they are arrayed.

In spite of the melodramatic plot with the father who disguises himself, lives in a tenement house and runs a bakery, with which he soon organizes a bakers' trust, so that he may win his son's respect and love; in spite of the roaring Moran and poor Jenny, the play is highly entertaining, on account of the unusual character of the dialogue in which, as Mr. Lackaye said, there are subcutaneous injections of thought, and by reason of the admirable acting of Mr. Lackaye and his associates. So great is the authority, so marked the magnetism of Mr. Lackaye that he would make even a preposterous character plausible and turn that which in speech is inherently commonplace into brilliance.

John J. Haggleton, as Impersonated by him, lived and spoke in the flesh. The man could not have moved and thought and spoken otherwise. His brutality in opinion and his cynicism in speech were not assumed for a tenement house entertainment, nor were they repellent. The dramatist gave logical reasons for Haggleton's views and opinions, and Mr. Lackaye gave them personal force. Nor did Mr. Lackaye mar his performance by incongruously keen regret over past actions or undue sentimentalism at the remembrance of his wife or at the sight of his son. His self-restraint was as artistic as his monopolistic frankness.

He was well supported, nor is it necessary to speak in detail of each member of the company. Miss Blandick played the part of Margaret without falling into priggishness. Miss Herne did not leap into melodramatic ways in playing a melodramatic part; her intensity was realistic, her carriage and ways of speech were true to life, and her short scene of attempted seduction was managed with rare skill. Mr. Abbe, who was in the original cast, was amusing as Joe.

The play is well staged. The first tenement scene is a triumph of observation, and the library of Haggleton is one in which a monopolist of taste could sit with comfort and pride.

The audience evidently enjoyed the play and the performance. There were many curtain calls, and Mr. Lackaye's speech was so witty that some wished he had written all the dialogue of the play.

### 'IL TROVATORE'

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Il Trovatore" by Verdi, with the following cast:

Manrico ..... Carlo Carica  
The Count de Luna ..... Raymond Boulogne  
Ferrando ..... Giuseppe Perini  
Ruiz ..... Ernesto Giaccone  
Leonora ..... Celestina Bonisema  
Inez ..... Virginia Pierce  
Azucena ..... Guercina Fabbri

For the second performance of this familiar opera last evening the cast was the same as that of last week. The house announcement ran that Mr. Cesare Formichi, who had been expected to sing the part of the Count, was indisposed. Mr. Boulogne, therefore, continued to oblige.

The audience was very large and it was very frank and outspoken in its enjoyment. There is no fear of a waning of Boston's pleasure in this hardy perennial in the operatic garden so long as a performance of such even excellence as this can be assured. Its faults were frankly acknowledged last week in these columns. For the second hearing some of these faults were corrected. In only

a few instances did the audience's memory get in the way of the singers in their recall, only occasionally was the prompter's voice audible, and there was an excellent performance by the chorus.

The Leonora was in excellent voice and had gained in sustaining the trying climaxes of her part. Miss Fabbri won a decided triumph for the dramatic intensity of her acting at the end of the first scene in the second act. In fact, all the principals were rewarded with marks of appreciation.

The opera on Wednesday evening will be "Carmen," when Mrs. Maria Gay, the celebrated Spanish singer, will make her first appearance in Boston. The other chief singers will be Mrs. Lipkowska and Messrs. Constantino and Baklanoff.

## "THE MESSIAH" REPEATED.

Sunday Evening's Success Duplicated by Handel and Haydn Society.

"The Messiah" was sung again last evening in Symphony Hall, and the success of Sunday evening was repeated. Miss Josephine Knight sang the soprano solo last evening in place of Mrs. Williams, the soloist of Sunday evening, and Mr. Willard Flint succeeded Mr. Martin. Otherwise there was no change in the program.

Miss Knight's voice is of fine quality and power. She is sure in intonation and memory and careful in details.

Mr. Flint has a rich, even voice. He sings simply and with good taste.

The choruses were again admirable in tone-quality, rhythm and attack. There was no letting down because it was the second evening of the oratorio. The orchestra, led by Mr. Mollenhauer, won long continued applause after the "Pastoral Symphony" and the chorus, "Surely He Hath Borne Our Griefs" and the Hallelujah chorus were also loudly applauded.

## CONSUL AT TOP OF HOLIDAY BILL

Simian Entertainer at American Music Hall Does About Everything That Might Be Expected of a Monkey.

HAWAIIAN MUSICIANS AND JUNIE M'CREE IN A FARCE

## A HIT AT KEITH'S BY LITTLE BILLY

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

"The Cowboy and the Thief" Pleases Big Audiences.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The Cowboy and the Thief," a drama in four acts, by J. Wendel Davis. The cast:

Jim Dawn ..... James L. Lewis  
Dick Farnum ..... J. Wendel Davis  
Joe Fawley ..... J. P. McGowan  
Pedro ..... Herbert Pardee  
Patrick O'Flannigan ..... Dan Moyle  
Stuttering Jake ..... Jack Moore  
Homely Pete ..... George F. Howard  
Bill Harlow ..... George Youngman  
Tom Winrow ..... George F. Howard  
Steve Harding ..... Otto D. Cline  
Dan Marlow ..... Henry Weber  
Jack Stevens ..... H. P. Pfeiffer  
Joe Stacey ..... F. J. Frank  
Dave Gray ..... Charles Carlton  
Chip ..... Miss Grace Childers  
Starlight ..... Miss Catherine Crego  
Margery Holmes ..... Miss Ida Marie Nelson

## BOWDOIN SQUARE THEATRE.

"The Bowery After Dark" Given in Satisfactory Fashion.

BOWDOIN SQUARE THEATRE: "The Bowery After Dark." Melodrama in four acts:

Joseph Howe ..... Frederick Van Rensselaer  
Robert Morris ..... James S. Barrett  
Twang Lee ..... Harry E. Humphrey  
Bertie Pipp ..... Harold Clairmont  
Pete Walker ..... Harry B. B. B.  
Michael Quirk ..... Tommy Shearer  
Fing ..... Sadie Hiron  
Mrs. Guggenheim ..... Florence H. H.  
Nellie ..... Beatrice Turner  
Old woman ..... E. Wheeler  
Flora Morris ..... Charlotte Hunt

## LARGE AUDIENCE HEARS 'MESSIAH'

The "Messiah" was sung last evening in Symphony Hall by the Handel and Haydn Society. Emil Mollenhauer conducted, and the soloists were Grace Bonner Williams, soprano; Violet Elliot, alto; Edward Barrow, tenor, and Frederic Martin, bass. H. G. Tucker was organist. The orchestral parts were played by the Boston Festival orchestra.

Mr. Mollenhauer had both chorus and orchestra admirably in hand last evening. The choral numbers were sung with spirit, precision and finish. There was no wavering or uncertainty either from chorus or orchestra during the entire evening.

During the opening number for orchestra and the first two choruses, Mr. Mollenhauer took the tempo somewhat slower than is usual, and only the steady swing of the rhythm saved them from dragging. Nevertheless Mr. Mollenhauer's reading was interesting, able and original throughout. One feels him as an individuality expressing itself through the conductor and singers.

"For unto us a child is born" was given with fine shading, and the soprano voices sounded fresh and charming in quality. The Pastoral Symphony was an exquisite bit of interpretation, in which Mr. Mollenhauer obtained a diminuendo of unusual length and fineness. Following this came Mrs. Williams' recitative, "There were shepherds," which was so ethereal in quality as to be very effective at that moment. It is a voice that lacks body, and the lower part of it lacks strength. She possessed the oratorio sense, and the devotional quality of her interpretations was throughout a pleasure.

Miss Elliot has a rich contralto voice of good quality, power and range. She lacked precision in her first numbers, and there was little emotional warmth in any of her work. Her last solo, "He was despised," was her best and was sung with greatest appreciation of the text.

Mr. Martin sang with authority, intelligence and power throughout. His phrasing was excellent. There was religious feeling and appreciation of the spirit of the music. "Why do the nations" was his best number.

Mr. Barrow's solos were sung with earnestness and appreciation of the music. He has a voice of some power. The house was filled and the audience most appreciative.

## CONCERT BY SOUSA'S BAND.

Large Audience at Boston Theatre Hears New and Old Favorites.

A concert by John Philip Sousa and his famous band attracted a large audience to the Boston Theatre last evening. The program was as follows:

The Well-Tempered Clavier, Choral and Giant Fugue ..... Bach  
Cornet solo, "The Debutante" ..... Clarke  
Sole, "Maidens Three" ..... Sousa  
Local duets—  
(1) Indian melody, "The Sun Worshipers" (Harmonized by H. W. Loomis)  
(2) "Come to Arcadia" ..... Ed. German  
(3) The Misses Hoyt.  
Lied and Liebestod from "Tristan and Isolde" ..... Wagner  
Trio and Fandango from Second Suite, Bizet









# SEASON OPENED BY LONGY CLUB

M. Herbe. Sextet for flute, oboe, E. horn, clarinet, horn and bassoon: 1. Sonata in A flat major op. 49, No. 1. Clarinet and p. n. C. sarrat, solo for w. gues two ers (interchangeable). English horn two clarinets, two horns. 1885 18 and harp.

The members of the club are: Maynard, flaque; and Brooke flutes; Leonard and Leonard, oboes; Grisez and Mink, flutes; Hain and Lorbeer, horns; Safford and Helleberg, bassoons; and Photo, photo. The club was assisted by Mr. H. S. Baker.

It was a most interested audience, but one not unusual concerning the members of the club. The musicians who are unexcelled in the playing of these instruments. The ensemble was perfect and the choice of program was so clever that the quality of the well-wind tone did not pall on the hearer, but held the interest to the end of the program.

Mark. The first two movements have singing phrases, which gave the singer an opportunity to appear at his best. The third movement, a risky little prelude, captivated the audience by its daintiness.

Max Reger's *sonata* was remarkably simple in its harmonic progressions and in form when compared with this composer's later work. The motives and phrase are clearly defined; there are beautiful soft tones for the clarinet, of which Mr. Grisez made the most. The second movement is frankly a waltz with a quiet episode introduced as contrast, and the presto movement suggests a canrice.

Nor was the Cossart's suite of a very serious nature, so as to cause the listener fatigue. It is a pleasant composition, and showed the skill and quality of each player. There is a rich network of close harmony, and in the variations the composer runs the gamut of style, from a choral to a sentimental serenade.

The second concert will take place on Feb. 8.

La Gioconda.....Celestina Boninsegna  
Laura.....Maria Claessens  
La Cieca.....Guerina Fabbri  
Engo.....Florenco Constantino  
Barnaba.....George Baklanoff  
Alvise.....Giusto Nivette  
Zuane.....Attilio Pulcini  
Isepo.....Roberto Vanni

Another brilliant performance of "Gloconda" was given last evening. The audience was large and enthusiastic. The rich and beautiful settings of the productions continue to be a never-failing source of admiration and delight, and they were warmly applauded last night.

Mme. Boninsegna was earnest and sympathetic as Gloconda singing her part with emotional appreciation and conscientious observance of tradition.

Mme. Fabbrl is without subtleties in any branch of her art, nor does she suspect her audience of being guilty of them. She sang the part of the blind mother ably and dramatically, leaving nothing to the imagination of her hearers.

Mme. Claessens used all her dramatic power and strength of voice in the portrayal of Laura. She felt the part emotionally and remained in it during the performance. She was at her best in the duet with Alvisé.

Mr. Constantino sang with his usual success. He saved his voice in the first act, and his solo in the second act so delighted the audience that a repetition was given.

Mr. Nivette was a dignified presence as Alvise. He sang with beauty of tone, vocal art and intelligence of interpretation.

Mr. Baklanoff showed again all the admirable qualities that have already been accorded to him. He would gain in reserve power and finesse if he used ~~his~~ facial expression and gesture in this role.

The pretty and elaborate ballet in the third act added to the brilliance and enjoyment of the performance.

CASTLE SQUARE P.  
HAS MERRY PLAY

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"1915,"  
a musical extravaganza in two acts;  
book, lyrics and music by Theodore  
Friebeus. First performance on any  
stage. Joseph A. Marr conducted.

Will Dawson	Wilfred Young
Mrs. Sarah Briggs	Mabel Colcord
Harry Be-mouise	Theodore Friehus
Dr. Watch, M. D.	George Hassell
Dr. Ward, M. D.	Donald Meek
Fairy Queen	Florence Shirley
Solo Dancer	Ethel Daggett
Frank Wadsworth Briggs	Mayor of
Boston	George De Carleton
Fabiola	Gertrude Binley
Rombarardino Bustamante	Bert Young
Hop Tree	Al. Roberts
Rev. Josiah Spratt	William Waters
Mrs. Spratt	Eleanor Browne
Bessie Briggs	Mary Young

There were many others in the cast.

The chief question to be asked about an extravaganza is whether it amuses its audience. There was no doubt about the attitude of the large audience last night at the Castle Square, for there was constant laughter except when songs of a mildly sentimental nature were sung, and many of the songs were repeated in answer to the applause. There was occasional impatience at the length of a waltz, but the audience was most friendly disposed. The members of the John Craig Stock Company are peculiarly at home in this theatre. The spectators take a personal interest in them, as was seen when portraits of several of them were thrown upon a curtain before the opening scene.

inasmuch as one of the comedians jests about the absence of a plot, it might be considered impertinent to attempt a description of the play. It is enough to say that at a stag party in Boston, the daughter of the mayor having been invited with other girls to dance with the artists, she and young Belmore determine to elope, for her father, Mayor Briggs, is a stern parent. A golden apple is knocked down from some resting place when Dr. Ward is forced to make a tumultuous exit, and the apple is rubbed. Lo and behold, a fairy appears, the slave of the possessor of the apple. She provides an airship for the couple. There is a flight to an enchanted island inhabited by Spaniards, and the flight is by way of London, Paris, Vienna and Madrid. All sorts of things happen on this isle. Of course the mayor appears on the scene, and there are complications. The second act represents the Boston of 1915, and there is ample opportunity for good natured local allusions, gags and wheezes.

The chief comedy parts were taken by Messrs. Hassell and Meek, and they kept the audience in good humor. Miss Young was also a favorite, and her singing and dancing were highly appreciated. Her song, "The Boston Girl," met with special favor. Mr. Friebus was an attractive lover. The scenery was effective, though an expert might have criticised the manner in which the airship was represented as going. The costumes on the Enchanted island were picturesque.

The performance will naturally be smoother after a few nights. The piece might be compressed with advantage, some of the artless music might well be omitted, and there should be more snap and ginger. Modern audiences are accustomed to speed, and they often accept mediocre plays if there is a furious pace in the performance.

# SYMPHONY PLAYS HOLIDAY PROGRAM

By PHILIP HALE.

The 10th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Teresa Careno was the pianist. The program was as follows:

Pastorale from the Christmas Oratorio, Bach; Symphony, B flat major, No. 4, Beethoven; Concerto for piano, B flat minor, No. 1, Tchaikowsky; Suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1, Bizet.

This program was well suited to Christmastide. The pastorate of Bach has specific significance. The symphony is of cheerful character and although the melancholy peculiar to Tschalkowsky enters occasionally into his concerto, the prevailing mood is one of inspiring excitement. In the second movement there are, besides the charming lullaby, a theme of a curious pastoral nature and a gay episode, while the joy of the finale is almost rowdy. The suite of Bizet was also appropriate, for the chief theme of the prelude is an old Provençal Noel or Christmas song. Mr. Fledler is fortunate as a maker of programs and the one of yesterday evidently gave pleasure to the audience.

Bach's shepherds, wherever they are found, are inclined to be contrapuntal. They are not the "silly shepherds" of the old carols; they are learned in musical matters. In the portrayal of those abiding in the field keeping watch over their flock by night there is not the fitting simplicity. Handel's little pastoral symphony in "The Messiah" is more imaginative; it is more in keeping with the scene. Having taken his naive theme, Handel had the good sense, and "good" is here synonymous with "poetic," to treat it with true pastoral simplicity, not the artificial simplicity for which the French invented the word "simplissime." The pastorage of Handel is singularly straightforward and frank, but it is also impressionistic. It is not sophisticated, and in this respect also, as in character of melody and quality of mood, it must be ranked far above the pastorage of Bach. Yet taken from its place in "The Messiah," and performed in concert as an opening piece, it would probably be thin and pale.

Mme. Carreno had brilliant moments

Throughout was of high excellence. The program of the concerts next week will include these orchestral pieces: Stibellus, symphony, D major, No. 2; Brahms, Minuet from Serenade in D major, op. 11; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Caprice on Spanish Themes. Miss Tilly Koenen, the Dutch contralto, who sang here with Dr. Wuellner early in the season, will make her first appearance in Boston with the orchestra. Her selections are Beethoven's "Ah, perfido!" and three songs with orchestra; Strauss, "Hymnus"; Max Fiedler, "Die Musikantin"; Wolf, "Er l'ist's."

DEC 26 09  
MME. GAY AGAIN <sup>A</sup><sub>TR</sub>

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE Second performance of Bizet's "Carmen" by the Boston Opera Company. Henry Russell, director. Mr. Conti conducted.

Don Jose	Paul Bruni
Escamillo	Raymond Bug
El Dancairo	Constantino St
El Remedado	Ernesto Glan
Zuniga	Francis Archamb
Morales	Attila Ph
Carmen	Maria Gay
Micha-a	Eugenia Brnsk
Frasquita	Mattie Lew
Mercedes	Bettina T

Mme. Gay repeated her success of Wednesday evening as Carmen. Her impersonation is complete. Never for a moment does she relax and cease to act the part as she conceived it. Even when responding to curtain calls she is still the Spanish cigarette girl, flirting with

Mr. Bourillon made his first appearance in the Boston Opera House as Don Jose, and he proved satisfactory to the audience. He was thorough and careful of details, and his steady increase of power until the climax in the last act was well worthy of praise.

One of the delightful features of the opera as it has been sung these two times is the freshness and charm in the voices of Masquita and Mercedes in the card scene of the third act. The stage settings are beautiful throughout.

Mr. Bankaja does not look part of Mianela, and once or twice it is a fact that she is a coloratura soprano.



The repertory of the week beginning to-morrow at the Boston Opera House will be as follows.

MONDAY, DEC. 27, AT 8 P. M.	
Riet's "Carmen."	
Leon Jones	Paul Bourillou
Esther	Raymond Bonliege
Henry	C. Strosio
John	Ernesto Giaccone
Martha	Francis Archambault
Michael	Attilio Pulicelli
Samuel	Maria Gay
William	Engenia Bronskaia
Joseph	Matilde Leavelle
Michael	Matilda Freeman
	Conductor

MR. COURT CONDA  
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 29, AT 5 P. M.  
Delibes' "Lakme."  
Iridia Lipkowska  
Betina Freeman  
Elieua Kirmes  
Virginia Pierce  
Elvira Leveroni  
Paul Bourrilion  
Rodolf Fernar  
George Baklanof  
C. Stroescu

TH	SDAY, D.C., 30.	AT 8 P. M.
	Puccini's "La Boheme."	
Mr. Conti, conductor.	Frances Alda	
Eugenia Bronskaja		
Florence Constantino		
Cesare Formich		
Mo. Martone		
Arturo Pulch		
John Mogari		
Luigi Tavecchi		
C. Stroess		
Mr. Conti, conductor.		

FRIDAY DEC. 31, AT 3 P. M.

Bizet's "Carmen."

D. J. Se... ..Florence Constantino  
C. A. ... ..George Baklanoff  
L. A. ... ..C. Stroess  
P. ... ..Ernesto Giaccon  
Z... ..Francis Archambault  
M... ..Attilio Pulich  
C... ..Maria Ga  
M... ..Lydia Litkewick  
G... ..of Lewick  
F... ..Bettina Freeman  
M... ..  
M... ..Conti, conductor.

SATURDAY MATINEE, JAN. 1, AT 2 P. M.  
 Verdi's "Il Trovatore."  
 Manrico.....Carlo Catterini  
 Luna.....Cesare Formici  
 Ferrando.....Giuseppe Perini  
 Ruiz.....Ernesto Giacomini  
 Leonora.....Celestina Boninsegni  
 Ines.....Virginia Piersanti  
 Azucena.....Guerrina Fabbri  
 Mr. Luzzatti, conductor.

Tues will be the last week of the first period of the season. The company will tour until the first performance of the second period of the season at the Boston Opera House, which will be on Monday evening, Feb. 7.

BY PHILIP HALE.

When Maria Gay plays Carmen she awakens memories and discussions. Some of these memories bring with them a smile, for it is not given to everyone with a voice, restless heels and wild hair to be fondly regarded as "temperamental" and impersonate the heroine. Elizabeth Perkins

Colonne, Gabri-Marie, the first Ca-  
me, came to this country. Her  
sister Irma was here in one of the first  
or-cho-reo-companies, in 1863 a-  
long with (Toots) the first to come, first  
play in the Grand Duchess of Gerolste-  
in New York in 1867.) Irma was the  
first wife of Colonne, the musical co-  
ductor of the company, Colonne the  
first conductor of the Chatelet co-  
mpany, Colonne whose first name was  
John J. L. S. now Edouard. Paolo  
Marie was another sister. She was  
in the United States in 1870. Her Betty  
"La Mascotte," was memorial  
ever was a rondo peasant girl p-  
and Betty's great identity. We  
and Betty to see Bettina as  
Betty's sister before Paola-Ma-

The artist's daughters were the daughter of the famous opera singer, Marie Fiala, who never had an opportunity to perform as an opera singer because of illness. Duprez, who was born in Paris, France, studied French provinces. She was born in Stasbourg in 1879. Later she moved to London, and it was there in 1902 that she became a member of the Opéra Comique in Paris. It was in 1906 that she created the part of Carmen. In 1910 she gave once more the part of Carmen in a performance for a musical comedy and her associates in the company were Jean de Reszke and his wife, also known as La Traviata. The latest stage production of Muxia Lemon (Carmen) was staged in October at Nice, France, and in Sept. 22, at Venice.

... that no one  
... her as Carm  
... a rose. They a  
... audacity, her f  
... of her voice  
... coloring, the to

intensity as in the own scene. They remember her eyes, charged with voluptuousness, her maddening play of hips, her artistically coarse gestures and carriage, which showed the perverted soul of the shameless wanton, the vicious and cruel indifference of the gypsy without a heart.

The baleful splendor of her performance no doubt had much to do with the fallure of the opera, for the frequenters of the Opera Comique were shocked by the immorality of the libretto! Look through the "Année Theatrale" of 1875, by Georges Duval, who surely is no prude. He pictures an old subscriber hearing "Carmen" and exclaiming: "The Opera Comique is dead. Who will bring it to life? Who will bring back our young leading men, with hair pleasingly combed and anointed, our victors in love, our sprinkling tenorinos so easily seduced, so quick to surrender, our gay thieves and our fine brigands? Shades of Georges Brown, Horace, Fra Diavolo, Zampa, Loredan, where are you?" Nor in this record of the year is there one word in praise of "Carmen" or one word concerning the performance of Galli-Marie.

It is often said that when a play or an opera is based on a romance, the romance should not exist so far as the spectator is concerned. Yet there are characters imagined by the novelist who are more real to us than the dwellers below in the apartment house, or the men and women bored with us at a reception or private concert. Clarissa and Lovelace, Tom Jones and Lady Bellaston, Gretchen, Don Quixote, Thackeray's Becky and her Rawdon and Steyne, Tess, Mr. Micawber and Lady Dedlock—strive as we will, we judge the actor or actress impersonating this or that one by our own acquaintance with the person mimed.

Now the Carmen of the librettists is not the Carmen of Merimee, any more than Escamillo is the Lucas of Merimee, Lucas, the skillful picador Carmen knew the cost of his embroidered jacket and the name of his horse. It was at Grenada that she first saw Lucas, but Don Jose watched him at a bull fight at Cordova and saw him snatch a cockade from the bull and give it to Carmen, who put the cockade in her hair. A moment afterward Lucas was thrown down, with the horse on his chest. The bull stamped on them, and Carmen fled from the arena. The next morning she juggled with a piece of lead, and sang the witch songs which invoke the aid of Mary de Pedilla, the mistress of Peter the Cruel. This Mary was a greasy queen among the gypsies. The same day Carmen sang her magic songs, she was murdered by Don Jose.

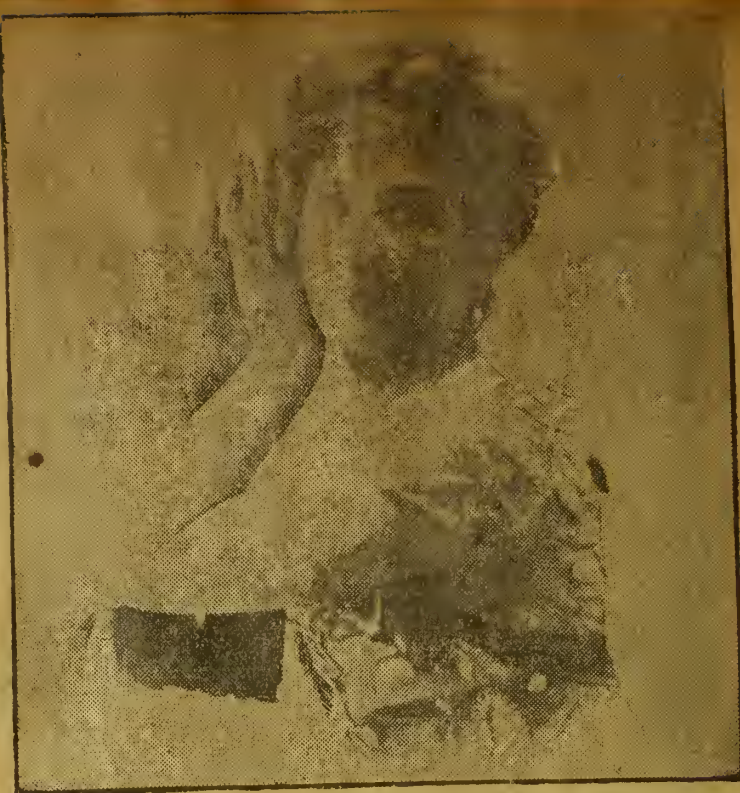
Nor was Lucas the only one that crazed Don Jose with jealousy. The Don Jose Lizarrabengoa was of a good family and his parents wished him to be a priest, but in the course of a dispute over a play at tennis he killed a comrade with an iron-tipped stick and fled from the valley of Bazian and enlisted in a cavalry regiment. After he deserted for the sake of Carmen he was wild with anger at Gibraltar because he saw her, in silk, with a shawl on her shoulders and a golden comb in her hair, leaning on an English officer. And Don Jose slew Garcia le Borgne because Carmen fancied him.

Carmen was probably a gypsy from Navarre, but in spite of her boast Don Jose in the opera, she was a gypsy. Certainly she did not come from Biscay.

Nor did she have the thirty characteristics of perfect beauty. Her skin was nearly the color of copper. Her eyes were oblique, but beautifully formed and large. Her lips were thick, finely chiselled, and her teeth were whiter than peach-almonds—the teeth of Maui Gay. Her hair was rather coarse, black, and it was lustrous and long. The fault in her beauty was redeemed by quality the more striking by reason of contrast. Her beauty was strange and wild. Her face at first astonished, then haunted the beholder to his death. Her eyes were at the same time fierce and voluptuous. The gypsy's eye, the Spaniard's eye is the eye of a wolf.

The first Carmen I saw was that Marie Roze, whose son, Raymond, musician of acknowledged talent, is now one of the stage managers at the Bouffes Parisiens. She was then in

compared managed by Strakosch Hess in 1880 and the performance at Albany, N. Y. Arthur Byron, the Don Jose; William Carlton, the cambujo; Laura Schlinger sang beautifully as Micaela. The two snuggled in negro-minstrel knockabout manner. The part of Morales was taken by Paul McDonough, who two or three years afterwards went into comedy, has long been a favorite in London. Paul Arthur. He was an Albanian, his father's second-hand bookshop known throughout the country. His performance was in English. The orchestra and chorus were miserable.



Liza Lehmann, Englishwoman, to Give Concert in Symphony Hall, Jan. 5.

wonder that the accomplished and charming Marie Rozz was handicapped. In 1882 Minnie Hauk visited Alban as the star of Strakosch's "Grand Italian opera company." The performance, with the exception of Miss Hauk's excellent impersonation and the singing of Lazzarini, the tenor, was atrocious. The greater number of the orchestra missed the boat. The scenery of the third act, with the view of the Sierras, had been sent by mistake to Troy. Gustavus V. Hall took the part of Escamilla, and Miss Rosewald that of Micaela.

Minnie Hauk was thought to be the "ideal" Carmen until Calve visited the United States. There was an excellent sketch of her in an early volume of Puck, in which she was closer to the character than when she was on the stage, yet her performance was full of vitality, and it had sensuous charm. Tremell's Carmen was sinister, demoniacal, in many ways memorable, but misunderstood by easy-going spectators, who regarded Carmen as a jolly girl, a little free in her behavior, but not deserving her bloody fate.

Emma Juch appeared as Carmen at the Boston Theatre in 1889. Her chief associates were Susie Leonhardt and Messrs. Hedmond and Stoddard. What evil spirit tempted her to play the part? She was an excellent Santa, the character appealed to her, and in those years she looked as Santa looked. But her Carmen! She was the belle at a tea party and had a pariah reputation for coquetry. Her face was fixed and placid through the scenes of sensuality and hate. Yet she was praised at the time for presenting a "refined and softened" Carmen, for making the part "less disagreeable." O prunes and prisms! Mr. Stoddard's Escamillo was a New England bull fighter, with the bull safely ringed at a county fair and surrounded by admirers in smock frocks.

One of the most interesting Carri-  
mens seen in Boston was that of  
Marie Tempest at the Tremont Thea-  
tre early in April, 1891. Her entrance  
was superb in its realism and irresist-  
ible effect. All of her business in its  
finish, its concealment of art, its  
truthfulness was worthy of the high-  
est praise. Unfortunately, her voice  
was not suited to the music. Charm-  
ing and well trained singer as she was  
in light opera, she had not the tone  
to emphasize and color her dramatic  
expression.

We have all seen many Carmens here and the first appearance of Emma Calvé in the opera will never be forgotten by those who were in Mechanics building the night of Feb. 27, 1894. She was fortunate in her Don Jose, for De Luch has not been equalled here at least in that part. Calvé's Carmen was then a woman who first of all knew how to appeal to the passion of the male animal. She never loved any man. She sought her food at will and was not particular where she found it. Yet Calvé did not italicize the low side of the gypsy. She did not make the mistake of presenting Carmen as a trull making quadering in gypsy costume. She was superstitious, a fatalist. She knew

The print and perfume of old passion,  
The wild beast mark of panther's fangs.  
She also knew the dread of death.  
Her success that season was sensa-  
tional. In the Mechanics building the  
were then penned enclosures justly d-

scribed as boxes. At the performance of some opera on March 1, after that of "Carmen," Mme. Calve sat in one of these pens. During a wait men and women crowded each other frantically as they made their way to this box. They were bent on one thing: the greedy inspection of Emma Calve. There were some who, possibly fearing the loss of life, stared at her through opera glasses at long and short range, as though she had come from the most remote planet. Yet these observers were more or less becomingly clothed and apparently in their right mind.

The success of her Carmen was in the end injurious to Mme. Calvé's reputation as a lyric tragedian. Learning to despise the applause of audiences for her more extravagant actions in "Carmen," she fell into mannerisms, indulged in all sorts of capricious business, took greater liberties with rhythm—and rhythm was never her strong point, for as she once said to me, "I am the despair of conductors"—and at last she found pleasure chiefly in seeing how far she could go with an audience. She began to loathe the part. Managers insisted on her Carmen and would not think of permitting her to appear in other operas. One season she returned from a trip to Spain and gave us a new Carmen, a marvellous Carmen, almost diabolical in its subtlety; but the great public did not understand it, and her former admirers declared that she must be indisposed or that she had lost interest in the opera. Justly vexed by this lack of appreciation she returned to her old ways and again there was the old applause. Mr. de Curzon complained four years ago that Mme. Calvé was "always searching to improve on her first impersonation—and this is something dangerous!"—and preferring the Carmen of Mme. de Nuovina, he characterized Mme. Calvé's as "Unc Carmen a part."

A conspicuously dull Carmen was that of Mira Heller, who appeared in a performance in Mechanics' building 1895. She was a countrywoman of the

de Reszkes and it was rumored to  
she owed her position in the company  
to the patriotic zeal of Brother J.  
She was not physically attractive.  
She was lethargic, logy, so phlegmatic  
that song oozed from her in dribbles.  
Mme. de Lussan's Carmen was praised  
by some. It was reported that  
pleased Queen Victoria. The report  
self, some might say, was the  
criticism on the worth of the performance;  
yet Mme. de Lussan had a plausible  
vivacity, a restlessness that  
not without effect, and she sang  
pliancy in the lighter scenes.  
chief blemish in her performance  
the inherent cheapness of her coquetry.  
Carmen was much more than a coquette  
and, coarse as she was, she was  
cheap.

The stage settings of "Carmen" at the Boston Opera House have just excited admiration. Each setting is excellent in its way, but the mounting of the scene of the third act with the skilful management of lights till the sun is especially noteworthy.

When the opera was produced at Opera Comique in 1875 the costume Carmen were designed by Clairin. Detaille made the sketches for the goons of Alcalá, with their yellow coats, red trousers, helmets with crests, and lances. These lances evoked remark, but the Spanish goons about 1820 carried lances. I am noted in his romance that the whole Spanish cavalry was armed thus.



Mme. Liza Lehmann, the popular English composer, will give a concert in Symphony Hall on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 5. She was born in London and studied singing with her mother, who was a daughter of Robert Chambers, and with Randegger. She studied composition in Rome, Wiesbaden and also with Hamish MacCunn. She made her first appearance in public as a singer at a Monday Popular Concert in London, Nov. 23, 1885, and for several years she sang in England and Germany. When she married Herbert Bedford, an English composer, in 1894, she withdrew from the stage and she has since devoted herself to composition. As a composer she became known to the public by her "In a Persian Garden" (1896).

Her program here will consist of her song-cycles and songs. The quartet, composed of Mme. Jomelli, Miss Palgrave-Turner, Dan Beddoe and Frederic Hastings, will sing "In a Persian Garden" and "Breton Folk Songs," a recent composition with lyrics by Frances M. Gostling adapted from old Breton legends. Master Albert Hale, a coloratura soprano, will sing the "Nonsense Song." Mme. Lehmann will appear as solo pianist and as accompanist.

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Hotel Somerset, 11:15 A. M., Mrs. Hall McAllister's second morning concert of the season. Mme. Carmen M. de la Mancha Opera House will sing for the first time in Boston, "La Mamma Maria," from Giordano's "Andrea Chénier." Barcarolle by Meyerbeer, and a group of songs. Mischa Elman, the violinist, making his first appearance in this season will play Saint-Saëns' "L'Amour et la Mort" and Rondo Capriccioso by Beethoven. Dittersdorf's "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Chopin and Schubert's Caprice Basque.

TUESDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M., The Kneisel Quartet concert on the date of the 25th anniversary of the founding of the quartet. Schubert, quartet, op. posth.; Cesar Franck, quartet, op. 15; Schumann, quartet in E major, op. 47; Brahms, quartet in C minor, op. 68; and a group of songs. Mischa Elman, the violinist, making his first appearance in this season will play Saint-Saëns' "L'Amour et la Mort" and Rondo Capriccioso by Beethoven. Dittersdorf's "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Chopin and Schubert's Caprice Basque.

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#### CONCERT NOTES.

Henry L. Gideon, organist and choirmaster of Temple Israel, announces two lectures, or talks, with musical illustrations, on two operatic subjects of especial interest, as they are of particular application to the forthcoming season of Wagnerian opera by the Metropolitan Opera Company. These lectures will be in Steinhart Hall, Tuesday evening, Jan. 11, on "Siegfried Wagner and His Work," and Wednesday afternoon, at four o'clock, Jan. 12, on "Lohengrin" and "Parsifal" as given in Bayreuth.

Leandro Campanari, who gives a violin recital in Steinhart hall on the afternoon of Jan. 4, includes in his program two numbers by composers almost forgotten except by the professional: a Concert Sonata by Veracini, and a Caprice by Stanitz. Mr. Alfred De Voto will play the accompaniments. Mrs. Gisela Weber, violinist, who will make her first appearance in Boston at Steinhart Hall on Jan. 10, has received the special distinction of being elected honorary member of the "Circle of Arts and Sciences," an organization for the furtherance of arts and sciences under the patronage of the late King of Belgium.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach and Carl Faellen will give a joint piano recital in Steinhart Hall early in February.

Miss Irma Seydel, the eleven year old violinist who has been studying with C. M. Loeffler will make her first appearance here in Chickering Hall Monday afternoon, Jan. 3. Her program includes the concerto in G minor by Bruch; "La Trille du Diable," by Tartini; and pieces by Vieltemps, Dvorak, Spohr and Sarasate, Beethoven, Alard and Wieniawski. Carl Lamson will be the accompanist. Mr. Mudgett has charge of the concert.

Mr. Mudgett announces the return of Mischa Elman, the young Russian violinist, for a recital in Symphony Hall on the afternoon of Tuesday, Jan. 18.

Miss Edith Thompson, will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall next Saturday afternoon. The program includes pieces: Rameau-MacDowell, "Sarabande"; Couperin, "Les Petits Mous as a Vent"; Mozart-Sloti, "Gavotte"; Brahms, "Intermezzo and Capriccioso"; Franck, "Prelude, Aria et Final"; Liszt, "Le Vent"; Chopin, two waltzes and a ballade.

At a concert given by the Schramm string quartet, in Jordan Hall, Thursday evening, Jan. 4, the novelty will be the quartet in E flat major, op. 10, by Max Reger.

The first of the three concerts of this season by the Flozalez string quartet, will take place in Chickering Hall, on Thursday evening, Jan. 13. These musicians have been famed in their previous American tours, not only for the perfection of their work in chamber music programs, but for the originality shown in the selection and arrangement of the works presented. Since their last visit here they have added a number of novelties to their repertory, all of which will be heard here.

A pianola recital will be given by M. Steiner & Sons Co. in Steinhart Hall, Wednesday evening, Jan. 5. Miss Evelyn Blair, soprano, will be the soloist.

The music department, city of Boston, will give a concert in Faneuil Hall, next Wednesday evening, at 8 P. M. William Howard, leader of orchestra; L. C. Elson, lecturer; Frank J. Savasta, tenor, and Tadley Mauch, cornetist. The program will include overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai; "Song of the Spheres," Rubinstein; Canio's Arioso, f. m. "Pagliacci," Leoncavallo; first movement from symphony in B minor, Schubert; cornet solo, fantasia on themes from "Torquato Tasso," Donizetti; procession from "Lohengrin," Wagner; waltz song, "Carmena," Wison; military polonaise, Chopin.

Dudley Buck's Christmas cantata, "The Coming of the King," will be given by the choir of the Elliot Church, Newton this afternoon at 4 o'clock. The quartet will be, Miss Josephine Knight, Miss Adelaide Griggs, J. Garfield Stone and Leverett B. Merrill. Everett E. Truette will be the organist and choirmaster with a chorus of 45.

#### MEN AND THINGS.

The singers at the Boston Opera House are as a rule commendably reticent. They do not court publicity by expressing their views on pragmatism and Debussy, polygamy and population, Socialism and the necessity or the absurdity of bacon at breakfast. Mme. Lydia Lipkowska is a charming exception, for she does not believe in stockings. "Now stockings are a necessity when one is out walking, or visiting, or on the stage, but worn constantly through the day they are a source of evil. \* \* \* When at home I confess that most of the time I am stockingless. In the summer let women go about barefooted. Oh, I do not mean when visitors are around. That would be somewhat shocking. But as much as one possibly can without breaking any of the conventions, a woman should go about stockingless."

Mme. Lipkowska is a Russian and there are Russians who do not believe in underclothes of any sort. We met one, a young man, in Stuttgart many years ago. It was in winter and he had nothing on between his linen shirt and his skin, or between his trousers and his legs. He was of a conservative nature; for he deplored the emancipation of the serfs and thought the knout an indispensable article of household furniture. He argued gravely against underclothes as unhealthy and unclean. The force of his argument was somewhat impaired by the fact that he had a hare lip and spoke German with a fat and juicy accent; but his sincerity was unquestionable. In the matter of underclothes he was adamant, as young Mr. Smallweed was in the matter of gravity.

Mme. Lipkowska has pretty hands and she no doubt has pretty feet. She can afford to go without stockings, even when she is receiving visitors. But there are many women, a great majority, who would shudder at the thought of bare feet. They would sooner dispense with any other garment, however intimate it might be. Not that the corn doctor is forever at their feet as a suppliant bent. These misguided beings really believe that a woman's foot is ugly. They would point to Solomon's Song and say that while the royal lover extols the eyes, nose, hair, teeth, lips, temples, neck and breasts of the Shulamite, he ignores her feet. Yet Sir Richard F. Burton in a note to the sentence: "Thereupon Hasan's sister repaired to him, and said, 'Arise, go in to her in her chamber and kiss her hands and feet,'" remarks in a fine anthropological burst: "Feet in the East lack that development of sebaceous glands which afflicts Europeans." No, it is not a question of corns, which as some deep thinkers insist, are only symptoms of indigestion; it is not a question of cleanliness; the great majority of women shrink from showing their bare feet.

They know the value of a tightly drawn stocking as a weapon of coquetry. Is there an elaborate study of the stocking as worn through the ages? George Augustus Sala wrote an entertaining little book about

that, and there is an equally entertaining treatise on shoes and boots. Probably the erudite Frenchman, Alfred Franklin, has pages about stockings in one of his volumes in the "Private Life of Former Years" series. We are told that Henry II. was the first to wear silk stockings in France, and that he donned them at his sister's wedding in 1559, but Dulaure forgot that Henry VIII. wore them, and Dunlop says that Philip II., who began to reign in 1550, was the first to wear silk stockings. The early Dutch beauties in New York wore blue worsted with superb red clocks. The early Virginians preferred green silk. What was the color of those worn by Colonial Dames when they adorned themselves for the expected wooer?

If a woman were wholly sure of herself, she would agree with Mme. Lipkowska. Few, even among interpreters of pictures and symphonies in the dance and among the revivers of Greek art, have the magnificent self-confidence of the Lady Godiva, but they glory in their feet, otherwise they would not dance without stockings. There should be a society here for the rehabilitation of the woman's foot. We respectfully nominate Mme. Lipkowska as president.

G. G. A. writes: "I have received, as a member of the National Association of Manufacturers, a circular in which I find a sentence beginning, 'And now comes the specious and bloviating protest of ten labor union officials.' What does bloviating mean? I do not find the word in the Standard Dictionary, or in the Century." Yes, there is the word "bloviating," and it is said to have been in use in this country since 1850. This definition is taken from Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues": "(American)—to talk aimlessly and boastfully; to indulge in 'highfalutin' (A factitious word probably founded on the verb 'blow.' Sense I, on the model of 'deviate'). Sense I of 'blow' in 'Slang and Its Analogues' is to boast, brag, to 'gas.' We admit cheerfully that we never heard or saw 'bloviate' until our correspondent asked the question. We also doubt the soundness of the derivation given above.

The vocabulary of theatrical press agents has long excited the wonder of the reading world. They are now characterizing a "latest offering," which, as they say, is "an admirable vehicle" for Miss Tottle Mashington, as "superbly pretentious." The play, the actress, the "production" are all, no doubt, pretentious, according to the true meaning of the word.

Chancellor James R. Day is, after all, a human being. He revealed his sympathetic nature when he hoped that the students at Syracuse University would be favored with good sleighing during the vacation and that the young men knew how "to drive with one arm." In western Massachusetts in the early seventies young men in the villages were known and recommended as "Safe one-armed drivers" in "buggy riding," just as in Maine certain men, old and young, were praised as "good two-handed drinkers." This reminds us that in Mr. Hackwood's "Inns, Ales and Drinking Customs of Old England," published recently, there is honorable mention of a Lady Lucy in Tudor times whose breakfast consisted of a chine of beef, a loaf, and a gallon of ale. She also had a gallon of ale at supper. Possibly she was not so fussy as Queen Elizabeth. Lord Leicester wrote to Lord Burleigh, complaining that the Queen could not find sufficiently strong ale at Hatfield; that they were obliged to send to London for her ale, which was so strong "as there was no man able to drink it."

## MISS ST. DENIS' DANCES EXPLAINED

Few Occidentals who see the mystic East Indian dances presented by Miss Ruth St. Denis, unless they have delved deep into Hindu religious lore and customs, grasp the full significance of the Oriental symbolism embodied in the performance. An ingenious description of the five dances has been supplied by Mr. Basudeb Bhattacharyya, one of the Hindu members of Miss St. Denis' company. Mr. Bhattacharyya, who is called David for short, is a young man recently graduated from the University of Calcutta. Although better versed in English than many whose native language it is, Basudeb occasionally turns the wrong corner. His original manuscript reads as follows:

#### ACT I.

"The Purda."

The universal dress for the Hindu woman is a long drape, called "Purda." It is about six or seven feet long, the end of it is usually thrown over the head. This is Hindu veil. She wears no hat when she goes out either with her husband or mother-in-law.

Lays and nights fire is kept up in "Daunah Dhanees," or incense-burners. Every morning, every evening, she puts some "Dhunah," or incense, to purify the atmosphere of the place. Incense is made from the juice of "Sant" trees in Hindustan and it is freely used for purification and devotion both in temples and houses.

#### ACT II.

The Street.

Snake (Cobra) Charmers in Hindo "Bazar."

The Bazar holds twice a week. It is awfully noisy. Sometimes the snake-charmers come to earn money in the Bazar. The snake charmer is always by two men accompanied, one "Dhol-olddhar," the other "Pungman." In this Miss Ruth idealizes the snake charmer, her arms taking the place of the snakes. It is very wonderful and weirdsome.

#### ACT III.

"The Palace," or "Rajah-mahal."

A "Nautch" is usually given in the dancing hall of a Rajah's palace in honor of a guest and continues at intervals during the night. Miss St. Denis is a "Kashmere" Nautch girl, "Nurjahan." Four Hindu singers sing Hindu songs, play "Tum-tum" and "manjuras" (Indian musical instruments) and she dances before two Rajahs, keeping harmony with the music, "Nurjahan" is dressed in "Ghagrah"—Indian Nautch girl dress. When the climax of enjoyment comes even the Rajahs forget themselves so much that they join the singers in clapping and singing.

#### ACT IV.

The Yogee, of the Attainment of Samadhee.

"Samadhee" is that state of the individual soul when it has, through research, concentration of mind, through contemplation, through meditation, gradually reached and placed itself into infinity of God. These are the teachings of Vedanta philosophy.

The Yogee retires to the deep forest, since the world is full of "maya," full of temptations, inducements—thousands of things are there to destroy his peace of mind. In the forest he first practices "Rahayoga," or physical exercises to gain mastery over body. In far, far distance "Risis Kumara" and "Kumares" (male and female children of the mystic forest sages) sing heavenly hymns from "Vedas" and Yogee realizes "Vedant" "Sabbamayam Brahman" (sounds leading to God)—this he thinks when he has reached a state of condition to "so-ham" or "I AM HE." At last, through continuous meditation, his soul loses itself in God and practically the Yogee finds no distinction between himself and God. This state of soul is called "Samadhee," losing oneself in God. The Yogee is then senseless, yet eternally conscious.

#### ACT V.

"The Temple."

This act is divided into two scenes. The first a Hindu pilgrimage. The high priest is standing at the door receiving flowers from the worshippers and blessing them with "Chandan" on their forehead. At last the bells from the inner part of the temple call him and he closes the door to go to worship.

Second comes the "Radha" or mystic dance of five senses. "Radha" is the wife of Krishna, an incarnation of Vishnu (God). Krishna has gone away leaving "Radha" behind in "Gokul." "Radha" is lost in the thought of her husband, her God.

The idol enshrined is the image of Radha—She is motionless, senseless, lifeless as if (Basudeb is particularly proud of that phrase) she is lost in the thoughts of God.

The high priest comes to worship her, assisted by two other priests. He gives life to her by worship with the ringing of bells, wags lamps, etc. Now she wakes up. She feels that she has lost some great pleasure in the inmost part of her heart. She does not know what it is, where it is, how can she get it? Come then "bat-eyed" materialistic priests with your offerings—let me gratify my five senses—let me see all that is beautiful, let me hear all that sounds sweet, let me taste all that smells nice, let me touch and feel all that pleases me, let me see all that gives me your offerings. I will be rid away by my desires of the gratify each and every sense will see if I can find again







From a point of view the performance is an artistic one. It is unusual for a theatre stage, in that there is no drama, story told, no action save that of the dancer and a few persons who help to illustrate the East Indian surroundings. He is supposed to be dancing. It is strikingly attractive in its color and motion. It is startling at times in its revelation of the human form undraped. It is highly artistic in its stage setting and extremely effective in its suggestion of Hindu life and "atmosphere." So novel is it, altogether, that the first comment that arises, one that was heard frequently

Per Hinds



RUTH ST. DENIS.

last night, is: "Well, anyway, it is different!"

It consists of five scenes—"The Street," "The Purda," "The Palace," "The Forest" and "The Temple." By her dances which are accompanied by characteristic music well conceived, but poorly played, Miss St. Denis attempts to illustrate phases of Hindu life and manners, domestic customs and religious ideals. In the street scene, in the palace and in the temple she is accompanied by real Hindus, mainly men, who seem to live their life so naturally and unaffectedly that they add materially in producing a complete illusion of India.

On account of all these unusual characteristics of the performance, it naturally appeals to different persons in quite different ways. The casual idler or careless theatre-goer can find entertainment in its novel features. The artist interested in the study of the human form has ample opportunity for observation unhindered by concealing and ungaily clothes. Those who may have been smitten with the somewhat prevalent microbe of orientalism, who wish to delve into the secrets of the Brahmin or Buddhist cults, speculate of Karma or the attainments of "Samadhi" and grope along the difficult path toward Nirvana, will find much to their taste and enjoy greatly the congenial suggestions of yogis, of Radha, of Krishna and of Vishnu.

The rounder, the roue or any other prurient-minded person is doomed to disappointment, for the "atmosphere" is so proper, the Hindu actors take it all so much as a matter of course, the ideals suggested are often so ascetic, that there is no room for an idea of impropriety. Yet if the spirit of old John Endicott should chance to drop in at the show there is no doubt that his Puritan soul would rise in revolt and burn to raid the place with even more severity than that with which he pitched Morton of Merry Mount and his Maypole crew out of Wollaston. But he simply wouldn't understand.

In all the dances Miss St. Denis is the embodiment of grace, of willowy suppleness, of beauty of form. In the street scene she illustrates a snake charmer, using her arms as serpents and her hands as cobra heads. Green jewels on her fingers serve as the reptiles' eyes, and her movements, gestures and facial expressions are so snaky as to be creepy, indeed. Only her arms, her feet and part of her legs are bare in this scene.

In the "Purda" she illustrates the cleansing of a house with incense, appearing through a purda, or curtain, that separates the women's apartments from the rest of the domicile. She wears less here than in the street.

In the "Palace" she gives a nautch dance to entertain a rajah and his guest, and the whole scene is carried out with circumstantial detail. In this she is fully clothed in a fluffy, bespangled bodice and skirt, wears little sleigh bells on her ankles and does some beautiful posing and dancing with the aid of a deftly handled filmy scarf.

In the "Forest" she impersonates a "yogi," a Hindu ascetic seeking and finding in the woods union with the

universal spirit through meditation and religious practices. This is largely an exhibition of aspiration, mental suffering and spiritual triumph portrayed by facial expression, gesture and posturing. It requires scarcely any drapery above the waist and very little below.

In the "Temple" the mystic dance of the five senses is given. The faithful first bring their offerings to the temple door and later one sees these placed before the enshrined Radha inside. Through grilled altar gates the idol is beheld, and presently the gates are opened and the image is found to be Miss St. Denis wearing a golden crown and many jewels. The priests awaken the idol with waving lights and tinkling bells and she comes down from her pedestal and in fascinating movements and steps portrays the delights of sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch. They all pall at last, however, so she places a lotus flower on her breast and goes back to her pedestal convinced that only in renunciation does the soul find peace. Jewels, many colored and flashing, seem to be the only covering of her beatifully moulded, olive-hued form during this dance. She glides and circles and poses with a grace that is both charming and bewildering and toward the last dances with an abandon that is seen in no other of the scenes.

"The Man from Home" will be produced at the Park Theatre next Monday evening. The sale of seats will open at the box office at 8 o'clock this morning. William T. Hodge will play the leading part.

## "THE WOLF" OPENS AT GLOBE THEATRE

For the first time in this city "The Wolf," by Eugene Walter, was given, with the following cast:

Jules Beaumont.....	Carl Anthony
Andrew McTavish.....	Joseph Greene
Hilda McTavish.....	Alice Baxter
Batiste LeGrand.....	Joseph Chaille
William McDonald.....	William Norton
George Huntley.....	Jack Devereaux

This three-act melodrama has a particular interest because it comes from the author of "Paid in Full," one of the best of all American plays, and of "The Easiest Way," one of the most widely discussed. It may be said at once that it is inferior to each of these works. If "Paid in Full" had not achieved a great success "The Wolf" would probably never have been produced. It tells the old story of the innocent girl, who is loved by two men, one good and one bad, and who is protected from the bad man by the good man, with frankly melodramatic complications.

For a background it has the Canadian woods. The figures are French-Canadian, American and Scotch. It is obviously the practice-work of a clever man. The characterization is often good, though generally too highly colored, and the incidents are conventional and tiresome. There are long conversations, enlivened with timber of eloquence and of poetry. The action drags.

The work has flashes of humor, but they are seldom brilliant flashes. Nowhere does it show the insight and the skill that make "Paid in Full" so remarkable.

The cast, on the whole, is excellent. Carl Anthony plays the sympathetic lover with lightness, grace and charm and with suggestions of power. As McDonald, the villain, William Norton acts with fine adroitness, resisting every temptation to be artificial. Joseph Greene consistently interprets the father of the heroine.

The character of the daughter is made altogether cloying by Alice Baxter, who, nevertheless, shows technical aptitude. Fine performances are given by Joseph Chaille, who appears as a French trader, slavishly devoted to the hero, and by Jack Devereaux, as a fresh, but good-principled, American youth.

## KEITH'S THEATRE.

Varied and Excellent Vaudeville Program This Week.

Henderson

Betty had a funny time in Dreamland. That big dog, Theodore, alias Arthur Hill, followed Betty, alias a little girl, alias Kathleen Clifford, into her slumbers. Incidentally, he followed a new star into a new production. In Dreamland, Betty and Theodore met the doll people and the lovely Angora Kitties, all come to life. Miss Clifford made her deepest impression as a dude who liked every girl, but particularly the "girl from the U. S. A." Besides Miss Clifford and Arthur Hill there were 20 singers and dancers in the company. Book, lyrics and music were written by Anna Caldwell and James O'Dea.

"I got the most terrible fright on me! weddin' day," Frank Fogarty said. O'Brien said. And Fogarty said Haggerty replied "Shame on ye, to be

taken in by a woman about a wife. The audience got a hundred at one time and roared at each of Mr. Fogarty's jokes. There was O'Brien that got operated on for appendicitis, three times in succession," said Mr. Fogarty; "he says to the doctors, 'If ye're goin' to operate again, sew hooks an' eyes on me.'"

Little Billy entered on his second week of singing and dancing. It was his dancing, particularly, that won him prolonged applause last evening. Alcide Capitaine, "the perfect gymnast," gave an exhibition of extraordinary skill, strength and grace. So easy were her motions that the illac-clad figure seemed to sail through the air with no necessity for support—even one hand clasped on the dangling rope appeared superfluous. The trapeze itself seemed a part of the gymnast, so accurately was every movement planned.

Binns, Binns and Binns are well named "the surprising trio." From the moment the bewigged footman, the red-nosed caller and the long-haired musician enter there is a great deal doing. Clever sleight-of-hand tricks, interspersed with some really fine music, made up the act. Much of the comedy was supplied by the hair of the musician, which is trained to stand on end or lie down at a given signal. Johnson and Harty, "the eccentric duo," gave some amusing parodies. Torelli's dog and pony circus, aided by Bessie, the unrideable mule, did the usual dog and pony tricks, much to the delight of the young people.

Others on the program were Emil Hoch and company in Louis Wesley's new comedy, "The Tail of the Coat," in which Emil Hoch was cast as "Heinrich Baumgarten," Harlan P. Briggs as "David Crumley" and Antoinette Smart as "Floss"; the three dancing Du Ball brothers, and Liane de Lyle and company in the novelty, "In a Billiard Room." The klnetograph showed "A Ludicrous Game of Chess." Denman Thompson in "Joshua Whitcomb" is promised for next week.

## AMERICAN MUSIC HALL.

Consul the Great Again and a New Aquatic Turn.

The usual large matinee audience at the American Music Hall yesterday saw a show with not many dull spots. Consul the Great retains the star place and a new aquatic act with Peter McNally and Charles Bigney makes a bid for first honors.

A second view of Consul shows him even more amusing than a first. His bicycle riding is especially remarkable, for he pedals about with even more nonchalance than the average human cyclist and rides down a set of steps, in and out among bottles set around the stage, hardly looking to see where he is going.

Other details of his act, like the skill with which he lights a cigarette, the ludicrous way he fumbles with a refractory suspender button and the unconcerned manner in which he unlaces his shoes and slips off his socks, are even more wonderful than when seen for the first time.

Peter McNally's swimming act received a kindly reception. It is elaborately set, with an effect designed to simulate winter. Mr. McNally, who has a reputation in Boston as a swimmer and life saver, has a little private tank with a glass front all to himself where he stands in water up to his waist, calls attention to the feats of the others and does a few under-water stunts like smoking a cigar and eating a banana in between times.

The Misses Sutherland and Shuman appear to advantage in tights and perform dives of various kinds, sometimes to the great discomfiture of the orchestra, which doesn't care for shower baths. Mr. Bigney plunges once or twice from the springboard and furnishes the climax to the act when he climbs an illuminated ladder to a point even with the borders and drops with a fine big splash.

Fred Karno's comedians give their "Night in an English Music Hall." The turn is slap stick comedy reduced to a science and has lost none of its ludicrousness with many repetitions. Albert Weston, as the inebriated swell, is marvelously agile and truly comic. Bobbie Lewis as the bad boy helps keep the fun going. The act comes nearer being what theatrical press agents like to call a "scream" than most things in vaudeville.

A blackface comedian whose monologue turn never lags for a moment is Honey Johnson. He sings one of those philosophical songs, "What's the Use?" in a way that makes one wish there were a dozen verses instead of two, and another tune of fascinating swing is a real hit. His humor is spontaneous and his jokes the kind that take a minute to sink in, but bring a hearty laugh when they do get home.

Some travesty work much better than the ordinary is furnished by Austin Boyd and Trixie Gilfillan in "Mixed Drinks." Their mock melodrama is much more subtle than the usual and their grand opera burlesque is funny and musical at the same time. The Elite Musical Four furnish tunes upon brass instruments, xylophones, bottles and so on. Their performance is skillful.

Beverly and Barnes sing better than

they talk and dance best of all. A little study of the English tongue would improve the act. The trim young woman who hides her identity under the name of La Danseuse is a nimble and graceful dancer. The Wroe Trio, billed to appear, got lost in the storm, and Ted Little went on, but did not stay long. The Ameriscope shows President Taft in Chicago.

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## KNEISEL QUARTET IS 25 YEARS OLD

By PHILIP HALE.

The Kneisel Quartet (Messrs. Kneisel, Roentgen, Svecenski, Willeke) gave its second evening concert last night in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, quartet in D minor (post.); Cesar Franck Larghetto and Scherzo from quartet in D major; Beethoven, quartet in E-flat major, op. 127.

This concert was in celebration of the 25th year of the quartet. The Herald published a short sketch of the history of this organization Sunday before last and then gave the list of the members. Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Svecenski have been with the quartet from the beginning, and they may look back with justifiable pride on the record of two years. The Kneisel quartet was not only an honor to this city which was until recently its dwelling place, it was and it is a source of national pride, for this quartet has an international reputation; furthermore, it has been a mighty factor in awakening interest in the best chamber music throughout the country and forming a fine and discriminative taste.

There were chamber clubs in this country before the Kneisel Quartet was formed; some of them labored valiantly, but had only a local following in New York, Boston and other cities. One club—its home was in Boston—travelled extensively and did pioneer work in an honest manner. But the Kneisel quartet was the first chamber club in this country, which, having arrived at a high state of proficiency, journeyed from the Atlantic to the Pacific, playing not only the compositions of acknowledged masters, but introducing the works of the ultra-modern school.

At the beginning this quartet was generously supported by Mr. Higginson until it was self-supporting. Twenty-five years ago chamber concerts of a high order were enjoyed by comparatively few. It became the fashion to attend the concerts of the Kneisels here, then in New York and afterwards in other cities. Thus admirable performances of the best chamber music were encouraged.

Fashions in music, as in dress, are capricious and ever changing. The character of the audience in Boston has changed in certain respects; but there are still many faithful friends of the Kneisels, and they are true lovers of music. The respect and the affection in which this quartet is held here were shown last night by the hearty and long continued applause that welcomed the members and followed the various movements of the compositions played.

It is not possible to overestimate the influence of this quartet in Boston or in the country. Think for a moment of the works produced here by Mr. Kneisel in the course of the last 25 years. Think also of the catholicity of his taste. There was a time—when Mr. Ysaye and his colleagues introduced here compositions by Franck and others of the ultra-modern French school—when this music of the Frenchmen seemed strange to him. He did not, therefore, ignore it or condemn it. He studied it.

He and his associates practised Cesar Franck's quartet for two years before they were willing to play it in public. Nor were they daunted by the cool reception of this composition, which is now acknowledged to be among the masterpieces of chamber music. And so it was with the music of men that came after Franck. Mr. Kneisel, by the authority of his name, by the prestige of performances, made this music respected and then admired. It is not too much to say that he enlarged the musical horizon of this city; that he awakened an interest in modern music in towns far distant.

And in the course of the 25 years he has held steadily to the highest ideals in art. He never wavered through fear of losing his audiences; on the contrary, he had faith in their intelligence, and he waited patiently till they came up to his own standard. He was not a partisan; he was not didactic; he was shrewd in his arrangement of programs; he knew that the surpassing excellence of the performances would insure success in the end. His unflinching artistic purpose, his courage and his rare ability have been amply re-



all 3-1909

## CARL ZERRAHN.

Carl Zerrahn, who was honored during a long and unusually active life, will be remembered with honor long after those who knew his tall, lithe figure and the firm but genial face have in their turn passed away. His name will be associated not only with the history of music in Boston but with that of choral music and its development throughout New England.

He was a born master of choruses. He was patient as well as inspiring. He was both amiable and authoritative. No singer under his direction, prima donna or the humblest in the chorus, ever thought of disputing his wish, for his command was expressed as a wish; nor could an orchestra, however lazy or rebellious, escape his beat. He had the ability to take inexperienced singers and a "scratch" orchestra, and by his care in rehearsal and by his magnetism lead them to triumphant results. For many years he was the director of the Handel and Haydn Society and each member of that society saw in him a friend. There was a personal relationship between these members and their conductor so that their devotion, their wish to please him even when the music in some instances was strange to them, or almost abhorrent, was expressed in the excellence of the performance.

The word "discouragement" was not in his vocabulary, yet he often faced obstacles that would have disheartened the resolute. His will was indomitable; his energy was untiring. His constitution was of iron. Even in his advanced years, after a day of drudgery at rehearsal in a

musical festival and a night of labor and excitement in performance, he would gladly sit for hours to talk with musicians about their art, famous singers, virtuosos of the past, and his conversation was enlivened by wit that was free from malice, by reminiscences that were never bitter. It is often said hastily that musicians as a tribe are irritable, vain, narrow, jealous of another's success. The life of Zerrahn was an answer to this charge.

As a conductor he was noted for accuracy and force rather than for finesse or for a display of imaginative and poetic qualities. The masses he controlled were often sadly in need of a taskmaster, and a mere poet with a baton would have immediately come to grief. He was, it is true, a conductor of the old school, first of all a beater of time; but in his day and generation no other conductor in this country equalled him in securing results with a large body of unprofessional singers, and singers of great reputation were quick to recognize his native ability and his sure musical knowledge. He was the man for his period, the one man for the Handel and Haydn Society. With a keen sense of duty and honor, he served the art he deeply loved and not for his own profit and glory. Thus serving he won his reward while he was alive, and his name will be remembered with respect and affection. No history of music in this city will be written without a glowing and just tribute to his achievements and his character.

mians and the charming music of Puccini worked their spell. How franker in its appeal is this music to that of "Madama Butterfly"! Puccini has dwelt in Bohemia; he had known the joys and the sorrows of that careless life, and writing the music of "La Boheme" he wrote both from his experience and his heart. Bohemia was nearer to him than Japan or the city in which Scarpa ruled and Florio Tosca suffered. Or will Puccini be revealed as the years go by as a man of one opera? He may rest contented. It is something to be known as the composer of "La Boheme."

The performance last night was an interesting one. Mr. Formichl made his first appearance here as Marcello. The Herald praised last week his Amosaro. His Marcello is also excellent, and it is not too much to say now that Mr. Formichl is one of the most valuable members of the company. His voice is manly, rich, expressive, and he uses it skilfully for dramatic purposes, but in gaining dramatic effects he does not forget that melodic phrases should be sung. His diction is admirable. Then he has a commanding figure, an authoritative bearing, yet he remembers in action the claims of others.

Mme. Alda impersonated Mimì here for the first time, and her impersonation was colorless. Her performance might be described as conscientious, an adjective used frequently by the amiable who are obliged to sit in judgment. Mme. Alda has the best intentions in the world. She often sings prettily, especially when the music lies in the middle register of her voice and she does not feel herself called upon to make an effect, but when she should be vocally passionate her tones lose quality. As an actress she has little emotional pow-

er, nor does her personality go across the footlights. An amiable Mimì, who once in the third act struck a human note and awoke sympathy for a moment from hearers who had been callous to her moderate rapture and her still more moderate grief.

Mr. Constantino sang effectively as far as tone and a knowledge of "bel canto" were concerned. Rodolfo was a poet, and poets are seldom emotional persons, except in their poems. He is of the old school, whose members first of all were singers, and incidentally actors. His voice has a beautiful lyric quality; he sings delightfully when he does not try to sing too well, and he no doubt believes, as other famous tenors believe, that any pronounced bodily action on the stage, any display of passion, might mar the beauty of his song. True tenors are scarce, and they are to be humored. The combination of tenor and actor is seldom found. Let us not ask too much. It would perhaps be unreasonable to beg an applauded tenor to face the woman whom he is addressing, even though he suspects her to be a victim of tuberculosis. And the sight of a tenor and a soprano, side by side, pouring out their mutual confidences to the audience is, after all, traditional, and not displeasing to the average hearer, especially when the tenor has the voice and art of Mr. Constantino.

Mme. Bronskaja sang the music of Musetta agreeably and acted the part with verve. She is to be commended for not playing the part as though she were a soubrette in vaudeville. She gave Musetta decided character and was not extravagant.

The other parts were acceptably taken and Messrs. Tavecchia and Mogan were particularly good. The production is a noteworthy one, and the stage setting and the stage business have not been approached in performances of this opera by visiting companies in the past. The audience was warmly appreciative.

The fourth performance of "Carmen" will be given tonight, and it promises to be brilliant. Mme. Gay must return to Europe on February 1 and this will be her last appearance in Boston this season. The other chief singers will be Mmes. Lipkowska, Lewicka, Freeman and Messrs. Constantino and Baklanoff. The performance will begin at 7:45 o'clock.

The performance of "Il Trovatore," on Saturday, will begin at 1:30 o'clock.

Jan 1 1910  
Price of Herald  
changed to  
One Cent

## SYMPHONY PLAYS MELANCHOLY WORK

Sibelius' Sombre Second Symphony Practically a Novelty to Audience at the 11th Public Rehearsal.

### MISS KOENEN ORCHESTRA SOLOIST FOR FIRST TIME

By PHILIP HALE.

The 11th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Miss Tilly Koenen was the singer. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 2, D major.....Sibelius  
Scene and aria, "Ah! perfido".....Beethoven  
Menuetto from Senerade No. 1.....Brahms  
Three songs with orchestra.....R. Strauss  
Hymnus.....Fiedler  
The Tambourine Player.....Wolf  
Caprice on Spanish Themes.....Rimsky-Korsakoff

The compositions by Sibelius and Rimsky-Korsakoff were practically novelties to the great majority of the audience, for the symphony had been played only once before, early in 1904, and the Caprice had been played at these concerts only once.

When Mr. Gericke produced the symphony, the work was caviare to the general and even to many receptive musicians. It was the first composition by the Finn that was played here, and little was known about the composer and still less about his habit of thought and form of expression. When the second symphony was produced by Dr. Muck, it made a deep impression, as did the violin concerto

It is unnecessary to speak in detail of the performance last night. The program was worthy of the occasion. The quartet by Schubert will long be a thing of beauty. It was eminently meet and proper that this anniversary program should include excerpts from Franck's quartet, which the Kneisels have made peculiarly their own. One of the great quartets of Beethoven appropriately completed the program.

The second Friday afternoon concert in Fenway Court will be on Jan. 14. The third evening concert in Chickering Hall will be on Feb. 22.

## BOSTON THEATRE.

Comedy and Songs in "Bright Eyes"  
Please at the Local Premier.

BOSTON THEATRE—"Bright Eyes," a musical play in three acts, by Charles Dickson; lyrics by Otto A. Haucsbach; music by Karl Hoschna. Its first Boston presentation. The cast:

Mr. William O'Keefe  
Gladys Brady.....Miss Pauline Winters  
Joseph McCann.....Mr. Manual A. Alexander  
Linda Kurtz.....Miss Marie Grayber  
Dorothy Mayland.....Miss Florence Holbrook  
Tom Genowin.....Mr. Cecil Lean  
John Q. Montague.....Mr. Walter Law  
Mr. Hunter-Chase.....Miss Percy Lyndal  
Mrs. Hunter-Chase.....Miss Vera Finlay  
William Hawley.....Mr. Arthur Conrad  
Reggie Murphy.....Victor

## MME. LIPKOWSKA PLEASES AS LAKME

Opera Given Smoothly and Effectively in Spite of Eleventh Hour Change in Cast—Ballet a Feature. A.P.

Delibes' "Lakme" was sung again last evening in the Boston Opera House. The cast was as follows:

Lakme.....Mme. Lipkowska  
Mallika.....Betty Freeman  
Elton.....Monty Karmes  
Rosa.....Virginia Moore  
Mrs. Benson.....Elvira Leveroni  
Gerald.....Steva Idzkowski  
N. Kantha.....George Boklanoff  
Frederico.....Rodolfo Fornari  
Haji.....Constantino Strosco

Mr. Goodrich conducted.

An announcement, which was enclosed in the program, stated that owing to the sudden indisposition of Mr. Bourrillon, Mr. Steva Idzkowski had consented to take the part of Gerald upon very short notice and without rehearsals.

In spite of this change in cast the opera was smoothly and effectively given. Mme. Lipkowska again charmed her audience by her gentle grace and fine singing. She is an attractive, picturesque figure as Lakme, and not the least so in the simple gown worn in the second act. The bell song deserved and won its usual applause.

Under the circumstances it would be unfair to judge Mr. Idzkowski by his work last evening. But this much may be said: He carried the part through without hesitation and showed some good tones in his voice. His acting last evening was inclined to be sentimental, and his gestures were not to be commended.

Mr. Goodrich's conducting was interesting and effective in the main. In the first act, however, he too often allowed the orchestra to drown the voices. Mr. Baklanoff shared the honors of the evening with Miss Lipkowska.

The audience was large, brilliantly gown, and showed its satisfaction by much applause. The stage settings and chorus contributed largely to the pleasure of the evening, and the ballet in "Lakme" is one of the prettiest that has been seen in the Boston Opera House.

## 'LA BOHEME' AGAIN

By PHILIP HALE.

Boston Opera House: Puccini's "La Boheme" performed by the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell, director. Mr. Conti conducted.

Mimì.....Frances Alda  
Musetta.....Eugenia Bronskaja  
Rodolfo.....Florence Constantino  
Marcello.....Cesare Formichl  
C. Conti.....Jose Martinez  
C. Conti.....Attilio Puccini  
C. Conti.....John Mogan  
C. Conti.....Luigi Tavecchia  
C. Conti.....G. Balistrini  
C. Conti.....C. Strosco

Again the simple story of the Bo-



on Mr. P. brought out "A Song Spring" and "Finland."

Sibelius had his revenge yesterday, for the second symphony was better understood and appreciated. It is strongly individual, aggressively so, and unflinching individuality in art is generally disconcerting. The dominating mood of music is one of stern, almost savage, melancholy, a melancholy that is epic, not lyrical. The first movement is as the rhapsody of a bard, and this movement is perhaps the most perplexing of the four to one that wishes conventional thematic exposition and smug development.

The themes throughout have for the most part the character of folk-song, but Sibelius has said that he seldom if ever employs folk-songs, though he gives to themes of his own invention the characteristics of Finnish folk-song, and these national songs are charged with melancholy. The musical sentiment of the symphony is bleak, almost hopeless. There is also a rebellious spirit, as if a people clamoring for liberty. I do not recall one sensuous strain in any movement.

The triumphal ending is not an ordinary hymn of victory with perfunctory fanfares of parade. There is wildness, the wildness of loneliness and revolt. There is the suggestion continually of the rocks and moors and fens of Finland as described even by the prosaic. There is also the suggestion of that strange national epic the "Kalevala" or, "The Land of Heroes," which should be better known, now that it is published in Everyman's Library.

Once or twice there are fleeting reminiscences of Wagner in this symphony, but as a whole it is uncommonly original, in material, in structure, in sober ornamentation. The melodic lines, the rhythms, the orchestral expression are all peculiar to Sibelius. The grim sobriety is peculiar, as is the sullen despair, the hopeless attitude that follows a vain but heroic struggle. The robustness that is almost physical in tones; the manliness of this music, which in its hopelessness is neither whimpering nor hysterical; the elemental grandeur of certain pages; the bravery of the "unconquerable soul" in the "fell clutch of circumstance"—these, too, put the symphony above many others in the catalogue.

Tschaikowsky unwittingly did Rimsky-Korsakoff harm when his letter in which he described the latter's Spanish Caprice as a "colossal masterpiece of instrumentation" was published. Tschaikowsky was honest in his praise, but it aroused anticipations that are not realized when we hear the Caprice in 1909. "Scheherazade," by the same composer, is surely more brilliant; and compare for a moment this Caprice with Chabrier's "Espana" or with some of the pages in Bizet's "Carmen."

How inferior, how pale is this Caprice in its attempt to reproduce or suggest the dazzling light, the color, the mad or subtle rhythms, the costumes, the poetry, the atmosphere of Spain! The little impressionistic piano piece by Debussy, the "Evening at Grenada," is at the same time more realistic and more imaginative, realistic by reason of its very vagueness. The performance of the Caprice, though creditable in many ways, was aesthetically inferior to that of the symphony. The charming menuetto of Brahms with its old-time flavor was delicately played; it served well in contrast with that which preceded and that which followed, and to separate the songs.

Miss Koenen, who was heard here early in the season with Dr. Wuellner, sang for the first time in Boston with the orchestra. Her voice is full and pure, agreeable, but without distinctive charm. She uses it with skill and she has evidently had much experience. She sang Beethoven's recitative with a nice appreciation of the various sentiments, and the aria with classic repose, but this aria is written in the grand style and singers of that style are now few in number.

In the group of songs she was most successful with Mr. Fiedler's sympathetic and effective setting of a poem by Eichendorff, and this song at once caught the fancy of the audience. Her reading of "Hymnus" was tame. Wolf orchestrated the accompaniment of his "Er Ist's" ("Tis Spring"), but the song is better with the original accompaniment with piano. All in all, Miss Koenen yesterday appeared as a highly respectable and uninspiring singer.

The program of the concert next week will be as follows: Elgar, Symphony in A flat major; Brahms, violin concerto (Mischa Elman); Loeffler, "The Devil's Villanelle."

# MME. GAY MAKES LAST APPEARANCE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Fourth performance of Bizet's "Carmen," with the following cast:  
Don Jose.....Florencio Constantino  
Escamillo.....George Baklanoff  
El Dancaïro.....C. Stroesco  
El Remendado.....Ernesto Giaccone  
Zuniga.....Francis Archambault  
Morales.....Attilio Pulcini  
Carmen.....Mme. Gay  
Michaela.....Lydia Lipkowska  
Frasquita.....Matilde Lewicka  
Mercedes.....Bettina Freeman

Interest naturally centred in Mme. Gay. Her fourth appearance in Boston as Carmen was to be her last appearance of the season. After her huge success in the part it might have been expected that she would attract an enormous audience. She did. The occasion was brilliant. The enthusiasm was evidently sincere. And the excellent cast came in for a share of the honors.

This Carmen is extraordinary because it is so unconventional and so real. The interpreter seeks, first of all, to be the character. To this consideration she subordinates everything else. Even her singing, as is quite proper but not altogether usual, is made an expression of the character.

The result is that the suggestion is conveyed of life and of artistic freedom. Never for one instant does the performer seem ill at ease or uncertain, or out of the picture. She is coarse, but Carmen was coarse. Her very animality sustains the meaning of the whole opera.

Last night she both acted and sang with amazing brilliancy, and looked the character to perfection. Her moving about the stage is a triumph of natural acting.

Mr. Baklanoff, as the Toreador, gave a remarkable performance. Like Mme. Gay, he did not make the part an excuse for a display of singing. He made the singing one of many expressions of the character. Everything he did showed rare intelligence. For so young a man, such a performance is indeed a promise of superb achievement in the future. But it is by no means to be put down as a merely promising performance. It is in itself great.

Constantino as Don Jose succeeded in seeming to forget himself, a great feat. Mme. Lipkowska sang exquisitely and acted well in the beautiful role of Michaela. Miss Lewicka and Miss Freeman were both admirable.

Jan 2 1910  
MISS ST. DENIS

By PHILIP HALE.  
It is a pleasure to state that Miss Ruth St. Denis will dance this week at the Colonial Theatre in the afternoon. No one who, to use the words of Sir Thomas Browne, is naturally smothered of all that is beautiful, should fail to see this singularly graceful woman in the exotic and fascinating dances of her invention. The surroundings, the scenery, the hangings, the Hindus of grave deportment and exquisite golden skin, enhance the spell wrought by the dancer. Nor is it necessary to study the "symbolism" of this or that scene for full enjoyment. Seeing Miss St. Denis as the Spirit of Incense, whose movements of arms are indescribably beautiful, or as the Yogi, rapt in meditation, or as the goddess Radha with the mystic dance of the five senses, the spectator is far removed from western life and the alleged advantages of a youthful civilization. He may not be deeply versed in the Katha Upanishad, or the Prashna or the Chhandogya. If he should read: "Unborn, eternal, immortal, this ancient is not slain when the body is slain: if the slayer thinks to slay it, if the slain thinks it is slain, neither of them understand; this slays not nor is slain," he might remember Emerson's "Brahma," but the dancer would be no more beautiful, nor would laborious study of the Bhagavad Gita, from what Dhritara-

## MISS RUTH ST. DENIS



Hindu Dancer Who Will Be Seen at the Colonial This Week.

shtra said to Sanjaya's confession that, hearing the marvellous converse of the son of Vasudeva and the mighty-souled son of Pritha, his hair stood erect with wonder, increase the delight of the eyes. It is enough to accept the mystery of the East and to envy those that can give themselves over to meditation and thought of the infinite.

In comparison with the dancing of Miss St. Denis the posturing, the prancing, the loping, the bounding of Miss Isadora Duncan seem common and material. It is true that Miss St. Denis has natural advantages over the majority of her sisters in art. She is tall and of entrancing proportions. From the sole of her foot to the crown of her head she is apparently without blemish. Her knees might well have moved the singer of Solomon's Song to rapture. The ensemble of her body is as a flawless lyric. Her face is eloquent. And there is this to be said: to some may be paradoxical, although her body is that of a woman divinely planned, there is no atmosphere of sex about her, whether she be immovable on the altar—a picture of beauty never to be forgotten—or dancing the sense of touch. Here is a woman who could dance wholly undraped and be the incarnation of unconscious purity. Nor is her body one of cool sculpture; nor does the dancer's art, like that of the Greeks, as Pater indicated, betray a tendency to merge distinctions of sex. There is here no perfect blending of male and female beauty, as in the famous statue of the Louvre. Her beauty is not a sexless beauty.

Miss St. Denis has never been in the East. Perhaps for this reason her art is the more Oriental, for the imaginative one, dreaming at home, is the most observing and receptive traveller. She was reared, they say, on a farm in or near Elizabeth, N. J. Already there are legends about her. The story goes that when George W. Lederer was manager of the Casino in New York, Miss St. Denis came to him and said she wished to dance. She had then never been on the stage. She was allowed to dance at a rehearsal and was then permitted to take part in "The Passing Show." Now Messrs. Canary and Lederer brought out "The Passing Show" at the Casino in May, 1894, and it was revived late in October of that year. Jefferson de Angelis, John E. Henshaw, Paul Arthur, Adele Ritchie, Grace Filkins, Lucy Daly, May Ten Broeck, Madge Lessing, George A. Schiller were in the company. She danced in the fete scene of "Du Barry," and "Du Barry" was at the Criterion Theatre, New York, in 1901-02.

In August, 1906, it was stated that "a New York girl was bringing flaming color to the Paris streets and joy to the mocking street boy, frequenting fashionable places of amusement, race courses, the opera and chic cafes, attired in gorgeous eastern garments with an abundance of Oriental jewelry." The passionate correspondent noted the fact that she was always escorted by Hindus, who "salaamed as she stepped in and out of her carriage, and lined up with Oriental solemnity behind her chair as she sat in state and sipped iced water."

Miss St. Denis had already danced in London. It was in July, 1906, that she appeared at the Aldwych Theatre, "presented" by Charles Frohman. She then appeared as the Spirit of Incense, as the Snake Charmer, and as Radha. The music that accompanied her was by H. W. Loomis. Before she went to London she had danced at Proctor's, in New York.

Arriving in Paris she told a correspondent of the New York World that the London agent of a Paris music hall had offered her an engagement. His rates were too low, and Radha bound herself to another Paris manager for early fall. When she arrived in Paris she found that the first manager had brought out her Radha dance, and stolen all her ideas and costumes.

It has already been stated in The Herald that Miss St. Denis danced here about three years ago at a charitable entertainment at Fenway Court.

Last month she told a reporter of the Morning Telegraph that she did not diet, walk or fence to preserve her figure. "She dreams—she has wonderful visions." "The smell of the incense transforms me, and then all

is different—I seem to cross a border and I live in another sphere." She thinks that applause and flowers are only tributes to her dancing—not for her. The reporter was deeply impressed. "There is a spirit in this creative girl that saves her individuality from being tampered with by lesser minds." This sounds as though it might be an excerpt from a Upanishad.

Lola Fuller with her muses, nymphs, dryads, and hamadryads will dance in the Boston Opera House this week.

Mr. Quincy Kilby calls my attention to the fact that Miss Fuller played the leading female part, Dorothy, in "Our Irish Visitors" at the Boston Theatre Aug. 17, 1885. She was then with Murray and Murphy. "I have an idea that she was in some of the



E. F. Rice productions prior to her being with Murray and Murphy, for I know her name was familiar to me at that time and that I had noticed the resemblance of her name to that of Mollie Fuller, who was in the same line. When Lolie Fuller first presented her serpentine dance in 'Uncle Celestin' everybody was surprised, as she had never been known as a dancer. Her movements in that dance showed that she had never been trained in either Italian or step dancing. When she appeared at the Boston Theatre the week of April 20, 1896, Mr. Tompkins paid her \$3000 for the week, with a percentage of all over \$10,000 receipts, besides paying the salaries of all the other performers in the bill. Miss Fuller objected to Hines and Remington, the American costers, saying that they were common variety performers. Mr. Tompkins did not sympathize with her on the subject, thinking that Hines and Remington were in the same class with Murray and Murphy. She was in a highly nervous condition at this time and we feared that she might not finish the engagement."

The Herald has already stated that Miss Fuller was here in "Quack M. D." at the Grand Opera House Oct. 5, 1891. "Uncle Celestin" was produced at the Boston Theatre in January, 1892.

As a child Miss Fuller lectured on temperance and was known as "The Western Temperance Prodigy." At the age of 16 she had played many parts in a stock company at Chicago. Where has she not been? What has she not done? Now in "Jack Sheppard," now Ustane in "She"; touring in the West Indies in Shakespearian and other dramas; producing a play, "Caprice," in London in 1889; in 1891 playing in New York in "Quack M. D." and receiving "a mysterious present of a silk robe so fine that it would pass unincreased through a small ring"; appearing as Salome in Paris, long before the opera of Strauss disturbed the genteel and all ladylike men; introducing in Paris and London Sada Yacco; publishing in Paris her reminiscences and honored by the remarkable eulogy of Anatole France, the calm and smiling pyrrhonist.

And other interpretative dancers will soon excite discussion, of whom Maud Allan is the most distinguished. And the Countess de Pierrefeu (Miss Elsa Tudor, before her marriage) will dance as a gnome, a salamander, Undine, and she will interpret various musical pieces, from a prelude by Chopin to Nevin's "Rosary." Nor should the coming of Miss Genée be forgotten, that charming dancer who having mastered patiently her art, glorifies it by the grace of her personality. Truly this is a world of wonders and it is good to be alive.

There are interesting concerts this week, or concerts at least that should be interesting.

On Monday a young girl, Miss Seydel, a daughter of a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra and a pupil of Charles Martin Loeffler, will play the violin for the first time in public in this city.

Leandro Campanari, violinist, will give a concert Tuesday afternoon. This brother of the baritone appeared as a prodigy in Italy when he was 12 years old. Bazzini taught him the violin at the Milan Conservatory. He was now concert master and now conductor in several opera houses before he came to Boston and became a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra. He made his first appearance with the orchestra in Boston as soloist at the fourth concert in 1881 and he was twice a soloist during the first reign of Mr. Gericke. He was for a time at the head of the violin department of the New England Conservatory of Music; he founded the Campanari quartet; he was director of the music in the Church of the Immaculate Conception. In 1886 he travelled in Europe with an Italian string quartet. In 1890 he was engaged at the Cincinnati College of Music. In 1895 he conducted orchestral concerts in European cities and for several years conducted in opera houses and in concert halls. He made a tour of Spain as a violinist in 1904. He spent some months in California,

and a concert tour in the fall of 1906 and was afterward named a soloist for Mr. Howard, conductor, in a concert given at the Boston Theatre, pianist, M.

Mme. Lina Cavalieri will give a concert on Tuesday evening with George Harris, Jr. She has sung here only twice, once at one of Mrs. McAllister's musical mornings; once in Puccini's "Marion Lescart." The Herald spoke recently of her extraordinary career; how she was not content to be known as a woman of rare beauty; how she has worked indefatigably to win success in the opera house, how she has been applauded recently as Tosca and the Salome in Massenet's opera. Mr. Harris, tenor, is a son of the president of Amherst College. He sang at the last Worcester festival.

The Herald has also spoken at length of Mme. Liza Lehmann, whose name as a composer is to thousands as a household word. She will give a concert on Wednesday and be the pianist. Mme. Jomelli, the soprano, is an excellent singer, and a favorite here. Miss Turner is a new comer. Albert Hole, a boy soprano, is said to be extraordinary in florid song.

The Hess-Schroeder quartet will play Max Reger's new string quartet on Thursday night, and the performance will be the first in America. Miss Hedwig Schroeder will be the pianist.

Mischa Elman will be the soloist at the Symphony concerts and he will play Brahms' Concerto. Mr. Loeffler's fantastic "Devil's Villanelle" will be played again and the symphony will be Elgar's, which has been performed here only once.

#### Concerts of the Week.

MONDAY—Chickering Hall, 3 P. M. Recital by Irma Seydel, violinist (pupil of Charles Martin Loeffler), Carl Lamson accompanist. Tartini, sonata, "The Devil's Thrill"; Vieuxtemps, Reverie; Dvorak, Humoreske; Spohr, Scherzo; Bruch, Concerto in G minor; Sarasate, Spanish Dance No. 3; Beethoven, Romance in F; Alard, La Gitana; Wieniawski, Mazurka.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3:30 P. M. Violin recital by Leandro Campanari; Alfred de Voto, accompanist. Veracini, Concert Sonata; Stamitz, Caprice; Leclair, gavotte; Vieuxtemps, Aria all antica; Paganini, Caprice No. 23, Sonatina No. 12; Lalo, Romance; Schubert-Wilhelmj, "Ave Maria"; Wieniawski, Polonaise, No. 1.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Lina Cavalieri, soprano, and George Harris, Jr., tenor.

WEDNESDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. First appearance in Boston of Mme. Liza Lehmann, composer and pianist, assisted by Mme. Jomelli, soprano; Miss Palgrave Turner, contralto; Dan Beddoe, tenor; Frederic Hastings, baritone; Albert Hole, boy soprano.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Apollo Club, led by Mr. Mollenhauer and assisted by Stephen S. Townsend, baritone. Choral pieces: Adams, "The Artillerists' Oath"; Kistler, "Thou Lovely Child"; Gericke, "Awake, My Pretty Dreamer"; Chadwick, song of the Viking; Stanford, Cavalier Tunes; Heintze, "Sunday on the Ocean"; Lloyd, "A Wet Sheet"; Storch, "I Know Not How 'Twas"; Bucke, "King Olaf's Christmas." Mr. Townsend will sing Massenet's "Vision Fugitive," the solos in Stanford's composition and songs by Foote, Strauss, Gounod, Purcell and Tschalkowsky.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Planola recital given by M. Steinert & Sons Company. Earl William Smith, planola player; Miss Evelyn Blair, soprano. Planola pieces: Hollins' Concert C minor; Chopin, nocturno, op. 48, No. 12; Etudes op. 25, No. 1, op. 10, No. 12; Schuehoff, Romance op. 2, No. 1, Schuett Papillons d'Armour, op. 59, a la bien aimee; Raff, Polka de la Reine, op. 95. Miss Blair will sing with planola accompaniment, "Dich theure Halle," from "Tannhaeuser"; Spross,

"Yesterday and Today"; Beach, "The Year's at the Spring"; Tosti, "Good-Bye."

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third concert of the Hess-Schroeder Quartet. Schubert, Allegro molto moderato from the quartet in G major, op. 161; Reger, quartet in E-flat major, op. 109 (first time in America); Schumann, piano quartet in E-flat major. Miss Hedwig Schroeder will be the pianist.

Roxbury High School, 8 P. M. Concert by the city of Boston music department; William Howard, conductor. Orchestral pieces: Rossini, overture to "The Barber of Seville"; Tschalkowsky, Andante from string quartet, op. 11; Grieg, three movements from suite "Peer Gynt"; Brahms, Hungarian Dance in G minor; Wagner, march from "Tannhaeuser." Miss Evelyn Blair, soprano, will sing Salome's air from Massenet's "Hérodiade" and Clough-Lether's "I Drink the Fragrance of the Rose." Mr. Howard, violinist, will play Gypsy Dances by Nachez. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Twelfth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor. Elgar, symphony; Brahms' concerto for violin (Mischa Elman); Tchaikovsky, "The Devil's Villanelle" (after Tchaikovsky's poem).

## MISS GERALDINE FARRAR



Singer to Appear at Boston Opera House in "Tosca."

Ford Hall, 8 P. M. Concert by the City of Boston music department; William Howard, conductor. Orchestral pieces: Schubert, overture to "Rosamunde"; Bohm, "Un petit rien," waltz for strings; Grieg, three movements from suite, "Peer Gynt"; Offenbach, Barcarolls from "Hoffmann's Tales"; Gounod, Allegretto from ballet music to "Faust." William H. O'Brien, baritone, will sing "She Alone Charmeth My Sadness," from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," and Phillips' "A Son of the Desert." Mr. Howard, violinist, will play Gypsy dances by Nachez. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Miss Edith Thompson's piano recital. Rameau-MacDowell, Sarabande; Couperin, Les petits Moulins a vent; Mozart-Silotti, Gavotte; Schumann, Sonata, op. 22; Brahms, Intermezzo, Capriccio; C. Franck, Prelude, Aria, Finale; Alkan, Le Vent; Chopin, Valse, op. 42, Valse, op. 6.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Twelfth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.

## DREW'S NEW PLAY MADE IN FRANCE

BY PHILIP HALE.

"Inconstant George" will be produced at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow night, with John Drew as George. The comedy is an adaptation from "L'Ané de Buridan" ("Buridan's Ass"), in three acts, by Messrs. Robert de Flers and Gaston Arman de Caillavet, which was produced at the Gymnase, Paris, Feb. 19, 1909.

In the original play, Georges Boullains is equally drawn toward two women, or, rather, he is not strongly attracted by either. Georges, a fatuous clubman, susceptible, an amoralist, irresistible, as he thinks, lives in a villa by the sea. One night, unable to sleep, he receives a visit from his friend Lucien. It is 3 o'clock in the morning; nevertheless, Lucien begins to talk about Macedonla. Finally, he comes to the point. "You have been making love to my wife and also to my cousin." He tells of his discovery of letters written by Georges to the two women. "You must choose between the two," says Lucien, but not in an excited manner. "Of course, if it comes to it, I can divorce my wife and marry the cousin." Lucien is cool as a cucumber, but Georges is perturbed, and keeps hopping in and out of bed in his silk pyjamas. His friend pities him. "Do stay in bed. I want you to promise

me this: that you will not open the letter I now give you until you have absolutely decided which woman you will marry."

Georges consents and is thereafter much disturbed. Which of the women does he really love? Is he in love with either one of them? But Micheline comes in to take him fishing. She is a young orphan relative who has been adopted by Lucien. She is a charming tomboy, or as near a tomboy as a young French girl can be, and she loves the sea, whereas Georges looks upon it only as a place where women bathe in alluring or repelling costumes.

The perplexed Georges meets an old flame, Vivette, a Parisian music hall star, performing at Dinard. He asks her whether it is possible for a man to love two women at once. Vivette, learning that she is not one of the two, smashes bric-a-brac and is off in a rage. Micheline, however, explains to Georges that he pleases her. He is the more perplexed. He becomes moody. Friends comment on his behavior. He thinks more and more of Micheline. She is genuine, adorable. At last convinced that he is in love he opens the envelope, and in it he finds Lucien's consent to his marriage with Micheline.

The part of Georges was played in Paris by Gaston Dubosc, that of Micheline by Miss Martha Regnier.

Here are some lines from the French play. One of the characters talking about South American states, describes them as "those delightful little republics which bear upon their banner the proud motto 'Opera bouffe is not yet dead.'"

Georges, who has six cravats for each idea, tells of his life as a young man. "When I used to go home at 4 in the morning, I always went upstairs backward, for I could then say, if my father came out of his bedroom, 'No, I have not just come in, I am just going out.'"

Mistinctly declares: "I'll never love anybody forever again; it never lasts more than three days."

Georges makes this moral reflection. "When I think that there are actually men going about who love only one woman! What egoists!"

Some one may ask why is the play entitled "Buridan's Ass"?

Buridan's Ass is a famous sophism, a case of perplexity dear to ancient philosophers. It is to be classed with the sophism of Protagoras teaching Euathlus the art of judicial pleading upon these terms: that the stipulated fee for instruction should not be paid by the pupil until he came to plead his first case, and then only in the event of his winning it. Euathlus did not pay and Protagoras sued him. The plaintiff insisted that the result must inevitably be in his favor. "Because, if you, the judges, decide in my favor, then I gain my cause by that decision; if you decide against me, I lose the cause; but in that case Euathlus gains the case."



ment was that he should pay me at once. The defendant answered that he must inevitably win. "If the court decides in my favor, there is an end of the matter. If it decides in favor of the plaintiff, then I shall have lost my cause—and that is precisely the case in which it was agreed between us that I was not to pay."

Another case of perplexity was called "The Crocodile." A crocodile captured a poor woman's son. She accused the crocodile of wishing to eat him. The crocodile said he would spare the boy if she should utter an incontrovertibly true proposition. The woman answered: "You will eat my son." The crocodile was at his wits' end. If he did eat the boy, the mother had told the truth, and he had pledged his word not to eat him. If he did not eat the son, then the woman had told a lie.

Still another famous perplexity was known to the Greek logicians as "Achilles and the Tortoise." A race was proposed between the hero characterized in the *Iliad* as the swift-footed and the proverbially slow tortoise. It was only fair that Achilles should grant the tortoise the privilege of starting first. Then the sophist backed the tortoise, for he argued that Achilles could never come up to the reptile. Suppose Achilles gives the tortoise a start of one-tenth of the whole course. If the race course be 10 miles long, the tortoise will have finished one mile alone before Achilles is allowed to start. When the "duet" begins, to use De Quincey's term in the description of the sophism, the tortoise will be entering on the second mile precisely as Achilles enters on the first, and while the hero is running his first mile, the tortoise accomplishes only the tenth part of the second mile. Thus the reptile is always a little in advance of the hero. "For 'hough he" (Achilles, or Ash-heels as the youth pronounced the name in Bret Harte's story) "soon runs over that tenth of a mile which the tortoise has already finished, even this costs him a certain time, however brief. And during that time the tortoise will have finished a corresponding sub-section of the course, viz. the tenth part of a tenth part. This fraction is a hundredth part of the total distance. True as that is, it constitutes a debt against Achilles, which debt must be paid. And while he is paying it, behold our old friend in the shell has run the tenth part of a hundredth part, which amounts to a thousandth part. . . . Always in fact, a light upon what stage you will of the race, there is a little arrear to be settled between the parties, and always against the hero. 'Vermin, in account with the divine and long legged Pelides; Or, by one billionth of one delillionth of the course': much or little, what matters it, so long as the divine man cannot pay it off before another installment becomes due? And pay it off he never will, though the race should last for 1000 centuries."

Nor should Zeno's proof that an arrow in swiftest flight is motionless be forgotten.

Buridan's proposition was this: That a very hungry ass would be starved between two bushels of oats that were to act equally on his faculties; for not having any reason to prefer one to the other, he would remain motionless like a piece of iron between two load-stones of equal attraction. This is Bayle's statement of the proposition. The same would happen should hunger and thirst pinch the ass alike, and he were to have before him a bushel of oats and a pail of water, which should have the like or equal influence on his organs. "He would not know with which to begin; and in case he should eat before drinking, he must then have been more hungry than dry; or else that the ass or power of the water must have been weaker than that of the oats, which is contrary to the supposition." Bayle added: "Buridan employed this example to show that if an external motive does not determine beasts, their soul does not the power to choose between two equal objects."

The answer might be made that a hungry ass equally attracted by two bushels of oats and remaining motionless because of that equal attraction seems such a case as is physically impossible.

Buridan asked what will the ass do? If the answer were, "he would stand motionless," then Buridan could say: "He'll be starved between two measures of oats; he'll die of hunger and thirst, when victuals and drink are before him." If the answer were: "No ass could be such an ass," Buridan would reply: "Then he will turn to one side sooner than to the other, though nothing would attract him more to this side than to that; he therefore is imbued with free will, or it may happen that, of two weights in equilibrium, one may give motion to the other." This, too, is absurd.

There is still a third answer: The ass would be more powerfully attracted by one of the objects than by the other. But this answer overthrows the proposition. So Buridan was victorious in any case.

Bayle proposes two ways out of the perplexity. The second would be applicable to the hero of the comedy. "Suppose a man were to decide on the precedence of two ladies, and did not find any excellency more in the one than in

the other, and yet should be absolutely obliged to declare which had the preeminence, he'd not be at a loss, but would oblige them to cast lots."

This Jean Buridan was a man of the 14th century, born in Artois, a teacher in the University of Paris. He wrote commentaries on logic, morality, and Aristotle's ethics. Some say that he was rector of the university in 1320 and was deputed to the court of Rome.

There was a story that he escaped from the hands of Joan, Queen of Navarre, who used to have scholars brought to her, and after she was tired of them she caused them to be thrown out of her chamber window into the Seine; that Buridan was the only one who did not fall a victim in this manner. But Buridan lived after the time of this queen, and it is now believed that the stories told of her wantonness were wholly unfounded.

It is more likely that the queen of whom these stories are told was Marguerite of Burgundy, who, with Buridan, figures in the famous drama, "The Tower of Nesle." And it is believed that Buridan, a grave and virtuous person, endeavored with success to keep his disciples from the enticements of the woman.

And yet there are the famous lines of Villon in his "Ballad of Dead Ladies":

Ou est la royne  
Qui comanda que Buridan  
Fust gette en ung sac en Seine?  
Mals ou sont les neiges d'antan!

Was Buridan thrown in a sack into the Seine?

An annotator in Pierre Jannet's edition of Villon says that the poet was the first to speak of the tradition of "a queen of France" and her lovers whom she had murdered, as did Tamara in the Russian legend that served Lermontoff for the verses that suggested Balakireff's symphonic poem, "Tamara"; as did certain luxurious women in "The Thousand Nights and a Night," that Buridan escaped death and invented a sophism which was his vengeance and justification: "It is permitted to kill a queen if it is necessary," that Marguerite of Burgundy, wife of Louis le Hutin, was strangled in prison by order of the king. "As for Buridan, he became one of the most distinguished professors at the University of Paris and was exiled from France as a disciple of Ockham. He withdrew to Austria, where he continued to teach the nominalistic philosophy."

Put in opposition to this the calm note of Mr. Hilaire Belloc: "The queen, who in the legend had Buridan (and many others) drowned, was the Dowager of Burgundy that lived in the Tour de Nesle, where the Palais Mazarin is now, and had half the university for a lover; in sober history she founded that college of Burgundy from which the Ecole de Medecine is descended; the legend about her is first heard of (save in this poem) in 1471 from the pen of a German in Lepsic." Mr. Belloc does not name this German's book. It was in Latin and the title in English would be: "A small historical commentary by Buridan Picard on the youth of Paris; drawn from the unlawful amours of a certain queen of France."

This Marguerite, the daughter of Robert II., Duke of Burgundy and wife of Louis X., or Le Hutin, was imprisoned in 1314 after nine years of married life, and strangled with a napkin in August, 1315.

Miss Margaret Anglin talks agreeably about the stage settings in "The Awakening of Helena Richie."

"The year 1860, aesthetically considered, was not particularly beautiful. It has come down in decorative history as the day of black walnut, of marble top tables, of wax flowers under oval glass and stuffed birds, or horsehair furniture and woollen damasks. It is termed early Victorian, a word of reproach rather than of classification.

"I have adhered as closely as possible in the furnishing of 'The Awakening of Helena Richie' to the description given in Mrs. Deland's story. With this as a foundation I have succeeded, I think, in obtaining in spite of the era and its well-known atrocities something like an agreeable ensemble.

"A few have called attention to what they term anachronisms, but the people of that time were just as liable to put an heirloom in the midst of their modern setting as we are today. Whistler said that many a room has been spoiled by a touch of sentiment, and Helena Richie, who was a bundle of anachronisms, would naturally put a lot of cushions on the stiff little sofa and soften other asperities in the formal room of her house at Old Chester. One of my friendly critics said that the room gave the impression of stepping bodily out of the pages of Godey's Lady's Book, and as it was from that source I drew a great deal of my inspiration. I was pleased at the acuteness of the remark.

"I wanted brocatelle for the curtains, but if Helena Richie, living as she did on the edge of suspicion, had hung brocatelle over her windows, Old Chester would never have made its preliminary call and followed that up with a continued pilgrimage of espionage and curiosity. Brocatelle in a lonely woman's parlor in 1860 would arouse the same suspicion that the odor of cigarette smoke would in a provincial locality. "How many in my audiences know that the carpet in the parlor scene is the one carpet I should have, and that any other picked up at random in the property room of the theatre would have put the

whole thing in a different key. I realized that the only place I could hope to find what I wanted was in an auction room. After many visits without results I found just what I wanted, absolutely true to the conditions of the times.

"I tried horsehair furniture, but it was so relentless and so hard. Horsehair furniture expressed discipline, not the slipperiness of an easy code of morals."

## MEN AND THINGS.

We discussed last Sunday, in a superficial manner, not going beneath the skin, the proposition of Mme. Lydia Lipkowska that women should as far as possible walk and sit without stockings. In the course of the discussion we quoted some one as saying that King Solomon in his Song did not praise with oriental rhetoric the feet of the Shulamite. As a matter of fact, the royal lover praised them when shod. "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter!" He insisted on shoes. Would that he had seen Miss Ruth St. Denis! For there are women who are to be praised as to their feet without qualification.

Solomon, perhaps, like Restif de la Bretonne, knew the fascination of a well-made little foot, for a woman's foot is a fetich to certain amorists, whether it be new or old, bronze, black, tan or white. There is a mania or a disease for stealing women's shoes, and Germans, who take life seriously, name it "Frauenschuheh—monomanie." Women themselves have been capricious and inexorable in the shape and the material. Queen Mary restricted the width of the toe to six inches. The stern Spartans affected red shoes. But the wife of Simon Eyre, representing the women of her period, exclaimed in the play: "Roger, thou know'st the size of my foot: as it is none of the biggest, so, I thank God, it is handsome enough; prithe, let me have a pair of shoes made, cork, good Roger, wooden heel, too." But men have shown a like care. An Englishman of renown in the time when it was fashionable to dine at 10 A. M. gave his undivided attention to the extension of toe-points twisted like a ram's horn. The magistrates of Rome were also fussy. At Athens when Alcibiades set the fashions, shoes were named after him, as Henry Clay, Robert Burns, William Cullen Bryant and Chester A. Arthur gave their names to cigars: as cravats have been named after popular actors. The American woman may be pardoned after all for preferring a foot to dazzling bareness, for over a century ago the London Chronicle stated that shoes for women were made at Lynn, Mass., which exceeded in durability and beauty any that were made in London.

The Venango Citizen Press published last month an engrossing letter from a reader in Des Moines, Ia. Mr. Wilson first paid tribute to "the interesting style and intellectual value" of the newspaper. He then became confidential. "Although I have never set foot nor cast eye upon Venango County soil, nevertheless I confess to a goodly amount of interest in the county and citizens, more particularly Clintonville and the Melvin Phipps family, since I have the honor and unadulterated pleasure of having made their third eldest daughter my wife. With pleasure I refer to Miss Jennie Myrtle. Am sure if the citizens of Venango are on the average as kind, intelligent, and worthy as I am led to believe, I ought to feel elated at having won and won the hand and heart of one of Venango's pretty women." Mr. Wilson then turns to the consideration of grave economic problems, not of the household, but of the state. His style might be described as Asiatic, but that is a minor matter. "So the slimy hand of economic slavery is reaching out for the body, mind and soul of man, woman and child in Iowa, just as it is everywhere that the thoughtless working class permits its great social life to become and remain the object and means of private individuals reaping profit out of the administration of a social phase of our life."

The Earnest Student of Sociology welcomes not only the letters of Mr. Wilson, but revelations in divorce cases. Thus Mr. H. Bramhall Gilbert in the Brokaw case admitted on the stand that he had studied "the philosophy of drink" and was able to differentiate the stages of a "souse."

But are there stages in a "souse"? Is not a souse something determined and final like a still, a muzz? The unfortunate being who is souzed, or soured, is described by some as orvide there is a dispute among philologists as to the precise spelling of the word, and some prefer orvide, but without sufficient reason. There is surely a great difference between a man with a light-working jag and one with a still. The former may shine in conversation and be the life of the party. The latter may have the semblance of wisdom, his face may be oracular, but his speech, if he be capable of speech, betrays him.

Think of the hundreds of words to describe the man under the influence of malt liquor, wine, or strong waters: from afloat, at rest, and bosky and budgy, to wet-handed and yappy. Great is the English language. Yet De Quincey wishing to express the reeling and stumbling of intoxication preferred the verb to titubate, as though a word of Latin derivation were more descriptive. Gov. Greenhalge, a man of reading, once used this verb with fine effect, and they that knew not De Quincey wondered.

The Brussels correspondent of the New York Herald (Paris edition) notes that in Brussels cat is considered a delicious food in some classes. Workmen in breweries fatten cats and turn them into a stew.

Edward Topsell, who wrote learnedly about the cat in the 17th century—the first edition of his "History of Four-footed Beasts" was published in 1607—was of the opinion that the flesh of cats can seldom be free from poison, "by reason of their daily food, eating Rats and Mice, Wrens and other birds which feed on poison, and above all the brain of a Cat is most poisonous, for it being above measure dry, stoppeth the animal spirits, that they cannot pass into the ventricle, by reason whereof memory faileth, and the infected person falleth into a Phrenzie." But Topsell was prejudiced against the cat. The people of Savu, who lived the natural life when Capt. Cook visited them, preferred cats to sheep and goats. In Germany many a cat is sold for hare, and jugged cat has been relished there by foreign sojourners. The handsome daughter of a landlady far up in the Canton Vaud told us as a matter of course that when the snow was deep and communication was cut off, they all ate cats.

Some years ago in Albany, N. Y., a member of a distinguished family gave a rat luncheon. The rats had been fattened in a granary; or was it a malt-house? Then there is the entomologist in France, the enthusiast who has published a cook book containing only recipes for preparing insects for the table. He recommends especially a cockroach soup.

## "Il Trovatore" Winds up First Series of Boston Company; Brilliant Performance Is Enthusiastically Received.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Repetition of Verdi's "Il Trovatore" by the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell, director. Mr. Luzzatti, conductor.

Manrico.....Carlo Carlica  
Count di Luna.....Cesare Formichi  
Ferrando.....Giuseppe Perini  
Ruzza.....Ernesto Giaccone  
Leonora.....Celestina Boninsegna  
Inez.....Virginia Pierce  
Azucena.....Guerrina Fabbri

The repetition yesterday of "Il Trovatore" attracted a large and enthusiastic holiday audience. The cast was the same as that of the two previous performances, with the exception of the part of the Count di Luna. Mr. Formichi sang this part yesterday for the first time at the Boston Opera House.

Mr. Formichi has a voice of power, compass and surety. He sings with ease. He is a superb figure as the Count di Luna. Yesterday, however, he did not seem disposed to throw himself into the character of the part. When not singing he stood in a quiet, dignified way, but appeared little interested in what was going on around him. "Il balen," well sung technically, did not stir the audience to marked applause.

The chorus again won honors for the fine spirit and shading of its work throughout the afternoon.

Mention should also be made of Mr. Perini's effective singing with the



especially in the first act. Fabbri was again the dramatic and absorbing gipsy. It is rare to see a stage picture with so marked a feeling of atmosphere as the scene outside of the prison. In fact each setting was a beautiful composition. The performance closed the first series of operas by the Boston Opera Company.

**MUCH FINE ACTING IN THE MAN FROM HOME.** with William Hodge and Capable Supporting Company.

By PHILIP HALE.

**PARK THEATRE**—"The Man from Home," a play in four acts by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. First performance in Boston. Produced by Liebler & Co.

Daniel Voorhes Pike..... William Hodge  
The Grand Duke Vasil Vasilovich..... Henry Jewett  
The Earl of Hawcastle..... Herbert McKenzie  
The Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn..... Lenlin P. Gayer  
Ivanhoff..... Henry Harmon  
Horace Granger Simpson..... George Le Guere  
Riflere..... Anthony Asher  
Marlano..... Antonio Salera  
Mishere..... A. Montegriffo  
Carabinieri..... Eduardo Ferraro  
Sergeant Carabiniere..... Ciro Faraone  
Porter..... C. L. Felter  
Violet De Chambre..... C. L. Felter  
Ethel Granger Simpson..... Madeleine Louis  
Comtesse De Champigny..... Alice Johnson  
Lady Creech..... Ida Vernon

The company, coming from St. Louis, was late in arrival and the curtain did not rise until a half-hour or more after the announced time. The waits were long and the performance was not over until 11:45. No announcement of the cause of the delay was made, and the audience displayed the patience that is characteristic of the American public, the patience that excites the wonder, if not the admiration, of foreign visitors.

It is true that when the curtain did rise, the audience which crowded the theatre felt repaid, for the play is amusing and it was capitally acted. The story is a simple one. A western lawyer, plain, shrewd, a man of dry humor, with a twang in his speech, one of nature's noblemen, is guardian of a young man and a young woman who, having lived in Europe since childhood, have foolish and snobbish ideas and are convinced that everything pertaining to America is vulgar. They are about to become the matrimonial prey of a fortune-seeking, rascally English earl and his friend, a French countess.

Pike, the lawyer, arrives at Sorrento to inquire into the proposed alliance between the earl's son and the American ward. He becomes acquainted with a Russian duke, who is sojourning incognito at Sorrento, and a duke, with the aid of an escaped Siberian convict, whose faithless and thieving wife turns out to be the countess, who with the earl, her lover in St. Petersburg, betrayed her husband to the police as a revolutionary, is the "deus ex machina." He gives Pike the means of exposing the earl and opening the eyes of the ward, who at last recognizes the worth of her guardian and slings to him with the accompaniment of a convenient and practical piano his favorite air of "Genevieve Sweet Genevieve."

He respects this story as as faithful as any one told in "The Thousand Nights and a Night." The Russian duke, for instance, is wildly fantastical, both in his intercourse with Pike and in his immediate pardon of the escaped prisoner. The earl, however, is acted with such sincerity and spirit by all in the company that extravagances seem reasonable and of everyday occurrence. The play is admirably written for stage purposes. It is fluent, humorous, natural. It fits the character and the situations.

Pike, the simple and shrewd Westerner, is the incarnation of the typical American with a twang, a ready wit, cool in every emergency, the out-caster of all rascals, the superior to them all and a better earl. He is the Star Spangled Banner of a linen duster when he

#### AGNES BOOTH SCHOEFFEL.

Mrs. John B. Schoeffel, or Agnes Booth, as she was better known to thousands, was a brilliant example of a school that unfortunately for the drama and for the public is fast becoming extinct. She began, as did many illustrious actresses, as a dancer when she was a little girl. Arriving from Australia at San Francisco she played there in a stock company for several years before she went to New York. In her youth the only school of acting was the stage, which would be still the best of schools if the stock company were in vogue and at home in a theatre with a repertory.

As Mrs. Booth once said, her success was gradual. It was at last widely recognized and acknowledged as deserved. In the course of her long life in the playhouse she was associated with the leading tragedians, comedians and character actors. Here and in New York she displayed her versatility. It mattered not what the play was, whether it were tragedy or farce, glittering comedy or a drama of "contemporaneous human interest," Mrs. Booth's performance was thorough, brilliant and characterized by intelligence, native wit, diction and a certain personal force that is not to be confounded with the "personality" attributed by managers of our own time to young and inexperienced actresses with a pretty face or with an abundant flow of high but ungoverned spirits.

Mrs. Booth could be delightfully droll, as in "Engaged" or in "Aunt Jack"; intense, as in "Jim the Penman"; impressive, as in "Captain Swift"; classic according to the old traditions, as in "King John," "A Winter's Tale," "Sardanapalus"; charming, as in "After Thoughts." She was distinguished first of all and especially by her technic, which was absolute, a technic that at once riveted the attention of the audience and incited the admiration of no less a judge than Constant Coquelin. In this respect few contemporaneous actresses of American or English birth were to be compared with her, and of those that survive her Rose Coghlan and Mary Shaw are the foremost.

The personality of Agnes Booth was merged in the part she played. The character was played by her. It was not merely a case of Agnes Booth in the costumes and with the allotted speech of this or that character. This is a period of popular men and women on the stage; favorites, "personalities." The question whether they have undergone rigid training on the stage is disregarded. They no longer climb; they leap. Agnes Booth won her fame by long and indefatigable work. As a mistress of technic her fame was the more surely established in the years in which she honored the theatre, and it will be the more enduring.

enters, and an eagle perched on his shoulders should scream defiance to Europe, its scenery, castles, ruins, traditions.

Only the grand duke recognizes at once his native nobility, probably because Pike patronizes him. Even when the duke has solved the problem for him and retires with gracious dignity from the scene, Pike will not take off his hat, and this again is characteristic of his sturdy patriotism and sterling worth. He has only one weakness; he waxes sentimental over the thought of "Genevieve, my Genevieve."

In a speech after the third act, Mr. Hodge told the audience that he owed his success—he spoke modestly and did not express the idea in these words—to his association with the late James A. Hearn. He said this honestly and with true affection for the departed actor.

Mr. Hodge did learn from him, no doubt, the value of repose, of quietness in expression, of sobriety in gesture; but Mr. Hodge had native ability with which to develop his own ideas and the ideas of others. His impersonation of Pike is delightful in every way, in the general characterization, in the wealth of detail. This performance is one that would well repay study, one that affords opportunity for analysis.

The simplicity of his art is such that the careless observer might remark: "He has an easy time of it. How little he has to do." No higher tribute could be paid Mr. Hodge if one were to search the dictionary for purple terms, or to spend hours in weaving Asiatic sentences. And now lovable is this same Pike! Would that he were the typical American of today, with his eminent sanity and his sense of honor that off the stage seem exotic—to thousands of his

## GIRL OF 13 GIVES VIOLIN RECITAL

Little Miss Irma Seydel Score: Remarkable Success in Chickering Hall—Evidence of Sound Teaching.

Miss Irma Seydel gave a violin recital yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows:

Bartini, Sonata "Devil's Trill"; Vieuxtemps, Reverie; Dvorak, Humoreske; Scherzo; Bruch, Concerto in G minor; Sarasate, Spanish Dance No. 3; Beethoven, Romance in F major; Alard, La Gitana; Weinawski, Mazurka "Ober-tass."

Mr. Carl Lamson was the accompanist.

Little Miss Seydel is the daughter of a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra and is a pupil of Mr. C. M. Loeffler. She is but 13 years old and yet was able to present a program worthy of a grown person and to hold the attention of the audience throughout the afternoon.

Miss Seydel's tone is remarkably firm, broad and full for a child. She understands the value of a musical phrase and feels not only meter but rhythm. Her intonation is generally good and was exceptionally so in the harmonic passage introduced in the Humoreske.

Childlike, she is inclined to get excited and "run away with herself," as they say in France, and, of course, the romantic numbers, such as the second movement of the Bruch concerto or the Reverie of Vieuxtemps, lacked depth.

The child has a good trill and played the arpeggios clearly and brilliantly. The vibrato is quick and tight, and not beautiful. There was but little attempt made yesterday to display bowing tricks, no staccato or spiccato passages, which would show her development along these lines.

The springing bow of Alard's "Gitana" was fairly clean. But in the fundamentals little Miss Irma has been thoroughly schooled by her teacher. All she does is solid, legitimate, and musical violin playing.

The little girl was simple and unaffected in her manner. She entered into the music with spirit and sympathy. It was droll to see the dash with which she attacked chords which were not too big for her.

The numbers on the program received the traditional rendering with the exception of the Humoreske of

Dvorak which had a few changes in interpretation.

Miss Seydel played a fine instrument yesterday. Mr. Lamson's accompaniments were greatly to be commended, as a child is always more erratic. This little girl has a brilliant future before her if she continues as she has begun.

#### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

"Sal the Circus Gal" Makes Hit with Miss Vivian Prescott.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE**—Come drama, "Sal the Circus Gal," Owen Davis, introducing Vivian Prescott. The cast:

Clifford Leigh..... John O. Hey  
Ben..... Louis Hart  
Edgar Norcross..... J. Angus Gust  
Calvin Cameron..... J. Angus Gust  
Jimmy Gifford..... John L. Fla  
Bob Welch..... Thomas  
Tom Foster..... Lella E. D.  
Laura Hendrix..... Margaret Mere  
Bridget Gifford..... William R.  
Jenkins..... The Blank Family of Acrobats  
The Donazetta Tr.  
The Bearded Lady..... Florence W.  
The Snake Charmer..... Marie De  
The Wild Man of Borneo..... Press Wake  
The Fat Woman..... Laura Mun  
Sal..... Vivian Prescott

**BOWDOIN ST. THEATRE**—"The Angel of the Alley." A new drama in five acts.

Walter Bennett.....  
Frederick Van Rensselaer.....  
Harry Morgan..... Harry B.  
Sam Snoddy..... Samuel B.  
David Deban..... Tommy She  
Pat Mulligan..... Harold Clair  
Augustus Brumel..... Hal B.  
Rev. Mr. Newman..... Edwin Det  
Officer Winship..... Edythe Ket  
Nancy Quiver..... Eva Wh  
Sallie Stanley..... Florence  
Mrs. Katrina Katzenjammer..... Charlotte

**WALDRON'S CASINO.** Boston's latest playhouse, Waldron's New Casino on Hanover street was opened yesterday afternoon.

The show this week, "Irwin's jestics," scarcely needs an introduction. Few better musical comedies

#### LOIE FULLER'S MUSES.

Dancers Give Graceful and Enjoyable Performance at Opera House.

Miss Loie Fuller and her dancers, assisted by an orchestra under the direction of Alexander Birnbaum, gave the first of a series of eight performances last evening at the Boston Opera House. The program was divided into three parts; the first two parts consisted of solo dances by Misses Irene Sanden and Gertrude von Axen and Orhidee and orchestral numbers; part 3 consisted of the "Ballet of Light," by Miss Fuller, Orhidee, and the dancers.

Miss Sanden made her first appearance here, dancing Mendelssohn's Scherzo, a Chaconne by Durand, "Tambourin" by Rameau, a Bacchanale by Rubinstein and Strauss' "Roses from the South."

Miss von Axen danced Beethoven's Funeral March, three Chopin studies, six Brahms waltzes and Schubert's March, familiarly known by Tausig's arrangement.

Orhidee danced Mozart's "Turkish March" and a number called "Diana," with five or six of the "muses." The orchestra played Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Ase's Death" and "Anitra's Dance" from Grieg's "Peer Gynt" Suite.

Although Miss Sanden was announced as the "creator of waltzes," the burden of waltzes on the program fell to the lot of Miss von Axen. Miss Sanden is a graceful and vivacious dancer, and she pleased rather by these qualities and the smoothness of her performance than by any

#### countrymen

The members of the company give excellent support, from the impersonator of the Grand Duke to that of the innkeeper at Sorrento; from that of Miss Ethel to that of the second carabinieri. Each man, each woman in the company has grown into the assigned part. The stage settings are worthy of the performance.

It is no wonder that this drama as played by Mr. Hodge and his company has had long continued success in Chicago and New York. It deserves to have equal success in Boston. The appreciation of the audience last night was unmistakable.

#### MISS ST. DENIS AT COLONIAL.

Begins Second Week Here in Program of Hindu Dances.

Miss Ruth St. Denis appeared in her Hindu dances yesterday afternoon at the Colonial Theatre. From the dance in "the street," as a snake charmer, to the last dance, in which Miss St. Denis is arrayed mainly in jewels, all were marvellously executed.

In the staging of her background and her own costuming she shows a fine sense of color values. Her dances, too, reveal a very exceptional sense of rhythm and of dramatic value. Every movement is graceful and conveys the sense of absolute ease.

Actors might study Miss St. Denis with profit for her use of her arms and hands alone. Her facial expression is also extraordinary. If she did not find dancing to her taste, she might become a distinguished actress.

While she performs no that the art of pantomime



...herselves in the...  
...in" she made a novel effect by  
...ing with hands clasped together  
...throughout, showing in spite of this  
...trifling a charming variety of mo-  
...  
...t was hard to believe that the  
...chanale was by Rubinstein, and  
...eed that it was a bacchanale at  
...until toward the close. Strauss'  
...ltz was very pleasing, although  
...is not one of his best. Why does  
...t someone dance "A Thousand  
...d One Nights"? //  
...Miss von Axen and Orchidee, in  
...eir different fashions, charmed the  
...e by beauty of person and of mo-  
...on. "The Ballet of Light" was a  
...ptuous spectacle, the illusion of  
...evoking the most applause. Miss  
...ler was applauded as soon as she  
...s recognized, and there was much  
...lusion over her final number.  
...The audience was small but ap-  
...plaudive.

**PREMONT THEATRE**—"Rebecca  
Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Doug-  
Wiggin and Charlotte Thompson.  
Adapted from Mrs. Wiggin's Rebecca  
Lark. The cast:  
Branda Sawyer.....Marie L. Day  
Edith Storey.....Eliza Glassford  
Ada Deaves.....Ada Deaves  
Viola Fortescue.....Viola Fortescue  
Rowena Randal.....Rowena Randal  
Edith Tallaferra.....Edith Tallaferra  
John Storey.....John Storey  
Violet Mersereau.....Violet Mersereau  
Kathryn Bryan.....Kathryn Bryan  
Etta Bryan.....Etta Bryan  
Archie Boyd.....Archie Boyd  
Sam Colt.....Sam Colt  
Ernest Truett.....Ernest Truett  
Harry C. Browne.....Harry C. Browne

**HOLLIS STREET THEATRE**—  
first production in Boston of "Incon-  
-ent George," a comedy in three  
acts adapted from the French of Rob-  
-t de Flers and Gaston Arman de  
-ilvet by Gladys Unger. Cast:  
John Drew.....John Drew  
Martine Sabine.....Martine Sabine  
Frederick Tiden.....Frederick Tiden  
Rex MacDougall.....Rex MacDougall  
Mary Boland.....Mary Boland  
Adelaide Prince.....Adelaide Prince  
Jane Laurel.....Jane Laurel  
Desmond Kelley.....Desmond Kelley  
Marle Berkeley.....Marle Berkeley  
Carlotta Doty.....Carlotta Doty  
Though officially stamped a comedy,  
his piece is in reality a sad affair, a  
tuse for sorrow rather than laugh-  
-r. While sitting through the dreary  
-ree acts one is moved to pity at the  
-ght of a whole company of capable  
-ters vainly struggling to accom-  
-ish the heavy task of making some-  
-ing out of nothing, so that in a  
-aritable heart indignation over  
-asted time melts into compassion.

**KEITH'S THEATRE.**  
Denman Thompson Headliner—Ex-  
-cellent Vaudeville Program.

Denman Thompson was the head-  
-ner at Keith's yesterday. There was  
-reat curiosity concerning this "tab-  
-id" version of "Joshua Whitecomb,"  
-nd some were under the impression  
-at "The Old Homestead" had been  
-bjected to the pruning knife. Such  
-as not the case, however, and Keith  
-trons were treated to a simple and  
-omely story that told of a visit of  
-oshua to the big city, his stumbling  
-ver a little news girl, and listening  
-o the story of her bedridden mother  
-nd her drunken father and coming  
-o her aid.

**AMERICAN MUSIC HALL.**  
Maude Odell and Karno's Comedians  
Head an Excellent Bill.

Maude Odell poses at the American  
-sic Hall this week and Fred Kar-  
-'s comedians give their spirited  
-ntomime, "A Night in the London  
-ms." These two acts are the top-  
-e features of an excellent bill.  
-Miss Odell displays her charming  
-e and figure in several living pic-  
-es. "Springtime," "Autumn," "The  
-an," "Venus" and "The Maid in  
-a Moon" are some of the subjects.  
-e last seemed to meet with the  
-st spontaneous approbation yester-  
-y, though all received the applause  
-h their beauty merited.  
-"A Night in the London Shams" is  
-ut the last word in pantomime.

# LINA CAVALIERI GIVES CONCERT

Mme. Lina Cavalleri of the Man-  
hattan Opera House, assisted by  
George Harris, Jr., tenor, gave a con-  
cert last night in Symphony Hall.  
Miss Evelyn Paige was the accom-  
panist. There was a small but ap-  
plaudive audience.  
Mme. Cavalleri sang an aria from  
Massenet's "Herodiade" and the Ha-  
benera from "Carmen"; "Penso," "Tosti";  
"Era di Maggio," Costa; "Je t'aime,"  
Grieg; "Maria Mari," Anon; "Amora  
Amor," Tirindelli. Mr. Harris sang an  
aria from Bruneau's "Attaque du Mou-  
lin" and Massenet's "Griseldis," and  
these songs: "Provenzalisch Lied,"  
Schumann; "Die Nacht," Strauss;  
"Heimliche Aufforderung," Strauss;  
Canzone from Verdi's "Un Ballo in Mas-  
chera."

The announcements laid stress fool-  
ishly on Mme. Cavalleri's reputation  
for surpassing beauty. It is true that  
she is wondrously handsome; but she  
is more than that; she is a woman  
who by uncommon industry and per-  
severance is advancing steadily in her  
art. Her development in the course  
of the last two years has been ac-  
knowledgeed even by those who were  
wont to sneer at her.

Her Manon in Puccini's opera made  
a deep impression on those who were  
so fortunate as to hear the perform-  
ance at the Boston Theatre. Her  
Tosca is now ranked among the best  
impersonations of that part, and it is  
said that she plays it with Italian  
grace and passion. Her Salome in  
"Herodiade" was praised this season  
by even those who were formerly hos-  
tile to her. It was unjust toward her  
to advertise her as though she were a  
\$10,000 beauty with surprising mea-  
sures for vaudeville purposes. She  
is an ambitious, serious artist, one to  
be named always with respect.

As is the case with the great major-  
ity of her operatic sisters, Mme.  
Cavalleri is more effective in the  
opera house than in the concert hall.  
An operatic aria in the concert hall  
sung with a piano accompaniment  
may be likened to cold veal. Never-  
theless, Mme. Cavalleri sang the aria  
from "Herodiade" intelligently and  
with the degree of passion becoming  
Massenet's heroine, who is a very dif-  
ferent woman from the Salome of  
Strauss. The middle and lower tones  
had rich quality, and, while the upper  
tones were at times hard, they had  
body and did not degenerate into a  
shrill.

The Italian songs gave pleasure and  
they were sung frankly and with true  
abandon. Mme. Cavalleri was handi-  
capped by the inefficiency of the ac-  
companist.

Mr. Harris sang here, I believe, for  
the first time in public. He has an  
agreeable voice, in fact some of his  
tones have exquisite quality. He  
sings skilfully and as a musician, fur-  
thermore with fine taste. He will no  
doubt sing with greater freedom and  
confidence when he has had more ex-  
perience. A certain reserve that is  
attributed to New England character-  
ized his performance of Schumann's  
song and Verdi's Canzone. He was  
especially fortunate in his perform-  
ance of the aria from "Griseldis."

Recalled after the group of songs,  
he sang Strauss' "Morgen" to his own  
accompaniment, which was a pleasure  
to hear. Mme. Cavalleri added a song  
to her final group.

**Leandro Campanari Heard in Inter-  
esting Program at Steinert Hall.**

Leandro Campanari gave a violin  
recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert  
Hall. The program was as follows:

Veracini, concert sonata; Stamitz, ca-  
price; Leclair, gavotte; Vieuxtemps,  
aria; Paganini, caprice No. 23, sonatina  
No. 12; Lalo, romance, Schubert-Wil-  
heling, "Ave Maria"; Wienlowski, po-  
lonaise No. 1.

Alfred De Voto was the accompa-  
nist.

The impression conveyed to the  
hearers yesterday was that of a mu-  
sician who thoroughly understood the  
business and art of violin playing.  
That Mr. Campanari's intonation was  
often faulty, and that he forced the

bow until the wood sometimes rasped  
of the strings must be frankly ad-  
mitted.

Nevertheless, there was power, un-  
derstanding and poetry in much of his  
work. His playing of a melodic pas-  
sage is especially to be praised, as in  
Lalo's Romance and the first part of  
the "Ave Maria."

Of the numbers which demanded  
technical display, the Caprice by  
Stamitz and Paganini's Sonatina were  
the most interesting, the former for  
its fine variety in bowing and the  
latter for the double stops and deli-  
cate little tricks. This Sonatina and  
Lalo's Romance showed the best play-  
ing of the afternoon.

Mr. Campanari's violin sounded  
rather uneven in quality. The G  
string was remarkably rich and pow-  
erful, while the D string was surpris-  
ingly dull.

Mr. De Voto's accompaniments were  
very satisfactory, and the audience  
showed its pleasure freely. For en-  
core Mr. Campanari played Sarasate's  
Spanish Dance No. 3.

# LOUISE DRESSER AND SHOW A HIT

Star of "Dick Whittington" Has  
Pleasing Songs and Comedy  
Is Musical Throughout and a  
Mechanical Marvel.

**CHORUS DESERVING  
OF GREAT PRAISE**

Sam S. and Lee Shubert present, for  
the first time in Boston, "Dick Whit-  
tington," a musical comedy extrava-  
ganza, at the Majestic. Book by Ed-  
ward A. Paulton and music by Man-  
uel Klein.

Katrina.....Miss Louise Dresser  
Idle Jack Worthless.....Mr. Harry Clark  
Sarah.....Miss Kate Elinore  
Dick Whittington.....Miss Laura Guerite  
Alderman Fitzwarren.....  
Mr. Edward Garvie  
Daisy.....Miss Dorothy Webb  
Alice.....Miss Irene Dillon  
Prince of Phantasia.....  
Miss Bernice Mershon  
Guy.....Miss Dorothy Parker  
Hugh.....Miss Nellie Stanton  
Ronald, sheriff.....Mr. Ralph Post  
Raymond, sheriff.....Mr. Ed. Russell  
Dog.....Edwin Lamar  
Dick Whittington's cat.....Mr. Al. Grady

Two houses in one, the house that  
started to come Monday night and the  
house that came last night, welcomed



Miss Louise Dresser.

"Dick Whittington" with enthusiasm  
that did not diminish but gained in  
momentum.

If there was any damage to either  
costumes or scenery from the burst-  
ing water main, it was completely  
made good. The piece was splendidly  
mounted.

These gorgeous trappings, the din  
and the riot of merrymaking practi-  
cally constituted the extravaganza.  
The dialogue, while not brilliant, was  
uniformly clever. The scenes were  
shifted mechanically on a darkened  
stage before the eyes of the audience.  
So quickly and wonderfully was this  
done, without the help of stage hands,

but a buzz of admiration spread  
the audience at the changing of ea-  
scene.

The incident of Dick Whittington  
and his famous journey to London  
with his cat furnished an opportu-  
nity for a quality in the piece and  
variety of costume. A-top of that  
was the splendor of fairyland inter-  
preted by the modern theatre man-  
ager.

As Katrina, Louise Dresser was ef-  
fective. Her humor, though, was of  
somewhat the muscular type, and  
many of her lines might just as well  
be omitted. With a tall, beautiful  
figure and beautiful gowns, she was  
very pleasing to the eye. Her posing  
and statue-like grace gave an indi-  
viduality to her songs, which won  
frequent applause. "Take me back  
to Babyland" was one of her best  
songs.

Irene Dillon made a charming little  
Alice. Small and graceful, her merr-  
making was spontaneous and her  
dancing particularly good. Dorothy  
Webb as Daisy and Harry Clark as  
Worthless received several curtain  
calls in "Ragtime Land." Much praise  
is due to the work of the chorus.

# June 1910 MME. LEHMANN'S AMERICAN DEBUT

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Liza Lehmann of London, the  
well known composer, gave her first  
concert in America yesterday after-  
noon in Symphony Hall. The singers  
were Mme. Jomelli, soprano; Miss  
Palgrave-Turner, contralto (her first  
appearance in America); Dan Beddoe,  
tenor; Frederick Hastings, baritone,  
and Albert Hole, boy soprano (his  
first appearance in America). Mme.  
Lehmann played the piano accom-  
paniments.

One would have thought that Sym-  
phony Hall would be crowded on an  
occasion like this, for Mme. Leh-  
mann's song-cycles and songs have  
given pleasure to hundreds in Boston  
and the neighboring towns. Her  
name has been familiar here ever  
since the cycle "In a Persian Garden"  
was brought out in Steinert Hall in  
1897. But this season is not a favor-  
able one for concert singers and  
players, either in Boston or in New  
York, and the audience yesterday was  
small. It was deeply interested to the  
very end, and it was enthusiastic in  
its appreciation of the music and the  
singers.

The concert was, in fact, an unusu-  
ally entertaining one. The program  
included the cycle, "In a Persian Gar-  
den"; the cycle, "Nonsense Songs  
from 'Alice in Wonderland'"; "There  
Hang My Garlands" (Mr. Beddoe),  
"Thoughts Have Wings" (Miss Pal-  
grave-Turner), "The Mad Dog" (Mr.  
Hastings), which Mr. Bispham sang  
here some time ago; "Three Bird  
Songs," to which Mme. Jomelli, who  
sang them delightfully, added a  
fourth, "The Cuckoo"; and two songs  
from "The Daisy Chain" (Master  
Hole).

It is too late in the day to inquire  
into the reasons for the popularity of  
"In a Persian Garden." It might be  
said that the verses of Omar Khay-  
yam as translated and modified and  
beautified by Fitzgerald need no mu-  
sic; that music is detrimental to  
them; that Mme. Lehmann is often  
careless in her accentuation of im-  
portant words and neglected the poet's  
meaning for the sake of a melodic  
line; that the opening chorus suggests  
inevitably a comic opera song with  
the accompaniment of heel and toe.  
All this might be said and more; yet  
the objector would willingly admit  
that there are lovely and also impres-  
sive pages in this cycle; that these  
pages are perhaps the more beauti-  
ful, impressive, universal, because  
there is no painstaking attempt to be  
oriental.

"The Mad Dog," from "The Vicar of  
Wakefield," has true humor in its bur-  
lesque ending, and the "Bird Songs"  
are delicately humorous. This vein of  
humor is richly worked in the "Non-  
sense Songs," of which the crowning  
one is "Beautiful Soup," the delicious  
absurdity of which is enhanced by the  
preceding recitative, "Oh, 'tis love, 'tis  
love that makes the world go round."  
"There Hang My Garlands" and  
"Thoughts Have Wings" are common-  
place.

The singing was of an unusually



er Mme. Jomelli's voice, quise, now commanding, and art have already been recognized here. Yesterday she surpassed herself. Miss Palgrave-Turner has a rich, firm, pure contralto voice of good range; her enunciation is worthy of the highest praise; her art is unmistakable. Unlike some English contraltos who have visited us, she does not drag in sentiment or force her lower tones in order to be expressive.

Mr. Beddoe was capital in serious and in humorous vein, and Mr. Hastings sang much better than he did earlier in the season. Let him beware, however, of exaggeration in his delivery of Father William's final answer to the curious youth. His reading of the last verse of "The Mad Dog" showed that it is not necessary for him to be extravagant in order to be amusing. The concerted pages were given with taste and spirit, and the voices blended and were well balanced. Master Hole sang his two songs artistically with his clear, flexible voice, and, Oh, wonder of wonders! he was not the typical boy soprano with pleasingly combed hair, a blue sash, an inane smile, and greedy for applause, but a well behaved and uncommonly good little singer. He was obliged to repeat "The Swing."

The audience thoroughly enjoyed the song; so did the singers; and so did the composer, whose gracious and modest personality and musical accompaniments added to the pleasure of the hearers. It is to be hoped that Mme. Lehmann and her singers will visit Boston again before she returns to England.

## APOLLO CLUB CONCERT.

Large Audience Enjoys Second of Season in Jordan Hall.

The Apollo Club gave its second concert of this season in Jordan Hall last evening. Emil Mollenhauer conducted, and the club was assisted by Stephen Townsend, baritone. The program was as follows:

Adam, "The Artillerist's Oath"; Kistler, "Thou Lovely Child"; Gerlicke, "Awake, Pretty Dreamer"; Chadwick, "Song of the Viking"; Stanford, "Cavaller Tunes"; Heinze, "Sunday on the Ocean"; Lloyd, "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea"; Storch, "I Know Not How 'Twas"; Buck, "King Olaf's Christmas."

Mr. Townsend sang the following solos: Massenet, "Vision Fugitive"; Foote, "Requiem"; Strauss, "Dream in the Twilight"; Gounod, "It Is Not Always May"; Purcell, "Passing By"; Tchaikovsky, "Don Juan Serenade." Carl Lamson was the pianist and Grant Drake the organist. The incidental solos in King Olaf's Christmas were sung by Robert Fitz-Gerald and Albert Brown.

The songs included the usual variety of stirring and sentimental songs, several of which have been sung by the club at previous concerts. But the singing was of sufficiently high order as to make these repetitions enjoyable.

Mr. Mollenhauer plays on a chorus as on an instrument. The quality of tone in the soft pianissimo passages in "Thou Lovely Child" was charming, and the rousing vigor and swing of the more many songs was equally effective. Three of the songs had to be repeated.

Mr. Townsend's solos, though marred by the tremolo, were sung with thorough appreciation of the text and sufficient variety of tone to appeal to his hearers.

The next concert will be given in Jordan Hall on Feb. 16. Mr. Willy Hess will be the soloist.

## NEW REGER WORK

By PHILIP HALE.

The Hess-Schroeder quartet, assisted by Miss Hedwig Schroeder, pianist, gave its third concert of the season last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, allegro molto moderato, from quartet in C major, op. 161; Reger, quartet in E-flat major, op. 109 (first time in America); Schumann, piano quartet in E-flat major, op. 47.

Reger's quartet was first performed last fall in Germany, and at once

opinions were divided. The Regerites were of course exultant, and the opposing foe could see little that was good in the work except the fugued finale. But why should any little man grow hot in discussing this quartet? And why should Reger be taken so seriously, as though he were a wild-eyed revolutionary, throwing down idols and defiling the classic temples? A great violinist once characterized him as a solemn person wallowing in counterpoint.

This quartet is by no means cryptic, a word used by some when simpler souls would content themselves with the adjective "dull." On the contrary the second movement, a scherzo, is a distinct bid for immediate popularity, and last night the composer gained his end, for the scherzo was repeated; but even one repetition deprived the movement of its strongest feature, the ability to excite surprise. The third movement, a larghetto, is a singular blend of ecclesiastical thought and downright sentimentalism. The opening allegro is the most perplexing of the four to easy-going hearers. It is eminently Regerian, with scrappy, inconsequential themes, arrested development, jerky changes, and now and then a passage of genuine beauty or strength. There is no denying the contrapuntal facility, the appalling fluency of the man. He can be pontifical. You can see him glowering if a timid hearer modestly asks, "Where is the music in all this?" Yet an American voice heard all the way from Stuttgart announced recently in the confident tones of youth that Reger is a greater composer than Debussy, d'Indy and the rest of the living; bigger even than old man Strauss. Discussion after this would be presumptuous.

Mr. Hess is to be thanked for producing the quartet here at so early a date, for it is a good thing to know what is going on in the musical world. The performance was one that undoubtedly put the work in the best light. The audience applauded heartily, and the performance of the other pieces met with like favor. It was a great pleasure to hear again the beautiful excerpt from Schubert's quartet.

Miss Schroeder, a daughter of the violoncellist, made her first appearance here as a pianist in a chamber concert. Her technic was adequate; she played with spirit, rhythm and musical intelligence; she had a sense of proportion in ensemble. The emotional side of her art was not revealed.

## A NEW HINDU DANCE.

"The Lotus Pond," by Ruth St. Denis, at the Colonial.

Miss Ruth St. Denis added a dance, "The Lotus Pond," to her series of Hindu dances at the Colonial Theatre yesterday afternoon, and the dance will be repeated this afternoon, when she will make her last appearance.

The scene represented a garden in Cashmere. There was a pond from which a little stream flowed, and the flowers grew in and around the water. Miss St. Denis as Rani danced in the breeze, to her reflected image in the water, and now and then she made obeisance to an idol, perhaps the guardian of the spot. A bee diverted her for a time, but at last she found her wish in the heart of a lotus blossom, and a Rajah solemnly presented her with the flower.

This dance, which came immediately after the first intermission and before "The Yogi," while it presented no new phase of Miss St. Denis' inimitable art, was a pleasure to the eye by reason of the rare grace and suppleness of the dancer, the beauty of her costume, and the placidity of the scene. It was appreciated, as were the other dances, by a large and enthusiastic audience.

## SYMPHONY PLAYS WORK BY ELGAR

By PHILIP HALE.

The 12th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Mischa Elman was the soloist.

The program was as follows:

Symphony in A flat major.....Elgar  
Concerto in A minor for violin.....Dvorak  
"The Devil's Villanelle".....Loeffler

The English make a great ado about Elgar's symphony. They point to this and to his "Dream of Gerontius" and say exultingly: "We, too, have a great composer, who is already one of the immortals."

This symphony is essentially a product of the English "middle class" and it is no doubt dear to this class as are the pictures of the late Frith and the romances of Marie Corelli. Take the first and chief theme exposed in the Introduction. Was there ever a theme more rankly sentimental? It should be sung by Mme. Clara Butt, with great expression, and to the accompaniment of a piano and a cabinet organ. And this theme is the most salient of all themes in the symphony.

Nor is the development of the themes dramatic and impressive. There are endless and wearying digressions. There are parentheses within parentheses. There are long stretches of dulness that dispose the hearer to folding of the hands and sleep. There are pages that irritate by their impotent fury and bluster. On the other hand there are pleasing passages, moments of elfish charm in the trio of the scherzo, but what are a few moments in an hour?

It has been said by ecstatic Englishmen that the adagio is "sublimely mystical." It is hopelessly middle class; there is no other word for it. Its sentiment is cheap; there is gush in plenty. The pomp of the apotheosis will no doubt excite applause whenever this symphony is played; but this pomp is tawdry; there is tinsel, not gold. Much has been said about the instrumentation. It is true that there are sonorous platitudes, gilded commonplaces. It is possible that Elgar may yet be known as the Tupper of music. The instrumentation of certain pages is euphonious; that of other pages is thick, muddy, drab.

There are few symphonies of equal length and pretensions that are so aggressively irritating, so wholly without distinction. The appeal of this work is like unto that of a frock-coated chapel orator. It recalls the rhetorical flights of Mr. Chadband improving an opportunity. There is the same expansion of a platitude; there is the same fatal and maddening fluency.

Mr. Loeffler's Fantasia is music of a far different order and rank. It was suggested by macabre poem of Rollinat, a French parallel to "The Devil's Thoughts," but Rollinat never conceived the happy idea of describing Satan's costume:

And how then was the Devil drest?  
O! he was in his Sunday's best:  
His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,  
And there was a hole where the tail came through,  
nor is there in the Frenchman's poem anything that in grim humor equals Coleridge's opening:  
From his brimstone bed at break of day  
A walking Devil is gone,  
To visit his snug little farm, the Earth,  
And see how his stock goes on.

This Fantasia has the higher qualities: fancy if not imagination, sure and flawless expression, an exquisite sense of instrumentation, subtle and refined taste that is not too fastidious, a mastery over rhythm and color, unfailing appreciation of the value of contrasts. And this Fantasia would be effective even if the poem of Rollinat were not published in the program book. The publication, it is true, may allow a hearer to grasp the significance of this or that detail, as in the introduction by Mr. Loeffler of Aristide Bruant's cynical ditty, "A la Villette." The hearer will then feel the witty force of the introduction, provided he knows the air and also the words of the song. Nor would the pleasure of the hearer be aesthetically less if he were not able to recognize "Ca ira" and the "Carmagnole" when they occur. The composer, making these points, makes them necessarily for himself and a few friends, unless the Fantasia were to be played to a Parisian audience, and even in this case many sleek hearers might not be acquainted with the terrible song of Bruant.

Any orchestral work that depends for its effect on something extraneous has little prospect of a long life. Beethoven's "Eroica" would be none the greater if he had retained the original title, "Bonaparte," nor does the title "Eroica" add one jot to the intrinsic worth of the music. Mr. Loeffler's Fantasia does not hang on an intimate knowledge of Rollinat's poem. As absolute music, as a fantasia, it is engrossing, fascinating.

Mr. Elman played Dvorak's concerto, which was brought out here by Mr. Listemann with piano accompaniment early in 1893, and first played with an orchestra by Mr. Adamowski at a symphony concert late in 1900. It is not easy to think of the concerto without the orchestra, for the instrumentation is the most striking feature of the work. The themes have a vague profile, and when they assume definite shape they are obvious. In his treatment of them Dvorak was garrulous, and, as a rule, inconsequential. Mr. Elman, however, by his sensuous tone in melodic phrases, by his brilliant performance of florid passages, and by his compelling personality glorified that which was inherently ordinary and redeemed the finale from vulgarity. His performance was remarkable in many ways, and it would have been remarkable for any distinguished virtuoso of twice his years. He was applauded enthusiastically. Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra were also heartily applauded for the performance of the orchestral pieces.

There will be no concerts next week. The orchestra will be away on its trip to New York and other cities. The program of Jan. 21, 22, will be as follows:

Berlioz, overture "Rob Roy" (first time here); Brahms' concerto for violin and cello (Messrs. Hess and Schroeder); Strauss "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

## NEW SINGERS WILL BE HEARD HERE

Caruso to Sing with Metropolitan Forces in "Pagliacci"; Joern a German Tenor Who Is New to Boston.

## NOTES CONCERNING THE CONDUCTORS

By PHILIP HALE.

The Metropolitan opera company will give five performances in the Boston Opera House this week: "Tristan and Isolde" on Monday night; "Lohengrin" on Thursday night; "Tosca" on Friday night; "Parsifal" on Saturday afternoon and "Hansel and Gretel" and "Pagliacci" on Saturday evening.

Carl Joern will make his first appearance in Boston as Lohengrin. Mr. Joern was born at Riga in 1873 and educated at the home of the Baroness von Dellingshausen. He studied in Riga and made his debut in 1896 at Freiburg, where he remained for two years. After a season at Zurich in 1899 he was engaged for three years at Hamburg, and from Hamburg he went to Berlin. He has sung at Covent Garden, in Brussels, in Vienna and in other cities. He made his first appearance at the Metropolitan Jan. 22, 1909, as Walther in "Die Meistersinger." He is said to be a much better singer than is generally found in German opera houses, and he is at home in Italian opera.

Carl Burrian, who will appear as Tristan and Parsifal, took the part of Slegmund at the Boston Theatre April 8, 1908. He has been the hero of strange adventures off the stage and although he has been one of the glories of the Dresden Opera House, he has more than once been a thorn in the flesh of the general director. Mr. Burrian was born at Prague, Jan. 12, 1870. He studied there and made his first appearance at Reval in 1892. Having been engaged as Cologne, Hanover and Hamburg, he went to Dresden. Probably his greatest impersonation is that of Herod in Strauss' "Salome," a part which he created. His portrayal of the perverse tetrarch is a marvellous one, never to be forgotten by those who saw it at the Metropolitan. An American woman bequeathed him money, but he has signed a contract extending till 1913 with the Dresden Opera House.

Riccardo Martin, who will be



In "Tosca," was named Hugh. He is a Kentuckian by birth, no studied the piano and composition with Edward MacDowell and imposed for male chorus, orchestra, piano and wrote songs before he determined to go on the stage. Having studied in Paris with Sbriglia and Escalals, he made his debut at opera as Andrea Chenier in Giordano's opera. He sang for a time in Italy and came to the United States to appear in the French Opera House at New Orleans. Mr. Martin has been heard in Boston (May 9, 1907), then he was with the San Carlo company at the Park Theatre. He has sung in the Garden scene from "Faust" and in the last act of "Il Trovatore." He has sung this season at the Metropolitan with marked success.

Clarence Whitehill of the present company is also an American. He was born at Marengo, Ia., and studied in Paris with Sbriglia and Gaudet. He made his debut in 1898 at the Mounnale, Brussels, under the name of Eugene Clarence, and he sang under this name at the Opera Comique, Paris, in "Lakme," Nov. 1899. Rose Relda, also an American, then made her debut as the daughter of the priest. Mr. Whitehill was then described as a basso cantante with a beautiful voice. He was afterward engaged at Marcellles, but he came to New York in the fall of 1900 to sing in the season of English opera at the Metropolitan, and he appeared there in "Mephistopheles." He went back to Europe, sang in various opera houses, was engaged at Cologne, and last September he was heard at the Paris Opera as Wolfram.

Mme. Fremstad will impersonate Isolde for the first time in Boston. She took the part of Kundry at the Boston Theatre March 9, 1905. She was last heard in opera as Venus in "Tannhauser" April 5, 1907.

"Tristan und Isolde" was last performed here on April 3, 1907, when the chief singers were Mme. Gadschl, who then took the part of Isolde for the first time in this city; Mme. Schumann-Heink, Messrs. Burgstaller, Van Rooy, Blass, Muehlmann.

Mme. Fremstad has not sung frequently here in opera. She made her first appearance at the Boston Theatre as Sieglinde, April 7, 1904, and took the part of Venus later in that month. She also has taken the part of Kundry, as is stated above. But she sang here in oratorio as early as May 9, 1892, at a performance of "Armistice" in Tremont Temple by the visiting choral society of New Bedford; and she sang at a Handel and Haydn concert in a performance of "The Messiah," Dec. 25, 1892. She began her operatic life as a contralto, but the laurels of a dramatic soprano would not allow her to sleep, and her voice has climbed with her ambition. And so when she sang here at a Symphony concert Nov. 3, 1906, she chose the celebrated scene and aria from "Der Freischuetz," Schubert's "Erl King" and two songs by Schumann in the key for soprano. It is a great pity that her Salome in Strauss' opera has not been seen here, for it is a remarkable impersonation. Perhaps the new mayor will be less narrow, or will be better informed by telephone as to the merits of "Salome."

Mr. John Forsell, the Swedish baritone, comes here as a stranger, although his high reputation is known to some. He was born in Stockholm in 1868 and became an officer in the Royal Guards when he was 21 years old. He had studied singing and about 1894 he went to Paris, where he studied and also sang as an amateur. In 1896 he was engaged at the Royal Opera House at Stockholm, and he made his debut there as Figaro in Rossini's opera. He remained at the Stockholm Opera House until his engagement this season at the Metropolitan, but it is my impression that he visited the United States four or five years ago with a Swedish student singing society.

This is a period of virtuoso conductors. Arturo Toscanini is one of the most distinguished of them and he will make his first appearance in Boston tomorrow night as the conductor of "Tristan und Isolde."

Mr. Toscanini was born at Parma, March 24, 1868, or, according to another biographer, March 25, 1867. He studied at the Conservatory of Parma; the violoncello with Leandre Carni; theory and composition with Arrari and Dacci. At the age of 13

he left home to study at the conservatory of his own. In 1882 he received a diploma for cello playing and composition. His first experience as related by himself was as follows: "After I had won a first prize I was engaged to play in the orchestra at the Dom Pedro II. theatre in Rio Janeiro. But I never played the violoncello after the first performance. To replace a Brazilian conductor who had not been satisfactory, an Italian was engaged. When the curtain rose on 'Aida' there was such an uproar from the friends of the discharged Brazilian that it was impossible for the overture to proceed. Finally the conductor dropped the baton and fled. I was perfectly familiar with the music, so stepping to the desk conducted the opera through to the end." This was in 1886.

On his return to Italy he conducted at the Carignano theatre, Turin, but he left the conductor's stand to play the cello at the first performance of Verdi's "Falstaff" at Milan (1892). At the Dal Verme theatre in Milan he prepared first performances of Thomas' "Hamlet" at that theatre and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." (Why do they persist at the Boston Opera House in calling "Pagliacci" "I Pagliacci"?) In 1892 he conducted Franchetti's "Christopher Columbus" at Genoa. On this occasion Toscanini indulged in one of his amazing feats of memory. He was unfamiliar with the written score of the opera, for his acquaintance with Franchetti's work had grown out of a single rehearsal under Mancinelli. Yet Toscanini conducted the whole opera from memory on the opening night.

Mr. Toscanini prepared performances of Catalina's "Edma" at Turin—it was produced at Milan in 1886; Wagner's "Dusk of the Gods"; Puccini's "La Boheme" (the first performance, 1897). He conducted all the concerts of the Piedmontese exhibition at Turin and at the Donizetti festival at Bergamo. In 1898 he was called as chief conductor to La Scala in Milan. He made his first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House Nov. 16, 1908, when he conducted "Aida."

In the season of 1907-08 he conducted "Pelleas and Melisande" and "Louise," and the year before "Salome" without the score, for he is extremely nearsighted and his memory is prodigious. He is a stern disciplinarian, feared, respected, admired by all that are under his control.

Toscanini has a horror of self-advertisement. On the steamer in 1908 he travelled under a pseudonym, Antonio Tascari. For months he would not be photographed. Knowing many languages, he speaks only when it is necessary and then with diffidence. Questioned about the secret of his authority, he said he did not believe in hypnotism; nor could he account for his success, "unless it is due to the fact that the players have confidence in me." He was once persuaded in New York to speak a few words about his musical beliefs.

"In one direction," he said, "Wagner has exhausted the resources of art. For the future composers must work on new lines. Perhaps Debussy was working on the right line when he wrote 'Pelleas and Melisande.' I do not think, as Puccini thinks, that Debussy lacks melody; his melody is different from that of others. It is what he wished it to be, subtle and idealized. It is not so much human as superhuman. Some day perhaps music will be used only to produce vibrations."

Toscanini believes frankly in cutting Wagner, but Verdi, he says, cannot be cut. Nevertheless, in many instances Toscanini has restored bits of Wagnerian score that modern fashion has omitted.

Mr. Hertz is well known here as a conductor. He led the performances of "Parsifal" given by the Metropolitan company in the Boston Theatre and he will lead the performance next Saturday.

And Ernesto Tango has been in Boston before this. He first came to this country with Mapleson's Imperial Opera company, which produced Giordano's "Andrea Chenier" at the Academy of Music, New York, Nov. 13, 1896. He was then only 22 years old, but he was a leader of much authority and fiery nature. I heard the performance in New York, and Mr. Tango's conducting was a revelation of the then ultra-modern Italian methods.

He came to Boston with the Imperial Opera company, which gave a brilliant performance of "Aida," led by the late Oreste Bimboni, Nov. 30, 1896. Durot, the tenor of that performance, is dead; so is Bimboni; and

so is Enrico de Anna, the tenor nasro. Where is Mme. Bonnaplat-Bau, the admirable Aida? Where is Mme. Parsi, the superb Amneris? The next night there was a weak performance of "Lucia," with Mme. Huguet, Randaccio, de Anna and Pinto. "Andrea Chenier" was announced for the night of Dec. 2, but the orchestra struck and there was no performance. There was finally a performance of "Andrea Chenier" Dec. 5, and Mr. Tango conducted. The orchestra was one hastily organized. The chief singers were Mmes. Chelia and Scalehi, Messrs. Randaccio and Ughetto.

The Herald has received the following letter apropos of recent performances of "Carmen" at the Boston Opera House:

BOSTON, Dec. 23, 1909.  
To the Editor of The Herald:  
It was a matter of surprise to me that a Boston audience should titter and comment facetiously on the appearance of the horses ridden by the picadors in the bull-ring scene of the performance of "Carmen."

As the horses in a bull-fight are blindfolded and ridden on to the horns of the bull, generally to death, in order to goad him, the sorriest specimens are always selected. In fact, those at the Boston Opera are show horses in comparison, and the management erred on the side of excellence.

### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Hotel Somerset, 11:15 A. M. Third and last of Mrs. Hall McAllister's morning musicals. Mrs. Rider-Kelsey, soprano; Sergei Rachmaninoff, pianist, and Mr. Grimston, a young English violinist, will take part in it. Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. First appearance in Boston of Mrs. Gisela Weber, violinist, assisted by Mrs. Holmes-Thomas, pianist, Leo Schulz, cellist, and George Falkenstein, accompanist. Handel, sonata, D major; Corelli, "La Folia"; Svendsen, Romance; Bach, Air; Mozart, minuet; Mendelssohn, trio in D minor for piano, violin and cello.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Lecture recital by Henry L. Gideon on "Siegfried Wagner and His Work." Harrison Bennett, bass, will assist Mr. Gideon in musical illustrations.

Brighton high school, 8 P. M. Concert by the music department, city of Boston. William Howard, leader of orchestra. Orchestral pieces: Mozart, overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"; Boam, Petite Valse, "Un Petit Rien"; Rubinstein, Cloister scene from "Kamenol-Ostrow"; Offenbach, Barcarole from "Hoffman's Tales"; Gounod, Allegretto from "Faust"; ballet suite, Millard Bowdoin, bass, will sing "Vision Fair" from Massenet's "Herodiade" and White's "King Charles." Barthold Silberman, violinist, will play Vieuxtemps' Introduction, Theme and Variations. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

WEDNESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Henry L. Gideon will give a lecture recital on "Parsifal" and "Lohengrin" at Bayreuth. Harrison Bennett, bass, will assist Mr. Gideon in musical illustrations.

THURSDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. First concert of the Flonzaley Quartet (Messrs. Bettl, Pochon, Ara, d'Archebaeu). Third season here, Beethoven, quartet, B flat major, op. 18; William Boyce (1710-1779), sonata a tre for two violins and viola; Smetana's quartet, E minor, "Aus Meinem Leben."

FRIDAY—Fenway Court Music Room, 4 P. M. Concert by the Kneisel Quartet. Volkmann, quartet, G minor, op. 14; Gliere, Andante with variations from the quartet in A major, op. 2; Beethoven, quartet, F major, op. 125.

Dorchester high school, 8 P. M. Concert by the music department, city of Boston. William Howard, leader of orchestra. Orchestral pieces: Schubert, overture to "Rosamunde"; Rubinstein,

Song of the Spheres from quartet, op. 17; Schubert, first movement of the unfinished symphony; Brahms, Hungarian dance in G minor; Rubinstein, Wedding Procession from "Femors." Miss Adelaide Griggs, contralto, will sing an aria from Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah," and "Come, Sweet Morning," by A. L. Frank H. Eaton. Flutist, will play Demersseman's Fantasia on a melody by Chopin. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

## BOSTON TO SEE MORE DANCERS

Miss Genee Does Not Call Herself an Interpreter, but She Might—A Tribute to Loie Fuller.

## BLOOD-CURDLING PLAYS IN PARIS AND LONDON

By PHILIP HALE.

After bounding Miss Isadora Duncan, the incomparable and never to be forgotten Miss Ruth St. Denis, and Miss Loie Fuller and her Muses, all "interpretative" dancers, come Miss Adeline Genee and Miss Maud Allan. Nor should the Countess de Pierrefeu be forgotten, who will also "interpret" in the dance.

Miss Genee does not call herself an interpreter. She is contented with being known as a dancer. She glories in this word. And is she not also an interpreter, as has been nearly every great dancer in the history of the stage? Nearly two years ago Mr. James Douglas wrote in dithyrambic mood about Miss Genee. Some might characterize his article as hifalutin, but they have never seen Miss Genee. "She is a serene sentiment, a clear fantasy, an untroubled dream. Her coquetry is roughly pure and implishly chaste. She is a virginal romp allight with the bright energy of Diana and the fleet witchery of Atalanta. She has the uncorrupted archness of Rosalind and the mischievous fun of Teazle. Her dancing is an ebullience of unsaddened youth, a spontaneous riot of girlish excitement woven into a lovely pattern of merry pirouettes and flowing arabesques, rounded limbs and airy attitudes, light leaps and sallies and twinkling entrechats. The intricate notes of her dancing melt into a visible music as the waves melt into the sea. Her technical skill conceals itself in her temperament, for she uses her temperament to express her health, and her hope and her high spirits, her delight in being alive, her exultation in things as they are and in herself as she is."

Mr. Douglas was not exhausted at the end of this paragraph. On the contrary, he had only just begun. He brought out by direct statement and hint and metaphor this one great fact: Miss Genee is the image of joy. As mime and dancer—and the great dancer must be an accomplished mime—she is the incarnation of joy, unquestioning, undisturbed by doubt and croaking, ignorant of sorrow and woe. Even in a pas seul that has no connection with the dramatic piece in which it is introduced she is an interpreter, and it should be remembered that in London she won her fame by dancing as a character in this or that ballet with a story.

It is the fashion to extol "interpreters" of a picture, poem, musical composition and "revivers" of Grecian "art," women who have never mastered the technique of the true dancer, at the expense of trained and admirable dancers of whom Miss Genee is an illustrious example. Miss St. Denis was by profession a dancer.

All great dancers, as the term is generally understood, have been interpreters; they have all danced in set and formal ballets with a plot; they, as dancing tragedians or comedians, have mimed characters, expressed sentiments and emotions. It is not necessary to go back to the ancient Greeks and Romans. Run over the list—Salle, Camargo, the Gardels, the Vestris family, Gulmard, Allard, Taglion, Cerito, Grisi, Grah, Baccelli, Fanny Elssler, Mauri, Sangalli, Morlacchi—name at random—all these dancers were interpreters. Imagine Miss Duncan in a ballet like "La Giselle," "Sylvia," "Coppelia," or Miss Fuller in a long and heroic ballet! How quickly would Miss Duncan's few movements and gestures become monotonous! It is a delight to see her expressing the sentiment of Strauss' "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz or the Allegretto of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, or Botticelli's "Spring," and there will always be room and applause for such exhibitions of art. But Miss Genee is equally, if not more, admirable in another way, and her art rests on solid technique.

A correspondent asks whether The Herald will not reprint the article of Anatole France in praise of Loie Fuller. There are two reasons why The Herald cannot comply with the request: First, the article is a long one; second, we do not happen to have the said article. It appeared originally in the Figaro in October, 1908. Mr. France first met Miss Fuller



at a luncheon in Boulogne. He describes in this article her personal appearance. I now quote from a translation made by the Paris correspondent of the New York World.

"The astonishing artist proved herself to be a woman of common sense and delicate appreciations, endowed with a marvellous penetration, knowing how to discover the profound significance of things apparently unimportant, and knowing how to appreciate the greatness often hidden in simple souls. I heard her say the finest things and offer the most acute criticisms with regard to the Curies, Auguste Rodin, and other people of genius. The conversation in which she takes most pleasure has a deeply religious character. She seeks the divinity in all things. I have not been able to resist the pleasure of recalling my meeting with that extraordinary and charming woman. What a rare adventure! You admire from afar off, in a dream, an airy figure, comparable in grace with those dancers one sees in the paintings of Pompeii, floating in diaphanous veils. One day you meet that apparition in all the reality of life, dimmed and hidden beneath the veils of our everyday world, and you perceive that the dancer is a woman full of good sense and good heart, of rare intelligence, a soul inclined to mysticism, to philosophy, to religion, a soul high and noble, under a laughing form. There you have what Loie Fuller is."

Charles Rann Kennedy read an extraordinary paper to the O. P. Club in London. The subject was his play, "The Servant in the House." After talking in a rather wild manner about the condition of religion in England and true religion as pictured in his play, after explaining at length why his play is really a great one, he

ended with the following burst or splurge:

"You find in 'The Servant in the House' the first English play, probably the first of all modern plays, dealing nakedly, openly, blatantly, with the terrible, the beautiful thing, that is happening throughout the world today; that is the rise of the democracy from out of the filth and degeneration of their age-long agony and despair, into that indestructible kingdom which is their own. This, perhaps, is the chief reason why the pimps and panders of the powerful tried to smash it the other day; they recognized a challenge, a menace, a sign. . . . For I, too, am a common man; I, too, have known the labor and have tasted the bitterness; I, too, am one of the trampled spats upon things of the earth, but I am not without honor; I, too, have my glory; it is the same as Robert Smith's in the play. . . . Let them call this what they please—the cock crowing upon his dung-heap, if they will; Kennedy vaunting upon his play which deals with drains! I don't care. This is a challenge, a defiance!"

It looks as though the London critics were right in saying that Mr. Kennedy has no sense of humor. The Referee makes this comment on the article: "The dramatist-lecturer announced that he meant to have several plays of the sort before he had done. By that time, of course, the pimps and panders of the powerful will be entirely done for."

The Grand Guignol in Paris continues to produce blood curdling plays and it is said that the majority of the thrilled audience at each performance is made up of English and Americans.

"Horrible Experience" is by Andrea de Lorde and Alfred Binet. A physician experiments on his own daughter. She dies from an accident and the father applies electricity to her heart in the hope to resuscitate her. The window opens, the light is extinguished and an arm of the corpse rises. There is a sudden nervous contraction and the arm descends, embraces the neck of the doctor and strangles him.

"Le Hangar de la rue Vicq d'Azler" is by Fernand Faure and Edouard Helleu. Preparations are made for an execution by the guillotine. Four bandits in order to save their condemned friend have murdered the executioner's assistants and have been engaged by him as substitutes. It is night and the four new assistants are instructed in the working of the machine. They must also know how to blind the condemned and the executioner orders them to tie him securely. They do it well that he is loud in praise. When

he orders them to unbind him they say "No!" They will avenge a former comrade, and they seize the executioner and pass him under the knife. The machine works admirably. The four then put out their lanterns and leave the stage.

A little play acted at the Cigale Revue, Paris, might also be classed as unpleasant. Two pairs of plotters are in a lonely hut in Russia. The hut is surrounded by a waste of snow. Each pair explains in turn that they are not conspirators but are in the pay of the police. Of course the police, hearing this, do not arrest them, but propose that they all should drink together. After they have put the drink down, the police remark that they are not police but conspirators and the drink was poisoned.

In London a little piece, "The Tramp," was revived. The wicked husband of Elizabeth has been away for several years and some of them he has passed in jail. Elizabeth did not welcome his return, nor was she pleased when he declared that he would do with their son as he thought best; he might teach him to be a thief and a forger. Elizabeth put poison in his tea. The Referee remarked: "This was a serious ending, but it seemed a bit silly."

Mrs. Kendall said recently in London that if she were a rich woman she should found a school where only gesture would be taught. She added that the English people was the only one that made no use of gesture, in the cultivation of which three different parts of the head—the brain, the eyes and the mouth, and three parts of the arm, the arm itself, the wrist and the fingers, must be used, the head and arm acting in concert with each other. "Do not use a gesture unless it really means something." This is sound advice that should be heeded by the pupils of the Boston opera school.

H. B. Irving has acquired a new stage version by Comyns Carr of Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The Daily Telegraph (London) states that Sir Henry Irving once seriously contemplated playing the double part, but he was unable to use Mansfield's version and the purpose was abandoned. "In point of fact, the play, as presented at the Lyceum by Mansfield, possessed few redeeming qualities, save that it offered the leading actor considerable scope for his undoubted talents. The piece was produced at the Lyceum on Aug. 4, 1888, and just two nights later Mr. Daniel Bandmann presented another version at the Opera Comique. Perhaps its most novel feature was that it finished with an apotheosis in which the semblance of Dr. Jekyll appeared, surrounded by angels in the act of transporting him to heaven! The play only ran a few nights—a career quite as long as its merits deserved."

The Morning Telegraph reprints this delightful criticism of a minstrel show, which was published in Danville, W. Va.:

"Probably but one redeeming feature of the show was the fact that the prices as announced by the management were reduced on account of the holidays, a down stairs seat retelling at 50 cents a throw. The lowering of prices can scarcely be termed a virtue, as a number of people were lured away from their happy firesides on account of the cheap price, when perhaps they would have remained at home and sought amusement elsewhere had the 'regular' price been maintained.

"From the uncarved and well-nurtured whiskers, which protruded from the faces of several of the performers, one would think that the barbers began taking their holiday long before the Christmas season set in and did not intend to return to work any time soon. The growth was almost, but not quite as old as some of the jokes. The washerwoman had also evidently deserted her tub, judging by the originally white duck trousers, and eloped with the clothes presser. The cord of voices was like rain beating down on a tin roof, when you are tired and can't go to sleep on account of the noise.

"Several lemons were thrown on the stage by merry-makers in the audience. This was a very uncharitably rude thing to do. They ought to have thrown bread, as several of the actors looked hungry."

## MEN AND THINGS

A physician in Trenton, N. J., broke a cab driver's jaw in a dispute, not in

a diagnosis, and he was ordered to pay \$2000 damages.

Miss Claire Inault, who earned \$1500 a year as a dancer in a Parisian hall, recovered \$20,000 from a street car company. A car crushed into her carriage and injured her right leg.

Miss Lowstetter, in Pennsylvania sued Prof. Reed for \$25,000. She swore that the professor refused to marry her after he had promised to do so; refused, although she is still "prominent in educational and church services." She also swore that she had lost 25 pounds in consequence of his refusal. It is fair to infer that she valued each pound of her flesh at \$1000, but the jury compensated her only for the loss of one pound.

And now Justice Garrison of New Jersey has handed down the opinion that juries must give consideration to the value of cork legs or other artificial limbs in the awarding of damages in suits for personal injuries. He argues that "with the modern perfection in artificial limbs victims of accidents are entitled to correspondingly less damages, for there is less suffering and inconvenience now than formerly."

Why should there not be a fixed price for injury to jaw, eye, ear, leg and other members of the body for the guidance of juries? An accident insurance policy informs the holder in clear terms what he may expect in case he loses a leg. It states the compensation for interesting combinations of losses. Thus the man that escapes from an accident with his life minus the right ear, the left arm, and a leg, knows definitely what he will receive from the beneficent company. If moved by righteous indignation Jones bashes Smith and breaks his nose, how much better for both Jones and Smith if the penalty in money were already determined by law, and not left to a jury for calculation or as the result of a cast of dice.

Miss Irena Stackpole, teacher in a public school at Bayport, L. I., insists that the principal, Mr. Pechtel, should resign because he smokes tobacco. Not long ago Miss Stackpole approached him, sniffed and exclaimed: "You are no gentleman. You have been smoking."

Many years ago Roscoe Conkling gave a dinner in Utica, N. Y., at which political affairs of importance were discussed. A New Yorker was expected, and he was to bring a message of great moment. The train was late, but he entered the dining room with the roast and hurried up to Mr. Conkling, who stared at him haughtily and said in his most arrogant manner: "Sir, stand off! You reek, sir, with tobacco." The scene was a fine one for our distinguished friend, the Historical Painter, but it afterward cost Mr. Conkling many votes.

Miss Stackpole should study history, not the history of kings and queens and parliaments and armies, but the history of the common people. Then reading the travels of Jorevin de Rochefort in England—the book was published in 1672—she would come across this paragraph: "It is a custom in England that when the children went to school, they carried in their satchel with their books a pipe of tobacco, which their mother took care to fill early in the morning, it serving them instead of a breakfast; and that at the accustomed hour every one laid aside his books to light his pipe, the master smoking with them, and teaching them how to hold their pipes, and draw in the tobacco."

A correspondent states that the word "soused" for "intoxicated" was used by Florio in his translation of Montaigne's essay on drunkenness. Looking through this translation, we do not find the word, but there are other terms that are delightful. "Josephus reported that by making an ambassador to tippie-square . . . he wrested all his secrets out of him." "We see our carousing tosspot German soldiers, when they are most plunged in their cups, and as drunk as rats." But why "drunk as rats"? And for that matter why "drunk as a billed owl"? Or why "foxed," a word especially dear to Philemon Holland? To go back to Florio and the particular essay. The lady of Bordeaux, to whom happened a sad adventure, was "well tippled." Here is a memorable sentence: "Yea, and some of the stoics deem it not amiss for man sometimes to take his liquor roundly, and drink drunk thereby to recreate his spirits."

In Randle Cotgrave's "French and English Dictionary"—the edition with a preface by James Howell (1673)—there are these definitions for "yvre": "Drunken, cup-shotten, tipsie, whittled, flusht, mellow, overseen, whose cap is set, that hath taken a pot too much, that hath seen the Devil."

Overseen—that has "overscen himself." A man was betrayed into a fault or blunder, or he acted imprudently. And so we have a synonym for intoxicated, as in Earle's apology for the College Butler: "Hee is a very sober man considering his manifold temptations of drink, and if hee be overseene, tis within his owne liberties, and no man ought to take exceptions."

Is it possible that animal curiosity is dying out in Boston? There was a time, and it was of long duration, when a hall would be crowded to see any much discussed person. Readers of newspapers have been led to believe by anecdotes, criticisms and pictures that Mme. Lina Cavalleri is one of the chief wonders of this little world, a more distinguished person than George Sand, Elizabeth Fry, Catherine II. or St. Theresa, and the equal certainty of Sappho, Lucrezia Borgia, and the Sweet Singer of Michigan. But she comes to Symphony Hall—and lo, the hall is nearly empty. And so it was with Mme. Liza Lehmann, whose songs are known to all. Bismarck said in his brutal way that he wished to see Gen. Grant or any other famous animal ("grosses Tier"). Are Bostonians now indifferent? Has indifference crossed the bridge to stay?

## MISS THOMPSON IN PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

The program of Miss Edith Thompson's piano recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon was as follows:

Sarabande, Rameau-MacDowell; "Les Petits Moulins a Vent," Couperin; Gavotte, Mozart-Siloti; sonata op. 22, Schumann; Intermezzo and Capriccio, Brahms; prelude, aria and finale, Franck; "Le Vent," Alkan; Valses op. 42, 64 and Ballade in G minor, Chopin.

The program was well arranged and contrasted. Respect that is deemed proper and advisable was shown the ancients at the beginning, and it was a pleasure to hear three little pieces that had charm and true character instead of a thunderous disarrangement of some prelude and fugue written originally for the organ. Vincent d'Indy in the recently published volume of his huge treatise on musical composition condemns Schumann's sonatas chiefly for their faulty construction, although he gladly admits the purity and worth of the musical ideas therein. There is no disputing the opinion or the analysis of d'Indy in this matter; the movements of the sonata are practically improvisations; but who would exchange the Andantino for something more formally built and in a tonality offering a sharper contrast to that which precedes and follows? For only Schumann could have dreamed this music. The pieces by Brahms are among the most genial of that master's compositions for the piano. The Prelude, Aria and Finale of Franck does not rise to the height of his Prelude, Choral and Fugue, yet there are beautiful and noble thoughts in it. Alkan was an impressionist, one born out of due time.

Miss Thompson's playing was of a higher and more uniform level of excellence than on former occasions. Her rhythm was occasionally unsteady in the piece by Couperin; Chopin's Ballade called for greater breadth and at the end for more passion, and there are depths in Franck's music that were not all sounded yesterday, but Miss Thompson's performance as a whole was interesting, technically and aesthetically. She played the pieces by Mozart and Brahms in a charming manner. Alkan's impressionism was effective, and not merely as a brilliant exercise; and in the Andantino of the sonata Miss Thompson displayed an emotional quality that I have too often missed in her recitals. Her playing yesterday was more thoughtful, yet less premeditated; more spontaneous, yet ordered and regulated with more care; and her brilliance was more human and less metallic.

An audience of fair size applauded warmly.

Jan 11 1916

OLIVE FREMSTAD  
SINGS ISOLDE





Olive Fremstad as Isolde.



Arturo Toscanini, Conductor.

## Boston Opera House Audience Charmed with Splendid Pres- entation of Wagner's Work by Metropolitan Company.

### REMARKABLE CONDUCTING BY ARTURO TOSCANINI

BY PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Wag-  
ner's "Tristan Und Isolde," per-  
formed by the Metropolitan Opera House  
Company of New York. Arturo Tos-  
canini conducted.

Tristan.....Carl Burrian  
Koenig Marke.....Robert Blass  
Isolde.....Olive Fremstad  
Kurwenal.....Pasquale Amato  
Melot.....Adolf Muehlmann  
Brangaene.....Florence Wickham  
Ein Hirt.....Albert Reiss  
Der Steuermann.....Julius Bayer  
Stimme des Seemanns.....Glenn Hall

At the last performance of this op-  
era in Boston, which was on April 11,  
1908—the statement in The Sunday  
Herald that the last performance was  
in 1907 was incorrect, as was the  
statement that Mme. Fremstad had  
not taken the part of Isolde here.  
Mr. Mahler's reading of the score was  
the chief feature. This is not now  
said in disparagement of Mmes.  
Fremstad and Homer, and Messrs.  
Burgstaller, Van Rooy and Blass, who  
sang under his direction; but never  
before in this city had an orchestra  
in this opera sung eloquently Wag-  
ner's o'er-mastering song of the love  
that forgot knightly fidelity and  
counted the world well lost.

It is not too much to say that the  
performance last night was the most  
brilliant and the most poetic one that  
has been given of this music-drama  
in Boston. We all remember grate-  
fully the Isolde of Milka Ternina and  
the romantic Tristan of Jean de  
Reszke, and there have been sturdy  
Kurwenals. Never before has the en-  
semble been so excellent, and never  
before has a genius been in command.  
Never before has so well appointed,  
so capable, an orchestra been sent to  
us from New York.

Never before have the stage settings  
been so beautiful or the management  
so admirable. The ship that Wagner  
wished is still a problem to stage  
directors and a still more perplexing  
problem to all interested in naviga-  
tion. How Tristan could have directed  
his course with a curtain drawn so

that all of the forward part of the  
vessel was concealed from him has  
been, and is, a mystery. There are  
absurdities in Wagner's music-dra-  
mas as in all other operas. It is  
enough to say that the setting of the  
first act was picturesque, and those of  
the succeeding acts unusually beauti-  
ful.

In a performance that abounded in  
features the crowning one was Mr.  
Toscanini's interpretation of the  
score. Mr. Mahler's was striking in  
several ways, as in exquisite sense  
of proportion; in the respect paid to  
the singers; in fine gradations of  
tone; but on the whole it was aca-  
demic. It lacked the sensuous glow,  
the bursts and lulls of passion; the  
romantic spirit, and the imaginative  
sweep of Mr. Toscanini's reading.

The Italian, who for some years has  
been ranked among the few truly  
great operatic conductors, has not  
only authority and the force that is  
sometimes described as hypnotic; his  
emotional feeling is sincere and deep,  
his sense of the beauty of the score  
is coupled with his appreciation of the  
dramatic contents. His passion is not  
showy and on the surface, spasmodic  
and nerve rasping; he is not merely a  
man of startling effects. He preserved  
the musical and dramatic continuity,  
and the orchestral flow of speech was  
now a support to the singers, now a  
commentary on their dialogue and  
their deeds.

There are conductors who bring out  
bits of charming detail so that they  
do not seem to be connected intima-  
tely with the musical fabric, but are as  
extraneous ornaments, side remarks.  
Details to Mr. Toscanini are essential  
to the whole conception. Led by him,  
the score of "Tristan und Isolde" is  
an epic with haunting lyrics, a poem  
of wondrous passion and of perfect  
beauty.

Mme. Fremstad's Isolde is first of  
all a lovable woman. We have all  
seen Isolde who in the first act were  
shrieking scolds, raging in vexation  
and anger; and in the second act  
screaming their love so that the  
hunters surely heard their delirious  
cries. The Isolde of Mme. Fremstad  
has the dignity of a princess. There  
are still Germanisms in her attitudes,  
gestures, movements, and they were  
especially noticeable just before and  
after the drinking of the potion; but  
her carriage as a rule was graceful,  
her gestures significant, her facial  
play expressive.

Seldom, if ever, has the music of  
Isolde been sung here with equal  
tonal beauty, art in song, varied dra-  
matic force. There were moments  
when the natural compass of her

voice obliged her to regard her lim-  
itation in this respect at the expense  
of dramatic fervor, but these mo-  
ments were rare. Never was she  
melodramatic with blatant outbursts  
of aggressive consonants; she sang  
in her anger on the deck and in her  
outpouring of love in the garden.  
Thus no doubt she was false to the  
pseudo-traditions now established at  
Bayreuth by Mme. Wagner and her  
son; thus she was true to the music  
that Wagner felt and wrote.

Miss Wickham has a rich, full  
voice, which is controlled artistically.  
I do not know whether she has often  
played the part of Brangaene; prob-  
ably her experience is limited; but  
she may soon rightfully call this part  
her own. Brangaene have postured  
here on the stage and were grotesque.  
One turned the attendant of Isolde  
into a wild-eyed sorceress; one was  
solely concerned with out-shrieking  
her mistress; another attempted to  
rise above the apathy of middle-age.  
Miss Wickham's Brangaene was a fit  
attendant to the Isolde of Mme.  
Fremstad.

It must be stated frankly that Mr.  
Burrian is not physically a romantic  
Tristan. With the exception of Mr. de  
Reszke, no tenor visiting us has sung  
the music of the hero so well. This is  
the more surprising, for Mr. Burrian,  
when he first came to us, was not  
conspicuous as a singer. A Bohemian  
by birth, he was a full-fledged  
German tenor, a man of slovenly dic-  
tion, chopped phrases, indifferent to  
tonal beauty. A change has come  
over him. His impersonation of Herod  
in Strauss' "Salome" was dramati-  
cally superb. Lo and behold, he now  
sings with care and finish, with dra-  
matic intelligence that respects the  
laws of song. Mr. Toscanini has not  
labored in vain.

Excellent in all respects was the  
Kurwenal of Mr. Amato, an Italian  
baritone of marked distinction and  
equally marked vocal and dramatic  
force. The unctuous and impressive  
voice of Mr. Blass made the sermon  
of King Mark endurable. The other  
parts were well taken, and the sail-  
or's song for once was not butchered.

There was a large audience, but  
the opera house should have been  
crowded, nor did the appreciation  
of the audience rise to enthusiasm.  
There were the customary courteous  
curtain calls, but the performance  
called for much more than this civil  
expression of enjoyment.

The opera on Thursday night will  
be "Lohengrin," with Mme. Gadski  
and Messrs. Joern, Forsell, Hinckley  
and Witherspoon. Miss Wickham  
will probably take the part of Ortrud.  
The production will be identical with  
that at the Metropolitan, which is  
now noted for its sumptuousness and  
pomp. Mr. Hertz will conduct.

### MME. GISELA WEBER PLAYED.

Violinist Made First Appearance in  
This City at Recital. A. P.

Mme. Gisela Weber, assisted by  
Mrs. Holmes-Thomas, pianist, and  
Leo Schulz, cellist, gave a recital  
yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall.

The following was the program:  
Handel, Sonata in D major, Corolla,  
"La Folia", Swenden, romance, Bior,  
aria, Mozart, minuet, Mendelssohn, trio  
in D minor.

The praiseworthy features of Mme.  
Weber's playing were her virile  
style, almost masculine strength of  
tone, and fearlessness, which gave  
the audience a feeling of security.  
The features which were not to be  
commended were the lack of solid  
schooling in bowing technique, play-  
ing too sharp, and a lack of fine vari-  
ety and quality of tone. She slides  
in an unpleasant way from tone to  
tone. Mme. Weber made no attempt  
to play difficult music, wherein she  
showed good judgment.

Mr. Schulz was greeted enthusiast-  
ically by the audience. Mendelssohn's  
trio received rather uneven treat-  
ment in the three parts. The pian-  
ist's tone was weak and not clear and  
Mme. Weber was over muscular and  
inclined to race through all the move-  
ments. The solo work of Mr. Schulz  
was entirely satisfactory. The floor  
of the house was nearly filled with  
an appreciative audience.

### MRS. M'ALLISTER'S CONCERT.

Mme. Rider-Kelsey Sang and Mr.  
Rachmaninoff Played. P. P.

The third and last of Mrs. Hall  
McAllister's musical mornings took  
place yesterday morning at the Hotel  
Somerset. Mme. Corinne Rider-Kel-  
sey sang songs by Handel, Haydn,  
Bononcini, Carey, Brahms, Strauss  
("Meinem Kinde"), Wolf ("Mansfal-  
len Spruechlein"), Grieg, Henschel,  
Woodman, MacDowell. She sang with  
technical skill and musical intelli-  
gence. The voice itself is not an  
emotional one, and the upper tones  
were hard and shrill at times be-  
cause the singer "pushed" them. Nor  
was her interpretation colored and  
emotional. It was a pleasure to hear  
Mr. Rachmaninoff again. He played  
his own Melodie, Barcarolle, Humores-  
que and Preludes in F sharp minor,  
G minor, C sharp minor. Samuel  
Grimson, a young violinist from Lon-  
don, played pieces by Defesch, Le-  
clair, Brahms and Arbos and showed  
modestly a certain amount of tech-  
nical proficiency. The singer and  
the players were warmly applauded  
by a large audience.

COLONIAL THEATRE—First pro-  
duction in Boston of "The Silver  
Star," a musical entertainment by  
Harry R. Smith, with dances by Miss  
Adeline Genee. Cast: A. P.  
Prof. Alonzo Dingleblatz.....George Bickel  
Dr. Algernon Hornblower.....

Harry Watson, II.  
Mr. Wiselheimer.....Barney Bernard  
Ernest Connor.....Lee Harrison  
Koffitchsky.....F. Stanton Heck  
Ned Brandon.....Mortimer Weldon  
Mrs. Vera Willing.....Emma Janvier  
Mary Anne.....Nellie McCoy  
Rosa.....Ida Gabrielle  
Viola.....Ann Tasker  
The Christmas Fairy.....Mlle. Genee  
The Spirit of Champagne.....Mlle. Genee  
Queen of the Floral Fete.....Mlle. Genee

While there is a faint semblance of  
a plot in "The Silver Star," much  
music of a kind by the orchestra,  
some singing by the chorus and occa-  
sional attempts in that direction by  
three or four of the actors, it is in-  
exact to call the piece a musical en-  
tertainment. It is really a dance-  
fest with Miss Genee as the chief  
figure and girls, girls, girls to the  
limit of the stage's capacity to ac-  
company her.

The exquisite art and buoyant per-  
sonality of Miss Genee would in them-  
selves make the affair pleasing, but  
there is sufficient beauty in the many  
stage pictures shown, and fun enough  
furnished by Messrs. Bickel, Watson  
and Bernard and Miss Janvier to  
keep interest alive while Miss Genee  
is not in sight and make the produc-  
tion largely successful through all its  
three acts.

The "story" of the piece is that  
Wiselheimer, who once managed a  
pushcart and now lives in Fifth  
avenue, lost a daughter, who wore a  
silver star when she disappeared in  
her father's peddling days. He has  
offered a reward for her. At a Christ-  
mas party in Wiselheimer's New  
York mansion Connor suggests to  
Dingleblatz and Hornblower, street  
musicians, that they offer their  
adopted daughter, Viola, as the miss-  
ing heiress. She is recognized by her  
star and the comic musicians get  
the reward.

The Yuletide celebration gives a  
chance for a huge Christmas tree to  
be shown, with living girls and twin-



King electric lights in the bougias and Miss Genée in the centre as the Christmas fairy. She comes down and dances in her own entrancing style appearing first in ballet costume, next in military dress and lastly as an eternalized sailor in an idealized hornpipe.

The scene shifts to Paris, for no other apparent reason except to use the grand stair case of the opera house for carnival scenes and a gorgeous spectacle it is with troops upon troops of dancing girls, plump of arm and limb, many of them pretty of face and all wearing a few brilliant masque ball clothes.

Connor wants some of the reward money that the musicians got, so he threatens to produce lost daughters by wholesale with quarts of silver stars, and he gets all the cash. Miss Janvier furnishes a lot of sport as a widow eager for new matrimonial experiments, and the fun is made lively with the aid of Bickel and Watson as wooers and Mr. Heck as her huge Russian fiancé, whose bluster is terrific till little Hornblower hits him and sends him away boo-hoing.

The opera staircase is transferred into a glittering silver grape arbor and there Miss Genée frisks and rollicks and sparkles as the spirit of champagne, leading her hosts of nymphs slightly adorned to represent cocktails, wines and cordials of many kinds and hues.

Just for variety the scene skips across the channel to Mrs. Willing's country home on the Thames, so that the musicians may get into trouble as English army recruits, and Miss Genée may give a springtime ballet in appropriate setting. This is her most beautiful dance, as in it the scene and her costumes are more completely in harmony with the remarkably vivid suggestions of youth, of fresh, bubbling gaiety and of pure joy of living that are the supreme characteristics of her art.

The house was crowded last night. Miss Genée was greeted with every evidence of enthusiastic approval and there was abundant applause for the comic fellows in the cast and for the dancing of Nellie McCoy.

#### RUTH ST. DENIS AT HOLLIS.

Ruth St. Denis continued her dances at the Hollis Street Theatre yesterday. The program includes the "Spirit of Incense," the "Nautch Dance," the "Yogi" and the "Lotus Pond." The last named is one of the most pleasing of Miss St. Denis' presentations. The program will be repeated this afternoon and Thursday and Friday afternoons.

#### KEITH'S THEATRE.

Denman Thompson and Gracie Emmett Head Entertaining Bill.

Next to Denman Thompson, in the last week of "Joshua Whitcomb," at Keith's, Gracie Emmett in a rollicking sketch, "Mrs. Murphy's Second Husband," stands out in the program as distinctive.

Chuckling because she is presenting her married daughter with a new "popper" 26 years old, peppery with wit and bubbling with good nature, Mrs. Honora Murphy furnishes the audience with a continuous laugh. More laughter follows when "popper" begins smirking at his daughter, who has been told is a widow, and when her husband comes in and breaks the nice gift furniture.

In spite of the extravagance of the plot, Miss Emmett works real "evening-you-and-I" touches into the situation. She received no little applause at the end of the sketch, when she danced an Irish jig with her long-legged Frederick.

Elizabeth M. Murray not only sang clever songs, but she tickled the audience into a roaring good humor by her clever character work. Miss Murray might have just come from the boozing, for there was an out of door freshness and buoyancy in her performance. She has all the charm of those who are not too used to a large audience and no amateurism. A very pretty woman, Miss Murray is altogether charming.

Picking up 7 coins with her teeth, going to sleep, drinking from a bottle and eating candy—all under water—

are some of the stunts of Maud and Gladys Finney, billed as the champion lady swimmers. Unlike Annette Kellerman, who was reflected in the water by a large looking glass, the swimmers splash about in a tank which is elevated so that every movement under water can be clearly seen.

There was a good deal of snap in the performance of the Eight Palace Girls, who have come here from the Palace Theatre, London. Evidently they have been trained to a second in their steps, yet they dance spontaneously. More than that, instead of setting their faces in a grin, they actually smile.

Wallace Galvin, the magician, squeezed a stick into nothing with his right hand, then pulled it from his left coat-sleeve. He also picked cards out of the atmosphere, and explained and illustrated how he could wriggle a whole deck up one sleeve, spirit them across his shoulders and down his other sleeve into his hand in such a way that the audience was more mystified than ever.

Samaroff and Sonia appeared in an acrobatic dog act, varied by a pantomime. Charles M. McDonald and the Misses Crawford and Montrose were applauded in their dancing. The kinetograph showed the aviation contest at Cincinnati.

#### AMERICAN MUSIC HALL.

"Dope," Felix and Caire and Brengk's Models on Week's Bill.

No widely advertised headliner overtops everything else at the American Music Hall this week, but some novelties stand out against the background of a rather uneven bill.

First on the list by reason of its unusual character and the excellent acting which stamps it stands "Dope," written by Joseph Medill Patterson, played by Herman Lieb and his very competent company.

The little play is a staged sermon, which shows in a way columns of description could never do, the evils of the cocaine traffic. "Doc" Kalthorff, proprietor of a drug store in the slums, is caught selling "dope" by Miss Courtney and her fiancé, Arthur Robeson. He turns the tables on the pair by showing the man that his father's firm provides the drug he distributes at wholesale and the girl's mother owns the store building which is devoted to other purposes as ill as the selling of cocaine.

The sketch is extraordinarily realistic for vaudeville. Mr. Lieb, as Kalthorff, is an especially convincing actor. Evelyn Wall and Frank Justice are adequate as the settlement worker and her fiancé, William Burnett is a satisfactory policeman, and William T. Warren, Louise Kelley and Peter Fellman, the three drug users who slide shakily to the counter, are types graphically portrayed and point the moral sharply.

As "The Runaway Kids," Felix and Caire are a delightfully spirited team. Much better comedy than many a grown-up provides marks their turn, which goes with snap and vim.

The enjoyment they manifest in the performance of their impersonations and songs is contagious, and yesterday afternoon's audience seemed determined not to let them go after their "lispng girl and the stuttering boy."

An enthusiastic greeting was accorded Nellie Wallace, English comedienne. In grotesque make up she sings non-sensical songs and dances in a fashion to make any but a wooden man laugh. A face of the sort sometimes described as "loose" helps her to make ludicrous grimaces, and not the least amusing things about her are her absurd little hats with their wabbling feathers.

Brengk's Models pose in effective pictures, the men in bronze and the women in white. The posing is of the best, and some of the bits of "statuary," especially "The Fountain," "The Atlas Group," "The Vase" and "Reaching the Winning Post," are charming.

Magneto does some startling things with electricity. He lights a cigarette with a spark drawn from his finger, sets gas jets going with his tongue, and with a live wire in either hand makes loudly crackling blue sparks play over two glass

plates. Perhaps his most remarkable feat is setting handkerchiefs afire with his foot, wrist and hair, while the current courses through his body.

The somewhat commonplace magic of Silent Tait and Aimee is redeemed by the comedy which marks their act. Mechanical devices spring surprises as funny as they are unexpected. Atwood and Perry's "A Snapshot From Life" keeps the audience guessing for a while as to whether it is all in the turn. It loses a little interest toward the end, but on the whole is amusing. Cordua and Maude do hand-balancing and Mortimer Bassett is a "unique mimicer." The Ameriscope film is funnier than some other things on the bill.

## LEW DOCKSTADER IN AIR AT GLOBE

Lew Dockstader and his minstrels, assisted by Neil O'Brien, Eddie Mazier and a big company of comedians and dancers, opened at the Globe Theatre last night.

The entertainment is entitled "The Reception of the Aero Club," and includes "the reception of the club to distinguished guests": the Bamboo Gambols, a scenic dancing interlude, with Eddie Mazier and the entire dancing element of the troupe; Lew Dockstader in his airship; Neil O'Brien and company in a sketch, "Fighting the Flames"; a dancing number, "Sahara Belle"; Amie Abou Hamid's troupe of Arabian acrobats, and the finale, the "Human Flag."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The Gambler of the West," a four-act melodrama by Owen Davis. The cast: Lucky Jack Gordon.....George L. Kennedy Mike Clancy.....Charles F. Keane Denver Dick.....W. S. Ely Boston Jake.....Ralph Ash Dan Reardon.....Fred Latin Red Fox.....John C. Leishman Black Panther.....Arizona Bill Little Great Bear.....Madeline Clark Big Smith.....James Garde Mouthy.....Tom Deer Wah Wah.....Louis J. Slack Kansas Joe.....Eagle Jack Mabel Gray.....Eugenie Besserer Tenderfoot Sal.....Augusta Durgeon Bridget Farley.....Pollie Holmes Sunset.....Elberta Roy Dusty Kate.....Ella Jackson Tenema.....Bessie Baxton Manuel Gonzales.....Tom X. Giroux

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#### HENRY GIDEON LECTURES.

Tells of Personality and Work of Siegfried Wagner.

Henry L. Gideon gave a lecture on Siegfried Wagner last evening in Steinert Hall, before a small, but interested, audience.

Mr. Gideon stated that his aim in this lecture was, first, to interest his hearers in Siegfried Wagner's personality, and, second, to give the facts of Wagner's life and work to those not already informed on the subject. In a simple, quiet way Mr. Gideon presented his arguments and attained his aim.

He told of his first impression on meeting Herr Wagner last summer in Bayreuth, spoke of Wagner's simplicity and modesty, of his authoritative and finished work as conductor or an interpreter of his father's great music dramas.

That Siegfried Wagner has not succeeded as yet in winning fame for himself either as conductor or composer, Mr. Gideon attributes to the fact that he is a man whose power has been slow in developing and has been so completely overshadowed by his father's greatness that the world will not try to give him his due.

Mr. Gideon contrasted the work of Richard and Siegfried Wagner, saying that the operas of the former dealt with emotions and passions that were elemental and general, while the latter confined himself to incidents in a particular life, as Charpentier has done in "Louise."

Two illustrations were offered from Wagner's fourth opera, a prelude and a baritone solo, effectively sung by Harrison Bennett Bates.

#### PADEREWSKI PRIZE.

Paul Hastings Allen of Boston Wins the \$1000 Reward.

The judges of the Paderewski fund, George W. Chadwick, Horatio Parker and Frank Van der Stucken, have announced their award of prizes on the competition of 1909 as follows:

Class I., prize of \$1000 to Paul Hastings Allen of Boston for his symphony in D major.

Class II., prize of \$500 to David Stanley Smith of New Haven, Ct., for "The Fallen Star."

Class III., prize of \$500 to Rubin Goldmark of New York for his quartet in A major for piano and strings.

A larger number of compositions was sent in last year than ever before and the following statement was made: "The judges feel that the unsuccessful competitors should know that so many fine works in each class were sent in that the work of the judges has been extremely difficult, and that the final decisions were so close that they were only arrived at after a very careful comparison of several admirable works in each class. This competition proves that our country possesses many composers of thorough technical training, of poetic imagination and of individuality."

At the last competition the judges were only able to award one prize, and that was to Mr. Shepherd.

#### "LOHENGRIN AND PARSIFAL."

Henry L. Gideon gave a talk entitled "Lohengrin and Parsifal at Bayreuth" yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Mr. Gideon traced the relation between the basic musical ideas in the two operas, and endeavored to show that there is more in common between them than is ordinarily supposed.

The lecture was fully illustrated on the piano by Mr. Gideon and to Harrison Bennett fell the difficult and rather ungrateful task of giving vocal fragments from "Parsifal" and also the King's address from "Lohengrin."

Mr. Gideon said that he confined his talk to the presentation of these operas at Bayreuth, because only in Bayreuth could one depend on the production being entirely according to Richard Wagner's plan. To Siegfried Wagner he attributed the honor of preserving the traditions.

Jan 14 1911

#### FLONZALEY QUARTET PLAYS.

First Concert of Third Season Given in Chickering Hall.

The Flonzaley quartet gave its first concert of the third season last evening in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows:

Beethoven, quartet op. 18, No. 6; Boyce, sonata for two violins and cello; Smetana, quartet in E minor ("Aus Meinen Leben").

The quartet received an enthusiastic welcome from a large audience, a welcome which signified delightful remembrances of past concerts and anticipation of those to come. Nor were the hearers of last evening disappointed. Never before was there more exquisite, ethereal tone quality, marvellous balance of parts and unity of attack than in the Beethoven quartet. The youthful freshness and delicacy of the work were brought out with absolute perfection of ensemble and tonal refinement.

This was true quartet work, not a solo violin accompanied by three other instruments. The pianissimo effects attained were truly remarkable, and held the audience so still that one might have heard a pin drop.

The trio by Boyce, written when the organist was 37 years old, is a beautiful example of 18th century chamber music. It is rich, virile, and at the same time full of the quaint charm of those days. Last evening it was given with great finish and breadth. Even the fugue was musical and free from scratch, and the largo movement was made a lovely song.

Smetana's quartet, with its fierce, or bizarre, effects, gave the quartet an opportunity to show its full power of tone and dash of style. The viola part has a prominent place throughout the work and was well played. It was an effective closing number.

The next concert of the quartet will be given on Thursday evening, Feb. 3.





Karl Joern as Lohengrin.



Mme. Gadski.

## NEW YORK SINGERS IN "LOHENGRIN"

Metropolitan Company at Boston Opera House Again for Performance with Mme. Gadski and Karl Joern.

By PHILIP HALE.

Boston Opera House: Wagner's "Lohengrin" performed by the Metropolitan Opera House company. Alfred Hertz conducted.

Heinrich der Vogler.....Allen Hinckley  
Lohengrin.....Karl Joern  
Elsa von Brabant.....Johanna Gadski  
Friedrich von Telramund.....John Forsell  
Ortrud.....Florence Wickham  
Der Heerrufer des Koenigs.....Herbert Witherspoon

Portions of the opera that have for many years been cut out, as far as performances in Boston are concerned, were restored last night. Thus we heard much more from the male chorus and from Friedrich in the second act. The wisdom of the restoration is doubtful. The second act is long enough with the cuts. With the restorations and with waits of reasonable length the opera consumes a little over four hours, and in our hours even the tragedy of "Lohengrin" might be wearisome.

It is certainly too much time to spend in consideration of the fate of Elsa, the victim of imprudence in marrying a young man who had not been formally introduced to her, the victim of curiosity in wishing to find out his name when he had told her more than once that he preferred to remain incog.

The production of the opera was a sumptuous one, more elaborate and more gorgeous than any one of "Lohengrin" seen here for the last 20 years. It might be said that the costume of Ortrud in the first act was singularly unbecoming and that Friedrich in the same act outshone the King, but these would be trifling objections. The scene between the Herald and the crowd in front of the castle was effective, and the bridal procession was admirably managed. The chorus was excellent and it really seemed interested in the successive dramatic events. The trumpeters were many and sonorous.

The Elsa of Mme. Gadski has often been seen here in the course of the last 15 years. It is a serious, painstaking, and now rather matronly performance, highly respectable; but it is without romantic spirit, without the illumination of imagination. We see a woman singing well and we wonder at the cause of her distress. We are not moved by her, for her inward emotion ruffles her composure only now and then, and we are sure that she will easily be consoled.

Messrs. Joern and Forsell sang here

for the first time, and made a favorable impression. Mr. Joern, as soon as he left the magic boat, suggested the spirituality of the knight. He was not the ordinary German tenor, cocksure of himself, melting Elsa, the ladies of the court, and the women in the audience with a languorous glance. This Lohengrin came from a far country not known to mortals, and he was above the petty cares and jealousies that seemed of vital importance on the banks of the Scheldt.

Nor did we lose this spirituality by contact with grosser men and women. He was romantic, but not the romantic tenor of light opera with a serenade. His voice is of agreeable quality, suited to tender or heroic passages, and he used it last night with regard for the laws of song.

Mr. Forsell, of the Stockholm Opera House, was an admirable Friedrich. His voice is virile, firm, and he sang with marked dramatic intelligence. He also acted with a fine appreciation of the character. His Friedrich was neither a swash buckler, nor a hen-pecked husband. He feared his wife as a sorceress, but he loved her as a woman and would fain have seen her in power.

The part of Henry the Fowler, who is regarded by some as one of the chief bores in the Wagnerian world, although he is not to be compared in capacity for boring to the Landgrave, Wotan, Pogner and Vanderdecken, for the simple reason that he has less to do and say, was taken by Mr. Hinckley, who for the first

time, I believe, sang here in grand opera. He has a good presence, and his voice is by nature an impressive one. Unfortunately, his tones when he sang forte last night were tremulous, and phrases that were otherwise well delivered failed in their due effect. Mr. Witherspoon declaimed the announcements of the herald in tune and this is saying much.

The impersonation of Ortrud by Miss Wickham had commendable qualities, and faults which she could overcome with care and study. Her voice is a noble organ, rich, with true contralto quality in the lower tones, and sufficiently full in the extreme upper register. She sings with dramatic perception and varies color and volume to suit the text and situation. In the first act her facial play was expressive, but later in action she was too often conventional and she indulged herself in gestures and poses that were without significance, and at times awkward. It is a pity that she has not been grounded thoroughly in the principles of bodily expression. It may also be remarked in all kindness that she should learn to control her mouth when she is singing. She would, at times, end a phrase or even a word with a snap of the jaws, and the constantly unbecoming and unnecessary mismanagement of mouth and lips did her grievous injury, for she is a comely woman when her face is in repose.

Mr. Hertz was less consistently violent than on many former occasions. He did not put his whole confidence in the brass, and he often gave the

singers full opportunity. But he was unfortunate in his choice of tempo; he often dragged the pace beyond endurance; and at times he went to the other extreme. The orchestra itself is a most capable body of players, both in solo work and in ensemble.

There was a large audience and yet there were many vacant seats in the boxes and elsewhere. The audience, however, was appreciative, and it was warmer in expression of enjoyment than was the audience at the memorable performance of "Tristan Und Isolde" on Monday night.

The opera tonight will be "Tosca." The chief singers will be Miss Farrar and Messrs. Martin and Scotti. Mr. Tango will conduct and the performance will begin at 8 o'clock.

## MME. DE PIERREFEU IN SYMBOL DANCES

Represents Elements in "the Evolution of the Soul"; Also Interprets Chopin's Prelude and "The Rosary."

Mme. de Pierrefeu (Elsa Tudor) gave a program of "Symbolic Dances" last evening in Jordan Hall. She was assisted by the Boston Festival orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor.

Mme. de Pierrefeu gave a dance of the elements, in four parts, "symbolizing," to quote the program, "the evolution of the soul." She interpreted also Chopin's Prelude, op. 28, No. 1; Nevin's "The Rosary," the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," a dagger dance with music by Walter Hayes, and "The Blue Danube." The orchestra played Nicolai's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; "Anitra's Dance" from Grieg's "Peer Gynt" Suite; the march from "Tannhaeuser"; the Barcarolle from "The Tales of Hoffmann," and other numbers.

The first dance, representing the elements, was under four heads—the Gnome, Undine; the Sylph and the Salamander. The music accompanying these dances was not announced on the printed program. It was chosen from various sources. As the Gnome, Mme. de Pierrefeu danced to Grieg's "In the Hall of the Mountain King"; the fire music from "Die Walkure" and the love music from "Tristan and Isolde" accompanied the Salamander's dance, so that no pains were spared to typify fire in both its literal and its figurative aspect.

The stage was appropriately set for each of these scenes and often enhanced greatly the effect of the dance and pantomime. As the curtain arose before the dance of the fire spirit

there was disclosed apparently a mass of glowing embers, although the colors were prismatic rather than of flame.

This glowing mass resolved itself gradually into the Salamander herself, who arose and performed a dance depending for its effect chiefly upon a skilful manipulation of scarfs and draperies. The latter three dances of this series pleased the audience better than did the first, although the Gnome's pantomime was cleverly suggestive. The applause after the first number was courteous; everywhere else it was enthusiastic.

The stage was simply draped in one color for the second part of the program, but the dancer, here as in the symbolic dances, showed a varied and beautiful array of costumes. The prelude, the dagger dance and "The Blue Danube" were dances in the strict meaning of that term; the Intermezzo and Nevin's song were interpreted wholly by pantomime.

Mme. de Pierrefeu has a handsome and commanding figure and her face and the contour of her head are equally effective in profile and in other aspects. In appearance she filled every need of the eye. She danced with lithe grace and often with bewildering velocity, although she often relied so much upon the extraneous aids of costume and lights that her dance, as such, was somewhat overtopped by them.

She danced "The Blue Danube" with delightful spontaneity and rhythm and introduced much graceful scarf-play. Thank fortune that this and others of the Strauss waltzes have been revived by the present wave of "interpretative" dancing, for it is always a joy to hear them. Mme. de Pierrefeu was applauded at intervals throughout her waltz and was enthusiastically recalled at the end.

## GERALDINE FARRAR APPEARS AS TOSCA

Puccini's Opera Performed at Boston Opera House by Metropolitan Company; Scotti Seen at Baron Scarpia.

BY PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Tosca," performed by the Metropolitan Opera House Company. Egisto Tango conducted.

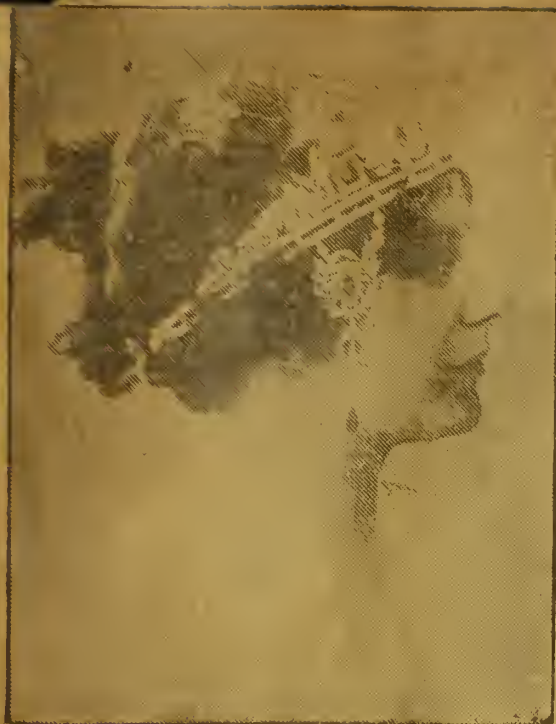
Flora Tosca.....Geraldine Farrar  
Mario Cavaradossi.....Riccardo Martin  
Il Barone Scarpia.....Antonio Scotti  
Cesare Angelotti.....Giulio Rossi  
Il Sagrestano.....F. Gianoli-Galletti  
Spoletta.....Angelo Bada  
Sciarrone.....Bernard Begue  
Un Carceriere.....Edoardo Missiano  
Un Pastore.....Lillia Snelling

The laurels of Milka Ternina would not allow Mme. Eames to sleep and she did not rest till she, too, had appeared on the stage as Flora Tosca. In the rawhead and bloody bondefence opera of Puccini. The laurels of Mr. Ternina were undisturbed. Mme. Cavaradossi essayed the part, and it is said that her performance is a striking one, blazing with Italian passion. And now Mme. Fremstad and Miss Farrar are eager to tempt the Baron Scarpia and dodge behind chairs and run about the table at his terrible approach.

The impersonation of Miss Farrar, though it is yet experimental and immature, is interesting and at times it is engrossing. In New York some of the critics patted her on the head and said compassionately that she was too young to sound the depths and to express the agony of Tosca. Miss Farrar was accused of the atrocious crime of being a young woman. What would not certain other singers give for her youth, enthusiasm, audacity, indisputable talent? But is Miss Farrar the woman to take this part?

There is no doubt of her natural dramatic intensity and tragic power. They that saw her here as Nedda recognized her ability in this field of operatic art. She played the part realistically, with a realism that would have shocked the genteel if they had not known that she came





Geraldine Farrar as Tosca.



Antonio Scotti as Baron Scarpia.

from Melrose and was imbued with New England principles. She played it as though she had been studying the art, or rather the nature of Mimi Aguglia. But Floria Tosca was a woman of a different world from that in which Nedda wiped her mouth and said: "I have done no wickedness."

The voice of Miss Farrar is essentially lyric, and the music of Tosca is for the most part dramatic. Miss Farrar was charming vocally in the conversational passages in the first act, in the love dialogues, in the expression of coquetry and the lighter jealous resentment. In the storm and stress of the second act her voice did not respond fully to the demands of the composer. The need of a fuller, more powerful organ was felt. It is true that Mr. Tango rejoiced too often in orchestral fury, but even then a naturally dramatic voice would have made its way and thrilled the hearer. On the other hand, the song in which Tosca farewells her art and shudders at her inevitable shame was an appeal that would have melted even Spoletta the spy. But Scarpia remained the melodramatic Scarpia.

Miss Farrar evidently has composed her impersonation with care and intelligence. It is reasonable to expect a Tosca of a more elemental nature, a woman of the world, and in the first act and in much of the second Miss Farrar was often an ingenue, a girlish thing, easily perplexed. She is the first Tosca whom we have seen here that showed openly in the first act her love for Mario. Mme. Ternina was here somewhat reserved, nor did she shine in reigned comedy with amorous episodes. Mme. Eames coldly allowed herself to be loved by Mario; she expected it, as a tribute. Miss Farrar brought out definitely and with a touching charm the affection of Tosca for her lover, and thus prepared effectively the second act.

And in this second act she was girlish rather than womanly. Yet what a wealth of beauty there was in the detail of her impersonation! And how many irresistibly dramatic strokes there were, irresistible by reason of realism heightened and inspired by art! There were memorable moments. There was the promise of a still more powerful performance at a supreme impersonation in the future.

It is doubtful, however, whether she will ever wear a more tragic mask in the scene after the murder or play the scene with more overpowering solemnity. Therefore, she is to be praised for her youth. If she has achieved this much in "Tosca" after or parallel to a few performances, what may not be expected when her conception of the part is more definite. Her impersonation is still more convincing and more intense by the reason of the more fascinating lightness of her performance.

Mr. Hertz, a Kentuckian, sang here the night with the San Carlo opera company in the garden scene from "Tosca" and in the last act from "Tosca." His voice is mainly a baritone and he sings intelligently,

not as a mere singer anxious about tonal emission, but as a singer of significant speech in fixed and determined situations. He bore himself manfully, if he did not show the abandon of an Italian nature.

The Baron Scarpia of Mr. Scotti is well known here. It is easy to imagine a different conception of the part, one that is quieter and therefore the more terrific; one that is more subtle, more sinister. Let the truth of Mr. Scotti's conception be granted, and his performance is admirable, impressive.

The smaller parts were well taken, especially the Angelotti of Mr. Rossi, and the Spoletta of Mr. Bada. Mr. Gianoli-Galletti was amusingly dry as the Saeristan, but the inimitable unctuousness of Mr. Gilbert in the part is to be preferred. The chorus was excellent, and it was managed unusually well in the church scene. The opera was handsomely mounted. Mr. Tango and the orchestra gave an eloquent interpretation of Puccini's score, although passion at times overleaped the boundary of artistic restraint. The audience was the largest of the week thus far and also the most enthusiastic.

"Parsifal" will be performed this afternoon. The chief singers will be Mme. Fremstad and Messrs. Burrian, Whitehill, Witherspoon, Goritz, Mr. Hertz will conduct. The performance will begin at 1 and end about 6. The intermissions will each be about half an hour in length.

The operas tonight will be "Haensel and Gretel" with Mmes. Mattfeld, Alten and Meitshik and Mr. Goritz (Mr. Hertz, conductor); and "Pagliacci" with Mme. Norla and Messrs. Caruso, Amato and Reiss (Mr. Tango, conductor).

### KNEISEL QUARTET.

Gives Its Second Matinee of Season at Fenway Court.

The Kneisel quartet gave its second matinee in Fenway Court yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:

Volkmann, quartet in G minor, op. 14; Glere, Andante and variations from quartet in A major, op. 2; Beethoven, quartet in F major, op. 135.

The Kneisels had an audience of good size. Their numbers have all been heard before in Boston, but they were admirably played and enthusiastically received yesterday. This little hall brings the audience and performers into more intimate relation than is possible in larger and more formal places.

Volkmann's quartet is a vigorous and attractive work which demands particularly firm and clear-cut bowing. On the whole it is not a quartet of surprises, although one is furnished in the sudden change of key in the last movement. Only the third movement, the theme and variations, of Glere's quartet was played yesterday. The theme is a folk melody similar to those sung on the Steppes. The four variations are developed with original and great variety and are written

ten with the unmistakable energy of youth.

Beethoven's last great quartet was played with all the breadth, beauty of tone and finish of which the Kneisel quartet is capable and they were at their best yesterday. The unity of the performance was slightly disturbed by the breaking of Mr. Roentgen's E string and the consequent wait for the last allegro until the damage was repaired.

The next concert of the Kneisel quartet will be given in Chickering Hall Tuesday evening, Feb. 22. Mme. Samaroff will be the pianist.

## **'PARSIFAL' SUNG AT OPERA HOUSE**

Kundry as Imagined and Impersonated by Mme. Fremstad  
Feature of Metropolitan Company's Performance.

### BURRIAN EXCELLENT IN THE PART OF PARSIFAL

By PHILIP HALE.  
BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Wagner's "Parsifal," performed by the Metropolitan Opera House Company. Alfred Hertz conducted.

The feature of the performance was Kundry, as imagined and impersonated by Mme. Fremstad. Again, it was clearly demonstrated that Wagner's music can be sung and should be sung; that there is no special "Wagner school of song"; that the traditions now respected at Bayreuth are pseudo traditions; that the singers trained at Bayreuth or held there in special honor are for the most part spasmodic declaimers, choppers of phrases, men and women of important consonants and slighted vowels.

Mme. Fremstad was dramatic in her use of song as the wild and fantastical serving woman; she was equally dramatic in the sustained phrases in the scene of seduction, and in the passionate outbursts that followed her failure. But her idea of dramatic singing in Wagner's operas is far different from that of famous German predecessors and contemporaries, for it does not war against the eternal laws of song. Nothing could be more subtly sensuous than her insidious appeal to Parsifal. The beauty of this music, and it is of the rarest beauty, was heightened by

careless. There was an unerring sense of color. There was not only a controlling mind that gave poise and value to the phrase; there was also what might be called the physical confidence that felt no need of exaggeration. There was amorous authority without extravagance of inviting word or gesture, without purposely indiscreet revelation of maddening flesh. For there have been frankly sensual Kundrys.

And in this scene woman and singer were one and inseparable, so that there was the realization of—

"Visible song, a marvel, Made of perfect sound and exceeding passion."

Nor was it only in this scene that Mme. Fremstad rose to a great height. Fantastical in her first entrance, she was singularly impressive when she appeared at the invocation of Klingsor, although, by some accident of stage management, she did not rise from below in bluish light.

In spite of a figure that now prevents any illusion of romanticism, Mr. Burrian was an excellent Parsifal, by reason of facial play, authoritative song and individual force. Mr. Whitehill, an American who sang in Boston for the first time, was conspicuous as Amfortas by the beauty of his voice, his skill in using it, his dramatic expressiveness, and his indisputable sincerity. Mr. Hinckley disappointed as Gurnemanz, for he wholly misconceived the character. Admit that Gurnemanz is garrulous and a good deal of a bore. What is his chief characteristic? A certain unctuousness in manner and speech; a certain bonhomie, an imperturbable good nature. Mr. Hinckley turned the old man into a rigid, dictatorial person, dry in narration, now and then incongruously pontifical. Nor should his singing of the music be commended. Mr. Goritz, a capital actor, made much of Klingsor's part, and Mr. Witherspoon was effective as the unseen Titurel.

So much for the chief singers. The performance in certain respects was inferior to that at the Boston Theatre in Mr. Conried's administration and that at the Tremont Theatre under Mr. Savage. The male chorus in the temple was inadequate and untuneful. The first chorus of the boys was finely sung, but more than once in the course of this scene there was a lack of tonal proportion, and the music in the dome was faintly heard. Wagner laid much stress on his stage tricks and mechanical devices. It was, therefore, the more to be regretted that the spear thrown by Klingsor did not rest suspended over the head of Parsifal, so the hero was obliged to walk toward it. Here was an illustration of Zeno's paradox, that an arrow in its flight is motionless. The chorus of flower maidens was not so vocally entrancing as on former occasions. Mr. Hertz conducted "Parsifal" for Mr. Conried, and he conducted yesterday. His lack of imagination and poetic feeling, his delight in orchestral violence and his disturbing and unnecessary gestures are well known to this public.

There was a large audience and there was much applause, especially after the second act. There was a time when applause in a performance of "Parsifal" would have been regarded as rank sacrilege. That time happily has passed. "Parsifal" is now treated in this country as any other opera, and this is as it should be. Let us have no fetishism in the matter. The removal of "Parsifal" from its temple at Bayreuth has shown us in clear light the hollowness of the assertion that this music drama is a sacred work, one to be heard only after a preparatory lecture and then humbly and on the knees.

The operas last evening were Humperdinck's "Haensel und Gretel" and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci."

The singers in the former opera were Mmes. Mattfeld, Alten, Meitshik, Wickham, Spelling, Sparkes and Mr. Muehlmann. The childish pranks of Haensel und Gretel and the wicked behavior and deserved fate of the witch amused the large audience, but the orchestral performance was rough and boisterous.

The singers in "Pagliacci" were Mme. Norla and Messrs. Caruso, Amato, Reiss and Reschiglian. The performance was a stirring one. Mr. Caruso was applauded enthusiastically after the famous air in the first act, but the feature of the evening was the remarkably original impersonation of Tonio by Mr. Amato. His singing and acting were of the first quality. Mme. Norla acted the part of Nedda with spirit, but the aria in the first act is not suited to her voice.



# BOSTON WILL SEE 'MAUD ALLAN SOON SOME OF THE ISOLDES WHO HAVE SUNG HERE

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Maud Allan will dance for the first time in this country in Symphony Hall next Wednesday afternoon.

It was about seven years ago that Miss Allan first gave "the interpretation and orchestric expression in dance of pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann," to the accompaniment partly of orchestra and partly of piano, in the theatre hall of the Royal Conservatory of Music, Vienna. When she first danced, or interpreted, in Berlin she was known as Maud Gwendolyn Allan, and she called her dances "Musikalische plastische Stimmungsbilder." It was not till 1903 that she was famous in London and inspired the rhapsody in prose of Mr. W. L. Courtney.

There has been much nonsense written about her for the purposes of advertisement, as when her press agent stated in London that as she was born in Toronto she "belongs to a land where the fires of the French temperament glow ardently through the icy purity of the People of Snow." She gave her entertainment March 6, 1908, at the Palace Theatre before invited guests, and the Pall Mall Gazette of the next day, proclaiming her talent to be "very genuine" added: "Any lack of enthusiasm displayed here, we think, be put down to the absurd expectations held out and the singular picture painted of her in certain circles. A lady of whom you are told that she has ransacked the mines of plastic Beauty and we slipped humbly and prayerfully before the Art of the Universe" must be prepared for a little coldness of scrutiny from an English audience."

We have been assured that dancing Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" she covers 300 yards; in Rubinstein's "Valse Caprice" 450 yards, and in "The Vision of Salome" at least 1000 yards; that she dances considerably more than a mile at every performance; that she is thinking of dancing the Song of Miriam and scenes in the book of Esther.

Let us consider preferably her little book, "My Life and Dancing," given by the directors of the Palace Theatre, London, Oct. 14, 1908, as a souvenir on the occasion of her 250th consecutive appearance at that music hall.

Skipping the learned introductory chapter about dancing in the past ages, we come to her description of her baby days. We learn that she was born in Canada; that the family moved to California, and on the journey she was nearly kidnapped by an Indian squaw; that in California she learned to ride bareback and was a good swimmer; that she intended to be a professional pianist and studied in San Francisco under E. S. Bonelli. Sarah Bernhardt played in San Francisco, and the young girl wondered at the beautiful movements of her body. "She seems to express more with it than with her lips." We pass over the story of her love affairs before she was 16 years old, to note the fact that she began to dance by herself, by brooks, without thought of preconceived rhythms. She could not endure even then a ballet. The pink fleshings and the dances were not truthful.

Miss Allan went to Berlin to study the piano in the Royal High School of Music and there she spent five years and a half. In vacation she travelled, and Botticelli's "Return of Spring" in Florence made a deep impression on her in 1900, and her "indefinite longings and vague inspirations crystallized into a distinct idea." "To try to express in movement the emotions and thoughts stirred by melody, beautiful pictures and sculpture had become my ambition." At last she began to experiment in Berlin, but continued to study music, and she spent the summer of 1901 in Weimar as a pupil of Busoni. Returning to Berlin in the fall she explained her purpose and

## DANCER HERE FOR FIRST TIME



Maud Allan in One of Her Dances.

confessed her ambition to Marcel Remy, a Belgian composer, music critic and savant, now dead. He was deeply interested and gave her invaluable counsel. Her first dancing dress came from Greece; it was once the cotton undergarment of some peasant girl and was perhaps 200 years old. Miss Allan studied dress and pose in the museums and libraries.

She began her career in 1903 and in 1908 she had appeared in many German cities, toured in Switzerland, Austria and Hungary, given four recitals in Belgrade, danced in Paris and through Yvette Guilbert was commanded to dance before Edward VII. at Marienbad in the fall of 1907.

The book is a singular hodge-podge. A chapter, "A Word About Women," discusses suffragettes, and in the final chapter Miss Allan describes her dance of Salome and the Vision of Salome, which has a meaning "that has been dimly guessed by some, hinted at by others and perhaps more widely misunderstood by what in Jacobean times were called 'the groundlings' than any dance in my collection."

Since this book was published Miss Allan has excited discussion and rapturous applause in many European cities, and early this winter was criticised less kindly in St. Petersburg.

Early in the spring of 1909 Miss Allan read a paper on classical dancing to the O. P. Club in London. She then insisted that dancing is the spontaneous expression of the spiritual state; that it is not an acquired but a spontaneous art, which reveals perhaps more than any other the temperament of the dancer. "The modern ballet has distorted, sprained and disorganized dancing. It elevates and elaborates technique until natural grace is swamped. The moment the Greek dances were transferred to the confining limits and polluted atmosphere of the theatre they became deformed, profaned, unrecognizable. Ballet at its highest stamped with its pathetic wickedness the decadence of nations."

All famous dancers have had their eulogists, and among them were Gautier and Thackeray. Mr. W. L. Courtney sounded the praise of Miss Allan in the Daily Telegraph of Oct. 14, 1908.

"What she gives us is the suggestion of those glancing, dream-like, sylph-like movements which we find in nature—the swaying of the trees under a wind, the surging of the waves on the shore, the dance of autumn leaves in a dry place, the float-

ing of a woman's hair. Sometimes it is a gentle breeze which seems to govern the swaying movements of the limbs. Sometimes it is the imperative summons of a harsher wind, which drives her before it in mad, and precipitate whirl. But always it is the unconscious grace of things in nature which she suggests to us, never the studied artifices of the stage."

Some one said of Miss Allan that she must have in earlier incarnations heard the idylls of Theocritus. This remark quickened the fancy of Mr. Courtney.

"For the main virtue of Maud Allan is that she is utterly and entirely Greek; Greek when she represents Botticelli; Greek also when she puts before us the languorous and seductive charm of Salome. And as a Greek maiden crowned with flowers, we can easily picture her to ourselves in the blossom laden valleys of Sicily, while Thyrsis and Daphnes pipe on their flutes beneath the great stone pines and the bees are murmuring and the doves are cooing, and the deep blue waves of that southern sea are lapping the shore. Perhaps she is Arethusa, who fled all the way to Syracuse beneath the sea from the pursuit of Alpheus. Or perhaps, better still, she is Galatea, laughing at the uncouth ardor of Polyphemus, or coyly responding to the gentle wooing of Acis. When she dances she strikes upon the harp of life and sets us dreaming. She is above all, the interpreter of strange, half remembered thoughts. She weaves before our eyes a melody of 'dead far-off unhappy things and battles long ago.'"

Let us recall the Isolde who have been seen and heard in Boston.

The first performance of Wagner's music drama in Boston was at the Boston Theatre April 1, 1895. The cast was as follows: Isolde, Rosa Sucher; Brangaene, Marie Fremat; Tristan, Max Alvary; Kurwenal, Franz Schwarz; Seaman, Mr. Zdanow; Melot, Mr. Tomson; King Mark, Emil Fischer. Walter Damrosch conducted. Rosa Sucher was then 46 years old. Her voice was worn and the upper tones were shrill, and, although she sang effectively in stormier moments, her dramatic performance, of a robust nature, was more striking than her vocal interpretation. Her Isolde was a stout, restless person, given to raging and scolding. The performance was repeated April 10, 1895. Rosa Sucher was seen on the stage in 1903, although she practically left it in 1899. Her performance of Isolde was called

enthusiastically by some of our availed.

The next Isolde at the Boston Theatre was Katharina Lohse-Klafsky. With Alvary, Gisela Stoll, Mertens and Fischer (Feb. 8, 1896) Mme. Klafsky appeared that season with Milka Ternina, and the coarse and violent methods of the former were preferred to the fine art of the latter. Mme. Klafsky as Isolde often ranted and was often melodramatic, nevertheless there were great natural moments in her performance. Her intonation was often impure; her attack was slovenly; and, like many other German singers, she constantly slid and scooped in her phrasing. She died in the early fall of 1896.

Milka Ternina was the Isolde on Feb. 15, 1896, and the other chief singers were Miss Mulder, Alvary, Popovici and Fischer. Her performance was a revelation and for its dignity and grace, tenderness and passion, it has not yet been equalled in this city.

Mme. Nordica took the part of Isolde for the first time in Boston, Feb. 21, 1896, in Mechanics' building. Her associates were Jean de Reszke, Rosa Olitzka, Kaschmann and Ed. de Reszke. Mr. Seidl conducted. Al-

though her impersonation was not then highly imaginative or passionate, it showed a decided advance in her dramatic art and she sang admirably.

Mme. Lilli Lehmann's Isolde was first seen here at the Boston Theatre, Feb. 1, 1897. The other chief singers were Paul Kalisch, Riza Eibenschnetz, Carl Somer and Fischer. Her dramatic performance, distinguished by simplicity, was not objectively striking; it was not characterized by any overwhelmingly emotional display; it was governed by artistic taste. She was fat and the years had not respected her voice, but she sang with unusual skill and there were still tones of sensuous beauty and phrases that moved the heart. The performance was repeated Feb. 6 of that year, with Mertens as Kurwenal and Stehmann as Mark.

Mme. Lehmann again took the part of Isolde at the Boston Theatre, April 2, 1899, when the other chief singers were Jean de Reszke, Mme. Brenna, Van Rooy and Ed. de Reszke. Mr. Schalk conducted.

On April 12, 1901, Mme. Nordica again appeared as Isolde at the Boston Theatre with Jean and Ed. de Reszke, Mme. Schumann-Heink and Bertram. Walter Damrosch conducted. Mme. Nordica then sang superbly.

Mme. Ternina gave again an incomparable performance as Isolde at the Boston Theatre, April 9, 1904. The other chief singers were Edyth Walker, Krauss, Van Rooy and Blass. Mr. Hertz conducted.

Mme. Galski took the part for the first time in this city at the Boston Theatre April 3, 1907. Her associates were Mme. Schumann-Heink, Burgstaller, Van Rooy, Bliss. Mr. Hertz conducted. Her impersonation was conscientious and industrious. It was neither romantic nor imaginative.

Mme. Fremstad appeared here as Isolde for the first time in this city at the Boston Theatre April 11, 1908, and her associates were Louise Homer, Burgstaller, Van Rooy, Bliss. Mr. Mahler conducted.

The impersonation of Isolde by Milka Ternina might fairly be called ideal. Next to it must be placed the poetic and delightful performance by Mme. Fremstad.

Pasquale Amato, whose singing and acting made a deep impression at the Boston Opera House last week, was born in Naples in 1879. He studied to become a naval officer, but finally chose an operatic career and made his debut at the Bellini Theatre, Naples, in "La Traviata." After singing in Italian opera houses, he made a tour of Germany. Having sung in Covent Garden, London, in Buenos Ayres and Alexandria, he was the leading baritone of La Scala, Milan, from 1906 to 1908, and he took the part of Golaud in "Pelleas and Melisande" when Debussy's opera was first performed there. He sings in Italian, German and French with facility. He made his first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House as Germont Nov. 20, 1908, and in the same month took the part of Marcello and also Rigoletto. His Ariostus is highly praised.



A Letter from Mr. Bonci

The Herald has received the following letter:

NEW YORK, Jan. 11, 1910.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Referring to a dispatch from Pittsburg with the title, "Boston Singers Cancel Dates," which appeared in The Boston Herald, I beg to say that I did not appear in Pittsburg because of my engagements with the Metropolitan Opera House and the New Theatre, and because—as it was correctly stated by Mr. Dippel to the New York Tribune—my contract does not bind me to go on tour with the Boston opera company.

I have read in the said dispatch that Mr. Russell's secretary commenting on this incident said that in his opinion I am jealous of Mr. Constantino and afraid to try to size up with him. Well, I do not intend to attach any importance to his words, and I firmly believe that it is not the case at all with me that of being jealous or afraid of trying to size up with the artist who replaced me, nor with any other, and I flatter myself that the public is of the same opinion as mine. The only thing I care to say about the way Mr. Russell chose in order to explain my refusal to appear at Pittsburg is my impression that Mr. Russell is a very smart advertiser for his artists. Yours respectfully

A BONCI.

#### Gertrude Von Axen in Jordan Hall.

Gertrude Von Axen, one of the most graceful of Miss Loie Fuller's pupils, who dances on the stage of the Boston Opera House, will give a full recital of dances in Jordan Hall on Monday afternoon, the 24th, at 2 P. M. She is a typical Greek girl, and in her bare foot dance, with diaphanous drapery, the impersonation and reincarnation of the Greek dancer of history. For this recital she has chosen music by Beethoven and Schubert.

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Miss Evangeline Hiltz, soprano, assisted by Miss Alice Gleason, violinist, M. E. Packard, flutist, and Mrs. Wilbur F. Bascall and Miss Gertrude Belcher, pianists. Henschel, Sing Heigh-Ho!; Lang, Day Is Gone; Henschel, Spring; Tosti, La Serenata; Old Italian, Veneziana; David, Chariot of Olives; MacDowell, The Robin Sings in the Apple Tree, In the Woods; Hahn, L'Heure Exquise; Chaminade, St. Jovais Jardinier; Hue, Soir Palen a d Bird Song. Violin pieces: Mendelssohn, Andante and Allegro from Concerto; Sinding, Romance; d'Amico, Canzonetta; Brahms-Joachim, Hungarian Dance.

Forway Court Music Hall, 3 P. M. First of Miss Terry's chamber concert (9th season), Mrs. Anita Davis, soprano; George Proctor, pianist; N. Saboloff, violinist.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:30. Violin recital by Mischa Elman. Lalo, Symphonie Espagnole; Handel, Sonata, major; Gluck-Wilhelm, Melodie; Adm. Mennet; Schubert-Elman, Serenade; Mozart-Auer, Gavotte; Wieniawski, Fantasia on airs from "Faust"; Grieg, Aria, Paganini, Variations "D. Tanti Palpit".

Franklin Union Hall, 8 P. M. Music Department, City of Boston. William Howard, conductor. Orchestral pieces: Mozart, overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"; Haydn, Andante from the Emperor's quartet; Meyerbeer, selection, "The Huguenots"; Brahms, Hunaria, Dances in D major; Rubinstein, Fledgling Procession from "Feramors"; Liszt, Norma McNally, mezzo-soprano, singing the Habanera from "Carmen"; and Benjamins' "Nymphs and Satyrs"; Jacques Benavente, saxophone, will play Leonard's variations "Tom, Thro' the Rye." Louis C. Elson will lecture.

WEDNESDAY 8 P. M. pianola recital in concert hall, Perro Oratt, tenor, will be the soloist.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second sonata recital by David Lalo, violinist, and Mrs. Marnet, pianist. Grieg, Sonata in A minor for violin and piano; Beethoven, Sonata in G major for violin and piano, op. No. 2; Leopold Damrosch, Romance for violin; C. Franck, Sonata in A major for violin and piano.

Charlestown High School, 8 P. M. Music Department, City of Boston. Mr. Howard will lead the orchestra. Liszt, Nibelung, overture to "The Merry Widow"; Schubert, Trauer; Meyerbeer, selection, "The Huguenots"; Maxent, Anubis; Wagner, Wedding Procession from "Parsifal"; F. J. Wernicke, baritone, will sing Schumann's "Two Grenadiers"; and C. Adick's "Tou Art to Me"; Bartok, Silbe mai, violinist, will play; and Violent Introduction, Variations, Louis C. Elson will lecture.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Thirteenth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.

let conductor, Berlioz, overture, "Rob Roy" (first time in Boston); Brahms, Concerto for violin and cello with orchestra, op. 107 (Messrs. Hess and S. Schroeder); Strauss, "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Thirteenth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.

## BERNSTEIN'S NEW PLAY TOMORROW

"Israel" Will Be Produced at Hollis Street Theatre—Not Written in Spirit of Apology or Revenge.

By PHILIP HALE.

Henry Bernstein's "Israel," a play in three acts, will be produced at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow night. It is known that he changed the ending at Mr. Froiman's request to please American taste. It would be impertinent now to discuss the wisdom of the change. Let us consider rather the motive of the dramatist in writing the play and the personality of the man.

"Israel" was performed for the first time at the Theatre Rejane, Paris, Oct. 13, 1908. Mme. Rejane took the part of Agnes, Duchess of Crocy; Gauthier played the part of her son, Thibault; and Signoret took the part of Justin Gutlieb. The day before this performance Bernstein wrote an article, in which he declared that while he was glad he was a Jew, he was not proud of the fact, for to be proud of such an accidental thing as birth is to be ridiculous. He was sure, however, that his Jewish blood had influenced greatly and favorably his wit. At the same time he, too, could join the anti-Semitic party to show his contempt for the Jew who begs pardon for the fact that he is one, who excuses himself in every attitude, in his way of looking at things, in his admiration for this or that.

This play was not written, said Bernstein, in a spirit of apology or in a spirit of revenge. How can any literary work prove the superiority of one man or one race over another? "I feel myself wholly incapable of throwing on the stage anything except a bit of humanity, disturbed, trembling, bleeding." If he should write a play to defend a proposition, to advance a theory, a work that would be partial, prejudiced, it would inevitably fail. The conflict in "Israel" is terrible. Unforgettable rancors and indestructible prejudices push this conflict even to murder, but the attitude of the dramatist is scrupulously impartial; his only endeavor was to write a play.

When the play was published, Bernstein added a short preface to the reprinted article. His drama had irritated men and women whose prejudices and opinions were diametrically opposed; it had provoked "contradictory angers." Here was the proof of the dramatist's impartiality.

"Israel" is Bernstein's ninth play. One written in collaboration is not counted. "The Thief" and "Samson," the latter spoiled in the ending and poorly acted, have been seen in Boston.

It is said that Bernstein's mother is of a Baltimore family. His father left him a fortune which he squandered before he was 24 years old. His plays have brought him a fortune—some put it as high as 5,000,000 francs. He dresses carefully and in the latest fashion, but he is not a fop; he eschews rings and other articles of jewelry, he is not languid or affected in movements or in speech. He keeps himself in excellent physical condition and is skilful with the rapier. He is at home in society, both in Paris and in London, but he seeks material for his plays, not vain pleasure. "The floor of Bernstein's study, his workshop, is covered with thick, heavy oriental rugs, for he is continually pacing up and down the floor, and the rugs render his footsteps inaudible. The room is luxuriously furnished, but everywhere, on tables, chairs, on the mantel, on the tops of books and

on the bookshelves, are scattered a mass of paper and pencils. Suddenly the author will toss his cigarette in the direction of the fireplace and, seizing a pencil, will scribble a half-dozen or more lines and then, throwing the sheet of paper aside, resume his pacing, until another idea shapes itself. These scribbles will, sooner or later, become a scene, or a bit of dialogue."

It is also said that "Israel" includes some of the dramatist's personal experiences. He has been for many years a member of the club in which the first act takes place.

Mr. Archer in the December Fortnightly reviews three volumes of the posthumous fragments of Ibsen's work compiled and published by Halvdan Koht and Julius Elias. It seems that in the first draft of "A Doll's House" the following celebrated passage is not to be found:

Helm: "I would gladly work for you night and day, Nora—bear sorrow and pain for your sake. But no man sacrifices his honor, even for one he loves."

Nora: "Millions of women have done so."

In the same magazine Mr. Galsworthy writes "Some Platitudes Concerning Drama" and foresees the British drama in the future either naturalistic or poetic. "Between these two forms there must be no crude unions; they are too far apart, the cross would be too violent. It is this ill-mating of forms that has killed a thousand plays. We want no more bastard drama—no more attempts to dress out the simple dignity of every day life in the peacock's feathers of false poetry; no more straw-stuffed heroes or heroines; no more rabbits and goldfish from the conjurer's pockets, nor any limelight. Let us have lamplight, starlight, moonlight, sunlight, and the life of our own self-respect." To this the Pall Mall Gazette adds: "There are many who see in the great drama of the future, as of the past, the union—artistic, not crude—of realism and poetry, and who doubt very seriously whether either can have its full effect without the other. Poetry is the most effective servant of realism, not its antagonist."

A little company of English actors without a star played in November and December English plays in English in eight or nine German cities. A member of the company wrote that they were treated on their merits. There were no sympathetic compliments, no public receptions, no welcome in any way; but there was no symptom of international jealousy.

The repertory of this company included "The Rivals," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Merely Mary Ann," "Mrs. Dane's Defence," "Candida," Masefield's "Nan" and Oscar Wilde's "Florentine Tragedy," which made up the bill with "Candida." "The Rivals" pleased the audiences, who found too much buffoonery in "She Stoops to Conquer." "Mrs. Dane's Defence" and "Merely Mary Ann" were condemned as "too old-fashioned." "What they seemed to want, and nothing else, in every place we visited, was a Wilde-and-Shaw repertory. The press notices made that very obvious. As regards our acting, on the whole we were well treated, and, after seeing the work of several German companies, when we were not playing ourselves, we had reason to be grateful. Their acting excited the admiration of us all, who had no cause to be jealous. A conspicuous absence of the 'personality' actor was compensated for by the acting. In their repertory system there is no room for personalities, which can be utilized only for very special parts. We had, one and all, the benefit of repertory experience, otherwise we should have suffered severely by comparison. \*\*\* It was surprising how, whether in the case of an audience of schoolboys and schoolgirls or one of adults, the plays seemed to be followed with the greatest interest. Even closely tutted Prussian officers appeared to have no difficulty in understanding the dialogue. A very considerable proportion of Germans must have acquired more than a smattering of our language."

H. B. Irving appeared Dec. 28 at the Queen's Theatre, London, for the first time in a one-act play, "For the Soul of the King." It is based by Frank Richardson on a short story by Balzac. An abbe and two ex-nuns are hiding in an attic, and a strange man comes to them. He has been watching the house for some days. He admits that he is a revolutionary, but he wishes to attend a celebration

of the mass. He is the executioner, and he has come from the guillotining of the King. Mr. Irving took the part of the stranger. The play made a deep impression.

#### CONCERT NOTES.

The fourth symphony concert in Cambridge will be given in Sanders Theatre Thursday evening, Jan. 20. Mischa Elman will play Tchaikowsky's Concerto for Violin in D major, Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" and Dukas' Scherzo, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" will complete the program.

William J. Henderson, the music critic of the New York Sun, will lecture in Chickering Hall Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 1, on "Epochs of Piano Music." Mme. Olga Samaroff will play the musical illustrations.

Hamilton Hodges, an American baritone, who has been touring in Australia and New Zealand, will give a recital in Chickering Hall on Tuesday evening, the 25th.

Mme. Samaroff will give the second concert of the Milton education series in the town hall, Milton, Tuesday, at 8 P. M. The program will include pieces by Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin, MacDowell, Stojowski, Rachmaninoff, Juon, Liszt, Schultze-Evler.

Josef Adamowski announces a cello recital by his pupil, Miss Virginia Stickney, in Steinert Hall on Saturday, Feb. 5, an evening, when the Symphony orchestra gives no concert in Boston.

The Woman's Society of Temple Israel, Boston, announces the second memorial organ recital to be given at Temple Israel, Commonwealth avenue, by its organist and choir-master, Henry L. Gideon, today at 4 o'clock. Mr. Gideon will be assisted by Jules Falk of Philadelphia, violinist.

Albert Edmund Brown will give a song recital in Chickering Hall on Wednesday evening, Feb. 2.

Mme. Liza Lehmann will repeat on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 5, in Symphony Hall, the concert of her own compositions that gave so much pleasure here recently. The same singers, Mme. Jomelli, Mme. Palgrave-Turner, Dan Beddoe, Frederick Hastings and Albert Hole, the boy soprano, will take part. Subscriptions are now received by L. H. Mudgett at Symphony Hall.

The second in the series of formal organ recitals will be given at the Eliot Church, Newton, next Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, by Gaston Detrier of New York city, assisted by Miss Ada Campbell Hussey, contralto, also of New York city.

The People's Choral Union will give its seventh mid-winter concert in Symphony Hall Sunday evening, the 23d. The program will include works of Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Palestrina and others, including a piece for male voices written for and dedicated to the men of the People's Choral Union by the conductor, Mr. Wodell. "Rose Maiden," by Cowens, will also be sung. The soloists will be Miss Elleda Perley, Miss Annie Miller Wood, James H. Rattigan and Kenneth Bingham. Herman A. Shedd will be the organist, Miss Bertha C. Wright the pianist and 40 players of the Symphony Orchestra will assist.

#### MEN AND THINGS

An Italian, Arturo Toscanini, was the conspicuous feature in the operatic week that ended here last night, and his overwhelming triumph was won as conductor of "Tristan und Isolde." Among the strangers on the stage, fortunately strangers no more to us, was Pasquale Amato, an Italian who was a remarkably fine Kurwenal in Wagner's music drama. Italians both!

Their art may disabuse many of the long-entertained idea that only Germans can sing and act effectively in Wagnerian opera. Is Wagner's art then parochial, and not universal? He himself talked and wrote endlessly about German art for Germans, as he wrote at tiresome length about all sorts of things, but in practice he was not so narrow, so prejudiced. He thought for a time of producing "Tristan und Isolde" at Rio Janeiro. He was crazed by the ambition to have his works produced in French on the stage of the Paris Opera. He welcomed the news of any performance in Italian. Nor did he have any illusions concerning the condition of vocal art in Germany. On this subject he wrote frankly and to the annoyance of German singers.

Italians have shone in the production of Wagnerian opera before



# 'ISRAEL' PRODUCED IN HOLLIS THEATRE

By PHILIP HALE.

## HOLLIS STREET THEATRE:

First performance in Boston of Henry Bernstein's play in three acts, "Israel." Production by Charles Frohman.

Mr. Bernstein wrote a powerful play which he called "Israel," and it was produced at the Theatre Rejane Oct. 13, 1908, with Mme. Rejane and Messrs. Gauthier, Signoret and De Max as the chief characters. In this play Thibault, Prince of Clair and of Jew-baiters, insults in a club a fellow-member, a Jew banker. He is about to fight a duel with him when he learns from his mother that this banker is his father. He then abandons the thought of the duel and resolves to kill himself. He is almost persuaded by Pere de Silvain, who plays an important part in this piece, to enter a monastery. The banker talks with Thibault, shows him that his most striking qualities—eloquence, audacity, love of fame, aggressiveness—are inherited and Jewish.

The banker urges him to live and be a leader of men. Thibault goes into an adjoining room and takes poison. The mother enters with the holy father, who thunders at the banker: "What did you say to him?" Guttleb answers: "I did not do it. 'Twas not I that killed my boy. Your God killed him." The mother exclaims, "No, no. God never kills! God helps us live!" and she totters toward the next room murmuring: "In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost," while Guttleb sobs.

It was thought by Mr. Frohman that this play would not please "American taste," and according to a statement made some time ago by Mr. Frohman, he persuaded Mr. Bernstein to change the play and furnish a happy ending. Thus Mr. Bernstein showed that he preferred American dollars to the art about which he has written frequently and with a fine display of emotion. And thus he ruined irreparably a striking play.

In the version now playing at the Hollis Street Theatre the confessor of the Duchess becomes a mere figure-head. A young girl is introduced, so that there may be a "love interest." The third act is wholly changed. The duel has taken place. Thibault disappointed his friends, for the banker escaped with a scratch. The long scene between Thibault and Pere de Silvain is cut out. The banker leaves the room after his talk with Thibault, who is then about to kill himself, not by poison as in the original, but by a pistol shot. The young girl enters and saves Thibault by a confession of her love. Enters also the Duchess to give her blessing. O lame and impotent conclusion!

It is doubtful whether they that have not seen the bitterness of antisemitism in a European city could fully appreciate the intensity of Bernstein's original play, as they that have not lived in Germany fail to recognize the force of the parental authority in "Magda." Thibault's character is sharply drawn by Bernstein in the first act, which may seem for the most part dull to those who cannot understand why there should be such a pothe over one Jew or many Jews. But this act is admirably planned, and contains careful studies of character, as that of de Mauve, as that of de Glegenoy.

When this Thibault learns that he himself is the son of a Jew; that he, according to his foolish but honest belief, is a man of tainted, accursed blood; that his devout mother, who to him has been an ideal of purity and religious faith, once loved this banker and for his sake was unfaithful to her beast of a husband; there is nothing left for him but to commit suicide. To kill himself is the logical and inevitable conclusion. No gospel-eyed girl could swerve him from his purpose.

The original version of "Israel" is sternly logical. Thibault's usefulness to his faith, his party, his friends was destroyed the moment he found out that the chief of the race he loathed was his father. He thought for a moment of a monastery, but only for a moment. His

own father showed him the folly of his purpose. But Thibault had no right to the name of his supposed father. To be known as Guttleb was impossible. The only solution was death. And does Mr. Frohman believe in his soul that an American audience prefers pap to meat?

In the present version the first act is a skilful presentation of arguments for and against the Jews. There is no action until Thibault knocks off the banker's hat, but the dialogue is animated and engrossing. The beginning of the second act is seriously marred by the omission of the scenes in which Mauve and Glegenoy appear in the house of the duchess. The apparition of the young girl is necessary to prepare for her confession in the last act, but it is felt to be irrelevant, if not impertinent, even by those who do not know the original version. The rest of the act is powerful. In the third act, as it now stands, only the scene between the father and the son has interest or dramatic value. The pity of it all! Mr. Bernstein should write another preface, giving his reasons for thus wishing to please the Americans.

Miss Collier, looking far too young for the Duchess, who is 50 years old, showed a certain routine, skill, defective enunciation, and an intensity that, occasionally plausible, was not convincing in the most dramatic moments of the chief scene. Mr. Browne was excellent in the first act. He was not equal to the demands in those that followed. Mr. Arden's impersonation of Guttleb was consistent, intelligent, effective. The part of de Glegenoy was well played.

A large audience was at first deeply interested, and the great scene in the second act provoked applause that was akin to enthusiasm. The interest fell in the course of the final act, for the solution of the happy ending was too obvious and it discredited the scenes that had preceded.

## MRS. HILTZ GIVES PROGRAM OF SONGS

Mrs. Evangeline Hiltz gave a song recital in Chickering Hall last evening. Mrs. Hiltz was assisted by Miss Alice Gleason, violinist, and Mr. M. E. Packard, flutist. The program was as follows:

Henschel, "Sing Heigho-Ho"; Lang, "Day Is Gone"; Henschel, "Spring"; Tosti, "La Serenata"; Old Italian Song, Veneziana; David, "Charmant Oiseau"; MacDowell, "The Robin Sings in the Apple Tree"; "In the Woods"; Hahn, "L'Heure Exquise"; Chaminade, "Si j'étais Jardinier"; Hue, "Soleil Païen"; Hascall, "Bird Song."

Miss Gleason played these pieces: Mendelssohn, Andante and Allegro from Concerto; Sinding, Romance; d'Ambrosio, Canzonetta; Brahms, Joachim, Hungarian Dance.

Both singer and violinist received much applause last evening from the small and friendly audience. Mrs. Hiltz is a pretty little singer, with a small, high voice, into which she throws but little color or intensity. She has evidently adopted the coloratura style as hers, and not without reason. Her ascending rapid scales were true and clear, and many of her trills were exceedingly good. Mrs. Hiltz touches the tones above A only very softly. In fact, she let her voice out fully only on one tone during the entire evening. One felt that she was holding back either from timidity or distrust of herself. Nevertheless, the songs were prettily sung and pleasing to hear.

Miss Gleason is evidently a violinist of the Joachim school. She has strength and skill in her left hand. The bowing is not so good. She is inclined to press too hard or else uses too light a bow, and she lacks a fine poetic sense. The Joachim transcription of Brahms' Hungarian dance was the most successful of her numbers, for here the vigor and dash of her style told effectively, and the delicacy was not missed.

The accompaniments by Mrs. Hascall and Miss Belcher and the flute obligatos by Mr. Packard were well done.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Thomas E. Shea in the four-act drama by Henry Irving Dodge, "Counsel for the Defense." The cast:

Henry Desmond.....Thomas E. Shea  
Albert Dildwiddle.....James J. Cassidy  
Jason Strong.....Spencer Charters  
Herbert Van Zandt.....Warren B. Emerson

Duchess of Grucey.....Constance Collier  
Henriette.....Christine Norman  
Thibault.....Graham Brown  
Justin Guttleb.....Edwin Arden  
Pere Silvain.....Dudley Digges  
Count de Glegenoy.....Fred Lyle  
Marquis de Mauve.....Franklin Ritchie  
Dector.....Mario Majewski  
Count de Morice.....Francis M. Vordell  
Gilbert de Jouvigny.....Mallory Hamilton  
Regid Hurst.....Dallas Anderson  
Louis.....J. Homer Hunt  
Servant.....C. H. Newell  
Footman.....E. C. Jennings  
William Morgan

Lieut. Duff.....James F. Ayers  
John Leslie.....Harry B. Stafford  
Nero.....L. E. Charles  
Robert Desmond.....Herbert Heywood  
Richard Matthews.....Charles E. Lake  
Mr. Wilson.....George Brown  
Mr. Bradford.....Charles Morris  
Walter.....William Dickerman  
Rose Addison.....Charlotte Burkett  
Helen Leslie.....Pearl Ford

## MISS ST. DENIS AT HOLLIS.

Oriental Dance Interpretations Please  
Beauty Lovers and Students.

The fourth week of the artistic oriental dances of Ruth St. Denis opened yesterday afternoon at the Hollis.

## READS MAETERLINCK PLAY.

Mrs. Marion Craig Wentworth Gives  
"Pelleas and Melisande."

Mrs. Marion Craig Wentworth read Maeterlinck's play, "Pelleas and Melisande," in Steinert Hall, yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Wentworth's delivery was easy and natural. She is reposeful in manner and uses but few gestures. The attention of the small audience present was absolute. Mrs. Wentworth is too much tied to her book to be effective at times, but two scenes were excellently done, namely, the scene between Goland and the child, and that between Pelleas and Melisande at the window. There are moments when the quality of voice used in speaking Melisande's part becomes monotonous.

The little stage was prettily set and lighted and added much to the pleasure of the audience. The next reading will be on Monday afternoon, Jan. 24, and the subject will be Zangwell's "Melting Pot."

## KEITH'S SEES LOIE FULLER'S DANCERS

Living flames, leaping in lakes of light, Loie Fuller's ballet dancers took Keith's by storm last evening. Part of it was a real storm, too—as real as realistic thunder, lightning and tempestuous conflagrations could make it. The wonderful scenery, invented by Miss Fuller herself, was not the least of the beautiful feature of the ballet that has been delighting audiences at the New York Metropolitan Opera House and at the Boston Opera House.

Mystical cliffs deep under the sea, bits of cavernous skylands, meteors, moss grown castles, wavering waters—one by one the scenes unfolded. Yet the battlements and the cliffs were all carved only by light and shade, vari-colored, thrown upon a dead white curtain of gauze. To and fro in these weird landscapes, seascapes and cloudscape fluttered violet, gold, orange, purple, scarlet butterflies. They changed to flames—it mattered not to the audience what they were called, so long as they continued to dance in the exquisite glowing fires that seemed to spring, not from the stage wings, but from the dancers' swirling draperies. Loie Fuller herself danced in the last number, and was heartily applauded.

"The School of Acting" kept the audience screaming from its first lines to its last. Blanche Nichols as Constant Lemon was a whole show without needing accessories. She was ably supported by the following company: W. H. Murphy, Jean Raymond, George Rogers, Jess Schomaker, Frank Bell, J. R. Schultz. Hugh Lloyd, the bounding rope artist, performed extraordinary feats on

Mrs. Tosca and Aristo visited us. Years ago Von Ullrich, hearing a performance of "Lohengrin" in Bologna, marvelled at the singing of Italo Campanini as the knight and at certain details of the production. Felix Weingartner, hearing a performance of "Die Meistersinger" in London and in Italian, was so impressed thereby that he endeavored to model after it a performance that he himself was to conduct.

It may be said that "Tristan und Isolde" is peculiarly German. The statement would be preposterous. The legend and the characters are not German. The music is not essentially German.

Many remember the superb performance of Lohengrin by Campanini and that of Vanderdecken by Galassi. One of the best performances of "Lohengrin" ever given in this city was led by the Italian Mancinelli. One of the most interesting performances of "Die Meistersinger" in this city was in Italian, although Mr. Seidl conducted, and the chief singers were not Germans. Music that is truly great has no boundary lines with custom houses and officials swathed in red tape.

It is often said that only the English can play and understand and appreciate the works of Shakespeare. The Germans laugh at this and insist that they alone understand Shakespeare, and some of their deep-thinking commentators have cherished the fond delusion that Shakespeare was after all a German save by the accident of birth. They discovered Shakespeare, if they did not invent him. It is the easiest thing in the world for an English speaking critic to dismiss Mounet-Sully, Mme. Bernhardt, or Novelli with the remark that it is presumptuous for a foreigner to play in a tragedy or comedy by Shakespeare. This flatters the pride of the critic's fellow-villagers and relieves the critic of any analytical task. But are Hamlet and Shylock English characters to be understood only by those speaking English?

It was a pleasure to hear the acts of "Tristan und Isolde" and "Lohengrin" last week without the discordant interruption of applause; either genuine or manufactured laboriously. Applause was reserved until the fall of the curtain. In "Tosca," when Miss Farrar knifed the Baron Scarpia, there were some who began to clap their hands, but the good sense of the audience prevailed, and this impertinent applause was promptly checked. We say impertinent, for, although it was well meant and showed commendably virtuous indignation at the conduct of Scarpia and righteous rejoicing at his fate, it marred the impressiveness of the scene.

It is much to be regretted that the rule was not laid down at the opening of the Boston Opera House that here should be no applause during the progress of an act; that any demonstration of appreciation should be made after the fall of the curtain. As it is, there is scattering applause when a tenor enters who has thoughtfully seen to it that a few friends are judiciously seated; and when this or that singer ends an aria there is immediate applause, not from the many in the audience, but from a few, so that an intelligent visiting foreigner might believe in the existence of a clique.

This applause is not only injurious to the effect of the scene, and disturbing to the great majority of the hearers, but it works harm to the singers, who seldom underestimate their ability. In a recent performance of "Carmen," when Mr. Constantino had ended his romance in the second act, he fell on his knees before the gypsy. He sang the music well, and he was probably aware of the fact. At that particular time he was not in pressing need of reassurance. And what did Mr. Constantino do? Did he gaze passionately at Carmen and disregard the noise across the footlights? No. He smirked and grinned and bowed. Don Jose had vanished from the stage. And there was only Mr. Constantino in the act of acknowledging applause.

They order this thing better in many opera houses. Why should applause not be allowed to interrupt the course of a Wagnerian act and yet be permitted to ruin a scene by Verdi, Gounod, Bizet, Puccini? Wagner's operas are no more sacred than masterpieces by others. Let us have a pleasing uniformity. If Tristan, Elsa, Gurnemanz are not to be disturbed by clapping of hands, have Aida, Marguerite, Don Jose, Mimì no rights? And if a singer is hopelessly and arrogantly inadequate and untuneful, why should there not be an expression of disapproval? But in Boston, as elsewhere, applause falls, like the rain, on the just and on the unjust.



rope that was elastic enough to let him bounce upon it. He danced a hornpipe on the bounding rope, playing a fiddle all the time. He danced a cakewalk playing a tambourine. Then, blindfolded and with his head shrouded in a sack, he turned several somersaults on the rope, amid the mingled alarm and amazement of those who watched him.

Jesse L. Lasky's Imperial Musicians gave a musical act that was refreshingly original, though a bit too crash-bang. All 10 musicians play admirably but that is no reason for playing at the top of their lungs or the limit of their muscles. The barnyard and Coney Island selections were particularly good.

Harry B. Lester sang songs, told stories and gave imitations. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins Fisher gave a quietly humorous sketch called "The Half-Way House." Hawthorne and Burt sang parodies, Charles Doolin and James McCool, the baseball favorite and his partner, sang Irish songs, and the Dollar Troupe performed startling acrobatic stunts.

## SEVERIN PLAYS WORDLESS DRAMA

Without a dull spot is the bill at the American Music Hall this week.

Severin, supported by a large and capable company, plays the pantomime "Conscience." There is a murder, Severin as Pierrot, a Parisian crook, finds evidence which convicts Vautour, a banker, and uses it to save his innocent friend, condemned to die. That is the skeleton of the drama.

Wordlessly the events are marshalled before the audience, every thought of the characters and every happening so clearly portrayed by gesture and facial play that there could be no misunderstanding. Severin holds the centre of the stage, and it is fascinating to watch him, especially when he tells the story of the crime, which he does three times. The spectators yesterday afternoon sat absorbed while the plot was unfolded through four deeply dramatic acts.

Cliff Gordon, as the German senator, mutilated the English language to the huge delight of a house to whom he was plainly an old friend. His linguistic contortions and still more his whimsical philosophizing about things and happenings of popular and political interest, won him, as usual, much laughter and applause.

With fresh songs, but her own ridiculous costumes, Nellie Wallace stays another week. If it were possible she puts more vim into her grotesque impersonations than before and is funnier than ever in "Right Opposite Where I Was Living," and her song about "A Directoire gown, in which she wears a costume in which she only needs to parade about to make everybody laugh.

Wilfred Clarke and his company present a spirited farce. It is not the one the program describes, but that is no matter, for it is brimful of fun and is acted by four players who do not let things lag for a moment. There are amusing complications, much bewildering going in and out, numerous bits of business, all woven together into a vivacious play and done with a dash that would make even an inferior vehicle sparkle.

The Lady in Black, called a "titled woman who insists on concealing her identity," sits at a grand piano on a darkened stage, with a single beam of light from behind, shining upon her veiled head. Neither the very effective stage trick nor the mystery of who she is are needed to make her singing agreeable, for her fine contralto voice is skillfully used in a group of four songs it is a delight to listen to.

Chamberlain throwing is the business of Rawson and June, who make the carved sticks perform strange gyrations. Some target shooting with bow and arrows, spears and the Australian "throw stick" fills out their novel turn.

Miss Alice Lorette brings back her white pointer and poses with the dog

in effective hunting pictures. Irving Jones and Burt Grant, two colored performers, have some new songs and some new conversation that does not need horseplay to make it funny.

## LADY CONSTANCE'S DEBUT.

Dances in London Music Hall in Dress Described as Daring.

[Special Cable Dispatch to the Boston Herald.]

LONDON, Jan. 17.—Lady Constance Stewart Richardson made her appearance as the latest recruit to the vaudeville stage at the Palace Theatre tonight and gave several dances to music by Grieg, Tschalkowsky and Waldteufel, and has greatly advanced in her dancing since she gave an exhibition in New York.

She wore a short Greek tunic, apparently made of a single piece of flimsy material through which the flesh was plainly visible. In fact, the costume is described as the most daring ever seen on the English stage.

Lady Constance's friends had gathered in force, and after her last dance she gave a polka in which there was much more grace and movement than in the other selections and which was encored. She got a number of handsome floral tributes, one of them standing as high as herself.

## MISCHA ELMAN'S VIOLIN RECITAL

Mischa Elman, violinist, assisted by Percy Kahn, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. His program was as follows:

Lalo, Spanish symphony; Handel, sorata, D major; Gluck-Wilhelmj, Melody; Haydn, minuet; Schubert-Elman, Serenade; Mozart-Auer, Gavotte; Wieniawski, Fantasia on airs from "Faust"; Pergolesi, Aria; Paganini, variations on "Di tanti palpiti," from Rossini's "Tancredi."

Mr. Elman played three movements from Lalo's bewitching work. In the first movement he was not at his best, but he recovered himself and gave a brilliant performance of those that followed. The chief theme of the Andante was sung with true sentiment, while the song in the Rondo was somewhat exaggerated and tone was forced, but the performance as a whole was admirable.

Excellent, too, was the reading of Handel's sonata for its purity of style, breadth and nobility. The group of small pieces gave the audience much pleasure, and the violinist's arrangement of Schubert's Serenade was redemanded. Yet the performance of Gluck's Melody and Haydn's Minuet was on a higher plane.

After a dazzling display of technical proficiency in his playing of the "Faust" fantasia, Mr. Elman was slow in responding to the applause, and when he played an interpolated piece many in the audience thought it was the final number and at the end of it left the hall. While he was playing the variations on Rossini's once famous air, a peg of his violin turned and he was obliged to stop for tuning. The variation in harmonics that followed suffered thereby. At the end of the concert there was a scene of enthusiasm.

There were many empty seats on the floor and there were some empty ones in the first balcony. The second balcony was well filled. The audience was most appreciative. Mr. Elman gave a remarkable exhibition of technical proficiency and sensuous tone. It is to be hoped that a tendency to turn sentiment into sentimentalism and to distort rhythm for the sake of making an effect will not become a fixed habit.

## "DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE."

Thomas E. Shea in Familiar Play at Grand Opera House.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Thomas E. Shea in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the four-act drama by Eugene Thomas, from the story by Robert Louis Stevenson. The cast:

Dr. Jekyll, Mr. Hyde.....Thomas E. Shea  
Dr. Lanyon.....Spencer Charters  
Gabriel Utterson.....Harry B. Stafford  
Rev. George Johnson.....Warren B. Emerson  
Richard Enfield.....Herbert Heywood  
Sir Danvers Carew.....James J. Cassidy  
Abraham Poole.....Charles E. Lake

Inspector Newcomb.....George Brown  
James.....Herbert Heywood  
Margaret Carew.....Charlotte Burkett  
Susan.....Pearl Ford  
Old Jane.....Jane Brown

The play is familiar, and remains popular in spite of faulty construction, and gaps that are left to be bridged over by the spectator's acquaintance with the narrative. Many of the characters are introduced for dramatic purposes, including Margaret Carew, and the young inspector, whose garrulity, however adequate to stage demands, would certainly cost him his job in real life.

If the play is well known, so is Mr. Shea in the dual role of Jekyll and Hyde. He has dignity of bearing, ease in action, and he played with a sincerity that carried conviction. He was deft in the quick changes in make-up, and with the aids of stage setting and lights wrought an atmosphere of terror that found its way to the stoutest heart. The stage management was extremely good.

Miss Burkett was charming as Margaret Carew, but had very little to do. The other parts were generally well taken.

The play this evening will be "The Bells."

## MISS MAUD ALLAN BOWS TO AMERICA

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Maud Allan, dancer, made her first appearance in America yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Assisted by an orchestra of Symphony players led by Mr. Strube, she "interpreted" Rubinstein's melody in F., a "Peer Gyn" Suite No. 1; Chopin's Mendelssohn's "Spring Song"; Grieg's "Peer Gyne" Suite, No. 1; Chopin's Funeral March and Rubinstein's Valse Caprice. She adds to this program an "interpretation" of Delibes' Passepied from his music to "Le Roi s'amuse." The orchestra played pieces by Nicolai, Tschalkowsky, Brahms and Wagner.

The Psalmist saith that the Lord taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man. Let us all rejoice in the arms of Miss Allan. These arms were the feature of the entertainment. Not that she danced on her hands, as in windows of stained glass and illuminated manuscripts of the 14th century. Salome dances before Herod to his great delight, and to the evident amazement of his guests; for in an old version of the New Testament it is said that Salome "vaulted" before the Tetrarch. In the pictorial representations of this performance, Salome, sour-faced, is clad in a meal sack. Not even her feet are visible. And for this John lost his head!

But the arms of Miss Allan are not commonplace, and thus there was a welcome relief. Much has been said about her "interpretative" genius, and we have all been told how jukes and belted earls and royalty itself were overcome by her grace and beauty, her passion and her genius. Only from St. Petersburg and Moscow, where Miss Allan recently danced, came a discordant note in the symphony of praise.

Whether music can be interpreted by dancing is an excellent subject for academic discussion. Let us admit that a spring song, a musical description of morning and a funeral march can thus be interpreted. Let us admit that if a composer paints in tones the aurora borealis or an African jungle, a dancer can interpret this music to an audience provided she first take off her shoes, stockings and still more intimate garments.

The question is: Does Miss Allan interpret what she sets out to interpret?

She has beautiful arms, a comely face. She is light on her feet and graceful in her movements and attitudes; but her attitudes and gestures and boundings and steps are very few in number, nor is her facial play so varied that she expresses or suggests a variety of sentiments and emotions. Nor has she imagination. Nor is her personality dominating. See her for a few minutes, and she is a pretty picture when she is animated. See

her once capering to lively music, or once striking attitudes to a dirge, and you have seen the whole of her art as shown in the program of yesterday.

Comparisons are to be discouraged, but in this instance they are inevitable. Miss Adeline Gence, a true interpreter and a superb dancer in the common acceptance of the word, is in another class. So is Miss Ruth St. Denis, a woman of rare personal charm and of exquisite art, who does not attempt to "interpret" music. Miss Isadora Duncan does make this attempt, and she and Miss Allan may fairly be compared. Miss Allan has a marked advantage over Miss Duncan in face and figure, but in all that pertains to what is now known as "interpretative" dancing, Miss Duncan shows imagination, a more commanding individuality and a far greater variety of expression.

Miss Allan's range is limited in palpable expression and she has little power in suggestion. The "story" of each musical composition is probably clear to her, but she does not make it clear to the spectator. When she should be blithe and joyous, she naturally tosses her arms about and leaps nimbly. When she should be sad, her face is grave and her movements are in a slow tempo. And this is all. Take her "Spring Song," for example. How pale and ordinary it is in comparison with Miss Gertrude Hoffmann's dance to the same music. Miss Hoffmann frankly confessed that she saw Miss Allan in London and imitated her; but Miss Hoffmann went beyond the imitation, and her dance was the incarnation of Spring, exultant, aglow with life and joy and youth, the Spring of poets and lovers.

Was there a suggestion yesterday of any difference between the expression of a waltz and that of a mazurka, between that of "Aase's Death" and the "Funeral March"? And what was there in the latter but meaningless groping about the stage. Was there a suggestion of the Orient in "Anitra's Dance"?

The performance of Miss Allan, after the first pleasant sight of prettiness, was commonplace and monotonous. We have all seen other dancers of this class who were heroic, pathetic, woodland nymphs, maidens of the time when gods and goddesses mingled with mortals, sculptural, touching the earth only to renew strength or in their strength spurning the soil, rejoicing with the free limbs of Diana, classic and beautiful in sorrow, delirious in the ecstasy of the dance. Miss Allan has studied pictures and statues, has haunted museums, has mediated her art. But an "interpretative" dancer should first of all have imagination, and a few fine gestures and a few graceful attitudes are not the whole of technique.

An audience of good size was generous with applause. Miss Allan was obliged to repeat the "Spring Song," and a portion of the "Valse Caprice," and, as has been stated, she added Delibes' "Passepied" in response to enthusiastic appreciation at the end of the program.

Miss Allan will dance again in Symphony Hall next Wednesday evening.

## SHEA IN "THE BELLS."

Impersonation of the Murderer Consistent and Well Sustained.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Thomas E. Shea in "The Bells," four-act drama by Messrs. Lewis and Thomas, translated and adapted from Erckmann-Chatrian's "The Polish Jew." The cast:

Mathias.....Thomas E. Shea  
Kasper.....George Brown  
Father Walter.....Spencer Charters  
Hans.....Charles E. Lake  
Dr. Zimmer.....Warren B. Emerson  
Daniel Walters.....James F. Ayres  
Old John Robeck.....William Dickerman  
Joseph Kovesky.....Harry B. Stafford  
Christian Beme.....James J. Cassidy  
Notary.....L. E. Charles  
President of the court.....Charles Morri  
Catherine.....Charlotte Burkett  
Annette.....Pearl Ford  
Sozel.....Jane Brown

## GIVE SONATA RECITAL.

Mr. and Mrs. Mannes Play Interesting Program at Jordan Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes gave their second recital of the season last evening in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows:



Greg. Sonata, op. 10, No. 3; Leopold Damrosch, Romance; Franck, Sonata in major.

It is always a pleasure to hear Mr. and Mrs. Mannes play together in the perfection of their ensemble, their absolute sympathy and accord in interpretation is rare and refreshing.

It is interesting to compare Mr. and Mrs. Mannes' playing of Grieg's third sonata with that of other musicians. Last evening it had the freshness and pure, cold beauty of the north, with flashes of the northern lights. It was a breath from the north, a kind of beauty which one could be glad to bring into one's home. When Ysaye last played the sonata in this country he threw into it such an intensity of passion and sensuality that one felt ashamed at having remained in the room.

Of a pure white was also the Beethoven sonata, white both in its writing and in its interpretation. The minuet was gracefully worked out, but a lack of steadiness in rhythm marred the last movement.

"The Romance," written by Mrs. Mannes' father, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, is pleasant to hear, but is not of great musical worth. The theme is developed after the manner of Wilhelmj. Mr. Mannes paid his wife the courtesy of using his notes and so making it a joint affair, but it is a violin solo and might as well have stood frankly so on the program. It is to be hoped Mr. Mannes will introduce another little interlude like this at future sonata recitals, as many of his audience enjoyed it.

Cesar Franck's sonata is one of the most beautiful of the compositions for violin and piano. It is of an unearthly kind of beauty, and it was played with a loving care and perfection of finish which made it the most enjoyable number of the evening's program. In listening to its haunting melodies one forgets how cleverly it is written.

The audience was much larger than at the first recital and was warm in its praise.

## SYMPHONY PLAYS BERLIOZ OVERTURE

By PHILIP HALE.

The 13th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Messrs. Hess and Schroeder were the solo violinist and cellist. The program was as follows:

Overture to "Rob Roy" . . . . . Berlioz  
Concerto for violin and cello, Brahms  
"Thus Spake Zarathustra" . . . . . Strauss

The overture to "Rob Roy" is nearly 80 years old, and it was not played here until yesterday. But for many years the "Rob Roy" overture was supposed to be non-existent. Berlioz declared that he destroyed the work the day of its first performance in Paris, and few knew that there was a copy of the score in the library of the Paris Conservatory. The score was not published until 1900, and Chicago, more curious than Boston, heard the overture in November of that year.

Berlioz told the world that he destroyed his score because it was diffuse and long, and the audience did not like it; but the memoirs of Berlioz, entertaining as they are, are not always statements of fact. The composer was a superb romanticist even in his recollections. Is it not probable that he destroyed "Rob Roy" because he used some of the material for his "Harold in Italy" symphony? The chief solo in the former for the English horn became the chief theme for the violin in the latter, and in the overture there was an anticipation of the motive that in the symphony reminds one of Offenbach's "Voici le Sabre" in "La Grande Duchesse."

It is easy in 1910 to smile at this "Rob Roy" overture, yet in several respects it was an uncommon work in the early thirties. First of all, it shows the instinct of Berlioz for orchestration, his fine ear for contrasting timbres, his clearness, his sense of proportion. It is true that he here uses frequently the least advantageous tones of the English horn, but he evidently wished their effect.

Did he intend to give a final summary of Scott's novel, or merely to write an overture of Scottish character, as revealed by the "Wizard of the North"? There is the introduction of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"; there is the suggestion of a reel or Highland fling; there is music of a chivalric nature, and the English horn solo with harp accompaniment may be reasonably taken to express courtship. The theme that some one has named the "Rob Roy" motive has little character, and Berlioz inventing it may not have had Rob Roy in his mind.

It is idle to speculate on the precise nature of the program. If Berlioz had a program, he did not reveal it. And if the theory of Boschot is sound—that Berlioz wrote the overture, hearing that a play, "MacGregor," was to be produced at a theatre in Paris—this overture has little in common with the scenario of the play. For several reasons the theory of Boschot is untenable.

An intelligent foreigner, attending the concert in his study of American life, manners and morals, and seeing and hearing Messrs. Hess and Schroeder playing the double concerto by Brahms, might have entered in his notebook last night: "This afternoon I saw two excellent musicians, accomplished virtuosos, unjustifiably condemned to hard labor in the sight of a large audience. The fortitude of these musicians, their resolute behavior, their courage and patience in the accomplishment of a stubborn and disagreeable task, excited my admiration, and we all applauded vigorously to support them in their hour of trial and to reward them when they were released from bondage."

Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra gave a brilliant and impressive performance of Richard Strauss' colossal tone poem, a performance that should have awakened enthusiasm and not merely feeble hand-clapping. Marcel Schwebel in his bitter "Treatise on Journalism" put among the "100 Best Books" of the journalist a condensed "Nietzsche for society people." Strauss, or Mr. Fiedler, might arrange a pleasing potpourri, "Gems from 'Thus Spake Zarathustra'" for afternoon performances. This potpourri should include the overpowering introduction, the dance song (in simpler form), the trumpet leap that at times in its elaboration reminds one of the once popular tune, "Where did you get that hat?" the episode with the bell and the mystical conclusion.

It is too late to inquire whether Strauss should have tried "to convey by means of music an idea of the development of the human race from its origin, through the various phases of its development, religious and scientific, up to Nietzsche's idea of the Superman." No one, not even Strauss, could do all this, and did Strauss make the statement with a straight face? If he had given the title "Homage to Nietzsche" he would then have allowed hearers to "find things" in the music, each hearer according to his light.

Nine out of ten will listen to this symphonic poem as though it were absolute music, music without a program. "Thus Spake Zarathustra" contains some wonderful pages, but as a whole, as a work of purely musical art, it falls below "Don Juan." "Till Eulenspiegel" and "Death and Transfiguration." But Strauss' partisans might answer that with "Zarathustra" the composer invented a new art.

The program of the concert next week will be as follows:

Beethoven, Fugue for strings, op. 133; Franck, Symphony in D minor; Sibelius, "Night Ride and Sunrise" (first time); Wagner, Prelude and "Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolde."

**WILL PLAY WORKS  
NEVER HEARD HERE**

**Boston Orchestral Club Is to  
Perform Compositions of  
Ultra-Modern French School  
for First Time.**

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Orchestral Club, Mrs. R. J. Hall president, Georges Longy conductor, will play on Wednesday night in Jordan Hall some interesting compositions of the ultra-modern French school, and these compositions will be heard here for the first time.

Debussey's "Scottish March on a Folk Tune" was not written originally for orchestra. It was composed for the piano (four hands) as far back as 1891, a little later than the Suite Bergamasque for piano and the "Five Poems of Baudelaire" for a voice, and three years before the composition of "The Afternoon of a Faun."

D'Indy's "Souvenirs" is said by some to be the finest work of the composer. It may be remembered that when Mr. d'Indy was in Boston in December, 1905, he received a cablegram announcing the alarming sickness of his wife. She died soon after his return to Paris and he was inconsolable. "Souvenirs" is dedicated to "the well beloved," and it was performed for the first time at a concert of the National Society, Paris, April 20, 1907, when the composer conducted.

Maurice Ravel is known here by a few piano pieces and a string quartet, but he has written an overture, "Scheherazade"; three poems for voice and orchestra, also entitled "Scheherazade"; an opera, "L'Heure Espagnole," and other works, among them some extraordinary songs with words taken from Jules Renard's "Natural History."

This "Spanish Rhapsody" was completed in 1907, but the third movement, a Habanera, was composed originally for two pianos in 1895. The first public performance of the Rhapsody was at a Colonne concert in March, 1908. The second movement, a Malaguena, pleased so much that it was repeated. The applause, however, came chiefly from the top gallery, and at the end of the repetition a voice was heard shouting: "Play it once more for the people down stairs who have not understood it." The same voice was heard addressing the crowd in the more expensive seats: "If it had been a thing by Wagner you would have found it very beautiful."

The Rhapsody was played again at the Colonna concert the 19th of last December, when Mr. Boutard characterized the work as a very skilful and interesting "exteriorization" of the sensuous nights of Spain, the languor of the soul in hours of revery, the brutality of the Spanish nature when aroused, the exuberance of song and dance, with costumes that dazzle even under a burning sun. The piece is scored for an uncommonly large orchestra which includes a sarrusophone, snare drum, bass drum, triangle, tambourine, tam-tam, xylophone and celeste.

There are four movements: Prelude to the Night; Malaguena, Habanera, and The Fair. The Malaguena is a dance usually classed with the Fandango, and is commonly in 3-8 time of moderate movement, with accompaniment of guitar and castanets. It is performed between rhymed verses, during the singing of which the dance stops. The word itself is applied to a popular air characteristic of Malaga, and Richard Ford described the women of Malaga, "Las Malaguenas," as "very bewitching." The Habanera is a Cuban dance which, it is said, was introduced into Cuba by African negroes. Bizet took an old theme, included in Yradier's collection, for the entrance song of Carmen, the Habanera so well known, but he wrote this version in the course of the rehearsals, for he had at first composed another song, in 6-8, and with chorus. Galli-Marie was not satisfied with it. She wished something more sharply defined, more sensuous, in which, as Charles Pigot says, she could at her ease employ the whole arsenal of her "artistic perversities: vocal caresses, the caress of a smile, voluptuous inflections, killing glances, disturbing gestures." Bizet tried 12 times before he succeeded in pleasing her with the Habanera as it is now known. Then Yradier made trouble, for the theme which was included in his collection had been published by Heugel, so Bizet was obliged to print in the score: "Imitated from a Spanish song, the property of the publishers of the Menestrel."

This rhapsody was performed by the Theodore Thomas orchestra at Chicago, Nov. 12-13, 1909. It has been played in New York.

song, the property of the publishers of the Menestrel."

This rhapsody was performed by the Theodore Thomas orchestra at Chicago, Nov. 12-13, 1909. It has been played in New York.

Rameau's "Dardanus," a lyric tragedy, was produced at the Opera, Paris, Nov. 13, 1739. The chief women dancers in the ballet were Marie Salle and Marlette. Of the dances the rigadoun was the most celebrated, and yet it is not published in all the editions of the opera. The opera at first did not please the public, but at later performances, after the hearers were more accustomed to Rameau's style, it was appreciated at its true worth. The dancers pleased immediately and it was declared that Miss Salle had again taken her exalted position as "goddess of the Graces and Pleasure." At the time the libretto by Le Clerc de la Bruere was preferred to the music. The story would seem boring today. Iphise, daughter to Teucer, is betrothed to Antenor, but she loves Dardanus, the enemy of her people. Dardanus takes the shape of a magician, ismenor, and going to Iphise hears her confess her love for him. He then reveals himself, but she in her pride cannot endure the sight of one whom she is forbidden to love. Dardanus succors his rival threatened by a monster, and Antenor in gratitude relinquishes his right to the hand of Iphise.

When "Dardanus" was produced there was a bitter strife between the admirers of Lully and those of Rameau, the Ramoneurs as they were dubbed. There was hope of a success, or at least an entertaining row. All the boxes were engaged in advance, and those who had neglected to take this precaution sent their lackeys at 9 o'clock in the morning to keep places for them. Those faithful to Lully uttered cries of horror at pages of "Dardanus," which then seemed audacious.

Paul Dukas is known in Boston by his orchestral work, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." The prelude to the third act of his "Ariane and Bluebeard," with text by Maeterlinck, will be played for the first time in this country. The opera was produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, May 10, 1907. The prelude to the third act is a slow movement and comparatively short. Then the curtain rises on a vast and sumptuous hall in Bluebeard's palace. Scattered precious stones still glisten in the marble niches and on the floor. There are open coffers of costly raiment between the porphyry columns. It is night without, but under the lighted chandeliers Selysette, Melisande, Ygraine, Bellangere and Alladine—for Maeterlinck's Bluebeard did not kill his wives, nor would they leave him when they were freed, for they loved the brute—stand before great looking glasses and knot their hair and adjust their shining robes, and bedeck themselves with flowers and jewels, while Ariane goes from one to another and gives them counsel.

The concert of the Orchestral Club will end with a selection from the music written by Gabriel Pierne for Plerre Lot's play, "Ramuncho," which was produced at the Odeon in 1908.

The Hoffmann Quartet tomorrow night will bring out a string quartet by Alexandre Winkler—a pianist and composer born at Charcow, March 3, 1865. He studied at the University, and also music in his native town until he went to Vienna to be a pupil of Leschetitzki and Nawratil. From 1890 to 1896 he taught the piano at the Charcow Music School and was then called to the St. Petersburg Conservatory. His music is chiefly for the chamber. A string quartet in C major, op. 7, gained a prize in St. Petersburg, and a piano quartet, op. 8, attracted attention.

Mr. Hodges, the baritone, who will sing on Tuesday, has been for some years in Australia and New Zealand, where his concerts have been favorably reviewed.

Mr. Chadwick's string quartet, which will be played at the Hess-Schroeder concert Thursday evening, was brought out here in manuscript by the Adamowski Quartet, Feb. 12, 1901. Mr. Stojowski, whose violin sonata will be played, has been for some time at the head of the piano department at the Institut of Musical Art, New York. He has written a symphony, which received a prize at Leipzig in 1898, an orchestral suite, a piano concerto, etc. Born at Strclizy in 1870 he studied with Zelenski, Diemer and Paderewski. He gave a piano recital here March 10, 1906, and played at a Kneisel Quartet concert, Feb. 13 of the same year.



Mr. Dolmetsch will give a concert of ancient music in Chickering Hall next Friday night. He writes to *The Herald*: "It is probable that many among those attending this concert, after hearing the two Bach concertos, will wish they could have a chance to hear them again. In fact, although their beauty, interest and unusual tone color are sure to prove attractive at a first hearing, yet their complexity demands a more intimate acquaintance to be understood. It has therefore been decided to invite all holders of tickets for the concert to attend the last rehearsal, which will take place on Thursday, Jan. 27, the day before the concert, at Chickering Hall, at 2:30 P. M."

Charles Martin Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" for orchestra and piano was played by the Pittsburg orchestra in Pittsburg Jan. 7 and 8, and Heinrich Gebhard of Boston was the pianist.

George W. Chadwick conducted his "Symphonic Sketches" at the concerts of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra in Chicago Friday and yesterday. These Sketches have already been played in New York and Philadelphia.

A "Peter Pan Song Cycle," founded on incidents in Barrie's play, lyrics by Maray Farrah, music by Jean Trevalsa, was produced in London, Jan. 1. There are quartets, duets and solos. "It can hardly be said that Miss Trevalsa has shown any very marked skill in carrying through her task, for her music often lacks character and she has failed to give sufficient consideration to the important matter of contrast." Thus spoke the *Daily Telegraph*.

Thomas Beecham will bring out Strauss' "Elektra" at Covent Garden Feb. 19. The cast will be as follows: Elektra, Edyth Walker; Chrysothemis, Frances Rose; Clytemnestra, Mrs. von Mildenburg; Aegisthus d'Oisly (despite his French name practically an Englishman); Orestes, Weidemann. Frances Rose is an American engaged at the Berlin Royal Opera House. Mr. Beecham also purposes to produce Delius' "The Village Romeo and Juliet" and Debussy's "Prodigal Song"; but the latter is only a little cantata not at all suited to the stage.

Who was it that wrote of Henry

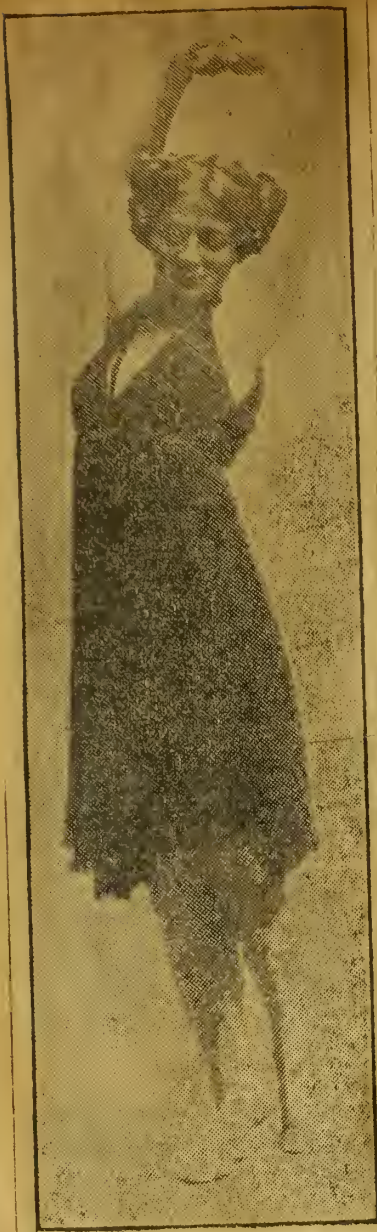
Hadley's "Culprit Fry": The work is composed "as if an elevator of notes had been thrown into a hopper and then separated into a measured or ordered time system"? The criticism is neither searching nor funny, yet the *Daily Telegraph* of London quotes it apropos of Cyril Scott's new piano sonata described by some Englishman as "fortuitous concourses of notes." This Englishman is disturbed because Mr. Scott frequently changes time signatures.

Chicago has been enjoying the Boston opera company and pleasant and appreciative things have been said by the newspapers. W. L. Hubbard, however, objected to a "pugnacious gown of bluish green worn by Mme. Boninsegna" in the second act of "Aida." Mr. Hubbard also noted the fact that the conductor did not at first "gauge" the Auditorium. "He encouraged the slender, blond youth

who resided in the hardware department over in the southeast section of the orchestral lot to bang and rattle everything in reach, and the youngster did it until at times the whole accompaniment seemed to be not alone sounding cymbals but a kitchen range and its furnishings experiencing a Messina disaster."

At the first performance the audience was of good quality, "not ultra fashionable as regards display, but including a number of our 'best people' both in society and out of it."

"It was a young people's night; a night when the elders we are accustomed to see in satins, velvets and diamonds were rather thrown into the background by an array of young matrons and debutantes in delicate white gowns, crystal and jewel trimmed; of debutantes in pale tints, their hair without the precious stones, but bearing instead the great rich beads now so popular." And although it was not "a jewel night, now and then there glittered a tiara in the row of boxes—Mrs. Henry C. Lytton in white satin with a deep cape of ermine about her shoulders and a high-standing tiara of diamonds in her hair, being one of the few women who came out in all the trappings of costume which custom has accorded grand opera."



GERTRUDE VON AXEN.

A deep thinking German psychologist has been studying woman's attributes as revealed by her susceptibility to different kinds of music. Thus the woman who idolizes Beethoven is a dreamer. Admiration for Liszt denotes ambition. The woman who prefers Gounod is romantic. The one fond of Massenet is shy—Miss Mary Garden is an exception. The well balanced woman admires Saint-Saens, and the worshipper of Wagner is a megalomaniac.

Dr. H. H. Hulbert, lecturing on vocal psychology and phonology before the Incorporated Society of Musicians at Folkestone, Eng., Jan. 6, said that the influence of city life on speech was injurious to musical production of the voice and vocal phonology, i. e., musical pronunciation. "In these days of hurry and stress there is a decided tendency to shorten and clip speech, and this is probably the chief cause of the constricted sounds so prevalent in the busy London district." He believes that refined musical tone is dependent on refined health. Crude health is often injurious to the delicate vocal mechanism, causing it to become inelastic, and, through making its muscles slow, stiff and clumsy in action, producing a definite hardness in tone. This is probably the reason why singers are so opposed to violent exercise. The artistic temperament, though of the greatest utility if properly applied, is answerable for much mental pain and anguish if not kept within reasonable bounds. There are at the present moment thousands of people possessing a well marked artistic temperament who are eking out a miserable existence in poor surroundings, lamenting the supposed fact that the rest of humanity is too dull witted to recognize their talents. They are constitutionally unable to discover that their artistic temperament is the cause of their failure, by reason that it interferes with that adaptability to work which alone would enable them to achieve success in life, for it cannot be said that the artistic temperament and hard work are synonymous terms. Many possess a valuable artistic temperament which remains latent until they have overcome by hard work special individual difficulties which prevent

them from having the means of expression. Vocal psychology includes the effect of mental control upon the production of the voice, for it is impossible to get any result worthy of serious consideration from the working of the whole or any part of the vocal apparatus unless the muscles that move the different parts are made subservient to the will."

## LONDON THEATRE YEAR REVIEWED

By PHILIP HALE.

London critics have summed up the theatrical year 1909. The critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette* took a rather cheerful view. Last year was an interesting one for playgoers "and to a certain extent an agreeable one."

The Haymarket in six months "gathered to itself the most intellectual public following in London," and there are signs that the "theatre of ideas" is recognized by other managements as "not altogether unworthy the recognition of very able business men."

"An Englishman's Home" taught a lesson of patriotism. "The Earth" and "What the Public Wants" satirized a certain sort of journalism. "Strife" commented on the relations of capital and labor. The visiting Dublin Abbey Theatre Company showed to Londoners the beauty and the sordidness of latter-day Irish life. Bernard Shaw's two short plays dealt humorously with public controversies.

"Sir Herbert Tree's production of an English version of M. Brieux's 'La Foi,' at His Majesty's, under the somewhat misleading title, 'False Gods,' provided an unsuspecting public with an attack on religious faith, and established churches, of almost scorching bitterness. Few critics, however, caught, or appeared to catch, the real drift of the play, and there seemed a general impression that the whole thing was a pious and masterly championship of the claims of religious orthodoxy over those of religious heterodoxy—an assumption which must have occasioned for M. Brieux some very enviable laughter."

Lucien Guitry was the chief foreign visitor, and his Coupeau was declared "immensely inferior" to the late Charles Warner's impersonation, but his marquis in "L'Emigre" was a masterly piece of acting. Mme. Yavorskaia, the Russian, is a woman of captivating beauty, but "scarcely in the first flight of tragic actresses."

"A great and thoroughly deserved personal success, however, was made by an American actress, Miss Rose Stahl, in a shockingly bad play called 'The Chorus Lady.'"

Sir Arthur Pinero's "Mid-Channel" is gloomy and needlessly violent." Mr. Barrie brought forth nothing new. Mr. Maugham's "Smith," Mr. Sutro's "Making a Gentleman" and Conan Doyle's pugilistic melodrama, "The House of Temperley," are praised, so are the farces, "The Brass Bottle," by Anstey, and "Mr. Preedy and the Countess," by Carton.

Mr. Courtney, writing for the *Daily Telegraph*, remembers actors and actresses: Mr. McKinnel in "Strife" and "Don"; the terrible cry of Lena Ashwell in "Madame X."; "or, again, I think of a rollicking scene of drink and debauch, in which Claire Forsster, with her savage recklessness, is conquered by a faithful wife—a wonderful impersonation, carried out with such skill by Miss Violet Vanbrugh as to disarm many of the ready criticisms which might be flung at a play so crudely repulsive as 'The Woman in the Case.' Or again, there is the highly-strung, nervous, excitable, hopeless heroine of Sir Arthur Pinero's play, 'Mid-Channel,' played with such admirable truth and finesse by Miss Irene Vanbrugh. It is a curiously truthful bit of acting, translating into actual bodily shape before our eyes the peculiarly modern specimen of harassed womanhood which the author has in mind—acting which makes us understand and pity and forgive."

It was a year of comedies, and most of the successes of 1909 were comedies, "In the most liberal interpretation of the term." And Mr. Courtney finds the record of the year a pleasant one, "full of variety, diversified by many kinds and sorts of dramatic work, and illustrated with several most capable bits of acting."

On the other hand there are some who regret that the successes in London were those of comedies, that the public was devoted to "the cult of the giggle."

One of them wrote to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, voicing his distress: "It is when we turn from the stage to the audience that the outlook darkens. Of the plays I have mentioned, only those that amused and created laughter had satisfactory runs. Such works as 'Hannele,' 'Strife,' 'The Sacrament of Judas,' 'Deirdre' and 'Henry IV.' (part II.) were only represented a few times each; and neither 'Madame X.' nor 'The Truants' was a success. Miss Lena Ashwell was only able to maintain her delightful and artistic management of the Kingsway for something over a year; and if this caused loss to her, the loss to her followers and to dramatic art was 10 times greater. The theatre-goer of today seeks amusement, and amusement only; and while a musical play flourishes for hundreds of nights, the higher drama only appeals to a small minority, who usually attend matinee performances. The power of attraction once possessed by the name of a fine actor or actress seems wholly a thing of the past. Alas! those who live to please must please to live. We have able actors and actresses, and skilful dramatists; but where are the audiences with the necessary intelligence to appreciate the best work offered for their judgment?"

The critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette* replied, or rather commented, and there is so much in the theatrical situation in London applicable to the situation in Boston that we reprint his reply in full:

"This expresses the feeling of thousands of persons, and there are undoubtedly many facts which seem to bear out the justice of the complaint. The comparative failure of 'Mme. X.' was certainly a deplorable thing. Every one who saw it seemed agreed that it was a fine play of its class, superbly acted, and the only reason one heard for its lack of popularity was that it was 'too sad'—which is, of course, one of the silliest reasons

ever heard for ignoring a work of art. The public that once flocked to see a great actor in 'Charles I.,' 'Eugene Aram' and 'Olivia' were not deterred by the feeling that these plays were 'too sad,' although there were scenes in each which equalled, if they did not surpass, anything in 'Mme. X.' in their appeal to the emotions of sympathy and pity.

"The whole attitude of such squeamish playgoers as these toward the theatre is, in fact, utterly and hopelessly wrong, and makes for nothing but the steady destruction of the highest dramatic art. Instead of asking themselves such questions as 'Shall I see a fine play?' and 'Shall I see fine acting?' before choosing a theatre to visit, they ask themselves the single question, 'Shall I be made to laugh?' Had the British stage, in past times, been dependent on the support of such patrons as these, the names of Garrick, Siddons, Edmund Kean, Macready, Helen Faucit, Phelps and Henry Irving would never have emerged from obscurity, and the whole splendid history of our theatre would have been little more than a chronicle of laughter. To say this is not to depreciate the comedian. Even today the work of such players as Miss Lottie Venne, Mr. Edward Terry, Mr. George Graves, Mr. Edmund Payne, Mr. W. H. Berry, Mr. Willie Warde, Mr. Holman Clark, Mr. Alfred Lester and Miss Fanny Brough is deserving not only of the facile tribute of laughter which it receives in such generous volume, but also of the respect due to creative and imaginative comic art. But the tragedian has always in the past—and rightly—been esteemed above the comedian. His work is more difficult, makes an infinitely loftier appeal and is necessary if the chief masterpieces of our stage are to be kept, in the truest sense of the term, alive.

"At the same time I am not wholly in agreement with my correspondent. The only children's entertainment now before the London public which does not aim solely at laughter and prettiness is 'The Blue Bird,' and it is packing the Haymarket twice a day. I did not think 'The Truants' a good play; it was rather a crude mixture of melodrama and real life, though the acting made it a pleasure to see it. 'Strife' would, I think, have had a run had it been originally put



up for one, but each of its presentations at the Duke of York's, the Haymarket, and the Adelphi—was avowedly for a few performances. Consequently it never had a fair chance. And I cannot help remembering that such intensely serious work as "Irene Wycherly" and "An Englishman's Home" have lately drawn playgoers in their thousands; and that revivals of two of Shakespeare's tragedies at the Lyceum also enjoyed great popular success.

"To sum up, there are a host of playgoers whose first and last demand is to be amused; but there are, I believe, as many who ask for the highest pleasure the theatre can give—the throb of pity, the sense of awe and the stirring thrill of moral and spiritual upliftment. Two persons at least are necessary before these effects can be obtained—a great dramatist and a great actor. The dramatist we may have already. The actor has not yet revealed himself. The chair which Henry Irving left empty more than four years ago is empty still. When his successor in the royal line of supreme histrionic artists makes his appearance he will find not only London ready for him, but all England—and all Europe, for that matter—and the cult of the giggle and the giggle promoter will once more take its proper place in the general estimation of playgoers."

And how was it in Boston last year? It seemed as though the public cared only for musical comedies or musical farces, with rows of undraped women and violent music, played as fast as possible.

An old theatregoer recently said to us, and not in a splenetic moment, but philosophically: "The test of a successful show today is whether a dog of ordinary intelligence, sitting near the stage, will bark. If the action on the stage is not so rapid that it excites him; if the music is not so quick and noisy that he at once barks a vile, the manager will be disturbed, and he will endeavor to put more ginger into the performance. The old saying, 'Try it on a dog,' has now real meaning."

The best plays that have been produced here lately were ignored by the Boston public, although they were well acted. "A Woman's Way," with Miss Grace George; "The Battle," with Wilton Lackaye; "The City," were unappreciated or slighted by the great public. "Such a Little Queen" is by no means a masterpiece of comedy, but it is far above the ordinary play that crowds a theatre in Boston, and the company playing it was an excellent one. The title is unfortunate; it might fairly be called silly. And so "Keegan's Pal" suffered by reason of its title.

What inducement is there for a manager to produce in Boston a play of a high order, old or new, if the public frankly, unblushingly prefers an idiotic piece with show girls whose flesh is as brass, comedians of the knockabout order, and music that is only jingle and din?

## FOLK DANCES AND MUSIC PERFORMED

An entertainment of folk dances and folk music was given by Tau Beta Beta, in aid of its scholarship fund, yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was an orchestra of 35 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Strube conducted. The dancing was under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Burchenal.

Six nations were represented—Great Britain by Maypole and Morris dances, Irish jig, Highland Fling and Scottish sword dance; Scandinavia by "Reaping the Flax," "Oxdansen" and "Fjallnaspolska"; Italy by a Tarantella; Hungary by the "Csardas"; Russia by the "Comarin-skala"; Bohemia by the "Furiant."

The orchestra, besides accompanying the dances, played "The Barber of Seville" overture, two dances from German's "Henry VIII," "Aase's Death" and "Anitra's Dance," from the "Peer Gynt" suite, a minuet by Bolzoni; Liszt's second Hungarian rhapsody and an excerpt from Metana's "The Bartered Bride," which served to accompany the Bohemian dance.

The Morris dances and the "Oxdansen" were by the other ensemble dances by women; the Highland Fling was given by Miss Martha Robinson, the sword dance by Miss Helen Wright (both these were accompanied by the bagpipe, played by George A. Martin), the Bohemian dance was by Mr. and Mrs. Edson Akin Starks and Miss Elizabeth Burchenal.

The performance, which was announced as a dress rehearsal, went with scarcely a hitch. It was interesting to contrast these dances with the so-called "interpretative" dancing—the latter an exploitation of the individual, the former the spontaneous expression of a race.

Especially striking were the Hungarian and Russian dances, performed by four young women, and here the grace and spirit of certain individual dancers had a better chance for display. The "Oxdansen," representing a fight between several pairs of students, created much amusement, and so did the Morris dance, accompanied by a clown and a hobby horse.

Miss Wright's sword dance was probably unfamiliar to most of the audience. The sword and its sheath were crossed on the ground and the dancer moved with lightness and skill over the weapon, from corner to corner, executing a variety of figures in a square yard of space without jostling sword or sheath.

The costumes were carefully planned, varied and picturesque. The audience was of good size and warmly appreciative. The announced performance will be tomorrow evening.

## MEN AND THINGS

We regret to learn of Mr. Jack Johnson's misadventure in New York. Mr. Johnson—who, we hasten to add, is not of kin to Mr. Herkimer Johnson—strayed into a saloon some time between 1 and 3 A. M., and Mr. Pinder, wishing to show him attention, asked him what he would have. Mr. Johnson promptly answered "Wine," meaning by that that he would drink champagne. Mr. Pinder allowed that he would open a bottle, but that he couldn't keep it up long. Whereupon Mr. Johnson said that he never drank anything else. Mr. Pinder rallied and countered by remarking that there was a time when Mr. Johnson drank beer out of a bucket, or as another narrator says, was glad to get a can of suds. (We prefer the phrase "bucket of suds," and a "tub of suds" is monosyllabically sonorous.) Mr. Pinder was immediately sorry that he had reminded Mr. Johnson of his earlier days and nights. Mr. Johnson explained afterward that, tired of Mr. Pinder's "aspersions and insults," he just had to hit him. But how much better it would be for Mr. Johnson if he should drink only beer, even though it were from a bucket. Champagne drank steadily is injurious to the alimentary canal, and even Mr. Johnson's kidneys are not nickel-plated. Furthermore, a bucket raised to Mr. Johnson's mouth would be at once transfigured, heroic, homeric.

Contributors to the New York Sun are telling how buckwheat cakes should be made. Each writer, as though he were a singing teacher, has the only correct method, and outside of it there is no salvation. Yet some agree in this: the pitcher in which the batter is kept over night should be broken-nosed. The fury of battle is now over the making. There remains the question of how buckwheat cakes should be eaten. In Albany, N. Y., in the late seventies and the early eighties, the descendants of the Patrons, less favored Dutchmen, and ordinary mortals of English, Irish and Scottish descent ate buckwheat cakes and little crisp, hot sausages on the same plate, buttered the cakes, and poured maple syrup over cakes and sausages. Hardy Albanians! But those were the days when there was early market in State street; when cattle were driven by St. Peter's Church on a Sunday morning; when no Republican ventured to vote in the Sixth ward; when Mr. Thurlow Weed Barnes had much to say about reform in politics.

The sensitive of mind and stomach, who eat for breakfast a dried apricot, a few prunes and a small piece of unfired bread, may well shudder at the Albanian breakfast, but let no one dictate to another what he should eat or drink. The Herald has referred to the catalogue of singular gastronomic tastes of famous men compiled by the blameless Peignot of Dijon; how Melancthon revelled in barley soup and gudgeons; how Schiller ate ham nearly every day; how the Emperor Claudius was passionately fond of mush-

rooms, while Alexander Severus ate hare at every meal. Reading the memories of Blaugini, singing teacher and composer, we find that when he invited two stalwart, handsome Russian officers to lunch with him in 1815 in Paris, he, wishing to be amiable, asked them what they would have. "Judge of my surprise when they told me the greatest treat I could give them would be slices of toast sprinkled abundantly with pepper and moistened with brandy." Maxime de Villermarest, who edited these memoirs and no doubt wrote them, as Theodore Hook wrote the memoirs of Michael Kelly, added this note: "In my youth I had a German teacher who was prodigiously fond of eating. His pale face, which was usually impassive, lighted up whenever he described a dish of which I still think he was the inventor. He would say to me in brilliant tones: 'You take slices of thick garlicked sausage; you put between them currant jelly, and then dip the whole in coffee with milk; it's a delicious morsel.'"

The stern moralist may quote from Scripture: "Whose god is their belly," and condemn even talk about the pleasures of the table, but when have the thoughtful, the poetic, the sensitive, highbrows and lowbrows alike, not talked about food? Did not the children of Israel, the chosen people, weep as they asked, "Who shall give us flesh to eat? We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely: the cucumbers and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic." And Mr. George R. Sims, fighting in the Referee for protection and wildly excited over the future of the British empire, takes breath to tell of his dinner at Richmansworth; how he "made his way modestly through the perfect English menu presented by that most delightful of English hostesses, Mrs. George Brown: hare soup, a lovely shoulder of lamb and mint sauce, prize potatoes baked a golden brown, creamy cabbage, and an apple pudding that a Sussex housewife would have curtsied to." "A lovely shoulder of lamb!" O sentimental Mr. Sims!

But the correspondents of the New York Sun do not confine their attention to buckwheat cakes. S. K. Waters of Montreal proclaims to the public that he suffered from corns for 40 years, and corn doctors were in vain. Finally he took his feet in his own hands—probably one at a time. "My treatment was simply to polish off the corn and dead skin with the sandpaper provided for manicures, following this with a gentle massage with cold cream." And now he is a happy man. If there is no sandpaper in the house, a jack-plane might do. On the whole the two remedies proposed by Albucasis, the Arabian leech who died at Cordova in 1106, or 1107, are to be preferred. As searching and certain. (1) Heat red hot an iron proportionate to the size of the corn and apply it. (2) Apply a funnel of copper or iron, or else the quill of a vulture, to the corn, and then fill it with boiling water.

Barefooted women dancers were not held in good repute by some of the ancients. Katharine says in "The Taming of the Shrew":

Nay, now I see  
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;  
I must dance barefoot on her wedding day.

To dance barefoot is, according to Halliwell, an old proverbial phrase for being an old maid; it is like the phrase "to lead apes in hell," which Katharine uses in her next sentence. But the Rev. Mr. Dyer says it was a popular notion that unless elder sisters danced barefoot at the marriage of a younger one, they would inevitably become old maids, and be condemned to lead apes in hell.

### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

**SUNDAY**—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Seventh mid-winter concert of the People's Choral Union. F. W. Wodell, conductor. Chorus of 400; 40 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; Miss Bertha C. Wright, pianist; Herman A. Shedd, organist; Mrs. Gertrude Holt, soprano; Miss Anna Miller Wood, contralto; J. H. Rattigan, tenor; Kenneth Bingham, baritone. Cowen's "The Rose Maiden" and selections from the works of Bach, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Palestrina and others.

**MONDAY**—Fenway Court Music Room, 3 P. M. H. E. Krehbiel, music critic of the New York Tribune, will lecture on "How to Listen to Music," assisted by Mrs. Thomas Tapper, pianist.

**Stelbert Hall, 8:15 P. M.** First concert of the Hoffmann Quartet (Messrs. Hoffmann, Bak, Rissland, Barth), 8th season. Alexandre Winkler, Quartet op. 14, B flat major (first time here); Rachmaninoff, sonata for cello and piano, op. 19 (Mr. Barth and Miss Alice Cummings); Haydn, quartet, D major, op. 76, No. 5.

**Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M.** Folk traditional dances with authentic music by members of the Tau Beta Beta Society of Brookline, assisted by 30 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, led by Mr. Strube.

**TUESDAY**—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Hamilton Hodges, baritone. Beethoven, Adelaide, Schubert, Ihr Bild, Wohin, Der Neugierige, Das Wirthshaus, Erlkonig; Strauss, Morgen, Du meinest Herzens Knechtchen; Fletitz, Ja du bist elend, Blueten; Masse, L'Oiseau d'envolo, from "Paul et Virginie"; Bemberg, Soupir; Godard, Le Vorageur; Mallinson, Slow, Hornes Slow, We Sway Along, Four by the Clock, Eleanor, Violet, Gloriana; Wallace, Freebooter Song Cycle, Minnie Song, The Rebel, Cradle Song, Up, Up in Saddle.

**WEDNESDAY**—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert of the Boston Orchestral Club, led by Mr. Longy. Debussy, Scottish march; d'Indy, Symphonie poem, "Souvenirs"; Rameau, Ballet music from "Dardanus"; Ravel, "Spanish Rhapsody"; Dukas, Prelude to Act III of "Arlane and Bluebeard"; Plerne, excerpt from "Ramuntcho." All these works will be performed here for the first time. Mrs. Hall and Mr. Mimart will play the solo parts in Massenet's "Sous des Tilleuls."

**THURSDAY**—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Fourth concert of the Hess-Schroeder Quartet. Chadwick, Quartet in D minor, No. 5; Stojowski, sonata for violin and piano, G major, op. 13 (Messrs. Hess and Stojowski); Grieg, quartet No. 1, G minor.

**FRIDAY**—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 14th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Beethoven: Grand Fugue for string orchestra, op. 133; Franck, symphony in D minor; Sibelius, symphonic poem, "Night Ride and Sunrise" op. 55 (first time); Wagner, Prelude and "Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolde."

**Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M.** Second concert of Arnold Dolmetsch. Bach, concerto for 2 viole da braccio, 2 viole da gamba, cello, violone and harpsichord; Purcell, Toccata for harpsichord; Marcello, sonata for viola da gamba and harpsichord; Bach, concerto in C minor for 2 harpsichords, 2 violins, viola, cello and violone. Mr. and Mrs. Dolmetsch, Mrs. Eccles, the Misses Kelsey, Miss Holden, Miss Pray, Messrs. Mahn, Gletsen, Hadley, Adams will be the players.

**Roxbury High School, 8 P. M.** Music department, city of Boston, William Howard, conductor. Orchestral pieces: Overture to "Si j'étais Roi," Adano; Beethoven, Andante Cantabile from quartet op. 18, No. 5; Rubinstein, Cloister scene from "Kamencoi-Ostrol"; Donizetti, sextet from "Lucia di Lammermoor"; Moskowski, Spanish dance, C major. Miss Noyes will sing an air by Gounod and a waltz song by German. Mr. Eaton, flutist, will play a fantasia on themes by Chopin, by Demersseman. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

**SATURDAY**—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 14th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.

## CHORAL UNION CONCERT.

Attentive Audience Hears Song Selections at Symphony Hall.

The People's Choral Union gave a concert last evening in Symphony Hall. Frederick W. Wodell conducted and the soloists were Mrs. Holt, soprano; Miss Wood, contralto; Mr. Rattigan, tenor; Mr. Bingham, baritone. Mr. Shedd was the organist and Miss Wright the piano accompanist. The program consisted of short selections from the compositions of Mendelssohn, Bach, Palestrina, Wodell and Mozart, and Cowen's "Rose Maiden." An orchestra of Symphony players assisted.

The Choral Union had an exceedingly attentive audience. At 7:30 every seat in the hall was taken, and but few people went out early or made any preparation to go until the conductor had left his stand at the close of the program. The applause was spontaneous and evenly divided between chorus and soloists.

The chorus sang well; there was no uncertainty in attack, and but one occasion when the singers deviated from pitch in the slightest degree. There was excellent proportion in parts, and dynamic effects were carefully worked out. Of the first part of the program Palestrina's Adoramus Te and Wodell's "O Thou Light" were the most satisfactory numbers from a standpoint of choral singing.

An announcement was made that Miss Perley, who was to have been the soprano soloist, had been taken ill and that Mrs. Holt had consented at the last minute to take her place. Mrs. Holt sang the solos gracefully and without hesitation. Miss Wood and Mr. Bingham were also very acceptable in their parts. To Mr. Rattigan fell the brunt of the solo and his voice, while remarkable in intonation the first part of the evening, seemed to tire at the end of the cantata.



Coven's Rose Maiden is music of simple, sweet type, and it proved popular with the audience, who would have been glad to encores the bridal chorus.

## January 25 1920 CO-STARS OPEN SHUBERT THEATRE

Sothorn and Marlowe Play  
"Taming of the Shrew" to an

By PHILIP HALE.

SAM S. SHUBERT THEATRE—Opening of the theatre by Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew."

Capista.....William Harris  
Pedant.....Eric Blind  
Petruchio.....Frederick Lewis  
G. mfo.....E. H. Sothorn  
Baptista.....John Taylor  
Bianca.....France Bendtsen  
Bianca.....John Maurice Sullivan  
A Pedant.....Albert S. Howson  
A Pedant.....Sydney Maier  
Bianca.....Malcolm Bradley  
Bianca.....Frederick Roland  
Bianca.....Rowland Buckstone  
Katherine.....Julia Marlowe  
Bianca.....Norah Lamson  
Widow.....Elizabeth Valentine  
Chris.....Eugenia Woodward

There was a very large and brilliant audience, evidently delighted with the beauty and the comfort of the new theatre. This theatre has been described at length in The Herald. We are now concerned with the characters of the dedicatory performance.

Shakespeare's comedy was announced on the play bill as a farce and no one can quarrel with this characterization. "The Taming of the Shrew" is a farce, and it should be played in a farcical spirit. There may, however, be a fair quarrel with Mr. Sothorn for his version, in that he omits the introduction, or induction, as some prefer. It matters not whether Shakespeare or another or several wrote it. This introduction is one of the most delightful portions of the play, as it came down to us, and Christopher Sly is by far the finest fellow on the stage. His cry, "For God's sake a pot of small ale," comes from the heart and many last night, remembering his wish, sympathized with him. In recent performances in Europe, when the farce was played with the introduction, Christopher, as soon as the players came on the stage, took his seat in front that he might enjoy the sight and make his famous comment.

In Mr. Sothorn's version there is much attention paid to the suitors of Bianca, but the passages that concern them are as sought in comparison with those that inform us of Sly. Christopher Sly, as he insisted he should be called.

Mr. Sothorn's conception and performance of Petruchio are admirable. It is in comedy and in romantic melodrama that Mr. Sothorn excels. His Petruchio is wildly farcical, but he is a romantic soul playing designedly a grotesque part. The audience is always in his confidence. How he addresses Kate! Even when he chides her, when he starves her, when he delivers his address on conduct, as incongruous and malapropos as any sermon by Parson Adams, he would yield at one gentle touch. The wonder is that she does not see through his swagger and his bluster. He is more than a crack-brained bully with a snapping whip. He is an Italian gentleman.

The Kate of Miss Marlowe is not one of her best parts. When she should have been most shrewish, a woman said, in a burst of admiration: "How sweet she is!" Miss Marlowe is petulant, deliberately peevish. Her temper is donned as a garment for a masquerade. There is no raging delirium that blazes in her face, controls her actions, shapes her speech, makes her sullen and rebellious, ugly and waspish, even when she might wish to wear a fair exterior and speak smooth words. It is not enough to throw things, though a shrewish aim. Her shrewishness is exterior. Therefore her Kate in the first two acts is plainly a farce, and in the last two acts is plainly a farce, not a Xanthippe, but a talented nagger.

Her fits of rage are deliberate, perfunctory. She is not mastered by a demon whom Petruchio would vainly exorcise knowing that her blazing hate is of close kin to flaming and consuming love. This Kate is too easily tamed. It is as though the mere feat of Petruchio in catching her up and bearing her away in triumph, after the manner of a cave man, subdues her pride and breaks her spirit. In the last scene in Petruchio's house and in the scene on the country road Miss Marlowe is often charming, but there is no suggestion of the fact that her temper is ready to break out. The conversion is more sudden than that of Saul on his way to Damascus.

No matter who plays Petruchio, Kate is the dominating character in the play. Courteous commentators, henpecked perhaps at home, have declared that she is disagreeable, unwomanly, impossible. Thus they may have won an hour of domestic grace at the expense of truth. Petruchio knew better. He wanted her. And who would exchange her for the meek and colorless Bianca? Miss Marlowe might say that inasmuch as "The Taming of the Shrew" is a farce, she should not take her part too seriously, but the utmost seriousness is demanded in the wildest farce.

The play was handsomely mounted with general effects and with much attention to detail. The members of the company were fluent and, when occasion demanded, agile. Mr. Harris played the part of Baptista with the courtesy and the affability associated with the name of Pisa's gentleman.

The audience enjoyed the performance. Laughter rewarded the verbal sallies, the snapping of the whip, the ground trembling. There were many curtain calls.

The farce will be repeated tomorrow night and on Wednesday night. "The Merchant of Venice" will be performed on Thursday and Friday nights, and at the matinee on Saturday. On Saturday night the play will be "Romeo and Juliet."

### "Penelope" at Colonial with Marie Tempest in the Leading

COLONIAL THEATRE—Miss Marie Tempest in W. Somerset Maugham's three-act comedy, "Penelope," with the following cast:

Penelope.....Marie Tempest  
Dr. O'Farrell.....Philip Desborough  
Prof. Golightly.....Herbert Ross  
Mrs. Golightly.....Maud Milton  
Mr. Davenport Barlow.....Wilfred Draycott  
Mrs. Ferguson.....Mabel Trevor  
Mr. Beadsworth.....McIntyre Wicksteed  
Mrs. Watson.....Minnie Griffen  
Mr. Anderson.....J. Sebastian Smith  
Peyton.....Nannie Bennett  
"Jack Straw" left one wondering about the new Irish dramatist, a tedious, long drawn out treatment of a joke. Even John Drew could not give it vitality. "Lady Frederick," played here by Ethel Barrymore, was considerably more encouraging. It had good situations that stood out like fertile islands in an ocean of talk. Now comes "Penelope," the best of these three; on the whole, a delightful comedy, nearest approach to the work of Oscar Wilde that the English speaking stage has seen in the past 15 years. It explains why Maugham is said to write better for women than for men.

The idea is old—the wife who throws "the other woman" in the society of her husband so that the husband may become surfeited. Barrie has treated it in "What Every Woman Knows." Scores of dramatists and story-writers treated it before him. Maugham has given it new freshness and drawn out of it a multitude of witty speeches, several exceedingly clever situations, and one situation (in the last act, too!) that is brilliant.

Of the three acts, the first and the third are admirable—light as froth, to be sure, and occasionally a little too talkative, but delicious, fooling. In the second act the material obviously runs thin and there is a good deal of wearisome padding. In the middle of the act the interest of the audience can be seen to flag. But it picks up toward the climax, and it goes merrily on through the third act till the climax.

The acting is worthy of the piece. Miss Tempest, in gowns wonderful of design and perfect in fit, looks almost as young as she did when she used to sing here in comic opera. And she acts much better. She is now an accomplished artist in comedy. There is no other English speaking actress who could play the part with such sureness and with such variety of expression. It is a delight to see such work on the stage—and a rare privilege.

Miss Tempest is surrounded with a company that is notably capable. Finer team work is seldom seen. They are all so good that it seems unfair to single out any particular names for praise. And every part, too, save that of the servant, is a good part, a circumstance that speaks well for the dramatist. The members of the company are all English and they speak with English accents so pronounced that they seem almost like American actors.

### GLOBE THEATRE.

Bert Williams Makes Hit in Amusing  
Piece, "Mr. Lode of Koal."

There's no fault to be found by his admirers with the medium that introduces Bert Williams so long as it provides him with two or three songs and a reasonable chance to occupy the stage for the major part of the evening.

The melange presented at the Globe last night might as well have been called anything else as "Mr. Lode of Koal," and it might as acceptably have been made to hang upon the polar regions or the desert of Sahara as upon a mythical island where Chestor O. Lode reigned as a monarch for two acts.

The program set forth in the conventional way certain acts and songs and dances such as always pertain to this sort of play.

There were soloists and there were concerted numbers by an ample and well-trained chorus. There was also effective stage setting which lent plausibility to the thin thread of a story. The real ruler of the island of Koal having been kidnapped, Lode is pressed into service as his substitute and he has a round of adventures such as have done duty in similar productions from time immemorial.

But the personality of Williams is unique, and he has it all with him. This it is that fills the stage and keeps the audience on the alert for what's known to be just ahead. The reception that awaited Mr. Williams was foretold before the curtain went up last night, when certain strains from the orchestra embodying one of his favorite songs were applauded to the echo. And so it went throughout the evening.

The company has some good singers and dancers, and altogether the two weeks' engagement of this clever comedian promises to be as successful as he could wish.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Jefferson De Angelis in "The Beauty Spot," a musical play, in two acts. Book by Joseph W. Herbert; music by Reginald De Koven. The principals: Gen. Samovar.....Jefferson de Angelis  
Nikolas Kromenski.....Alf de Ball  
Baron Lecocq.....Jacques Kruger  
Jacques Baccarel.....George MacFarlane  
Chickoree.....Frank Doane  
Victor.....Harry Tebbutt  
Gustave.....Francis Tyler  
Jean.....Morgan Williams  
Paul.....Frank Kelley  
Nichette.....Viola Gillette  
Countess Nitsky.....Jean Newcombe  
Pomare.....Minerva Coverdale  
Mimi.....Lillian Lawson  
Nadine.....Isabell D'Armond

"The Beauty Spot" was seen for the first time last evening by a Boston audience at the Majestic. There was

### CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE.

John Craig Stock Company Plays  
"Othello" Excellently.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE: The John Craig Stock Company presents "Othello," with the following cast:  
Othello.....John Craig  
Cassio.....George Hassell  
Iago.....William Norton  
Duke of Venice.....William Walsh  
Brabantio.....Walter Walker  
Gratiano.....Bert Young  
Lodovico.....Frank Bertrand  
Roderigo.....Donald Meek  
Montano.....Wilfred Young  
Messenger.....Al Roberts  
Emilia.....Gertrude Binley  
Desdemona.....Mary Young

### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

"The Workingman's Wife" Appeals  
to Patrons of House.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—The domestic melodrama, "The Workingman's Wife," in four acts. The cast:  
John Bradley.....Charles Bartling  
Mary Bradley.....Clara Joel  
Esther Milton.....May Gerald  
Douglas Westcott.....Harry E. de Lasaux  
Martha Moore.....Hazel Carleton  
Bab Sullivan.....Jack Burton  
Tony.....John J. Power  
Reggie De Pyster, of the New York Smart Set.....Walter Winter

### BOSTON THEATRE.

"The Girl from Rector's" Farce with  
the Steam on.

BOSTON THEATRE—First production in Boston of "The Girl from Rector's," a play in four acts, by Paul M. Potter, based on the French comedy, "Loute." Cast:

Loute Sedaine.....Gertrude Millington  
Richard O'Shaughnessy.....George Anderson  
Col. Andrew Tandy.....Charles F. Morrison  
Prof. Aubrey Maboon.....Edward Heron  
Mrs. Witherspoon Copley.....  
Elita Proctor Otis  
Marcia Singleton.....Nena Blake  
Angelica.....Nella Webb  
Judge Caperton.....Lincoln Plumer  
Deacon Wiggleford.....Charles E. Eldridge  
Mrs. Wiggleford.....Martha Mayo

It had been intimated in advance of its arrival here that "The Girl from Rector's" was warm. It is more than that; it is like the steam the janitor never gives you in your flat—superheated. It is also like a beefsteak that never saw a fire—raw. Besides, it is fragrant, pungently so. It is redolent of those places that Dr. Parkhurst tried to drive from New York.

Its character and its odor may be accurately judged from the fact that it opens in a rich New York spendthrift's flat, which he shares with a girl of a reputation worse than none, and it winds up with a midnight revel at "French Charley's" roadhouse near Battle Creek, Mich., while through all the four acts of double life and marital infidelity that are painted in brutally frank colors one is never allowed to forget the main character of the piece, for there is a constant running fire of dialogue bristling with slang from Broadway's all-night joints and allusions that have not even the delicacy of double meaning.

It is a French comedy of the most Gallic sort, served up with Anglo-Saxon frankness and garishness and with scarcely a touch of the indirection and lightness that make such plays possible in Paris.

O'Shaughnessy, the spendthrift, is tired of the girl Loute, and is on the point of throwing her over together with Col. Tandy, a vulgar rounder, who has led him on in his dissipation. His cousin, a freak professor from Chicago, comes in and begs his help in winning back his fiancée, Marcia Singleton, whose mother, Mrs. Copley, has dismissed the professor because he was not gay enough for her.

O'Shaughnessy pledges his aid to the man, but instead falls in love with Marcia and wins her mother's consent and hers to their marriage by telling the mother he has \$20,000 a year, and the girl that he will show the gay life of New York. The professor swears vengeance, breaks the bric-a-brac and is taken off to a madhouse.

Loute goes away on one of her periodical disappearances to visit a supposed old father in Buffalo, promising to make it hot for O'Shaughnessy if he takes up with any other girl. The scene shifts to Battle Creek, the day of O'Shaughnessy's civil marriage to Marcia. The next day the religious service is to take place. Who ever heard of this French custom in Battle Creek or Kalamazoo?

Such fun as there is the piece develops here, for we learn that Tandy is Mrs. Copley's husband, Gen. Copley, supposed to be in Martinique, and that Loute is Mrs. Caperton, a charity worker, whose coldness drives her husband to flirt with every housemaid he catches alone, and they all come together in Mrs. Copley's new villa—think of it, a villa in Battle Creek!

There are many comical doings and everybody is scared to death of being found out. The freak professor helps to complicate matters and some queer specimens of alleged Battle Creekers help to enliven the occasion. O'Shaughnessy gets fearfully drunk. Loute follows suit and joins in a dance with three girls from Mrs. Copley's wedding feast vaudeville show that for rank suggestiveness has probably never been seen outside of the real old Moulin Rouge in its palmyest days.

Gen. Copley gets up a scheme to have the principals masquerade as waiters and assistants at "French Charley's" roadhouse that night and catch O'Shaughnessy and Loute before a scene follows that is better left undescribed. At the finish Loute gives up O'Shaughnessy. He and Marcia are reconciled and every one except the Chicago freak is happy.



The play is made bearable by the really clever acting of Mr. Anderson, Mr. Morrison and particularly of Mr. Aaron, who is remarkably funny as the noodle-pated professor. Miss Millington is pleasing to look upon and her portrayal of the Rector's girl is true to life, but the less said about the life the better. Elita Proctor Otis exhibits capital Mrs. Copley's character, but what a character!

The house was crowded to overflowing last night and the excellent work of the actors was rewarded with copious applause and laughter.

## "The Faith Healer" Produced at Harvard by Henry Miller and Company Under Auspices of English Department.

SANDERS THEATRE, Harvard University—"The Faith Healer," by William Vaughn Moody, performed by Henry Miller and company under the auspices of the department of English.

Ulrich Michaels.....Henry Miller  
Matthew Beeler.....Harold Russell  
Mary Beeler.....Mabel Bert  
Martha Beeler.....Lillian Dix  
Annie Beeler.....Gladys Hulett  
Rhoda Williams.....Jessie Bonstelle  
Dr. George Littlefield.....Theodore Friebois  
Rev. John Culpepper.....Edward See  
Uncle Abe.....Robert McWade  
Lazarus.....James Hagan  
A young mother.....Laura Hope Crews

A variety of motives prompted interest in this rendering of Mr. Moody's play, among them Harvard's recognition of her promising playwright; the play's direct dealing with those psychical and supernatural aspects of human experience, on the borderland of religion and science, which are now so much debated in this era of heterodoxy in both religion and medicine; and also the playwright's use of distinctly American and authentically national types, as in his earlier play, "The Great Divide." Because of this variety of appeal, in addition to a natural desire to estimate Mr. Moody's evolution in technical skill, there was an audience of quality and good size that made due allowances for defects in staging and that was generous in applause throughout the play.

At the end of the second act the audience repeatedly called Mr. Miller, and finally drew from him a happily turned speech in which he made suitable acknowledgment of the honor conferred upon him by inviting him and his company to appear, in which he also praised the work being done by Prof. Baker, and in which he promised that in due time he would present Percy Mackaye's comedy, "Mater."

Reduced to lowest terms the plot of "The Faith Healer," which is laid in southern Missouri has to do with the causes of the alternating success, defeat and success again of Ulrich Michaels, the faith healer, in performing what seem to be miracles; it has to do with the ancient contention that spirituality and supernatural power, wherever and whenever displayed, are conditioned by purity and by holiness of life and thought. Therefore not until Michaels and Rhoda Williams are agreed, in their mutual regard, upon this conception of their love, does Michaels find it in his power to gain restore Mrs. Beeler to vigor and bring a dead child to life, and only so can Rhoda attain to the attitude of pure adoration.

It is therefore assumed, and consequently not argued, that under suitable psychic and spiritual conditions disease is cured and life restored by faith and power from above. Those who go expecting scientific exposition of the how or why of it all, or expect to be "shown," come away disappointed, if they miss the spiritual clue.

The diction of the play is superior. There are some scenes of much power and impressiveness. Several types of rural home life as conceived by the author and as interpreted last night were excellently done, conspicuously so the Uncle Abe of Robert McWade, the Annie Beeler of Gladys Hulett and the Matthew Beeler of Harold Russell. The difficult part of the invalid wife was well taken by Mabel Bert with fidelity to the role prescribed, but with no unpleasant realism. Mr. Miller is not naturally equipped for the role of an ascetic John the Baptist type of fanatic and he did not try to make his Ulrich Michaels of that kind. On the other hand, he did create the illusion of a man to whom nature and soliloquy communion with the divine

brought vision of a supernatural life, which in all sincerity, when at his truest self, he could and did use as a healer. But it is not a part nor a play best suited to reveal Mr. Miller's gifts, and it is a play that is more suggestive than convincing, and episodically fine, but lacking in a memorable climax.

## DANCER AT JORDAN HALL.

Miss Gertrude Von Axen Gives Finished Performance.

Miss Gertrude Von Axen, the Grecian girl dancer, assisted by Mr. Frank Watson, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Sonata in G flat major, op. 26, Bagatelle op. 119, No. 3; minuet, Beethoven. Preludes No. 7, 4, 20, 7, Chopin. Studies, F major, A flat major, G sharp major, Chopin. Ten German Dances, Ballet-musik. Rosamunde, march, Schubert. Mr. Watson played for an introduction Chopin's Prelude op. 28, No. 15, and for an Intermezzo two of MacDowell's sea pieces.

Miss von Axen is a woman beautifully formed. With an expressive face, and clad in Tanagra-like draperies, she was a continual delight to the eye. Her poses are varied, at no time monotonous, always exquisitely graceful, and she dances with charming abandon and spontaneity. Her interpretations are smooth and finished conceptions, showing imagination and variety of emotion. She succeeds in making the audience feel her mood. Her performance of Beethoven's Sonata was interesting from start to finish. In the Funeral March she portrayed Death as a triumphant apotheosis to the hero's life rather than as a tragic ending. She was equally fortunate in the Chopin numbers, the varied rhythms of the Schubert dances and in the Balletmusik, where she played daintily at ball. Mr. Watson played agreeably, and there was accord between the dancer and the accompanist.

There was a small but appreciative audience, and Miss von Axen was obliged to add to the program.

## AMERICAN MUSIC HALL.

R. A. Roberts, in Elaborate One-Man Play, Heads Week's Bill.

R. A. Roberts, in "Dick Turpin," written by himself, heads the bill at the American Music Hall this week. Five characters, each played by Mr. Roberts, appear, and the piece is elaborately staged.

The action, which takes place in a quaint room of the Spaniards Inn, is concerned with the escape of Dick Turpin on the night he made his famous ride of 180 miles from London to York. Excellent stage management adds much to the effectiveness of the well constructed drama, but it is Mr. Roberts' skilful acting that raises the play to a plane higher than ordinary vaudeville.

He makes his changes from Jacob Sly, the Bow street runner, to Solf Sally, the aged keeper of the inn, from Jerry Binks, a jovial farmer, to the outlaw himself, with astonishing celerity. That is only a trick, however, compared with the art which Mr. Roberts displays in fitting himself into each part he assumes. Dash and vigor characterize the play and many touches of humor relieve the tense situations. It is an excellent testimonial to Mr. Roberts' mastery of stage craft and his ability as an actor.

Wilfred Clarke and his company have another farce this week called "No More Trouble." It is an adaptation made by Mr. Clarke from the French and is played with as much spirit as the company of four displayed in the skit of last week, which was a laugh from beginning to end. Mr. Clarke has unusually able support in Mr. Gillies, Miss DeMott and Miss Meinken.

Stories told as only he can tell them are the contribution of Frank Bush, long an ornament to vaudeville. His tales are fresh and funny, every one made funnier by his characterization and his facial play.

Fred Fischer and Maurice Burkhardt sing songs, mostly of Mr. Fischer's making. He is the composer of "My Brudde Sylvest" and others which have been much whistled. Mr. Burkhardt's Italian impersonation is especially good.

## KEITH'S THEATRE.

Loie Fuller's Ballet of Light Stays

Another Week.

La Loie Fuller and her eight dancers in the Ballet of Light have begun their second week at Keiths. Before the audience pass the peopled sea caverns, the moniten depths of a volcano, the dance of fire spirits and their tortured draperies of flame.

These illusions are presented by dancers who glide two and fro behind a gauze curtain, and the witchery of colored lights that seem now the billowing waves, the icy fields of the north, the cool grottoes, lightnings and the flames of the Aurora borealis.

Irene Franklin gave one of her old character songs, "Red Head," and new ones. In the course of her act she came out in a bridal veil and tearfully told the audience that she was "shook." But she wouldn't send the wedding presents back. Wouldn't some young man in the audience just fix it so as she could keep those lovely presents just the same? The audience responded as one man.

In a long-legged flannel "nightie," with her face tied up in a red bandage, Miss Franklin confided that it's great to have the mumps.

Early in the program came Wormwood's dogs and monkeys. Besides riding on bicycles and jumping through hoops, the monkeys, two of them, showed what, if not real, was a very good imitation of a sense of humor. Told to stand on a chair or ring a bell, a short-tailed, long-jawed simian always sassed back. For variety crammed into a few minutes this act excelled every other number.

The Royal Hawaiian septet sang several songs. One of them, who played a plaintive solo and its accompaniment on the guitar, was called back several times.

Christy and Willis appeared in dancing and juggling. "It Happened on Monday," was the title of a clever string of jokes and medleys by Barry and Wolford. The Great Casting Dunbars gave a high bar act, and Andy Rice appeared for the first time here in Hebrew parodies and stories. The Kinetograph showed "Alphonse the Dead Shot" and "One-Legged Pat and Pete."

## HOFFMANN QUARTET.

New Work by Alexandre Winkler at Concert of Organization.

The Hoffmann quartet, composed of Messrs. J. Hoffmann, first violin; A. Bak, second violin; K. Rissland, viola, and D. Barth, violoncello, gave its first concert of its eighth season last evening in Steinert Hall. The following was the program:

Winkler, quartet op. 14; Rachmaninoff, sonata op. 19; Haydn, quartet op. 76 No. 5.

The quartet by Alexandre Winkler, a Polish composer, was played here for the first time. It proved to be an agreeable, though not great, composition, written in a straightforward manner and not highly colored. There are a few effects introduced which, though legitimate in a solo work for strings, proved unsatisfactory in the quartet last evening. Among them were the melody in double stops in the Scherzo, and the ineffective arpeggios for first violin in the third movement. The tone of the composition is not evenly sustained. There are some excellent ideas and others which are trashy.

Rachmaninoff's sonata for piano and cello played by Miss Alice Cummings and Mr. Barth, has been heard in Boston. It is beautiful, both in material and in the way it is worked out. One might easily guess that it was written by the composer of "The Isle of the Dead," so full is it of poetry and insistent power. Miss Cummings is unfortunately not fitted for this music, for her interpretation, though sufficiently correct technically, was absolutely uninspired.

The program closed with Haydn's charming quartet, which was well played. The audience was especially enthusiastic over the Largo and Minuet. The house was nearly filled.

Mrs. von Axen worth  
Wad "Mistling  
Pot" in St. Albert  
Hall.

## HAMILTON HODGES SINGS IN RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Hamilton Hodges, baritone, accompanied by Frederick P. White, gave a song recital last night in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows:

Beethoven, "Adelaide"; Schubert, "Ihr Bild," "Wohin," "Der Neugierige," "Das Wirthshaus," "Erlkoenig"; Strauss, "Morgen," "Du Menies Herzens Kroenenlein"; von Fieltz, "Ja, du bist elend," "Blueten"; Masse, "L'Oiseau s'en vole"; Demberg, "Soupir"; Godard, "Le Voyageur"; Mallinson, "Slow, Horses, Slow," "We Sway Along," four by the Clock, "Eleanor," "Violet," "Gloriana"; Wallace, "Minnie Song," "The Rebel," "Cradle Song," "Up, up in Saddle."

Mr. Hodges, born in Boston about 40 years ago, studied singing for a time with a teacher named Schalk, but he was chiefly self-taught. For the last 14 or 15 years he has lived in New Zealand, where he is highly respected as singer and teacher. He has given many concerts in New Zealand and Australia. At present he is visiting his relations and friends, and he will soon return home. His first appearance here in public was at a banquet given recently to Mr. Booker Washington.

His voice is one of liberal compass and of singular beauty. It is both mellow and virile. It is effective in passages of tender sentiment and in heroic declamation. Mr. Hodges uses his voice with intelligence and taste in the interpretation of songs, and he has the art of conveying to the hearer the poetic sentiment that is heightened by the music of the composer. His effects are not made at random, nor does the hearer suspect him of experiments. The plan of each interpretation has been carefully prepared, and in the performance the emotion of the singer gives it vitality; so that, although an exception might be taken to this or that reading, the exception would be a respectful one and the singer would be expected to make a reasonable answer.

Mr. Hodges has good control of breath, and his phrasing generally does justice to the composer without injury to the poet's meaning. His upper tones have a peculiar resonance, even in pianissimo passages, and in passionate outbursts his voice does not lose quality. He was often technically admirable last evening. There were times when he laid himself open to adverse criticism, but on the whole his singing gave much pleasure. His diction in French is better than in German. The German "w" seems to be a mystery to him.

Especially noteworthy was his singing of "Four by the Clock," by Mallinson, an Englishman living in Dresden; Schubert's "Ihr Bild"; Beethoven's "Adelaide," the songs by Bemberg and Godard and the group of songs by William Wallace, which he sang with marked dramatic spirit. Throughout the program he showed a fine sense of differentiation in sentiment.

There was a small but deeply interested and warmly applauding audience.

## BOSTON ORCHESTRAL CLUB GIVES CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Orchestral Club, Richard J. Hall, president; Longy, conductor, gave a



night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows:

Debussy, "Scottish march; d'Indy, "Souvenirs, Massenet, "Sous les Tilleuls" (Mrs. Hall and Mr. Mimart); Rameau, ballet music from "Dardanus"; Ravel, Spanish Rhapsody; Dukas, Prelude to the third act of "Ariane and Bluebeard"; Plerne, Biscayan Rhapsody from the music to Loti's play "Ramuntcho."

Massenet's bit of pretty sentiment was familiar to some in the audience. The other pieces were played here for the first time. Debussy's Scottish March, written originally for two pianos and before the composer evolved his peculiar speech, was played last Sunday in New York. Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody has been performed in New York and Chicago. It is not unlikely that Rameau's ballet music has been played at one of Franck's New York concerts of ancient music.

Mrs. Hall, Mr. Longy and the orchestra are to be thanked for acquainting us with this new music, though in some instances the acquaintance is still imperfect. For example, d'Indy's "Souvenirs" was beyond the ability of the orchestra. As was stated in The Herald last Sunday, the composition is in memory of the composer's wife. The chief theme, that of the beloved, is taken from an earlier work, and to d'Indy it has no doubt a peculiar and intimate association with the departed. The tone poem is an eloquent elegy which at times breaks out in passionate grief that is of kin to despair, but there is nothing theatrical in the expression, nothing bombastic in the way of funeral pomp. The program note stated that "a little muted trumpet, together with a muted viola, expresses, with the quiverings of the strings, the last sigh and the ascension of the soul toward heaven." There is nothing of pathological interest in the music itself, nor is there anything that justifies this rhetorical flight. D'Indy is the last man in the world to attempt deathbed literalism in music, and even his expression of personal grief knows artistic restraint.

Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody has a certain plausible brilliance, but only the last movement has more than orchestral trickery, and in this movement the most brilliant thought is one that was treated with much greater skill by Chabrier in his "Espana." In comparison with "Espana," this rhapsody seems a vain and trivial thing, awakening attention only by a perverse use of instruments, by rhythms which carry little of beauty or charm of any sort, by the use of anticipatory measures that lead to nothing and leave the waiting hearer disappointed, vexed. It is as though Ravel led the audience gayly down a brilliantly lighted cul de sac, brought it face to face with a dead wall, turned the lights out as by a button, and said with a foolish laugh: "Now what do you think?"

The instrumentation is often thick and muddy in the lower part of the orchestral scheme, or it is thin with instruments used as at random. There has been much talk about Ravel, and some have even hailed him as a revolutionary. Up to the present time he seems to be an illegitimate child of Debussy, without his father's technical skill, without his exquisite sense of proportion, color, beauty; without his imagination and shifting dreams. A program note stated that Ravel's opera, "The Spanish Hour," will be produced in Paris. It has been produced there.

The prelude to an act of "Ariane and Bluebeard" has little interest as absolute music. There are strivings and yearnings; nothing definite, nothing poetically and deliciously vague.

Nor is the Biscayan Rhapsody of Plerne, which serves as a prelude to the scene of the game of pelota in Loti's drama a distinguished work. There are dull variations on unimpressive themes.

There was an audience of good size. Mrs. Hall and Mr. Mimart were loudly applauded, and the last movement of Ravel's Rhapsody was warmly received.

### MISS ALLAN AS SALOME.

Gives Dance at Symphony Hall to Small Audience.

At Symphony Hall last night Miss Allan made her second Boston appearance. The audience was small.

After repeating the dances already given here, Miss Allan prepared to reveal herself in her celebrated Salome dance, which gave her a great vogue in London. She took a long time. Some members of the audience actually despaired and withdrew.

After a desperately tedious interval some others timorously applauded. Then the curtain rose, with apparent reluctance. It showed in the dimness what looked like a court yard, with trees between pillars lighted with colored lamps. At the back stood the superbly-gowned Salome. Slowly she moved, chiefly with her hands. Again Miss Allan demonstrated that it was almost wholly with hands and arms that she achieved her best effects.

The observer almost forgot her legs, except at intervals when they required an undue prominence. For several minutes Miss Allan's hands managed to convey snake-like suggestions, which gave the note of Salome's character. Then the performer grew more abandoned. The spotlight just grazed her ear, glanced down her side, played around her and steadied itself at her feet.

It was, of course, the pale reflex of John the Baptist's brow. More excited grew Salome! In her abandonment she rose to splendid Apache effects. There was no rhythm, no special grace, but the movements harmonized with the crashing of Strauss music. Finally, Salome subsided, and sank to the floor, touched with sadness, perhaps with remorse. She gathered herself together again, and with magnificent fury she sought that spot-light and kissed it passionately again and again.

The kisses acted like wine upon her spirit. Wildly she leaped about the stage, till, at last, she fell in a heap.

It was a curious exhibition, not un-edifying and not uninteresting. But it would seem as if, without much training, many another young woman might do as well.

## 1910 SOTHERN APPEARS IN SHYLOCK ROLE

BY PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE — Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice."

The Duke of Venice.....William Harris  
The Prince of Morocco.....Eric Blind  
Antonio.....Sidney Mather  
Bassanio.....Frederick Lewis  
Gratiano.....John M. Sullivan  
Lorenzo.....Francis Bendtsen  
Shylock.....E. H. Sothern  
Tubal.....Albert S. Howson  
Launcelot Gobbo.....Rowland Buckstone  
Old Gobbo.....Malcolm Bradley  
Portia.....Julia Marlowe  
Nerissa.....Norah Lamson  
Jessica.....Elizabeth Valentine

A large audience was much entertained last night by the sight of Shylock's discomfiture in the absurd trial scene and by the paltry quibble advanced by a Portia that too evidently realized the slimmest of her judicial opinion.

There are warm admirers of Mr. Sothern who regret that, abandoning comedy for which he has indisputable talent, and forsaking romantic drama in which he deservedly won fame, he insists on assuming tragic roles. If he were so daring as to act Shylock in low comedy vein, as undoubtedly was the custom in the earlier years of the play, he might give a capital performance, and he would at least excite hot discussion.

The Shylock of last night, and with a curious accent, awakened neither sympathy nor abhorrence. The effort was sincere, for Mr. Sothern is always in earnest, but the impersonation lacked distinction. This Shylock was not a heroic figure, the type of a long persecuted race; nor was he the incarnation of avarice and malignant hatred. The impersonation was commonplace, and whatever Shylock was, he was not that.

Miss Marlowe played with great charm of manner the scenes, until the one in which she prepares for her appearance as a lawyer. In this scene she fell into insincerity and instructed the audience rather than her servant. In the court of justice her bearing and her speech did not carry conviction. The "make believe" was too apparent. She was delightful in the scenes with the wooers, and she did not there make the mistake of taking Portia too seriously, as though she was then in training as a suffragette for her celebrated appearance before the duke.

Mr. Lewis, a well-graced actor, was an excellent Bassanio. Mr. Mather bore himself manfully and philosophically as the much-enduring merchant. Messrs. Harris and Sullivan are also worthy of mention. The play was well mounted; mandolines were in frequent requisition; there were many curtain calls.

### HESS-SCHROEDER CONCERT.

Quartet's Program Interesting and Varied; Playing Excellent.

The Hess-Schroeder quartet, assisted by Sigismund Stojowski, pianist, gave its fourth concert last evening in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Chadwick, quartet in D minor, No. 5; Stojowski, sonata for violin and piano, in G major; Grieg, quartet in G minor, op. 27.

Although Mr. Chadwick's quartet is not new, it drew forth lively applause for both the players and the composer. It is a pretty quartet, full of interest and variety. The playing was excellent, although one often wished that the sections might be held together better, both by composer and players. Even the Andantino, a charming violin solo, was too disconnected.

Mr. Stojowski might have entitled his composition "Study for Violin and Piano." It is brilliant in places, but has little melodic worth. The most interesting part is the last movement. This shows resource, and is better written for the violin than either of the preceding movements.

Mr. Stojowski and Mr. Hess have many characteristics in common, fine technique, brilliance of style, and tone that evidently is not a part of their life. Mr. Stojowski preluded his sonata by giving Mr. Hess the pitch violently, and Mr. Hess tuned as violently.

Grieg's quartet was superbly played. Even those who consider that it is a composition of orchestral effects, folk songs and dances admit that it has life. Last evening the ensemble was fine; the chords in the first movement were rich and full as an organ, and the light movements charmed all with their elasticity and gayety.

## 1910 14TH SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The program of the 14th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, was as follows:

Overture to "Genoveva".....Schumann  
Symphony in D minor.....Franck  
Prelude and "Love Death" from "Tristan und Isolde".....Wagner  
"Waldweben," from "Siegfried".....Wagner

Overture to "The Flying Dutchman".....Wagner

Although these works were all familiar; although there was no soloist; although the program was too long, the concert gave great pleasure to many who rejoiced even in the overture to "Genoveva," an opera which was never so popular as Offenbach's "Genevieve de Brabant," but is much more respectable and dull.

The passion and tumult of two of the excerpts from Wagner's opera and the delightful suggestion of forest life from a third no doubt stirred the great majority of the hearers, yet the feature of the concert was the performance of Cesar Franck's symphony. When this noble work was first played here it perplexed and irritated many. Some went so far as to breathe out threatenings and slaughter against the conductor and the management. Some really believed in their heart of heart that the good old "Papa" Franck was Antichrist in music, and, not knowing his blameless life, they pictured him as an absinthe drinker with shrieking trousers and a Boulevard "Mich" hat. But the invigorating waters of ultra-modernism have rolled over the audience during the last half-dozen years and some that at first could not "understand" Cesar Franck's symphony now find it sane, a classic, and a little old-fashioned. Thus does the pendulum swing to an extreme.

This symphony is in cyclical form. A generative motive gives cohesion and symmetry to the movements. It has been said in opposition to this form that one main theme, however ingenious its metamorphoses may be, argues a paucity of invention; that

each movement should have distinct and salient themes. I cannot see the force of this reasoning in this instance, for there is as much genius shown in the reshaping of the generative theme as there would be in the invention of other unrelated motives.

This symphony is indeed a beautiful, a sublime work, one to be ranked with d'Indy's symphony in B flat; that is to say, among the greatest symphonies written since Beethoven's death, and there are none greater

than the two. But The Herald has often eulogized at length this work, and eulogy by repetition becomes as tiresome as blame. The symphony would have gained yesterday if Mr. Fiedler had taken the superb finale, the mighty hallalujah, at a slower, more dignified pace. The allegros of Franck often suffer from undue speed. Mr. Fiedler's reading of the first movement was sympathetic, and the middle movement was effectively played.

The program of the concerts on Feb. 11 and 12 will include Bruckner's symphony, E major, No. 7, and Chadwick's Sinfonietta in D major (first time at these concerts).

### DOLMETSCH CONCERT.

Second in Chickering Hall—Ancient Music for Old Instruments.

The second of the concerts announced by Chickering & Sons, and given under the direction of Arnold Dolmetsch, took place last night in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows:

Bach, concerto for two violas da Braccio, two violle da gamba, 'cello, violone and harpsichord; Purcell, toccata for the harpsichord; Marcello, sonata for the viola da gamba and harpsichord; Bach, concerto in C minor for two harpsichords, two violins, viola, 'cello and violone. The players were Mr. and Mrs. Dolmetsch, Mrs. Eccles, Miss Laura Kelsey, Miss Alice Kelsey, Miss Holden, Miss Beatrice Pray, Messrs. Mahn, Gietzen, Hadley, Adams.

The evening was spent in the decorous atmosphere of the 18th century! The hearer at the end of the concert should have walked in stately fashion to a waiting sedan chair.

Mr. Dolmetsch is to be congratulated on producing last night another of his effects entrancing to eye and ear in suggestiveness of the refinement, finish, courtesy, of the life and music of that day. He had in use last night two interesting English specimens of the viola da Braccio, an alto viol, with five or six strings. One dates from 1550, the other from 1700.

Both concertos illustrated excellently, the purity, logic and structural perfection of which Bach was a master. In the latter the prominence of the sweet, penetrating, metallic tinkle of the two harpsichords added quaint charm. The toccata of Purcell was at one time published from manuscript as a work of Bach, and is quite in his style. Mr. Dolmetsch gave much pleasure through his performance and added the figure in B minor from a partitur of Bach. In Marcello's sonata there was real melodic and rhythmic variety, and it gave evidence of his concern for musical mood. Mrs. Dolmetsch looked and played her part well.

An audience of good size gave much evidence of enjoyment.

### 1910 MEN AND THINGS

Carl Joern, the tenor, who was recently seen in a romantic attitude borne by a swan boat across the stage of the Boston Opera House, a virginal Lohengrin to the eye and not an unpleasant one to the ear, has cheerfully consented to his wife's marriage; for she, poor wretch, wishes to wed a Berlin physician, rich only in love. Mr. Joern is still more philosophical than heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious, for he does not look forward to his wife's return. He gives her a fine certificate of character, and he has bound himself to pay her \$25,000 in cash and provide for their three children as long as they live. "I have one only what I believe a gentleman should do."

What made the rift within the lute? Mr. Joern admits that he and his wife were happy at first, while he was singing in minor opera houses. When he became known, when he was last decorated by the Emperor, his wife began "to long for other things. To maintain his reputation, Mr. Joern was obliged to study harder and harder in the preparation of heroic parts. Success is hideous, as Victor

Chicago freak



heroic tenor is not always a hero to his wife, if he may be to his valet.

As soon as Mr. Joern arrived in New York, he realized that Mrs. Joern, who did not accompany him, was not artistic, so he determined to become an American citizen. It is hard to see the logic of his conclusion. Is it possible after all that Art dwells and flourishes in America, in spite of the recent declaration of an English visitor that we are without culture? Or, finding America inartistic, did Mr. Joern think that the possession of American citizenship would work a spell and bring his wife to him across the sea? Mr. Joern, like a gallant man, insists that his wife's love for the physician is pure and holy.

The story is an interesting one, nor do we, commenting on it, tear down the veil of privacy, for the privacy of men and women now on the stage is tumultuous. Even Ethel Barrymore cannot minister to her baby's pressing needs beyond the reach of the camera.

Miss Maud Allan danced her vision of Salome in Symphony Hall, and there was no perturbation of nature. The mayor of this city did not raise his voice in protest, for this Salome was a strictly biblical character; at least we were assured of this by Miss Allan's ingenious press agent, who said that her Salome was the traditional daughter of Herodias, a statement that admits of more than one meaning. As a matter of fact the evangelists say little about this daughter, and they do not tell us that her name was Salome. Perhaps a year or two ago the dance might have made a sensation here; there might have been indignant letters of protest, a mass meeting with distinguished tizens on the platform; the statues of Symphony Hall might have covered their eyes; but Salome is now an old story, and, we regret to say, nothing of a bore. Why does not the interpretative dancer treat the legend as told by Meine in "Atta Doll"; how it was Herodias that seduced John with a wild love and was seen at night by the belated traveller, as she was riding furiously to the satanic host and kissing passionately the Baptist's head? There were women in Samoa who danced on the ground. Herodias might dance on a rocking horse and there might be accompanying music from Meyer's "Cheval de Bronze."

The English journals just received have much to say about Miss Allan's conquest of America. The Pall Mall Gazette remembered that when Fanny Essler visited Washington Congress she as one man and invited her to in the speaker's chair. It's a pretty story, but Miss Allan surely cannot be the equal of the famous Tennessee dancer. The list of nobles that had seen Miss Allan in London was imposing one, although three or four humble men without titles of any sort were named, as Mr. Shaw, Mr. Stead; but although the list was widely distributed, there was no one called in the crush at Symphony Hall, and, to speak plainly, only a few gazed on the vision of Salome.

Not long ago a New York journal assured its readers that Mr. Rachmaninoff would succeed Mr. Fiedler as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Last week another New York journal stated that Mr. Toscanini would be Mr. Fiedler's successor. All of this must have been a pleasant reading for Mr. Fiedler; he is not a highly nervous man; he does not leap in the air; he no doubt was amused. Mr. Fiedler is well liked here and in the cities visited by the orchestra. The people like his programs, his conducting, and the man himself. Mr. Rachmaninoff is an excellent conductor of his own works, as we have seen. How he would direct the works of others we do not know. When he was opera conductor in Moscow he made the stipulation that he should not be obliged to conduct operas by other composers in Russian. Mr. Toscanini is a remarkable operatic conductor, a genius. He is a man of the opera house. Would he breathe easily the exhilarating air of the concert hall? He is now paid a very large salary, and he is master at the Metropolitan Opera House. Why should he wish to conduct symphonies and chamber music? Meanwhile Dr. Eck in Berlin smiles his enigmatical smile.

A healthful exercise for a literary man in the country would be an hour's work every morning, except on Sunday, splitting infinitives. They are not green; they are seldom knotty; an exercise has been recommended "F. E. C.," whose contributions to the column have been sadly missed lately.

The Rev. E. J. Hardy is the author of "How to Be Happy Though Civilized." He is disturbed by the easy-going habits of the day. "A man of God asks a lady to go in to supper with him in this way: 'Any one

may you to bed, shall we toddle down together?' The lady answers, 'Right O.' 'Well,' he continues, 'we'd better barge along at once.' What would Lord Chesterfield have said to such phrases?" Some might say that Lord Chesterfield's opinion would be of little weight, were that distinguished egoist alive.

## JAPANESE GIVE FIRST ORATORIO

By PHILIP HALE.

The Herald has received a letter from the Rev. Clay MacCauley, who is now representing the Unitarian mission to Japan. The letter is dated Tokio, Dec. 31, 1909, and it has to do with the first performance of a dramatic oratorio, "The Star of Promise," composed and conducted by Prof. Yamada of the Uyeno School of Music. There were five solo singers, a chorus of about 30 young men and women and an orchestra of about 20. The performance took place on Sunday night, Dec. 26.

I quote from the Japan Advertiser of Dec. 28:

"The stage settings and decorations were the work of students of the school of art. They were exceptionally realistic, aided by especially colored electric lighting, and produced wonderful effects of both night and day. The opening scene was on the Plains of Bethlehem, where flocks of sheep were seen sleeping under the moonlight. A stream, tree-bordered, held the centre of the picture. As the parting curtains disclosed the scene, soft strains from the stringed instruments, strangely like and yet unlike those of a motif in 'Lohengrin,' wrought an accompaniment of the quiet moonlight. The successive incoming of various instruments gradually deepened the music, until, suddenly, the 'Star' shone forth in a burst of harmony, and the song of the shepherds told of their fear and wonder."

After the shepherds had sung their brilliant song of praise, they disappeared. "As the morning approached, the music became fuller and suggestive of new events, culminating in the appearance of the Three Wise Men bearing gold, frankincense and myrrh." With the leading shepherd, they sang a quartet that was "not only good music, but was accompanied by excellent dramatic action." The first scene closed with the shepherds and magi going toward Bethlehem, led by the Star. "The orchestral ending here was very effective in conjunction with the moon-lighted landscape."

"The second scene was in the full blue of the morning sunrise in Bethlehem before the open door of an outbuilding of the inn. The Angel of the Lord stood in the midst of rays streaming from the Glory within the house. The three wise men and the shepherd knelt before the angel, offering adoration to the Child within. Here the orchestral effects were in fine harmony with the dramatic action, reaching upward with increasing volume to a Hallelujah Chorus, in which all instruments and voices were united in a masterful manner."

The Japan Advertiser adds: "This oratorio is the first attempt in Japan to render a dramatic theme musically by a Japanese composer by means of Japanese orchestra, chorus and soloists, and dealt with according to the rules and methods of the music of the West. It is only just to all who took part in the presentation to give them generous praise for their work, not because they did so well, while doing something radically different from the musical productions characteristic of their own people, but because, in itself considered, they achieved a fine success."

The music of the Angel of the Lord was given to a contralto.

The American Music Society will give a concert in Jordan Hall Tuesday evening, Feb. 8. The program will include a piano quintet by Edgar S. Kelley, now living in Berlin, which will be played here for the first time; Howard Brockway's new suite for cello and piano; John Beach's dramatic monologue, "In a Gondola" (Browning), and songs by Percy Lee Atherton, E. H. Abbott, Mabel W. Daniels, Arthur Shepherd and Henry Hadley.

Dr. J. W. Alderton is president of the Boston Centre of this society and John Beach is the musical director. The membership has been doubled since November. It is the purpose of the society to perform recent, and, as far as possible, really serious works with the best soloists in the city. Although Kelley's piano quintet has been published for five years, it remained for the American Music Society in its San Francisco, New York and Boston centres to bring the work before the public.

The Pall Mall Gazette has been considering shrewdly this matter of "national" music. It well says that "the patriotic wish for something good to come from native pens has tended to give a welcome not otherwise so readily offered." If this be carried to excess there will be a lowering of the standard and "a blunting of the critical faculties which hitherto have been too strongly characteristic of English methods to be lost for the sake of a local and, as it would prove, merely a temporary success." If British made music should not satisfy the best opinion, "it would be a poor thing to

turn out only that which is judged to fall short of such opinion and to rest content with some sort of self-satisfaction that at any time the article is home grown."

The writer is inclined to believe that there is no nationality in art; that what are called national characteristics are very often purely external. "When a composer deliberately and of set purpose endeavors to write in what he would call a national style, he may be in a very great danger of losing the expression of his true self. Where national traits are of a more intrinsic quality there is less art in the sense of technique, form and the like. The folk-song in its direct and appealing simplicity is a very different thing from the symphony and opera; in these last all the resources of the composer have been called into play to deal with large issues and complex emotions, and immediately the conditions change, in that elements of another kind of style come into play, bringing with them a standard by which judgment is made by the experienced. Here nationality of idiom has to give way and fit itself to many others in combination."

The Pall Mall Gazette argues, therefore, that the English public should demand less from their young composers that they show national characteristics "than that their work bears traces of the wider influence of great achievement." Only thus can permanency be secured, and only thus can recognition outside our own circle be obtained.

But some in England have denounced foreign musical domination for having repressed native art. "It is difficult to believe," answers sensibly the writer, "that if during any of these periods a true genius had arisen in our midst, he would not have come to the front. In fact, the conditions, being, as said, marked by the high quality demanded, have really from this very fact been remarkably favorable. Whenever the English musical art has been in low water the reason must be sought elsewhere. The abundance of native talent now observable is surely entirely unconnected with anything of the kind. We accept as freely as ever foreign music, the work of composers and executants alike; there has been not the slightest cessation, and why the native artist gets his own now more than he did is because his efforts are more on a level. This, we firmly believe, is as it should be; let, in fact, this cosmopolitan view of the musical art continue to exert its sway and, where the results of other nations' work are on a higher plane than our own, let them be welcomed as a stimulus and incentive to progress."

The admirable Flonzaley quartet next Thursday evening will recognize the moderns, for the names of Chausson and Reger are on the program.

Miss Kathrin Hilke, soprano, who will give a song recital on Tuesday night has been studying for some time in Berlin and she has sung in concerts during her absence. She sang here at a Handel and Haydn concert March 8, 1903, in Gounod's "Gallia" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater," where her associates were Mme. Schumann-Heink and Messrs. Salignac and Journet.

Mr. Henderson of the New York Sun will lecture on Tuesday concern-

ing the origin of the piano and piano music, the clavichord and its immediate successors—early piano music and its character. He will discuss the influence of the church and take up the polyphonic style of piano composition and its sources and its culmination in the compositions of Bach; the first experiments in monophonic style, the method of composition suited to it and the completion of this method by Beethoven. He will speak of romantic movement with the introduction of new forms and new manners by Chopin and Schumann. He will also treat of the technique of the piano; how the instrument was played before Bach; his innovations; the advances made by Clementi and the revolutionary additions of Chopin and Schumann. The music of Liszt and his exploitation of the resources of the piano will bring the lecture to a close.

Mr. Albert E. Brown, who will give a song recital Wednesday evening has charge of the music in the schools of Winchester. He purposes soon to go to Europe for study.

Miss Virginia Stickney, who will give a cello recital on Saturday night, is a pupil of Josef Adamowski. She has played with unusual success at concerts of the New England Conservatory of Music.

Gardner Lamson, formerly of Boston, now engaged at the City Theatre, in Trier, was highly praised last month by the local critics for his performance of Hans Sachs and the Dutchman in Wagner's operas.

Two songs by Henry Eichheim of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, "When the Dew Is Falling," and "The Lament of Ian the Proud," words by Fiona McLeod, were sung in manuscript by Miss Loraine Wyman, daughter of the late Julie Wyman, at her recital in Aeolian Hall, New York, Jan. 15.

Sir Edward Elgar's new song cycle, words by Sir Gilbert Parker, was sung by Muriel Foster (Mrs. Ludovic Goetz) at the Jaeger Memorial concert in Queen's Hall, London, Jan. 24. The composer conducted. A new song by him, "The King's Way," with words by his wife, was sung by Mme. Clara Butt, Jan. 15.

Richard Strauss, asked what he thought of the ability of women to conduct orchestras, answered: "As women are able to control excellent conductors, viz., their husbands, why should they not be equal to the task of directing the orchestras which their husbands control?"

Wagner headed the list of composers at the Paris Opera in 1909. He was represented by five operas and there were 51 performances to his credit. Gounod came next with 42 performances. Saint-Saens was third with 24.

Mr. H. H. Hulbert, M. A., Oxon, M. R. C. S., L. R. C. P., and no doubt other things, made some sensible remarks before the Incorporated Society of Musicians at Folkestone about "artistic temperament," which is of great use if properly applied, "but is answerable for much mental pain and anguish if not kept within reasonable bounds." He spoke of "the thousands of people possessing a well marked artistic temperament who are eking out a miserable existence in poor surroundings, lamenting the supposed fact that the rest of humanity are too dull witted to recognize their talents; they cannot realize that their artistic temperament is the cause of their failure through its interference with that adaptability to work which alone would make them a success in life, for it cannot be said

that the artistic temperament and hard work are synonymous terms."

A new string quartet in G major (op. 17) by Leander Schlegel is now played by the Marteau-Becker quartet. The music is described as fresh, fluent, melodious, agreeable.

There has been complaint recently about the inefficiency of the soloists at the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig. Neither Miss Eaton, singer from Paris, nor Alfred Hoehn, pianist from Frankfurt, please audience or critics. A new string quartet by Paul Graener of Vienna is based on the Swedish folk song, "Spin, Spin." The music is said to go outside of the frame of chamber music, to be thought for orchestra and expressed in orchestral speech. But this is an old reproach, and it has been brought against excellent chamber pieces. The objector in this case admits that Graener's quartet has many "inter-



ing and beautiful moments." It was played Jan. 4 in Leipzig by the Fitzer quartet of Vienna.

A new violin concerto by Carl B. Cies was played recently in Stuttgart for the first time by Carl Flesch. The critics spoke of it respectfully.

The orchestral variations on a child's song, the op. 17 of Walter Brannels, played at Stuttgart, disappointed expectation.

An orchestra made up of full-blooded North American Indians and Mexicans, led by Mr. Evans, will give concerts from June 15 to Sept. 15 in Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and Austria. This information comes from German music journals.

Two new opera houses are planned in Berlin: One for Hermann Gura and one for Morris to manage.

August Bungert, whose aeroplane symphony was noticed some time ago in *The Herald*, is now at work on a row of musical tragedies taken from the *Iliad*.

Rudolph Ganz, the pianist, is known in Berlin as "the novelty-player."

A concert of piano pieces and songs by Balakireff and Liapunoff in Berlin, Jan. 3, did not please Dr. Leichtentritt. The second scherzo of the first named Russian pleased him best.

There is a queer dispute about authors' rights in Italy. A manager of a theatre outside that country maintains that "Aida" is public property and can be performed by any one without paying rights of any sort. He reasoned that, as the opera was first performed in Egypt, it is an Egyptian opera, but Egypt does not protect authors' rights by law; therefore, "Aida" is public property. The case is to be taken into court.

"Ten Divertissements for Violin Solo," with accompaniment of a second violin, designed for the development of tone, intonation, rhythm and phrasing, by Edwin A. Sabin of this city, has been published. The second violin parts are only of moderate difficulty, and the studies should be useful in developing taste.

#### Concerts of the Week.

MONDAY—Fenway court, 3 P. M. Third and last of Miss Terry's concerts. The American String Quartet and Piero Orsatti, tenor. Grieg, quartet op. 27; Goddard, Duet for two violins and piano. Songs, "Filosofia d'Amore," Geddes; Obstinat, Fontenailles; "El Ucellino," Puccini; air from "Tosca," Puccini.

TUESDAY—Chickering Hall, 3 P. M.

William J. Henderson of New York will lecture on "Epochs of Piano Music." Mme. Samaroff will play in illustration: Bach, prelude and fugue in A minor from "The Well-Tempered Clavier"; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 57; Schumann, "Grillen"; Chopin, Fantasia Impromptu; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 14.

Chickering Hall, 8:30 P. M. Miss Kathryn Hike's song recital. Brahms Van sen Berg, pianist. Schubert, "In Abendroth," "Das Lied im Gruenen," "Die Junge Nonne," "Der Einsame"; Brahms, "Liebestreu," "Wir Wandel'n," "Nachtigall," "Staendchen," Tremolo, November; Sesek, Petites Roses; Duparc, "L'Invitation au Voyage," "Chanson Triste," Wolf, "An eine Aeol-harfe," "Der Gaertner," "Zur Ruh"; Tretelein, hoher Krieger; Poote, "Love Guides the Roses," "There Sits a Bird"; MacDowell, "Long Ago"; Chadwick, "The Danza."

WEDNESDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Albert Edmund Brown, bass. Mrs. Brown, pianist. Haydn, "With Joy the Impatient Husbandman"; old English, "Down Among the Dead Men"; Radecke, "Swallow's Song," "Drink to Me Only"; "Annie Laurie"; Korbay, "Where the Tisza's Torrents"; "Had a Horse"; Shepherd, "See Thy Horse's Foaming Mane"; Lowe, "Tom, the Rhymer," op. 135; "Str Olaf," op. 2, No. 2; Max Bendix, "Auf Wiedersehen"; Poote, "Requiem," H. F. Gilbert, "Who Is Sylvia?" O. Kling, "Israel"; Storace, "Pretty Creature"; Home, "To Russia"; Damrosch, "Daddy Deever."

THURSDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of the Plonzeley quartet (Messrs. Betti, Pochon, Ara and d'Ara ambeau). Haydn, quartet in D major, op. 84, No. 5; Chausson, Adagio from unfinished quartet, Regor, Scherzo from quartet, op. 74, in D minor; Beethoven, quartet in E flat major, op. 74.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Musical arrangement of Mme. Liza Lehmann, composer and pianist, assisted by Mme. Jomelli, soprano; Miss Palgrave-Turner, alto; Dan Beddoe, tenor; Frederic Hastings, baritone; Albert Hope, soprano. The program will include "A Persian Garden," "Non-verse Song," and these songs: "No girl has Wings," "There Hangs the Garland," "The Mad Dog," "Three

Hard Songs," "If No One Ever Marries Me," "The Swing," Mme. Lehmann will be the accompanist.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Recital by Miss Virginia Stickney, cellist. Miss Tufts, pianist. Boellmann, sonata for cello and piano, op. 40; Saint-Saens, concerto in A minor, op. 33; Faure, Elegie; Klengel, Scherzo; Davidoff, Fantasia on Russian Themes, op. 7.

## NEW COMEDY HAS MISLEADING NAME

"Captain Kidd" Has Nothing to Do with the Pirate, but Is Only "The Dictator" Made Over for the Stage.

By PHILIP HALE.

"Captain Kidd," a musical play, by Seymour Hicks, music by Leslie Stuart, produced at Wyndham's Theatre, London, Jan. 12, must be a disappointment to many, for Captain Kidd neither buries the Bible in the sand nor murders Moor, the gunner. The play is only R. H. Davis' farce, "The Dictator," done over, and Captain Kidd is the name taken by Viscount Albany, who, knocking down a cabman in New York and leaving him for dead, embarks on a ship bound for Porto Banos. Mr. Hicks lures spectators to the Wyndham under false pretences.

When will there be a stirring melodrama of the ultra-modern A. H. Woods school, based on Kidd's adventures? "I see him now in his long, low, black, rakish craft," as the treasure-hunter frequently remarked in "The Parlor Match." Captain Hook is a fine fellow in "Peter Pan"; excellent in the poison scene, admirable when he smokes three cigars at once. Did Mr. Barrie find the latter idea in John Amory's description of Mr. Gallasp, who had many accomplishments? This Gallasp was proficient in drinking seven in hand; "that is, seven glasses so placed between the fingers of his right hand that, in drinking, the liquor fell into the next glasses, and thereby he drank out of the first glass seven glasses at once." And he made a gulp of whatever he drank; "he did not swallow a fluid like other people, but if it was a quart, poured it in as from pitcher to pitcher."

And when Mr. Gallasp smoked tobacco, he always blew two pipes at once, one at each corner of his mouth, and threw the smoke out at both his nostrils.

In the "Pirate's Own Book"—the edition printed at Portland, Me., in 1859—there is a picture of Capt. "Robert" Kidd—known to many as William, and William was his name—burying the Bible. His ship is waiting for him, but she is not low or rakish. Kidd wears a marvellous hat with a plume in it that is at least four feet long. He holds a spade in his left hand, and he has a sinister expression. There is also a picture of Kidd hanging in chains. Woodcuts in this book, which should be in the hands of every ambitious boy, are rude, but delightful.

And the style is also delightful. George Borrow, wishing to write sturdy English, studied the Bible and the Newgate Calendar. Note this passage from the anonymous author of the "Pirate's Own Book."

"For Moor, the gunner, being one day upon deck and talking with Kidd about the said Dutch ship, some words arose between them, and Moor told Kidd that he had ruined them all; upon which Kidd, calling him a dog, took up a bucket and struck him with it, breaking his skull. He died the next day. But Kidd's penitential fit did not last long; for coasting along Malabar, he met with a great number of boats, all of which he plundered. Upon the same coast he also fell in with a Portuguese ship, which he kept possession of a week, and then having taken out of her some chests of India goods, thirty jars of butter, with some wax, iron and a hundred bags of rice, he let her go."

And can anything be better than this? "Relying upon his interest with the Lord Bellamont, and fancying that a French pass or two he found on board some of the ships he took, would serve to countenance the matter, and that part of the booty he got would gain him new friends—I

say, all these things made him flatter himself that all would be hushed, and that justice would not wink at him. Wherefore he sailed for Boston laden with booty, with a crew of swaggering companions at his heels."

Yes, there are still nobler passages in the life of the atrocious Charles Gibbs, who years ago in Boston "opened a grocery in Ann street, near what was then called the Tin Pot, a place full of abandoned women and dissolute fellows. As he dealt chiefly in liquor and had a license to retail Spirits, his drunkenness was thronged with customers." But let us go back to Kidd.

The dramatist that wishes to take William Kidd for a hero should study

his life as told by Marcel Schwob in his "Vies Imaginaires," for these imaginary lives are far more realistic than those found in biographical dictionaries. Schwob thinks that Kidd was an assumed name, for the captain, as some say, fastidious in dress, always wore kid gloves in combat and in sailing, but others tell that in his horrid butcheries he would cry out: "I, who am as kind and gentle as a new born kid." Schwob, a faithful chronicler, gives other reasons for the name of this captain whose seal was cut with a skull and a kid's head. Kidd allowed no cards or dice on board ship. Lights were all out at 8 P. M. The band was not expected to play on Sunday. Yet Kidd suffered from remorse, and his agony, as described by Schwob, would make powerful scenes for a melodramatic actor.

Kidd captured a Dutch ship and made his prisoners walk the plank. "At that moment, Kidd's gunner, Moor, raised his voice: 'Captain,' he cried, 'why do you kill these men?' Moor was drunk. The captain turned about and, seizing a bucket, bashed him on the head. Moor fell with a broken skull."

The bucket was washed carefully, but no one on the ship would use it. From the day of the murder Kidd was haunted by it. He captured one day the Queda, manned by Hindus and Armenians, and when the mass of gold ducats was about to be distributed the man with the bloody bucket was sitting on the heap. Kidd saw him and swore. He went down to his cabin and emptied a glass of bumbo (a strong liquor composed of rum, sugar, water and nutmeg, although gin sometimes took the place of rum). Then he threw the bucket into the ocean. On a rich merchantman, the Mocco, he did not find anything to measure the gold dust. "Fill a bucket," said a voice over his shoulder. He slashed the air with his cutlass and wiped his lips, which were foaming. After the capture of the Swallow he took a well-earned sleep. He awoke dripping with sweat, and ordered a sailor to bring him water for washing. The man brought it in a pewter basin. Kidd looked at it and howled: "You wretch, you have brought me a bucket full of blood!" Kidd marooned him.

Kidd buried his treasure in sundry places because he was persuaded that every night the murdered gunner would come to fill his bucket from the gold bunker and throw the treasure into the sea. When the hangman put the black cap over Kidd's eyes, Kidd, gloved carefully, swore: "I knew well that he would put the bucket on my head!"

Paul Bourget's social drama, "La Barricade," performed at the Vaudeville in Paris, is indorsed by capital and condemned by the trades unions. "The trumpet note ringing through the play is this: 'Bourgeoisie! rouse yourself to fight the enemy, which is the Social Revolution.'"

And so the Baron de Glegenoy in Bernstein's "Israel" insists at the club that there is no longer nobility in France, only the bourgeoisie arrayed against Socialism and the bourgeois should gladly seek the aid of Jewish bankers instead of attempting to drive them out of France.

It is thought that "La Barricade" would not go in English. "There is so much in it that needs French minds to understand and to appreciate." "Unfortunately," adds Percival, "there seems every possibility that in a few years' time the socialist and syndical idea may have yet such a grip of England that we shall be ripe to applaud 'La Barricade.'"

Albert du Bois' phantasy in verse, in three acts, "Nonotte et Patouillet,"

produced at the Theatre du Vaudeville in Paris, is described as a melley of brilliance, paradox and anachronism. "The verse is often charming, but extraordinarily unequal, passing from delicate and dainty imagery to the most heavy and laborious banality. At its best moments we have an echo of Moliere and of that exquisite tale of Theophile Gautier, 'The Capitaine Fracasse.'"

The story is thus told by the Pall Mall Gazette: "In the 18th century lived in a chateau, near Dijon, a certain Dame Ursulande, who has spent six years in writing a play for the Theatre Francais, and devotes the rest of her time to listening to the counsels of the Jesuit Fr. Nonotte. It is the 'dot' of Ursulande's lovely niece, Vivette, that the Jesuits covet; and they have persuaded the aunt to bestow the young girl's hand and dowry on Patouillet—the star of the Jesuit college—as hideous and revolt-

ing to look at as any ogre in a fairy tale.

"But—and here comes in the reminiscence of Gautier's masterpiece—an accident to the diligence brings to the chateau the famous comedian Preville, on his way to act at Dijon before the great Voltaire himself—a most fit and proper champion for an oppressed damsel.

"Preville is as charming as his rival is grotesque. He lays siege to the tearful Vivette; he carries off the laurels in a 'concours' of poetry at the chateau; and—crowning feat of diplomacy—he promises the older lady that her play shall be accepted at the Theatre Francais itself.

"I need not tell English readers what a fine actor is M. Lugne-Poe, but last night he excelled himself. His creation of Patouillet was superb. The incarnation of this revolting and absurd creature, whose ridiculous mind is seething with an undigested mass of Jesuit teaching, was a wonderful inspiration. In M. Lugne-Poe's hands M. du Bois' play was better treated than it deserved."

Here is the history of Rostand's "Chantecler" as told by "Percival" in the Referee:

"Do you realize that Paris has been talking about 'Chantecler' since June 5, 1903, six years and six months by the clock? On that day Edmond (the real one said that he was going back to Cambo to write a play in verse. On Oct. 25, 1904, dear old Coquelin, at the repetition generale of 'A Country Girl' (Oh, Bonheur!) at Olympia, told me that he had just come back from Cambo, where Rostand had given him his manuscript. 'The piece will certainly be played at the Gaiety this year,' said Coquelin. That was six years ago. In December, 1904, we learned its name. In January, 1905, Sarcey's son-in-law, Adolphe Brisson, Sarcey's son-in-law, Adolphe Cambo, the dramatic critic of the Temps, came back from Cambo and declared that Nature had inspired the poet, who had just finished his play. In February, 1908, we learned that Gallpau was to play the Blackbird. In November, 1908, we learned that rehearsals had begun.

"In December they stopped. In January, 1909, poor Coquelin died. In September M. de Peraudy of the Francais said that he was not going to play the name part. Next day M. Lebarry accepted it. A few days after that he failed to get permission from the Comedie Francaise to play it. Then M. Claretie asked M. Rostand whether he would like 'Chantecler' to be played at the Francais. On Jan. 7 M. Rostand replied, 'Let me thank you for the grace with which, after refusing what I asked, you have offered me what you know I cannot accept.'"

Another Don Juan play has been produced, this time at Berlin, Jan. 7. It is entitled "Don Juan's Last Adventure," and, as the hero kills himself, the adventure was positively his last. This Don Juan is a Giovanni who, having spent several years in amorous pursuits—the pursuit of an ideal—meets a young woman, Cornelia. She is betrothed to another, but she throws herself at Giovanni, now an elderly gentleman. Cornelia, at last confesses to her betrothed that she has been as unfaithful to him as was possible, but he forgives her. Giovanni then declares that he is really in love with Cornelia and, to prove it, he thrusts a dagger into his heart. Otto Anthes, the dramatist, is newcomer.



Arthur Bouchier, acting in a music hall, declares that he has never played to more "intelligently sympathetic listeners than the audiences" he found there. He believes that dramatists who, like other people, must start at the bottom of the ladder, should be encouraged to turn their attention to one-act plays containing an effective situation, subsequently to be developed in craftsman-like style.

Yet Mr. Bouchier has been almost converted to the idea of a National Theatre. "This change of attitude is mainly due to the criticisms of a learned dramatic critic who has thought fit to make sweeping assertions respecting those who attend the performances at the Palace. In my dreams I picture a stately building, enriched by ancient statues of philosophers and scholars, where ordinary common or garden people will not be given the plays they desire, but those plays only which their monitors consider it is right and fitting they should see. The audience, of course, will under this novel condition of things have to produce something in the shape of a testimonial to their general character, while the advertisements will be embellished with extracts from the ancient poets."

## CO-STARS PRESENT ROMEO AND JULIET

THE SHUBERT THEATRE—E. 11. thern and Miss Julia Marlowe presented "Romeo and Juliet" last night, with the following cast:

**DRAMATIS PERSONAE**  
Romeo.....William Harris  
Juliet.....Eric Blind  
Mercutio.....Albert S. Howson  
Tybalt.....Malcolm Bradley  
Friar Laurence.....John Taylor  
Nurse.....John Sothorn  
Benvolio.....Frederick Lewis  
Mantua.....John Maurice Sullivan  
Tybalt.....Sydney Mather  
Friar Laurence.....William Harris  
Balthasar.....Frederick Roland  
Peter.....Rowland Buckstone  
An Apothecary.....Frank Macgrath  
An Apothecary.....Malcolm Bradley  
Lady Montague.....Miss Elizabeth Valentine  
Lady Capulet.....Miss Alma Krueger  
Juliet.....Miss Marlowe  
Nurse to Juliet.....  
Mrs. Eugenia Woodward

As usual, in this play, interest was centered in Juliet. Those familiar with Miss Marlowe's career know the amazing performance that the actress gave of this part during her early appearances. In many particulars the impersonation is greatly changed. It used to be simple, sincere, direct and pathetic. Now it is ethereal; but it is not direct or wholly sincere or at all simple.

With the passing of the years Miss Marlowe has grown more self-conscious and, in achieving her artistic effects, more calculating. She now makes Juliet a knowing, forward and rather flirtatious young woman. Whatever may be said of Juliet, no one can accuse her of being a flirt.

A franker and more sincere expression of love has never been spoken than her words to Romeo in the balcony scene. Miss Marlowe, furthermore, ornaments the part altogether too much, making it at times annoyingly trifling. It is a pity that she has never been able to acquire perfect command of her hands. Just as she did years ago, she still makes limp and insignificant gestures. Often her hands get in her way. Sometimes, in trying to manage them, she puts them into the most difficult and awkward positions.

In spite of blemishes, the performance has considerable artistic skill. Particularly beautiful is her recital of the potion speech. Never has Miss Marlowe tempted to overdo. Here she gives evidence of a quality that has always served her well—discretion. It is a pity that she does not pay more attention to the blank verse in her speeches. Sometimes her carelessness in this regard is startling, as in the line, "I have no joy in this contract tonight." She places the accent on the first instead of the last syllable.

As Romeo, in spite of much counsel, criticism and ridicule, Mr. Sothorn persists in being lugubrious. In the earlier scenes Romeo is sentimental and forlorn, in the banishment scene he is furious with rage, and toward the end of the play he is grief-stricken; but lugubrious he is not for one moment.

The Romeo part, Mr. Sothorn presents is really a middle-aged Hamlet. On several occasions he speaks of his "boy" as if he were about to burst into tears. Since his association with Miss Marlowe this actor has improved in several respects, notably in his readings, which are now mainly correct, and in his diction, which, though sometimes labored, is clear.

But, like Miss Marlowe, he is scornful of Shakespeare's verse. His "banishment scene" he takes at too slow a pace; it is without fury or passion or, in fact, any real feeling. And much of the splendid beauty of his speeches in the "tower scene" he fails to convey. His best work is in his killing of Tybalt. He is magnificent in his despairing cry, "Oh, I am fortune's fool!"

The company on the whole is good. Mr. Lewis makes a fine figure as Mercutio and speaks well, but he plays in too low a key. The Paris of Albert S. Howson has genuine impressiveness, and Mrs. Eugenia Woodward is an excellent nurse. The settings are appropriate. The scenes moved much too slowly and, before the play ended, it was long past 11 o'clock.

Feb 1 1910

## Maude Adams Appears in "What Every Woman Knows"—Delightful Performance of Clever Play Pleases House.

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"What Every Woman Knows," comedy in four acts by J. M. Barrie. First performance in Boston. Production by Charles Frohman.

John Shand.....Richard Bennett  
Alice Wylie.....R. Peyton Carter  
David Wylie.....David Torrence  
James Wylie.....Fred Tyler  
Maggie Wylie.....Maude Adams  
Mr. Venables.....Eunssden Hare  
Comtesse de la Briere.....Ffolliott Paget  
Lady Sybil Lazenby.....Lillian Waldegrave  
Maid.....Lillian Spencer

Here is another play to show that man is a poor vain thing. "Weak and irresolute is man," says the old hymn, and man is never so weak as when, an egoist, he thinks himself strong. Mr. Barrie's comedy, which was produced in London Sept. 3, 1908, with Hilda Trevelyan as Maggie, teaches many things to men that are willing to be taught, but it points out dangers: that of being a prig, that of being without a sense of humor—and these are practically one and the same; and the danger of associating with enthusiastic suffragettes.

The first act is delightful in every way—in construction, dialogue that is portraiture of character, racy humor, wit, whimsicality, quiet pathos. It is a little drama in itself, which with the fall of the curtain is complete. The audience sees a glimpse of life. There is no suggestion of the theatre. This act is by far the best of the four, and in this act Miss Adams is closest to the Maggie of the drama.

The second act, in spite of amusing dialogue, is inferior, and at the beginning of the third the machinery begins to creak, or, to change the figure, we leave the whimsical but real for that which is theatrically fantastical and artificial. Mr. Barrie knows his Scottish people better than his London swell women. The latter have life only on the stage; let them go in the street and they have no substance. They are not of flesh and blood; they are like the wife who, returning from the grave, in the old German story, and wounded by a harsh word from her husband, was found to be only dress without a body.

And is the relationship between John Shand, wildly ambitious, and Lady Sybil, reasonable or plausible? Agur, the son of Jakeh, confessed that of three things which were too wonderful for him, yea four that he knew not, one was the way of a man with a maid. But John was incapable of passion; he was not anxious for social distinction; he was already in favor with the government and sure of promotion, nor is Sybil represented as influential; he was not even a philanderer. Nor is there any reason or excuse, given or implied, for Sybil's infatuation.

Furthermore, would any Scottish woman, with or without a sense of humor, and especially a woman like Maggie, consent for a moment to the arrangements by which John will

Sybil and is not only allowed but urged to write his career-determining speech? No, "Peter Pan" with the crocodile and the flying children and Capt. Hook is more realistic.

Yet the charm of the dialogue is so fascinating, the humor is so rich, the revelations of character are so true that we accept for the time that which is inherently preposterous, accept and revel in it. We also are convinced that Maggie was absolutely necessary to John in his political career, that her wit interjected into his speeches without his knowledge, made them remarkable, that without her he was as plain dozens in the House of Commons, respectable and dull.

There are many women who conceal carefully their mental superiority from their husbands; they conceal it by wise silence, by adorable agreement; but could even thick-headed John have gone so far in his career without knowing the value of his wife? And does a man of John's age suddenly develop a sense of humor, so that by laughing uproariously at one of his wife's sayings—and this line is by no means one of Mr. Barrie's best—he then sees himself as he really is?

But why analyze that which gives pleasure? Why carp at situations that give rise to delightful dialogue? Surely it is enough to present three characters like the Wylie brothers, and to show John Shand with his stolidity, obtuseness, egoism that would be insufferable, cruel, were it not so amusing; and it must have been amusing, for Maggie found it so, until her John fancied that Lady Sybil was the only woman that understood him.

Miss Adams was charming in the first act, in which it is repeatedly stated that Maggie is without outward charm. She was attractive, although Maggie had not attracted any wooer and John himself was inclined to shy at her in spite of the £300. Miss Adams had the bloom of womanhood, which Maggie saw in others, not herself. In this act Miss Adams' mannerisms, which to many are as precious as ointment, were not wholly incongruous in the part she assumed.

She was irresistible at the end of the second act, when she spoke of her constituents. In the scene of jealousy and anguish, her personality was not that of Maggie, nor did her art permit her to create an illusion. Maggie is loving, humorous, but she also has depth, and subtlety, and above all a resolute, grim will. Miss Adams was again herself, this time taking the name of Mr. Barrie's Maggie, and thousands of her admirers would not have her otherwise. If she were really Maggie throughout the play these admirers might be perplexed, disquieted, possibly hurt.

The men in the comedy were admirably portrayed without exception. They were the men that Mr. Barrie drew, nor should the excellent performance of Comtesse de la Briere by Miss Paget be passed over. Miss Paget made the comtesse for the time a living being.

There was a large audience, that gave frequent and hearty manifestations of enjoyment.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"Quincy Adams Sawyer,"** a drama in four acts by Charles F. Pidgin. The cast: Quincy Adams Sawyer, James Thatcher Zerkel Pettengill, Frank Leighton Obadiah Strout, Frank Harsh Arthur Hastings, Cris Chisholm Hiram Maxwell, Jerome Wensall Deacon Mason, George Hibbert Abner Stiles, C. D. Newman Sam Hill, George Brown Bob Wood, Ralph Shields Lindy Putnam, Marguerite Lucier Alice Pettengill, Alice Gray Mrs. Hepslah Putnam, Ellene Seymour

The John Craig Stock company in "Are You a Mason" at the Castle Square.

Frank Perry, John Craig George Fisher, Donald Meek Amos Bloodgood, George Hassell Ernest Morrison, Wilfred Young Mrs. Caroline Bloodgood, Mabel Colcord Anne, Grace Lothrop Lulu, Florence Shirley Norah, Gertrude Binley Eva, Mary Young

## GERMAN FARCE *in light* IN JORDAN HALL

"Als Ich Wiederkam," a farce, by Blumenthal and Kadelburg, and presented last evening by the Deutsche

Theater-Gesellschaft, is written in bourgeois vein. Being of German parentage, the humor is characteristically Teutonic.

The lines are not replete with sparkling sallies of wit. The characters do not indulge in scintillating repartee. The fun is of a somewhat physical nature, and the audience is chiefly moved to laughter by the situations and actions of those on the stage, not by the brilliancy of their utterance.

But "When I Returned" abounds in amusing incidents. It is genuinely funny.

After a year of happy married life, Dr. Siedler, at the suggestion of his father-in-law, Giesecke, plans a trip to the North cape with his young wife, Giesecke and his friend Heinzelmann are to be of the party. Both couples, however, secretly decide to go instead to the White Horse Tavern in the Tyrol, where Siedler formerly spent his summers. He and his bride set out three days in advance of the others, promising to meet them at Hamburg. Instead they go straight to the tavern, where, to their amazement and consternation, they are promptly joined by the two elderly gentlemen.

There is much merriment at the expense of Giesecke, whose sweetheart, a coquettish young artist, is carried off before his eyes by a dashing young lieutenant.

The roles were excellently cast. Friedrich Metzger was delightfully boyish as Siedler, in spite of his gigantic size and a certain preponderance of weight. Pauline Vatter made him a dainty wife and rendered charming a somewhat uninteresting role. Ernst Kuenstly, as Giesecke, was admirable as the peevish, irascible father-in-law.

He was amusingly contrasted by Ferdinand Christensen as Heinzelmann, also a father-in-law, but possessed of a gentle, forgetful, sentimental disposition.

Marie Monpion as piquant as the sprightly artist Gabi Palm. Paul Boettcher and Marie Koreidel were realistic in the roles of the host and hostess of the tavern, and Leo Robinson, as the lieutenant, was appropriately dashing. These were ably supported by the other members of the cast.

There was a large and appreciative audience.

## DUNCANS AT JORDAN HALL.

Raymond and Penelope in Demonstration of Principles.

K. L.

Raymond and Penelope Duncan made their first appearance in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon, in a demonstration of the principles of Hellenic dancing applied to daily walk and conversation. Daily walk and conversation? Nay, to mathematics, baseball, carpentry, the arts of the potter and the blacksmith, and the tramping of wine in the wine-press.

So vital and so varied are the functions of the Hellenic dance that those who had heard of Raymond only as a brother of Isadora were covered with confusion when they learned of those functions, and of the long while that Raymond has been reviving and expounding them. For his work is merely to revive, and he modestly disclaims all credit except as a missionary in the field.

He has converted Philadelphians and others who were addicted to boots, collars and cuffs; he hopes to make converts here. He himself wears a chiton, a belt and a fillet, with himation and sandals for street wear. He took off the two latter garments yesterday, as the meeting was informal, and he showed the audience how to dance healthfully at home and at work.

He also interpreted by dance an ancient prayer, a spirit in the Elysian Fields, a pastoral song to Haron; his wife Penelope sang three Greek songs, and interpreted by song and dance an ancient hymn; and a scene from Euripides' "Alcestis" was given in Greek by Eleni Sikelianos and Dionysos Devaris.

The performance was very interesting, and Penelope was warmly applauded for her songs; but it was Raymond's explanatory comments that chiefly engrossed the attention of the audience, for he was as full of ideas as an egg is of meat, and had so clamored for exp



he had given up the ideal life he was living on Greek mountain tops. In order to come and point the right way back to nature.

He told how superior are the Orientals to Americans, all because they dance or see dancing every day; how a brief course of study in Hellenic dance and music gives the student, without other training, a complete understanding of mathematics, astronomy and all crafts; how rhythm of the song sung by those who trample grapes in the wine-press affects the quality of the wine.

He deplored the incorrect pronunciation of Greek in all universities. He said that he had not studied ancient or modern Greek; he had picked it up from the shepherds, but admitted that he can read Plato "very nicely," also Homer. His attitude toward America was one of pity rather than scorn and, doubtless, explains any little disregard he may have shown of the niceties of diction in that tongue.

He was enthusiastically recalled, and added an epilogue to the program.

### READS IBSEN PLAY

Mrs. Marian Craig Wentworth Gives the Third of Her Series.

Mrs. Marian Craig Wentworth gave the third of a series of readings yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The play read yesterday was Ibsen's "Master Builder," considered one of the greatest dramas on the stage today.

"The Master Builder" tells the story of a great architect who has achieved success and fame at the cost of all else in life. When the story opens he is seen facing the problem that his assistant, who has contributed in a large measure to his success, is desirous of breaking away from him in order to create an independent field of work. The master builder's struggle to keep his assistant down that he himself may remain all powerful, and the resulting struggle with his conscience, form many of Ibsen's most powerful and pathetic scenes.

The craving of the master builder for some one who understands him; the finding of that one in the person of a young girl, who comes to him when it is too late, when he cannot climb to the heights he and she would have him reach, is the completion of the tragedy.

Mrs. Craig Wentworth is to be congratulated in her choice of plays and her simple, unaffected manner of reading. Every word can be heard throughout the hall, and the interest of the audience is clearly shown.

The reading next Monday will be "The Flower Shop," a play of Mrs. Wentworth's, dealing with economic problems of the day.

## 'HAMLET' PLAYED AT THE SHUBERT

SHUBERT THEATRE—Shakespeare's "Hamlet." Cast:

Claudius, King of Denmark... Eric Blind  
Hamlet, son to the late and nephew to the present king... Mr. Sothorn  
Polonius, lord chamberlain... John Taylor  
Laertes, son to Polonius... Sydney Mather  
Horatio, son of Hamlet... Frederick Lewis  
Ophelia... Albert S. Howson  
Reverent... Frederick Roland  
Gunderson... P. J. Kelly  
A priest... Arthur Sherman  
Lop... James Redmond  
Gerardo... Arthur Lester  
Francisco... Paul Morton  
Malandro... France Bendtsen  
First Lord... John Maurice Sullivan  
Second Lord... Melvin Bradley  
First gravedigger... Rowland Backstone  
Second and gravedigger... Charles Howson  
Ghost of Hamlet's father... William Harris  
Fortinbras, Prince of Norway... Milano Tilden

Gertrude, Queen of Denmark and mother to Hamlet... Alma Kruger  
Ophelia, daughter of Polonius... Mrs. Marlowe  
Young Queen... Elizabeth Valentine  
Page... Lord's Soldiers, Messengers.

It was a robust and decidedly sane Hamlet who tortured himself through the long act with the eternal problem "To be or not to be." And in the end he had permitted the climax in a form which appeared in the emotional sweep of the third act, the

play would have ended then and there, briefly, but more satisfactorily.

It was not a devitalized Hamlet, downridden with self-consciousness and morbid broodings, which Mr. Sothorn gave last night, but a Prince of Denmark who, no matter what his philosophical attainments, no matter what his poetical insight, was ever capable and alive to his own power. As a result, the climax of the play within the play was followed speedily with anti-climax and disappointment when the prince rode up the hill with all his men and then rode down again.

His demonstration of the furious vengeance which was impending for Claudius was superb, but his retreat following the imperious assault upon the throne was unwarranted and left the audience wondering. With the exception of that scene, however, the lines bore out Mr. Sothorn's conception of a prince who comprehended much beyond all philosophy and who eventually pierced all blinds and deception and came upon the inevitable end.

Ophelia was eagerly looked forward to, in her fleeting appearances. And from the first she showed the wistful temperament, the understanding, which though hesitant and dutifully obedient to the senile garrulous father, was yet a fit match for Hamlet.

The final scenes showed her mad, really mad—yet not in the strenuous raving which has been seen of late on several occasions in the self-possessed Ophelias who give the roundelays and recitations with determination and éclat. She was always wistful, with heavy heart as she returned the gifts and with infinite pathos in her offerings of flowers, the rosemary for remembrance and the rue, to the spirit of her lover.

Horatio was a part well taken; Polonius was an admirable foil for the prince. The king was at his best in the fourth act.

The queen did not justify herself until the emotional storm in the bed-chamber. Then she made a true woman, sincere, effective.

### KEITH'S THEATRE.

Loie Fuller's Ballet Again and Lasky's "At the Waldorf."

Beginning its third week at Keith's yesterday Loie Fuller's Ballet of Light pleased large audiences by its picturesqueness and novelty. Jesse L. Lasky's pretentious "At the Waldorf" holds a place of prominence, and other excellent acts are many.

Behind veils shadowed with weird figures representing snow, the sea, fire, falling stars, and so on, Loie Fuller's barefoot "muses," clad in diaphanous draperies, perform intricate and lovely dances. Particolored lights play upon the filmy garments waving in time to the music as the young women picture the Passing of the Souls, the Revelations of the Sea, Angels, Spirit Butterflies.

The climax is the Great White Lily, with Miss Fuller the centre of the group of shimmering forms, a mass of light-splashed draperies like a giant calla cup.

A musical comedy in miniature is "At the Waldorf." There is a chorus of six splendidly-gowned girls and six young men, Robinson Neubald is an adequate leading man and Retta M. Spelly good to look upon as the leading woman. Knute Erickson as "That Person," makes his ridiculous comedy part very funny. His every word is signal for a laugh. The music is tuneful and well sung, the staging and costuming lavish.

John Neff, a "musician" who never plays, and Carrie Starr as the telephone girl, have a clever and original turn made up of singing, dancing and amusing conversation. The performers' comedy touch is sure and the act goes with vim. Last night's house would not be satisfied and the pair had to repeat their last number again and again.

A hit in black face is the talking and singing act of Clifford and Burke. One in faultless evening garb and the other in a travesty on a dress suit, they occupy several entertaining minutes with a nonsensical colloquy, which in their hands is very laughable.

Corrinne Bailey, Marion Littlefield and Francesco Manetta as The Neapolitans sing selections of worth skillfully. Their folk songs are especially well done, and they receive the appreciation which the excellence of their performance demands.



(Photo by Marceau.)

### MISS DICKIE FULLER.

Another singer, on a distinctly musical bill, is Ed. Morton, who returns to receive a welcome to which his well sung numbers entitle him. Marceena, Navarre and Mareena are skillful hand balancers, and the Musical Johnsons, as the program proclaims, are masters of the xylophone. A comedy film on the kinetograph caps the list.

### AMERICAN MUSIC HALL.

Protean Actor Does Clever Work—J. J. Corbett in Monologue.

The two-act play that R. A. Roberts gave at the American Music Hall for the first time yesterday is called a romantic, fantastic pirate story. In it the clever protean actor has more opportunities than he had in "Dick Turpin," as he appears in seven widely contrasted characters and with such quick changes of costume and make-up as to keep an audience in a state of constant wonder. The story is founded on a supposed double personality of the middle 18th century in England—Paul Lavelle, a respected gentleman, and one Coppinger, a bloody and remorseless pirate, being the characters whose doings are set forth in realistic stage showing.

In addition to these characters Mr. Roberts impersonates Ship Owner Ross, his daughter Kate, beloved by Lavelle, Jolly Bob, a King's officer, a leader of the pirate crew and a funny Dutchman, who is one of Coppinger's helpers. Mention must also be made of a well trained donkey, which appears with a good deal of intelligence in the second act, and is Mr. Roberts' only visible support. The donkey is not billed.

No great interest attaches to the story itself. There is a slight attempt to prove Lavelle's consciousness of the double personality which afflicts him, and in one brief passage there is a brief diversion into the supernatural, where the hero invokes spirits from the lower world to do baleful work. But the assumed double personality adds nothing to the strength or value of the performance.

In fact the play itself has not much merit. It would have been stronger had the piratical Coppinger held his character to the end. Instead of this he relents when the ship bearing Lavelle's sweetheart is about to be dashed upon the rocks of the Cornish coast. He resolves to be good, he shoots his first auxiliary pirate who refuses to reform and then he blows up the powder magazine and with it all the piratical crew while the endangered ship sails safely over the reefs presumably bearing the distressed maiden to the good Lavelle. If Mr. Roberts could manage a transparency showing the translated pirate in a "bless you, my children," attitude it would be a fitting ending. But protean artistry must stop somewhere.

Second only to Mr. Roberts on the bill this week is James J. Corbett, whom many admirers were ready to greet yesterday. He talked in his familiar, good natured way, telling some stories new and some stories old, confessing his embarrassment from a cold and ending with his reasons for hoping that the championship of America would not part company with the white race.

Among other good things is a short cowboy play called "A Texas Wooing," capably managed by Charles B. Middleton and Leora Spellmeyer, with effective scenery and an intense Indian. The Reid sisters excel in acro-

batic dancing, which, happily, does not attempt to interpret anything. Tudor Cameron and Bonnie Gaylor, man and woman, do a stage dressing-room scene that has heretofore been confined to men. And Dora Pelletier has songs and imitations.

Feb 2 1910

## LECTURE RECITAL ON PIANO MUSIC

BY PHILIP HALE.

Mr. William J. Henderson of New York gave a lecture yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall on "Epochs of Piano Music," and Mme. Olga Samaroff played these pieces in illustration: Bach, Prelude and Fugue in A minor from "The Well-Tempered Clavichord"; Beethoven, Sonata, "Appassionata" op. 57; Schumann, "Grillen"; Chopin, "Fantaisie Impromptu"; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 14.

The brilliant music critic of the Sun is not a stranger in Boston. He has lectured here before yesterday; but for many years, as critic and as a writer of books about music, he has entertained and instructed, and he has won respect and admiration from his readers. He has ideals, and he clings to them, but not as a fanatic or a prig. He has shared his knowledge generously, not in a didactic or patronizing spirit. He has spoken authoritatively, but not as Sir Oracle seated on a professorial tripod. Detesting shams and fads he has fought for musical righteousness, not with a bludgeon, but with wit and irony as rapier thrusts. A newspaper man, and there is no one more versatile, he has gloried in his calling. As a newspaper man he has written what even genteel professors of English might characterize as literature. A newspaper man, he has kept his conscience clean. His discriminative judgment, his lucid reasoning, his style—incisive, cool, argumentative, eloquent, as the occasion may demand—and his personal character give distinction to musical criticism in America, and are proudly recognized by the profession at large.

Mr. Henderson modestly said yesterday that his lecture was only as program notes for Mme. Samaroff's recital. The illustrations were of such length and the subjects treated by Mr. Henderson were of such importance, that the lecturer was obliged to be concise in statement. He spoke of the development of piano music from the music written in fugued style for organ and clavichord. He described the origin and growth of the sonata form. The romanticists, as Chopin and Schumann, whose lyrics are to be preferred to many ponderous epics, were then discussed. Appreciative remarks about Liszt, who by his Hungarian Rhapsodies created a new art form, brought the lecture to its end.

Mr. Henderson's views were interesting, and they were presented in attractive form. Forced as he was to say much in little, he was not vague by reason of brevity, nor was his argument disconnected. Especially suggestive and inciting to elaborate discussion were his words about the classic and the romantic in music, the importance of form and design and the warm recognition of Liszt's rhapsodies, which are too often ignored or rejected by students of his career and genius.

Mme. Samaroff was in the vein and her recital gave much pleasure to a large audience. She was especially fortunate in her performance of the pieces by Chopin and Liszt. Lecturer and pianist were heartily applauded and the latter added to the program.

### MISS HILKE'S SONG RECITAL.

Soprano Gives a Varied Program at Chickering Hall.

Miss Kathrin Hilke, soprano, assisted by Coenraad V. Bos, pianist, gave a song recital last night in Chickering Hall. The program was



Robert, Im Abendrot, Das Lied im  
Fernen, Die junge Nonne, Der Ein-  
samer, Brahms, Liebestreu, Wir Wandel-  
n, Nacstags, Staendchen, Trennsot,  
November, Csek, Petites Roses; Du-  
pre, L'Invitation au Voyage, Chanson  
d'été, Wolf, An Eine Aeolis Harfe, Der  
Partner, Zar Raut, Trübsal ein, hoher  
Jäger, Foote, Love Gildes the Roses,  
There Sits a Bird; MacDowell, Long  
ago, Chadwick, the Danza.

Miss Hilke offered nothing more an-  
cient than Schubert, nothing more dra-  
matic than "Die Junge Nonne," nothing  
requiring more flexibility than "The  
Danza." As a result her program was  
monotonous, and, as a whole, too  
sombre.

Technically her forte is unquestion-  
ably her management of mezzo voice; here  
her voice has beauty and charm through-  
out its range. In delivery of forte  
tones she is hampered by lack of free-  
dom; the result gains power at the ex-  
pense of richness.

Her interpretations show at all  
times musical sensitiveness of a high  
order, though it is reached through  
her intellect rather than through her  
emotions. She was thoroughly at  
home in the songs by Schubert and  
Brahms, and threaded the difficult  
mazes of Duparc's enigmatical inter-  
vals and long phrases with much un-  
derstanding. He is one of the modern  
French composers all too little known  
here; Miss Hilke's presentation of his  
songs makes one wish to know him  
better. Indeed, it was in the French  
and American songs that she was vo-  
cally most successful, as the audience  
recognized by making her repeat  
"Petites Roses" of Csek and by spon-  
taneous applause after the songs of  
Foote and MacDowell.

Miss Hilke's singing would gain  
tenfold in charm and abandon if she  
would cultivate more varied play  
of facial expression, particularly a  
bright look when she sings bright or  
delicate passages. Otherwise her  
presence is pleasing.

Feb 3, 1910

## BROWN GIVES SONG RECITAL.

Bass Baritone's Fervor Pleases Chick-  
ering Hall Audience. P.H.

Albert Edmund Brown, bass barito-  
ne, gave a recital last night in  
Chickering Hall. Mrs. Brown was the  
accompanist. The program was as  
follows:

Haydn, "With Joy the Impatient  
Husbandman"; Jacobite song, "Down  
Among the Dead Men"; Radecke,  
"Swallow's Song"; "Annie Laurie";  
and "Dring to Me Only"; Korbay,  
"Where the Tisza's Torrents," "Had a  
Horse," "Shepherd, See"; Loewe,  
"Tom the Rhymer" and "Sir Olaf";  
Bendir, "Auf widerschen"; Foote,  
"Requiem"; Gilbert, "Pirate Song";  
Schubert, "Who Is Sylvia?"; O. King,  
"Isle of the Storace," "Pretty Creature";  
Homer, "To Russia"; Danrosch,  
"Danny Deever."

There was an interested audience  
which applauded liberally. Mr. Brown  
sang with fervor, with evident en-  
joyment, and at times with illustra-  
tive gestures.

Feb 4, 1910

## Flonzaley Artists Give an Inter- esting and Well Contrasted Program Before Audience at Chickering Hall.

## EXHIBITION OF ENSEMBLE PLAYING WAS A FEATURE

By PHILIP HALE.

The Flonzaley quartet (Messrs.  
Betti, Pochon, Ara and d'Archam-  
beau) gave the second concert of its  
third season here last night in Chick-  
ering Hall. The program was as fol-  
lows:

Haydn, quartet, D major, op. 64, No.  
5; Chausson, Adagio from unfinished  
quartet; Reger, Scherzo from quartet, D  
minor, op. 74; Beethoven, quartet, E flat  
major, op. 74.

The program was well contrasted  
and interesting throughout. Chaus-  
son's Adagio is remarkable for its  
harmonic structure and for its poignant  
emotional quality. Some of the  
music of this French composer, whose  
death by an accident that seemed pec-  
uliarly unnecessary and cruel, is ex-  
perimental or in a measure imitative,  
yet in all of his works known to us  
here is an individual note, a thought-

fulness tinged with mysticism, that is  
his own. This Adagio is a fine example  
among his loftiest compositions. Its  
sombre beauty is at once apparent  
and it lingers in the memory.

Reger's scherzo has the audacity  
that approaches impudence, the im-  
pudence that is delightful, the im-  
pudence of strength and brains that is  
without vulgarity. Its effects are,  
perhaps, too deliberate, even while  
they seem the expression of the ideas  
of the moment. The few measures  
that serve as a trio are impressive  
and put in still clearer light the reck-  
lessness of the scherzo.

It is not easy to speak in fitting  
terms of the performance from the  
beginning to the end. The Flonzaley  
quartet excels first of all in a euphony  
that is incomparable, inimitable. The  
Joachim quartet at the height of its  
fame was renowned for this quality;  
yet Wirth was an aggressive, harsh  
viola player, and the tone of Haas-  
mann, the cellist, was dry. Further-  
more, it may be doubted whether  
Germans, however great their techni-  
cal ability may be, have the sensi-  
tive ear and the appreciation of ex-  
quisite nuances of Italians and Bel-  
gians.

The Flonzaley quartet is not re-  
markable for euphony alone. The  
players are as one; they breathe to-  
gether; they share the same senti-  
ments and emotions; their powers  
and methods of expression are sim-  
ilar. When the four play a composi-  
tion, there is an interpretation that is  
apparently as spontaneous as it is  
poetically or dramatically convinc-  
ing. They give to ancient music the  
atmosphere of its period; they revive  
the past and turn modern hearers  
into the men and women of past cen-  
turies. Playing modern music, they  
express its restlessness, its arrogance,  
its hopelessness.

Thus last night there was a perfect  
interpretation of the blitheness, the  
graceful sentiment, the peasant jol-  
lity of Haydn. Not one strange, har-  
monic stroke of Chausson was disre-  
garded or ignored. The boldness of  
the players outstripped the audacity  
of Reger. And in Beethoven's music  
they sounded the depths and neared  
the stars. The Flonzaley quartet, by  
its marvellous performance of Beeth-  
oven's music showed conclusively the  
absurdity of the opinion that has be-  
come a fetish, viz., that only Ger-  
mans can understand Beethoven.

There was a large audience which  
was enthusiastic in its appreciation of  
supreme technical mastery and high-  
ly imaginative interpretation.

Feb 5, 1910

## PRESENT "TWELFTH NIGHT."

E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe  
Give Shakespeare Comedy. K.L.

SHUBERT THEATRE — E. H.  
Sothorn and Julia Marlowe in Shakes-  
peare's "Twelfth Night." The cast:

Orsino.....Mr. Frederick Lewis  
Sebastian.....Mr. France Bendtsen  
Antonio.....Mr. William Harris  
A sea captain.....Mr. John Maurice Sullivan  
Valentine.....Mr. Charles Howson  
Curio.....Mr. P. J. Kelly  
Sir Tobey Belch.....Mr. Rowland Buckstone

Mr. Malcolm Bradley  
Malvollo.....Mr. Sothorn  
Fabian.....Mr. John Taylor  
Feste.....Mr. Albert S. Howson  
A priest.....Mr. Frederick Roland  
Olivia.....Miss Alma Kruger  
Viola.....Miss Marlowe  
Maria.....Miss Nora Lamson

## MME. LEHMANN'S SECOND CONCERT

### Song Cycle "Breton Folk Songs"

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Liza Lehmann gave her sec-  
ond concert in Symphony Hall yester-  
day afternoon. She was assisted by  
Mme. Jomelli, soprano; Miss Pal-  
grave-Turner, contralto; Daniel Bed-  
doe, tenor; Frederick Hastings, barito-  
ne; Wilmot Goodwin, baritone, and  
Master Albert Hole, soprano. Mme.  
Lehmann accompanied the singers.

The program, made up of selections  
from Mme. Lehmann's works, includ-  
ed a song cycle, "Breton Folk-songs,"  
heard here for the first time; the  
Nonsense Songs from "Alice in Won-  
derland," "It Was a Lover and His

MAX FIEDLER, CONDUCTOR.

Many in Boston and in other cities welcome  
the re-engagement of Mr. Fiedler. First of all, he  
makes programs that please the public, and this  
is half the battle. While he does not ignore con-  
temporaneous composers, while he is not fright-  
ened by the audacity of the ultra-moderns, he does  
not forget the composers of the past, and in ar-  
ranging his programs he considers contrast and  
climax. Furthermore, he gives music in generous  
measure, and this endears him to audiences in  
western cities visited by the orchestra; nor does  
Mr. Fiedler refuse any reasonable request made  
to him by western audiences for the performance  
of some favorite symphony or overture. Mr.  
Fiedler's personality and behavior on the stage  
are pleasing. He is neither pontifical nor flip-  
pant. It is evident to even the careless that he is  
aware of the responsibility of his position, and  
that he does not take himself too seriously. His  
sincerity, his modesty, his devotion to his task  
are recognized by all. It may also be said that  
under his rule the orchestra has maintained its  
reputation in the critical cities that look forward  
eagerly to its concerts; and under his rule the  
concerts have been highly remunerative to the  
management.

Lass" (Master Hole), "You Flaunt  
Your Beauty" (Mr. Beddoe), "Evolu-  
tion" (Miss Turner), "The Mad Dog"  
(Mr. Hastings), three Bird Songs  
(Mme. Jomelli), and "If No One Ever  
Marries Me" and "The Swing," from  
"The Daisy Chain" (Master Hole).

The New York manager did not  
send the books of words, and the com-  
poser and the audience suffered there-  
by. Mme. Lehmann expressed her regret  
and she and two of the singers made  
short explanatory remarks about the  
character of the Breton songs. One  
of these songs was a curious version  
of the legend concerning the disap-  
pearance of the city of "Is" or "Ys"  
beneath the waves, the legend that  
furnished a libretto for Lalo's opera  
and suggested a striking passage at  
the beginning of Renan's book of re-  
miniscences. Mme. Lehmann's music  
to these songs, for quartet and solo  
voices, may best be described as  
smooth and amiable. There are a few  
charming melodic touches; here and  
there is the expression of a mood,  
and there are a few dramatic strokes;  
but on the whole the music is with-  
out marked distinction. Compared  
with the Breton folk songs as ar-  
ranged by Bourgault-Ducoudray, true  
folk melodies, this cycle is glibly com-  
monplace.

The performance was not of such  
pronounced merit as the one of last  
month—for one or two of the singers  
were not in voice, as was made known  
by huskiness and false intonation.  
Yet there were moments that gave  
pleasure and an audience of fair size  
showed its appreciation. Master Hole  
was especially well received. Sym-  
phony Hall is too large for concerts  
of this nature. Mme. Lehmann's  
music would be heard to better ad-  
vantage in a room where an intimacy  
could be established and maintained  
between the singers and the hearers.  
The two concerts, however, will be  
remembered, if only for the impres-  
sion made by the graceful modesty  
and the winning personality of the  
composer.

## DEBUT OF MISS STICKNEY.

Pupil of Adamowski Gives 'Cello Re-  
cital at Steinert Hall. A.P.

Miss Virginia Stickney, a pupil of  
Josef Adamowski, made her profes-  
sional debut as a violoncellist in  
Steinert Hall last evening. The pro-  
gram was as follows:

Bocllmann, Sonata, op. 40; Saint-  
Saens, Concerto in A minor, op. 33;  
Faure, Elegie; Klengel, Scherzo, op. 6;  
Davidoff, Fantasie on Russian themes,  
op. 7.

Miss Marion Tufts was the accom-  
panist.

Boston has added another excellent  
cellist to her already long list. Miss  
Stickney showed not only a fine  
musical taste and an attractive per-  
sonality, but also courage and inde-  
pendence in program making.

The music was all modern and all  
interesting. Miss Stickney's power  
lies in her warm, beautiful legato  
playing rather than in her technical  
ability, and therefore the last number  
on the program was the least inter-  
esting as played. The staccato and  
jumping bowings in the "Russian  
Themes" were excellently done; most  
of the harmonics in this number and  
Klengel's Scherzo were clear, which  
proved the correctness of her intona-  
tion, and there was a fearlessness of

attack which was very pleasing.

Nevertheless, Faure's "Elegie" was  
the number which remained most  
prominent in the hearer's mind after  
the close of the concert. It is rare to  
hear so young a player with such an  
even, beautiful quality of tone and  
delicacy of interpretation. Miss Stick-  
ney has decided talent and taste, and  
it will be a pleasure to watch her  
progress.

## MEN AND THINGS

Nothing has been said of late about  
Master Sidis, whose mind moves  
nimble and at ease in the fourth di-  
mension. Mr. Herkimer Johnson  
writes to us that his own son, not yet  
2 years old, is also a wonder; that  
he has apparently solved the prob-  
lem of perpetual motion and needs  
only three hours' sleep, and thus he  
surpasses Napoleon, whom the con-  
servative English call Bonaparte, and  
sometimes with a "u." Napoleon at  
the height of his fame, by one hour.

What becomes of these wonderful  
children? What became of Richard  
Clench, who in 1639 was examined as  
to his bumps by Mr. Evelyn and Mr.  
Pepys? Richard was not then 12  
years old, but, according to the ad-  
miring Mr. Evelyn, "there was not  
anything in chronology, history,  
geography, the several systems of  
astronomy, courses of the stars, longi-  
tude, latitude, doctrine of the spheres,  
causes and sources of rivers, creeks,  
harbors, eminent cities, boundaries  
and bearings of countries not only in  
Europe, but in any other part of the  
earth, which he did not readily re-  
solve and demonstrate his knowledge  
of, readily drawing out with a pen  
anything he would describe." This  
was only a starter. The boy then re-  
peated all the famous things in all  
histories; he named the succession of  
all the monarchies, with all the lower  
emperors, popes, heresiarchs, and  
councils; he dilated on the tenets of  
the Gnostics, Sabellians, Arians, Nes-  
torians, and described the difference  
between St. Cyprian and Stephen  
about re-baptization. He was per-  
fect in the Latin authors, spoke  
French as though he were born and  
at home in Tours; he was master of  
arithmetic and enjoyed the pastime  
of learning Greek. A youth of lovely  
countenance, he was not priggish in  
the display of his prodigious learn-  
ing, but poured out his knowledge,  
"as if he minded other things, going  
about the room and toying with a  
parrot there."

Evelyn, remembering the death of  
his own son, counseled Dr. Clench  
not to set his heart too much on this  
jewel. For Evelyn's son Richard died  
at the age of five years and three  
days, "a prodigy for wit and under-  
standing." This boy, when he was  
two years and a half old, could read  
perfectly any of the English, Latin,  
French or Gothic letters, and before  
he was 5 he had memorized the en-  
tire vocabulary of Latin and French  
primitives and words, could make  
congruous syntax, turn English into  
Latin and vice versa, and had a  
strong passion for Greek. He had a  
wonderful disposition to mathematics.  
"When seeing a Plautus in one's  
hand, he asked what book it was,  
and, being told it was comedy and  
too difficult for him, he wept for sor-  
row." His applications of scripture  
upon occasion were as astonishing as  
edifying.

Nor did Evelyn believe that this  
apple of his eye was ripe for Death  
to pluck; or that learning had weak-  
ened his frame. "In my opinion, he  
was suffocated by the women and  
maids that attended him, and cov-  
ered him too hot with blankets as he



in a cradle, not in excessive not in a close room. I suffered him to be opened, when they found that he was what is vulgarly called liver-grown."

What became of young Clench? His father, the physician, was murdered in 1692. "Under pretence of carrying him in a coach to see a patient, they strangled him in it; and sending away the coachman under some pretence, they left his dead body in the coach, and escaped in the dusk of the evening." What became of the boy who was then versed in the Civil Law, the Digest and Code? Consult the Dictionary of National Biography, and you will find only this statement after the recital of the astounding facts: "It is gratifying to know that no pressure was brought upon him." But Richard Clench made no mark in the world.

Neither did William Wotton, who entered Catherine Hall, Cambridge, when he was 9 years and 9 months old, was graduated before he was 12 and took a fellowship at 17. William Sweet William read Greek "so familiarly at 5 years that he impatiently turned to Hebrew and mastered it before reaching his sixth year." At 13 he "perfectly understood Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Arabic, Syriac, and most of the modern languages, besides a consummate knowledge of law, history, science." He lived to be over 50, and what was finally said of him? He had written some books and led an amiable vegetable life in a country parsonage.

What became of Jedediah Buxton and of Bidder, mathematical prodigies? The former remained a farm laborer, uneducated, only a lightning calculator. Was it Bidder who at an advanced age found delight in reckoning the number of quarts of ale that he had put down without paying for them? It is said that when he was 73 he heard this question asked: "How many vibrations of the ether are needed to produce the color red?" He answered immediately: "441, 443, 631, 200, 200." We are assured that this answer was correct.

Young Albert Hole, the English boy sprao, who was here with Mme. Liza Lehmann, is an uncommon boy, but he is natural in his ways. He wishes to be tall and Mr. Taft told him in the White House that he should eat "lots of pudding." The advice, though well meant, was vague. What sort of "pudding"? Hasty pudding, either in a bowl of milk, or fried? Surely not Yorkshire, nor plum, nor Delmonico. Tapioca with apples in it is nearer the mark, nor is rice pudding with plenty of raisins to be despised. There was no talk between the President and the boy about the fourth dimension. Mr. Taft is probably satisfied with his tree.

The guardian of a boy of 15 years asked in a New York court last week that his ward should be granted a personal allowance annually of \$6500, and that he should also be allowed to buy and maintain two horses, harness, livery and a brougham, "to enable him to maintain his station in life." We are also told that a young member of the Thaw family in Pittsburg drank recently at one sitting 68 glasses of brandy and soda. There are youthful prodigies outside the universities.

The New York boy needs \$6500 a year for spending money. We turn with pleasure to the thought of Charles Dubosc, an artist's model in Paris, who incurred the lot of young painters competing for the prix de Rome. For the state gave them only about \$20 to meet expenses during the competition. So Dubosc determined to live simply and create a model of which after his death, the money would be distributed among the prix de Rome competitors. For over 20 years he allowed himself \$40. He left a capital that gives \$80 to each competitor. Yet Dubosc had one extravagance: he dined sumptuously once a month in a rustic restaurant in the outskirts of Paris. And for this he dressed himself, a blue frock coat with copper buttons, a fantastically embroidered waistcoat, a pocket square cut after a pattern of the time, and a gray plug hat. This costume was never seen except on the monthly day of extravagance, which ended in a headache. Dubosc, a worthy man was not an art prodigy.

## BOSTON TO HEAR THE CHAPELMASTER

THE PHILIP HALL

The Boston Opera Company will give a concert of this season to-



morrow night. The return of this company from its western trip will be welcomed by many, who have missed the performances and the sight of certain singers, to them already as friends of long standing. The opening night, when "Carmen" will be performed, with Mmes. Gay and Lipkowska and Messrs. Constantino and Baklanoff should be a brilliant one.

Mme. Lipkowska on Friday night will be heard here for the first time in "Lucia di Lammermoor" and on Wednesday night Paer's little opera, "Il Maestro di Cappella," will be performed in connection with Donizetti's "Don Pasquale."

Paer's opera—that is, one act of it—and the first act is the only one now given as a rule—was performed here in the original French in Union Hall Nov. 19, 1891, when Mme. A. Pegou took the part of Gertrude, Mr. Pegou that of Barnabe and Mr. Marius that of Benetto. A piano was substituted for an orchestra.

The opera was brought out at the New Theatre, New York, Dec. 9 of last year, when Alma Gluck, Antonio Pini-Corsi and Angelo Bada were the singers. The statement was then made by certain New York newspapers that the performance was the first in that city. The statement is hardly credible, for it seems as though some visiting French company must have performed the opera.

As a matter of fact "Le Maître de Chapelle" was performed in New York by the French Opera Comique Company on Aug. 25, 1852, at Castle Garden; by the opera bouffe company that included Mmes. Tostee and Irma and Mr. Augac, April 24, 1869, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre; by a French comic opera company at the Theatre Francaise afterward known as the Fourteenth Street Theatre, Oct. 11, 1867, when a baritone named Wilhelm made his first appearance in New York.

"Le Maître de Chapelle," an opera comique in two acts with music by Ferdinand Paer, was performed for the first time at the Opera Comique, Paris, March 29, 1821. The title page of the score says that the libretto is a comedy of Alexandre Duval arranged as a comic opera by Sophie Gay. The full title of Paer's opera is "Le Maître de Chapelle, ou le Soupir Imprevu."

The comedy of Duval, actor, theatre manager and playwright, is known both as "Le Soupir Imprevu" and "Le Chanoine de Milau." It was produced at the Theatre de la Republique, Paris, in 1795. The plot of this comedy bears little or no likeness to that of the first act of the opera. Duval tells of a French officer and a hussar, bearing orders, who are obliged to pass the night in a village near Milan. They go into the house of a canon, and finding the table set, eat a supper that he had prepared for his friends. When the canon comes home, he is vexed at the outrageous behavior of the invaders, but fear and necessity put him in good humor, and soon they are the best friends in the world.

Benetto, a caricatured Italian type, was introduced by Duval, and Baptiste Cadet played the part with much spirit. Michot took the part of the canon, and Dugazon that of the hussar.

This comedy, abounding in buffoonery, had great success. Napoleon was amused by it, but sometime afterward he forbade the performances on the ground that the comedy insulted religion, by making a canon ridiculous.

This scene of the supper and the unexpected guests is the second act of the opera.

In the first act there are only three characters: Barnabe, the chapel master; Gertrude, his servant, and Benetto, his nephew. The house of Barnabe is near Milan. He has invited two colleagues to supper, also Corolenia, his ward, and Benetto, her betrothed. Gertrude, cumbered with much serving, complains, and especially because she is obliged to practise with Barnabe a duet from his grand opera, "Cleopatra." She tells her master and Benetto that the French are about to pillage the town. She thus frightens them and makes Benetto jealous by talking about a French officer quartered in the house of his sweetheart's aunt. Barnabe sings a description of his opera and insists that Gertrude should practise the great duet, with a view to her pronunciation of Italian, which he finds full of faults.

In the modern performances of the opera, this is the end. Sans-quartier and Firmin do not enter the house and Gertrude may mistake them for invited musicians.

The composer Paer was born at Parma in 1771 and he died at Paris in 1837. Napoleon heard his opera,

at Dresden in 1806, and was so pleased with it that he wished to engage his services for life. The contract was drawn up with the utmost care and ceremony as though it were a peculiarly important state document, and the King of Saxony interested himself to the advantage of his favorite. Paer directed music for Napoleon in Paris both at the court and in concerts. He then produced little, a few operas at long intervals, and they did not add to his fame. Fetis drew a melancholy picture of him: "From this moment Paer afforded the pathetic spectacle of a great musician who took pleasure in lowering himself to deserve additional favors; and he became so accustomed, unfortunately, to a life so little worthy of his talent that he knew no other manner of living for the rest of his days." After the fall of Napoleon he was seen wasting his time in preparing petty concerts, in-

stigating or settling intrigues among musicians. Napoleon had appointed him Spontini's successor as director of the Theatre Italien and Paer kept the position after the restoration, but his salary was cut down. He gave singing lessons to the Duchesse de Berry. He conducted at the Opera Italien when Mme. Catalani was in control, and he fell in the estimation of his colleagues by his willingness to join her in reducing the orchestra and chorus.

The arrival of Rossini in Paris vexed Paer, and when it was his duty to put "The Barber of Seville" on the stage he acted shabbily and endeavored to bring about a failure, so that a savage pamphlet was written against him. In 1827 he was dismissed, but the year afterward he received the decoration of the Legion of Honor—this decoration was not then given lightly and indiscriminately—and he received other honors, but he grew prematurely old and at 68 he looked like a man of 80, although he preserved to the last his lively wit and fine taste.

Today Paer is remembered chiefly by his "Leonora," but only on account of Beethoven's remark to the composer that he had heard his opera and was going to set music to it. Yet Paer's "Agnese" was admired in its day, although it was written for a society of amateurs, and "Le Maître de Chapelle" is still in the repertory of the Opera Comique, Paris, that is in the one-act version, and it was performed three times at that theatre in 1907. The opera is performed occasionally in Germany.

There are concerts as well as opera this week. It is to be regretted that Mr. Busoni's recital is postponed. He has not visited Boston since 1904, when he introduced Saint-Saens' fifth concerto at a Symphony concert (March 5), played with the Kneisel and the Arbos quartets, and gave recitals, in one of which he brought out his thunderous transcriptions of an organ adagio, toccata and fugue and two chorals by Bach. He was then indeed a formidable pianist, as the Germans say, and he delighted in astonishing technical feats. He has gained greatly in beauty of tone, according to report, and the New York critics were enthusiastic in their praise of his recent recital in that city. He is ranked, and has been for some years, among the very first of pianists, and it is to be hoped that he will have a large audience when he comes here; that he will not be neglected in this city, which boasts of its "musical culture." Mr. Busoni lived here from 1891 to the fall of 1893, and although his talent was recognized, he was not fully appreciated nor was his life here a happy or successful one.

The Longy Club will play an unfamiliar composition by Mozart and Ravel's introduction and allegro for harp with other instruments. The latter piece was performed for the first time at a concert of Ravel's compositions given by the Cercle musical in Paris Feb. 22, 1907, but it was composed, and, I believe, published in 1906. Mr. Longy will play an oboe sonata by Handel, and Mrs. Sundelius will sing songs by Rhene-Baton and Louis Aubert. The latter is a pupil of the Paris Conservatory. He was born in 1877, and took several small prizes at the conservatory. Rhene-Baton attracted attention in Paris by his "Variations on a Theme in the Aeolian Mode," performed at a concert of the National Society in March, 1903.

Mr. Landow, who will give a pian recital here for the first time, is a German now travelling in America.



man who has given results in Germany with success.

The Herald spoke at length last Sunday concerning the concert of the American Music Society. Kelley's piano quintet will be played here for the first time, and Brockway's cello suite is new.

Mrs. Beach, assisted by Mr. Faelten, will play from manuscript her new suite, "Iverniana" for two pianos, and her program will include a piano piece by Mr. Fiedler. The names of Paine, Godard, Gottschalk are seldom seen on a pianist's program today, nor are the suites of Bach often played, except for a teacher. Mrs. Beach's program is delightfully unconventional.

Nor is the program of the Symphony concerts this week a conventional one, for it includes the symphony by Bruckner, with the superb adagio that is associated with the memory of Wagner, and Chadwick's Sinfonietta, which will be performed at these concerts for the first time. The Sinfonietta was played first at the composer's concert in Jordan Hall Nov. 21, 1904. It is to be ranked among his best works; it is frankly melodious; it is cheerful in its mood, and in these days few composers have the courage to be cheerful.

The manuscript score of Wagner's opera, "The Wedding," is offered for sale in Munich for about \$6250. The manuscript contains only an introduction, chorus and septet—36 pages in all—and at the end is the note, "Wuertzburg, March 1, 1833. Richard Wagner." Wagner wrote in his autobiography: "In that city (Prague) I also composed an opera book of tragic contents, 'Die Hochzeit.' I do not know how I came by the mediaeval subject matter: a frantic lover climbs to the window of the bedroom of his friend's bride, wherein she is waiting for the bridegroom. The bride struggles with the madman and throws him into the court yard below, where his mangled body gives up the ghost. At the funeral the bride utters a cry and falls lifeless on the corpse. Returning to Leipsic, I began work at once on the composition of the first number, which contained a grand sextet (sic) that pleased Weinlig. My sister disliked the libretto and I destroyed every trace of it."

Mr. Henderson in his life of Wagner points out that the composer's memory was here at fault. Wagner gave an autograph score of the music he had written to the Wuertzburg Musikverein. There was a septet, not a sextet. Muncer states that Wagner found the story in Immermann's "Cardenio and Celinde" and that he shaped the end after that of the "Bride of Messina."

It is reported that the Bavarian Fritz Feldmann has obtained permission of Cosima Wagner to turn the libretto of the "King" dramas and tragedies.

Angelo Neumann, now of Prague, says that next fall he will be the general director of the Grand Opera of Berlin. His salary will be about \$15,000.

Cherubini's "Medea," revived at the Scala, Milan, did not please. The libretto seemed cold, old-fashioned, dull, and only the music of the first act made a good impression.

A huge cantata, "Nos Carillons," will be performed at the Exposition at Brussels this year, with a chorus of 1400 children, an orchestra of 100, and chimes. The text is a series of poems characterizing the old towns of Belgium. The music by Leon Dubois, will sound with Roelant the revolt at Ghent; "It will be melodic, describing dreamy Bruges, delicate with lace work for Malines, prayerful for Louvain, picturesque for Liege and sturdy with Flemish strength for Antwerp."

"Salome" will be performed at the Paris Opera May 2, with Miss Garden and Dufranne.

Here is news from the Paris Journal. "What a coincidence! While Caruso is to marry in Milan, the marriage of Alvarez is announced at Paris. The two celebrated tenors will remain equal in triumph and in marriage. Caruso will marry a young Sicilian, formerly employed in a shop at Milan, and it was in the shop that he met her. Alvarez will marry Miss Benjamin, the daughter of a veterinary. Did Alvarez meet her while he was having his parrot caged? No one knows; but all will know, for public opinion is concerned with everything that regards a tenor."

Charles Martin Loeffler's "Paganini" was performed in New York by the Symphony Society last Sun-

day. Mr. Loeffler was the pianist. The Sun said that the score was well worth hearing again. "Like all his music it breathes a spirit of sincerity and of beauty. This composer has gone far along a road nearly parallel to that of Debussy and other advanced Frenchmen. Like them, Mr. Loeffler has sacrificed something of his individuality of thought to the development and exercise of a manner, yet he remains an uncommonly interesting musical figure and a man of distinctly original powers." It may be said frankly, however, that this score, with all its lavishness and ingenuity of design and decoration, does not approach in power or grasp that by which Mr. Loeffler is best known and admired here, "The Death of Tintagiles," written with Maeterlinck's poignant and pitiful little drama as its background.

Mr. Loeffler's musical speech was practically invented and shaped before Debussy was known in America or famous in Paris. In England and Germany critics have spoken of certain compositions by Mr. Loeffler as "showing the influence of Debussy," when, as a matter of fact, they were composed before Debussy had written anything except a few songs that showed the influence of Massenet and a few piano pieces that might have been signed by any young Conservatory pupil.

The London Times did not like Hans Huber's piano concerto played in London, Jan. 17. Ernest Loehbrunner was the pianist, and the Times said that the effect of concerto and performance was "singularly pedestrian," and there were moments when soloist, orchestra, conductor and audience seemed all to be plodding heavily onward towards an end most ardently desired. "There is nothing to offend any hearer in this whole work—one only wishes there were!"

It appears from the Roman correspondent of the London Times that Leoncavallo's new opera "Malbruk," produced Jan. 19 at the National Theatre, was a complete success. The hero of the opera is "the hero of the old Breton song which the nurse of the son of Louis XVI. used to sing to her foster child and brought into fashion in Paris in the year of the Revolution." Leoncavallo and Nessi treated the old story rather freely, and the story is that of Agilult, King of the Longobards, and his wife Theodelinda, taken from the Decameron and foisted on Mulbruk. "An indifferent tale at the best and not improved in the libretto of Signor Nessi, whose lyrics and dialogues were rather feeble. All the more credit, therefore, is due to Leoncavallo, whose music triumphed over such unpromising material. The composer describes his work as a common fantasy. The comedy was rather thin and poor; but the fantasy was rich enough to make amends, and revealed Leoncavallo's inexhaustible resources in variety of rhythm and orchestral effect. Skilful use was made of the Mulbruk motif, the old air of 'Malbruk s'en va-t-en guerre,' better known in England as 'For he's a jolly good fellow,' to which the hero made his entrance and exit. All of the songs were pleasing, in particular a romanza sung by Alba (the Demoiselle of the White Goose), in the first act, and a very pretty serenade by the chorus of maids of honor in the second. The second act is the best, but all three met with the favor of the public, who insisted on a repetition of several songs."

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3:30 P. M. Piano recital by Max Landow. Beethoven, sonata, A flat major, op. 110; Schuman, Kreisleriana, op. 16, No. 2; Brahms, variations on an original theme, op. 21, No. 1; Chopin, Allegro de concert; Liszt, Benediction of God in Solitude, Ballade B Minor, Sonnet of Petrarch, No. 123, Legend, St. Francis of Paula walking on the waves.

Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of Longy Club. Mozart, concertant quartet for oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon and piano (first time); Rhene-Baton, songs (Mrs. Sundelius); Handel, sonata for oboe and piano; Aubert, songs (Mrs. Sundelius); Ravel, introduction and allegro for harp, with flute, clarinet and string quartet (first time).

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by the American Music Society (Boston Centre). Beach, dramatic monologue, "In a Gondola" (Browning). Harry Barnhart and Mr. Beach; Kelley, piano quintet (first time here). Arthur Shepherd and the Hoffmann Quartet; songs: Atherton, "I Think of Thee," Abbott, "Seal Lullaby," Daniels, "In the Dark," Shepherd, "Sundown," Hadley, "A Love Song," Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child; Brockway, suite for cello and piano, Alwin S. Broder and Mr. Brockway.

Second concert of the Longy Club, H. G. Tucker, conductor, assisted by Mrs. Ernestine Gauthier. Program: Contralto, and Heinrich Schuecker, Larpist, Choral piece: Handel, "O Father Whose Mighty Power" ("Judith Maccabean"); Franz, Ave Maria; Burdett, "The Bluebell"; Gaveri, "Sleep of the Child Jesus"; Gercke, Chorus of Monage; ditty, "Saint Mary Magdalene"; H. G. "Spring Song"; Cui, "Spring Delight"; Rubinstein, Chorus of the Sons of Japhet; Mendelssohn, "Judge Me, O God." Harp solos: Saint-Saens, Fantasia op. 95; Rossini, Andante Religiosa; Blumenthal, March of the Croations. Mrs. Gauthier will sing a group of songs.

Chapman School, East Boston, 8 P. M.—Music department, City of Boston. William Howard, leader of orchestra. Orchestral pieces: Overture to "Martha," Flotow; Merne, Serenade for strings; Mozart, First Movements from Symphony in G minor; Raff, March from "Lenore," symphony; Gounod, Bacchanale from "Faust" ballet suite. Mrs. Mary White Mullen, soprano, will sing an air from Bellini's "La Sonnambula" and Needham's "Haymaking." Taffey Mauch, cornetist, will play a Fantasia on themes from Donizetti's "Torquato Tasso." Louis C. Elson will lecture.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Piano recital by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, assisted by Carl Faelten. Bach, English suite, A major; Franck, Prelude, aria and finale; Paine, nocturne, B flat major, op. 45; Reger, "From My Diary," D major, op. 82, No. 9; Gottschalk, "Solitude," op. 65; Debussy, toccata; Max Fiedler, Walzer, op. 6, No. 2; Godard, "Indienne" from "The Magic Lantern"; Chopin, Mazurkas A flat major, op. 59, No. 2 and A minor (posth.), etudes, A flat major (posth.) and C minor op. 35, No. 12, Bach, "Iverniana," suite for two pianos, op. 70 (MS. first time).

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 15th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Max Fiedler, conductor. Bruckner, symphony No. 7, in E major, Chadwick, Sinfonietta (first time at these concerts).

Dorchester high school, 8 P. M. Music department, city of Boston. Orchestral pieces: Mozart, overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"; Beethoven, Andante from string quartet, op. 18, No. 5; Grieg, three movements from "Peer Gynt" suite; Schubert, moment musical; Gounod, Bacchanale from "Faust" ballet suite. William Howard, conductor. Mrs. Gertrude Holt, soprano, will sing Micaela's air from "Carmen" and Stern's waltz "Printemps." Jacques Benavente will play Leonard's variations on "Comin' Thro' the Rye," for saxophone. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. 15th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.

## ENGLISH PLAYS AND POLITICIANS

By PHILIP HALE.

A play is now recommended because Theodore Roosevelt when President, a member of the cabinet, a publisher of magazines, and other persons who are public characters, thought, or at least spoke, well of it. This reminds us of a sentence in an entertaining article, "Playhouses and Politics," published Jan. 17 in the London Times. "Quite recently a mediocre New York play about the immigration question was extravagantly praised by Mr. Taft, who knew nothing about plays, but a great deal about the immigration question."

The argument of the Times is that the theatrical organism refuses to adapt itself to anything, save Christmas and the height of summer. Thus children's pantomimes are produced in England, and there are children's plays obviously designed for adults. Managers recognize summer by producing "pieces of incredible ineptitude, with no apparent design, unless it be that of stimulating the action of the pores; even in a cold summer, however, the sudorific pieces are still steadily supplied."

The politically minded Englishman years ago had an inveterate contempt for the theatre, and the Times heard an echo of this contempt in a recent speech of the speaker of the House of Commons when he gave evidence before a committee on the stage censorship. He said: "I should be very sorry to see a Lord Chamberlain selected because of his special knowledge of the drama or music halls." The Times records that

writing to Garrick. "Now I am a vagabond, keep to your pantomime." The honorable speaker of the House of Commons said that the playwright "is not obliged to go to unhealthy and disgusting subjects, as so many authors do. They seem to revel in them. I think that a good many plays have been demoralizing in their tendency." The Times adds: "Right or wrong, there speaks the politically minded man, for whom art has no prerogative, and on the whole, is rather apt to be a nuisance. The speaker explained, superfluously enough, that he had few opportunities of going to the theatre. Is it, you wonder, because of their infrequent opportunities that politicians, when they do go, choose the wrong thing and say the wrong thing about it? We all know what a prodigious fuss was made about 'An Englishman's Home' by our politically-minded men, and we all know what became of it when transported to countries where it had to stand on its merits as a play and its political aspect went for nothing."

Some one might answer: "Paris plays that have to do with politics excite discussion and pack the theatres." Not when the plays are poorly constructed or without interest except of the political sort. Furthermore, the plays that are called political are generally those in which socialistic problems, the contest between capital and labor, or race questions as anti-Semitism, are discussed; as Bourget's "La Barriade," a social drama now playing in Paris, as Bernstein's "Israel"—not the ridiculous version prepared to suit "American taste." Plays with a live political subject are not common. Plays that deal with social questions are as old as the time of Aristophanes. What is Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" if it is not a drama based on the hatred of one class for another, and probably for this reason it has never been popular.

To return to the article in the Times. The writer fears that the politician's taste is philistine. "Like many other brain workers, he looks to the drama for relaxation that shall give his brain a rest, and there is nothing he dislikes so much in the theatre as what enthusiasts call an 'intellectual treat.' He is not above the simple and childlike delights of melodrama; he is for 'pleasant' plays and 'happy endings'; if the whole truth be told, he is probably a devotee of 'musical comedy,' ballet, and the 'variety' stage. In short, your politically-minded man forms part, and an important part, of the compact majority, described by Mr. Snider, who go to the theatre principally for their entertainment." Now, the average Briton is a politically-minded man, and the theatrically-minded are a mere handful—a fact of vital moment, good or bad, for the British theatre. When, if ever, this state of things is reversed we shall no doubt have a new sort of drama. At the same time we shall have a new sort of politics, and a mighty queer sort. But let us not prophesize, Betsy.

Imagine Mr. Roosevelt in the seat of a theatre critic, or as a censor of plays, if a censorship should be established! Yet nobody should be prejudiced against "The Melting Pot" because Mr. Roosevelt as President of the United States thought highly of it and indulged himself in violent praise.

Let us listen today to the opinions and remarks of certain press agents who are now inclined to be thoughtful, analytical, anecdotal, rather than passionate.

Mr. Dodson, whose coming is eagerly anticipated by many, is described as a character actor. What is precisely meant by this? Does not every actor impersonate a character in a drama, comedy, farce?

The meaning of the term "character acting" covers the full range of acting in its fullest sense. To be accepted as a character actor, the man must have temperament with the power to play farce, comedy, drama and even tragedy with equal facility. It is the ability to give expression to every human emotion that denotes a great actor of character; the sinking of one's own individuality into the personality under representation, chiefly exploiting the mental rather than the physical personality of the character to be depicted. Success in

doing just this has placed Mr. Dodson in the foremost place he occupies today. It was Sir Henry Irving who placed Mr. Dodson in a class all by himself when he called him "the British Coquelin," and Richard Man-



old declared that he was the greatest harter after England ever sent us."

By the way, "The House Next Door" was at first entitled "The Majesty of Birth."

There are actresses who draw crowds no matter what the play may be in which they appear. These actresses in the eyes of thousands of admirers are faultless and inimitable. Take the case of Miss Julia Marlowe, for example. If an old theatre goer should say publicly that she no longer reads her lines with the proper emphasis, that her blank verse halts, that her enunciation is often indistinct, that her gestures are at times without meaning, that her art is sometimes mannered and insincere, she would receive hundreds of indignant letters from estimable persons, male and female, and he would no doubt be assaulted on his peaceful and meditative way across the Common. The Queen can do no wrong.

The popularity of Miss Maude Adams, which is due largely no doubt to a certain and charming womanly quality that makes its way across the footlights, is shown in singular ways.

"The New York police made one of their spectacular gambling raids the other day. There was the usual crowd

of idle, curious ones on the street to see the bluecoats cart away the paraphernalia of that place. In the list of captured articles were faro tables, roulette wheels, poker tables, chips, and a photograph of Maude Adams.

"A few days after that occurrence an English diplomat, visiting the President in his study at the White House, came upon a photograph on the desk.

"Ah, your American creator of Peter Pan," he remarked.

"We call her simply the creator of Peter Pan," replied the President."

Note the composite character of the crowd that waits for Miss Adams' exit through the stage door.

It is said of Miss Adams that she has never missed an advertised performance since she has been on the stage. She has never kept an audience waiting and as she, in her relations with the public holds herself to the strictest account, so she holds others. Off the stage she is so responsive to every appeal that she is thought to be easy, but no actor who shirks has ever found her so.

"Once, in one of her plays in which a number of youngsters were used a little fellow trotted off the stage in the middle of a scene.

"I am sorry," he said afterward. "I didn't feel well and I thought I was going to faint. I couldn't help it."

"Yes, you could," she said. "If you stayed in your place and fainted, you couldn't have helped it, but you could help running off."

Walker Whiteside, who will be here in "The Melting Pot," was the boy Hamlet in Chicago in 1891 and in New York in 1893. Louise Muldener, also in "The Melting Pot," was with Mary Anderson, Booth, Rossi, and leading women of the Boston Theatre stock company in 1892-93.

Grant Steward wrote the lyrics for "Mr. Pickwick" and took the part of Jingle with William Collier. He wrote "Caught in the Rain." Leonora von Ottinger has played the part of Korioko.

Ernest Truax, the charity boy in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," who has starred in Shakespearean roles throughout the West, will appear with Miss Tanzi at a local benefit this week as Romeo in "Romeo and Juliet." The balcony scene will be given.

Frank Losee, who will play the part of Sir John in "The House Next Door," will be remembered as the leading heavy man with the Lindsay Merion stock company at the Empire Theatre and the Boston Theatre after he left Boston theatrical honors have been heaped upon him.

When "Shore Acres" was produced at the Boston Museum, Mr. Herne played the part of Nathaniel Berry, William Harris was the Martin Berry, Robert Blum was the young doctor, and in the cast were Mary Hampton, Kate Ryan, Fanny Addison, Alfred Hudson, George Schiller and George W. Wilson.

"The Midnight Sons" was first produced in New Haven, in the spring of 1909, as a spectacular play along big lines, to serve as the first attraction for the Broadway Theatre, under the management of Lew Fields and the Shuberts. It was to serve as a "summer show," and therefore ran toward scenery, music and girls. The scenic features were proved happy surprises. The result of the first performance in New York proved that "The Midnight Sons" was neither a musical comedy nor the latter day popular form of entertainment styled "comedy or farce with music," and for the want of a better title the piece was classified as a "musical moving picture in eight films."

Mrs. Craig Wentworth will read her play, "The Flower Shop," tomorrow afternoon. In this striking drama a woman of a strong and passionate nature keeps a flower shop. The man to whom she was once betrothed wishes her to give up the shop on the ground that her occupation is unwomanly. He argues that man should support woman, because man is the superior animal. He himself will not allow his wife to sing. Margaret, the shopkeeper, is loved by a gentle soul who wishes to marry her. She should give up the shop so that he could care for her. He argues that the privilege of a man working for a woman is a refining and restraining influence in his life. His belief is based on chivalry. The other man points to the law of nature. The problem as presented by Mrs. Craig Wentworth is an engrossing one.

## DODSON IN COMEDY AT THE COLONIAL

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"The House Next Door," a comedy in three acts adapted by J. Hartley Manners from the German. First performance in Boston. Produced at Trenton, N. J., as "The Majesty of Birth," March 25, 1909. Production by Cohan and Harris.

Sir John Cotswold, Bart.....J. E. Dodson  
Lady Cotswold.....Miss Ruth Chester  
Cecil Cotswold.....J. Malcolm Dunn  
Ulrica Cotswold.....Miss Olive Temple  
Vining.....A. T. Hendon  
Capt. the Hon. Clive Trevor.....W. H. Sams  
Sir Isaac Jacobson, M. P.....Frank Losee  
Lady Jacobson.....Miss Lorena Atwood  
Adrian Jacobson.....Regan Hughston  
Esther Jacobson.....Miss Fania Marinoff  
Maximilian.....Charles Diem  
Walter Lewis.....Herbert Standing

Mr. Dodson in a short speech after the second act assured the audience that "The House Next Door" is not a problem play, and he incidentally spoke contemptuously of such plays. He said that "The House Next Door" was intended, first of all, to be entertaining. Mr. Dodson was right in saying that the comedy is not a problem play, and it is entertaining—when this admirable actor is on the stage.

Whether Mr. Manners in his adaptation attempted to treat the question of race—the old prejudice of the Jew against the Gentile and the equally old prejudice of the Gentile against the Jew—is an open question. He apparently started with this purpose, but he committed the mistake, or followed the mistake of the unnamed German dramatist, in making his Jew a benevolent person, a saint-on-earth, who preaches mercy, drips forgiveness, and speaks copy-book platitudes of peace, good will and generosity, while his Gentile is in his old age, proud, irascible, tyrannical toward his family, utterly unbearable, after having squandered his money and reduced his wife and children to poverty. Sir John hates Sir Isaac because the latter is a Jew who owns the estate that once belonged to Sir John.

There is no argument on either side. Sir John is abusive; Sir Isaac is provokingly good natured. The son and daughter of the former wish to marry the daughter and the son of the latter. Sir John rages at the thought, Sir Isaac smugly accepts the situation. If there was an intention at first to write a play in which racial prejudices and the question of Jew-Gentile marriages should be seriously discussed, that intention was quickly abandoned, and, as Sir John is played by Mr. Dodson, the first act is turned to farce, for the Sir John portrayed

in this act is distinctly farcical in speech and behavior, so farcical that it was difficult for the audience to take him seriously when in later scenes his bitterness became tragic and his loneliness was pathetic. Nothing but the art of Mr. Dodson and his personal authority saved these scenes.

The comedy is entertaining by reason of Mr. Dodson's impersonation of Sir John, although Mr. Herbert Standing was excellent as Lewis, the musical agent.

Mr. Dodson has long been justly famous as a "character actor." He is much more than an actor of eccentric parts. Like every true and accomplished comedian, he is master of dignity and pathos. He showed this mastery in the third act, subtly, often indirectly; now by a gesture or by a sudden change of countenance; now by tonal color in speech or by eloquent silence.

Let it be granted that he plays the first act in a farcical vein; it does not follow that his Sir John is an impossible being. Sir John took himself very seriously; but we all know serious husbands and fathers who are uncomfortably farcical in the eyes of the wives and children who are obliged to live with them and humor them; farcical beings when they discuss politics, economic questions, literature and art at the club, where their fellow-members, unless they have a sense of humor, soon wax impatient.

Mr. Dodson's Sir John is petulant, unreasonable, unbearable at breakfast, but he is not then a mere caricature of a too familiar type; he is the type itself. He is obsessed by his hatred of Jews because the man who holds his estate is a Jew, who rose from the humblest position. That he should roar his anger at finding books by Zangwill and music by Rubinstein in his morning room, at learning that "fresh" eggs and even cigarettes came

from Jew dealers, is the most natural thing in the world. Nor is there extravagance in Mr. Dodson's portrayal of the part. Grant the character of Sir John and his opinions, speech, behavior are inevitable.

It was a great pleasure to welcome Mr. Dodson again to this city. Few English speaking actors approach him in technic, in the absolute technic that never obtrudes and is not, perhaps, appreciated by audiences who of late years have become accustomed to "personalities." Few English speaking actors read their lines so well, are so effective in emphasis, so expressive in diction. Few English speaking actors are so fortunate in the voice itself, let alone the question of elementary training, as in the matter of enunciation. Mr. Dodson's "make-ups" have long been famous, but his ability to portray a character does not rest on extraordinary skill in his dressing room. For the time he is the man whose name he takes, cynical or whimsical, humorous or disagreeable, with characteristics that amuse, or with feelings that move though they may be expressed grotesquely; and he can be sinister, even tragic, for tragedy is not merely the affair of a strut and well mouthed phrases.

Mr. Losee is a smooth, bland, rather than convincing Sir Isaac, but the dramatist has done little to assist the actor of this part. Miss Temple is a comely Ulrica. The others in the company, with the exception of Mr. Standing, make little of their parts. Neither Mr. Dunn as Cecil nor the effervescent Mr. Hughston as Adrian give a plausible reason for the infatuation of their sweethearts.

A large audience laughed heartily and at the end were moved. There were curtain calls.

Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore will come to the Colonial Theatre a week from Monday in "The Mollusc."

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—After the six weeks' tour in the West, the second period of the company's season began last night with a presentation of "Carmen." The cast was as follows:

Don Jose, corporal of dragoons.....Escamillo, torcedor.....George Baklanoff  
El Dancairo, smuggler.....C. Stroesco  
El Remendado, smuggler.....Ernesto Glaccone  
Zaniga, captain of dragoons.....Francis Archambault  
Morales, officer.....Attilio Pulcin  
Carmen, a gypsy girl.....Maria Gay  
Michaela, a village maiden.....Lydia Lipkowska  
Frasquita, companion of Carmen.....Maude Lewicka  
Mercedes, companion of Carmen.....Betlina Freeman



GEORGE BAKLANOFF, As Escamillo.

SHUBERT THEATRE—Lew Fields' "The Midnight Sons," book by Glen McDonough, music by Raymond Hubbell. First time in Boston. John

Senator Constant Noyes.....George A. Schiller  
Jack.....Joseph M. Ratliff  
Dick.....Harry Fisher  
Harry.....Denman Maley  
Tom.....Taylor Holmes  
Mrs. Carrie Marglin.....Miss Maude Lambert  
Merri Murray.....Miss Clara Palmer  
Rose Raglan.....Miss Florence Martin  
Claire Voyant.....Miss Linden Beckwith  
Pansy Burns.....George Monroe  
Lily Burns.....Miss Marcia Harris  
A Case Daly.....Gus Baci  
Souseberry Lushmore.....Alan Brooks  
Lady Fire-fly.....Miss Gladys Moore  
Mlle. DeLeon.....Miss Maybelle Meek  
The Cynical Owl.....Berchard Dickerson

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First production in Boston of "The Melting Pot," a play in four acts by Israel Zangwill. Cast: K.P.

Mendel Quixano.....Sheridan Block  
Baron Revendal.....John Blair  
Quincy Davenport, Jr.....Grant Stewart  
Herr Pappemeister.....Henry Vogel  
Vera Revendal.....Florence Fisher  
Baroness Revendal.....Leonora Von Ottinger  
Frau Quixano.....Louise Muldener  
Kathleen O'Reilly.....Nellie Butler  
David Quixano.....Walker Whiteside

GLOBE THEATRE—"Going Some," a comedy in four acts, by Paul Armstrong and Rex Beach. The principals of the cast:

J. Wallingford Speed.....James Spottswood  
"Larry" Glass.....Walter Jones  
Berkeley Fresno.....Aubrey Beattie  
Cliver Covington.....Oane Hamlin  
Jack Chapin, Jr.....T. J. Carrigan  
Jeanne Chapin.....Maude Bancroft  
Helen Blake.....June Mathis  
"Still" Bill Stover.....George K. Henery  
Auerlo Maria Carrara.....E. L. Fernandez  
Cloudy, an Indian.....Aug. Glassmire  
Willie, a killer.....George Leach  
Mariadetta.....Crosby Little  
Skinner.....Leroy Sumner

## CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE.

Large Audience Sees John Craig Company in "Shore Acres." K.T.L.

CASTLE SQUARE Theatre—John Craig Stock Company in "Shore Acres," comedy in four acts by James A. Herne. The cast:

Nathaniel Berry.....John Craig  
Martin Berry.....Walter Walker  
Joel Gates.....George Hassel  
Josiah Blake.....James Burrows  
Sam Warren.....Wilfred Young  
Young Nat Berry.....Donald Meek  
Capt. Ben Hutchins.....Bert Young  
Squire Andrews.....Al Roberts  
Ann Berry.....Mabel Colcord  
Helen Berry.....Gertrude Binley  
Mille Berry.....Margaret Fay  
Mrs. Andrews.....Marie Loring  
Perley.....Mary Leonard



## AMERICAN MUSIC HALL.

### Reappearance of Bransby Williams in Dickens Characterizations.

The birthday of Charles Dickens, Feb. 7, 1812, was fittingly observed yesterday afternoon at the American Music Hall by the appearance of Bransby Williams, in character sketches taken from Dickens' works and representing drawings by Phil. Wittebank and Fred Barnard. Mr. Williams has had an extensive career. Starting with the Eagle amateur dramatic company, he next joined provincial stock companies, and afterward played on the road in "Shadows of a Great City" and "Trilby," in the latter play taking the part of Svengali. In 1896 he left the theatrical for the music hall stage. He has been eminently successful, and his large repertoire includes Shakespearean studies, various characters from popular novels, notably the Dickens sketches. In 1904 he appeared by command before the King and Queen at Sandringham.

The characterizations portrayed yesterday were Mr. Micawber, Sydney Carton, Bill Sykes, Daniel Peggotty, Grandfather Smallweed.

Mr. Williams' performance was engrossing. His renderings of the characters showed careful study, and were in every respect finished conceptions. The variety of the program enabled him to display his admirable versatility where there was need of lightning change in emotional expression. Each character was convincingly realistic. A word of praise must be added for Mr. Williams' skill with the makeup brush. He received a hearty welcome from the audience, and expressed in a short speech his thanks for his reception and his pleasure at returning to Boston.

Another feature of the program was the original Svengali trio. Two persons (a woman medium at a piano and a man impersonator) were on the stage with their backs to the audience, while the third, the Svengali, went among the audience asking requests for song and impersonations, which he then transmitted to the medium by hypnotic power. Dickens, Tolstoy, Garibaldi, Speaker Cannon, ex-President Roosevelt and other celebrities were called for by various spectators, and immediately the medium assumed their personality with appropriate costumes, while numerous selections from "Celeste Aida," to "The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring," were required from the woman medium, and, after a few mysterious wavings of the hands of Svengali, the songs were at once sung. In each case the person making the request was asked to testify to its correctness.

Other numbers on the program were "Tambo and Tambor," two solemn gentlemen from the London Hippodrome, who performed astonishing acrobatic feats with tambourines, and Spellman's bears, who went through their tricks with ponderous gravity, and for the most part displayed docility and a readiness to comply with the requests of their trainer, but occasional remonstrative grunts and growls gave evidence of their displeasure. Gertie Le Claire, Lamb's Manikins, Ralph Wilton, comedian, "Those Three Fellers" and Juliet (?) gave added pleasure to a large and appreciative audience.

## BOSTON THEATRE.

Cohan & Harris' Minstrels, with George Evans, Funny as Ever.

George Evans comes pretty near being the whole show at the Boston Theatre, where the Cohan & Harris Minstrels furnish fun in liberal measure in an elaborate production interspersed with music.

Some stereopticon pictures of old time minstrels precede the first part, with the company singing familiar songs behind the curtain. Then is disclosed what the program calls "The Crimson Trellis," with the big company grouped strikingly upon a gayly-painted bank of seats which suggests a great arbor. With Vaughn Comfort and John P. Rogers as interlocutors and John King, Earl Benham, Sam Lee and Harry Van Fossen, the comedians, the first part goes merrily off to the accompaniment of much applause.

With "The Fireman's Lullaby" the fun becomes fast and furious, for George Evans takes the stage again and holds it most of the time throughout the wildly farcical piece. With John King as Susan Avery, Monk Anderson as a particularly wicked person, utterly reckless with his re-

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE—The Rays** in the two-act musical comedy, "King Casey." The cast:

Dan Casey.....Johnny Ray  
Fat Casey.....George Milton  
Orphis Noodle.....Ford Sterling  
Rocky Mountain Jack.....John B. Morris  
Mons. La Froge.....William F. Pfaff  
Lieut. Tom Hardy.....Jack Clahane  
Chief Casey.....George Wismar  
Princess Eulah.....Alma Hill  
Materla.....Julia Sweeney  
Goldie Mine.....Emma Ray

## MRS. WENTWORTH'S READING

Gives Her Own Play, "The Flower Shop," at Steinert Hall.

The fourth of the series of readings by Mrs. Marion Craig-Wentworth took place yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The play was "The Flower Shop," by Mrs. Wentworth, read by request.

"The Flower Shop" tells the story of the struggle between a woman's love for a man and her desire for independence. Margaret, the heroine, believes in a woman's right to exercise her own individual talent, even

if it takes her out of the home. And Margaret practices this social freedom and enjoys the independence and income found in her flower shop until she meets the man she loves, when her advanced economic ideas fall before the loneliness of her heart.

The character drawing is convincing and often subtle. That the women are pictured more clearly and justly than the men is natural and to be expected. The bully who tries to bend his wife and Margaret to his will by brute force, and the chivalrous lover who bends to Margaret's will, are at times overdrawn.

There are humorous and pathetic touches and the play attains considerable speed and dramatic force with but little action and setting. Margaret is so real and lovable a character that at the close many of the audience were seen to leave in tears, wishing that this particular woman need not have been sacrificed on the altar of freedom.

## KEITH'S. Hapsford

Countess de Pierrefeu Makes Her Professional Debut.

The Countess de Pierrefeu—she used to be just plain Elsa Tudor when she appeared with other of the Vincent Club girls in their shows in this city—made her professional debut at Keith's Theatre yesterday. The stage, in consequence, has one more exponent of the now ultra-fashionable symbolic dance, and one that is soon sure to rank with those at the top of the list.

There were many of the personal friends of the Countess de Pierrefeu in the audience last night who greeted her enthusiastically when she first appeared. But with the conclusion of her own creation, "The Storm Dance," the applause was general and enthusiastic. The Countess de Pierrefeu differs somewhat from some of the others engaged in similar interpretation. She displays bare ankles and feet, but the countess evidently does not believe that any wholesale exhibition is essential to the success of the symbolic dance. Her flowing draperies are likewise semi-clinging.

The Countess de Pierrefeu is featured by herself upon the Keith bill, during which she presents "The Blue Danube" waltz, a beautiful effect of movement and rhythm, and subsequently "The Dagger Dance" of a more realistic nature. The countess concludes her appearance with an original creation, "The Storm Dance," in which, not entirely unaided by mechanical effects, she portrays the storm in all its fury.

This last number she presents immediately after the final part of "The Ballet of Light," as given by Lole Fuller's company, which entered yesterday upon the fourth week of its Boston engagement.

Of the other numbers Miss Margaret Moffat and her company had a capital sketch, "Awake at the Switch." Miss Moffat plays the part of the girl at the telephone switch in a New York hotel, and, of course, there is the college man who would use the long distance, likewise the

operator, and the college chap fall in love before the curtain drops. It is a mighty clever act, and full of bright repartee.

Sam Chip and Mary Marble have an amusing playlet, "In Old Edam," in which everything centres about an Edam cheese of ancient vintage. Then there is Leo Carrillo, a monologue man, whose strong forte is his Japanese lingo of the real 'Frisco Chinatown breed, while the rest of the bill is made up by Edmund Stanley & Co., operatic stars, introducing the French contralto Mlle. Hortense Mazaretti, and Miss Belle Story in "A Royal Romance"; El Cato, who is refreshingly clever and original with the xylophone; Dale and Boyle, a dancing duo; Pringle and Whitney in "Breaking Into Vaudeville," concluding with a spectacular acrobatic pantomime by the European performers, Park Byers and George Hermann.

## LONGY CLUB GIVES SECOND CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The Longy Club, assisted by Messrs. Noack and Bak, violins Gletzen, viola; J. Keller, 'cello; Schuecker, harp, and Mme. Marie Sundellus, soprano, gave its second concert of the 10th season last night in Chickering Hall.

The concert began with a performance of Mozart's quartet for oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon, with piano accompaniment. The piano was substituted for the original accompaniment of two violins, viola, two horns and bass. Mozart wrote the music in Paris in 1778 for virtuosos of Mannheim, who were then visiting that city, and there was promise of a performance at one of Le Gros' sacred concerts. For some reason or other the performance did not take place. Mozart complained sourly about preventing intrigues. He sold the manuscript to Le Gros, and did not take the trouble to keep a copy. For a long time it was thought that the work was lost. The performance yesterday was the first in Boston.

This quartet is in three movements, an allegro, an adagio and an andante with 10 variations followed by a short adagio and allegro. Mozart wrote the music in haste, in four days, he said, and while it is fluent and well made, it has little real charm or distinction. If it were not signed by Mozart it is doubtful whether this quartet would be played.

Mme. Sundellus sang Louis Aubert's "Melancholia" and "Helene," from "Douze Chants"; Rhene-Baton's "Apporte les cristaux d'ores," "Lune de Culvre" and "Frele comme un harmonica," being Nos. 1, 3 and 2 of "Les Heures d'ete," with text by Albert Samain, and the "Priere," "Parfum exotique" and "Complainte," from Charpentier's "Poemes Chantes." Of these songs, "Helene," "Frele comme un harmonica" and "Priere" have the most character.

Charpentier's "Priere" has rare beauty, which was not fully brought out by either the singer or the pianist. Mme. Sundellus has a voice of charming quality, and she sings well, as far as technic is concerned, but she is not the interpreter for these songs, which are impressionistic and subtle. There is more to "Parfum Exotique" and "Complainte" than appeared last night to the hearer.

Mr. Longy played, with exquisite art, a sonata by Handel for oboe.

Ravel's Introduction and Allegro for harp with string quartet, flute and clarinet accompaniment, was heard here for the first time. There are charming effects of color, effects of the moment that leave no lasting impression. Neither structure, contents nor rhythms are of real interest. It was well played and Mr. Schuecker had an opportunity to display his skill in an unconventional manner.

An audience of fair size applauded generously. The third and last concert will be on March 10, when Mr. Fiedler will assist.

## AMERICAN MUSIC SOCIETY.

Program Made up of Works by Young American Composers.

The American Music Society gave a concert last evening in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows:

John Beach, dramatic monologue, "In a Gondola"; Stillman-Kelley, piano quintet, op. 20; Songs: Atherton, "I Think of

Thee"; Abbott, "Seal Lullaby"; Dall, "In the Dark"; Shepherd, "Sundown"; Hadley, "A Love Song"; Brockway, Suite for 'cello and piano, op. 35. Mrs. Tippet was the accompanist.

The aim of the society is the presentation before the public of works by American composers. The features of last evening's concert were Brockway's Suite and Stillman-Kelley's quintet. The former has been played in Boston this season by Mr. Brockway and Mr. Schroeder, therefore it is unnecessary to say more than that the work grows upon acquaintance.

Stillman-Kelley's quintet is an exceedingly interesting composition from beginning to end. It has originality, is cleverly handled, and it has much of the modern type of beauty. The second movement, full of veiled charm, suggests sounds in deep woods at night. The society is to be thanked for giving the Boston music-goers a chance to hear it. Mr. Arthur Shepherd and the Hoffmann quartet were the performers.

The group of songs was sung by Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child. While they are creditably written, they did not awaken enthusiasm. Mr. Beach's monologue suffered in being sung by Harry Barnhart in an ultra-sentimental fashion. The music itself has no dramatic force. It is aimless and without reference to Browning's poem.

The audience was large and discriminating.

## MAX LANDOW PLAYS.

Gives First Piano Recital in Boston at Steinert Hall.

Max Landow gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall, and then played for the first time in Boston. The program was as follows: Beethoven, sonata in A flat op. 110; Schumann, Kreisleriana, op. 16, No. 2; Brahms, variations on an original theme, op. 21, No. 1; Chopin, Allegro de Concert; Liszt, Benediction de Dieu dans la Solitude; ballade B minor, Petrarch's Sonnet, No. 123, Legend, "St. Francis Walking on the Billows."

There was at first a lack of inclusive statement in Mr. Landow's playing, but in Chopin's Allegro and the selections by Liszt his complete projection of himself into the music made his rendering virile and convincing. He is evidently strongly appealed to by the song form, and the "Benediction de Dieu," a beautiful example of this, showed him at his best.

He excels in subdued effects, yet maintaining intensity, warmth and at time great delicacy and caressing quality. His broad passages are not always clear, for he makes injudicious use of the damper pedal, and seems to lack a carefully managed strength of finger; in brilliant passages he lacks crispness, though he has much technical fluency.

There was an audience of medium size, which was not to be blamed for not taking much interest in opus 110 of Beethoven, as rendered by Mr. Landow, but it was enthusiastic over his rendering of Chopin's allegro.

## Boston Opera House Patrons Hear "Don Pasquale" and for First Time "Il Maestro di Capella."

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" and Paer's "Il Maestro di Cappella." The latter opera was performed for the first time at this opera house. Mr. Conti conducted. The cast of "Don Pasquale" was as follows:

Don Pasquale.....Mr. Conti  
Dr. Malatesta.....Mr. Fornari  
Ernesto.....Mr. Bourillon  
Norina.....Miss Nielsen  
Un Notaro.....Mr. Stroesco  
The cast of "Il Maestro di Cappella":  
Gertrude.....Miss Lewicka  
Barnaba.....Mr. Pini-Corsi  
Benetto.....Mr. Palestina

There have been excellent performances of "Don Pasquale" here within the last 10 years, and the Don Pasquale of Gilbert will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Gilbert played the part in the grand style, will full appreciation of the pompous vanity, of the colossal self-appreciation of the old man, and when he discovered the treachery of his friend



a tragic figure. Thus did he follow the traditions associated with the names of Lablache, who created the part in Paris. The unfortunate Rossi, who was Don Pasquale to the Norina of Mme Sembrich when she brought her own company to Boston, was unctuous in his humor, but he did not — Don Pasquale ~~buffoon~~. ~~buffoon~~

Mr. Broccoli, who was with the San Carlo company at the Park Theatre in 1907, played the part in low comedy vein and thus amused those who see no difference between the opera buffa of Donizetti and farce comedy. This opera buffa has distinction. Norina is not a saucy sou-brette. Dottor Malatesta is polished in his knavish tricks, and Don Pasquale should never be made completely ridiculous. He is thrifty, credulous, vain; he is timidly amorous, though secretly convinced that he is irresistible; a fine old fellow at bottom. The comedy should be played and the music sung with elegance, with the elegance that is now rarely found on the stage.

The tone of the performance last night was not pitched in too low a key. The comedy was played as a comedy, not as a farce. Mr. Corsi did not put his trust in grimaces, extravagant gestures and vocal mouthings; he carried out ably a well conceived impersonation. His Don Pasquale was not without dignity, for dignity may well go with vanity and fatuousness. Nor in the most comic scene did he descend to the buffoonery that some Italians think indispensable. He sang effectively. He respected Donizetti's music and had an appreciation of proportion in the concerted numbers.

Miss Nielsen's Norina is familiar here. She plays the part with a finer sense of comedy than when she was first seen at the Park Theatre. According to the old librettos, Norina was a rich and charming young widow, but in the sketch of the opera published in the program book of last night she is described as "a sweet, pretty, but impecunious young girl." It matters not, perhaps, whether Norina is a maid or a widow, grass or sod, yet it is a pity to have the old mythological stories explained as sun-myths, the existence of William Tell disputed authoritatively, and Lucrezia Borgia turned into a settlement worker and a suffragette born out of due time.

Miss Nielsen sang delightfully, with a fluency that was never slovenly, with a purity of intonation that was refreshing in these evil days of song; with archness and with brilliance. She acted with grace and spirit. All in all her impersonation was admirable.

Mr. Fornari played the part of Malatesta with understanding and sang with appropriate glibness in the buffo scenes. In the fine quartet he forced tone and was thus unpleasantly in evidence. A feature of the performance was the uncommonly good singing of the servants' chorus. The chorus received the well-deserved compliment of a recall. Mr. Bourillon, as is his habit, phrased with musical intelligence.

The charming music of Donizetti and the general excellence of the performance were warmly appreciated by the large audience.

Paer's "Il Maestro di Cappella" seemed pale and thin after "Don Pasquale," yet it deserved better treatment than it received from the singers of last night. When the little opera was first produced in Paris—the original libretto based by Mme. Gay on a comedy of Duval was in French—there was something of a plot, which justified the sub-title, "Le Souper Im Revu," and the second act, which has now wholly disappeared, was considered as amusing as the first.

As the opera is now presented in one act, it might pass in vaudeville. The humor is now in the descriptive song of Barnaba and in the duet of rehearsal. These make the part of the chaplain a fat one, and Gertrude also has an opportunity. Coming after "Don Pasquale," the little opera offered. It would be better to produce it with "Cavalleria Rusticana" or "Pagliacci," for it would then gain by the contrast. Mr. Pini-Corsi acted in farcical spirit. The singing of the three was not up to the mark.

The opera on Friday night will be Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mrs. Lipkowska and Messrs. Constantino, Fornari and Perini as the chief singers.

## SINGING CLUB CONCERT.

Program of Choruses, with Vocal and Harp Solos, Given. **P. C.**

The Boston Singing Club, under the leadership of H. G. Tucker, gave the second concert of its ninth season last night in Jordan Hall. The club had the assistance of Miss Ernestine Gauthier, mezzo-contralto; Heinrich Schuecker, harp; Miss M. Elizabeth Griffler, pianist; and B. L.

Whelpley, organist. The program was as follows:

Chorus, "O Father, Whose Almighty Power" (from Judas Maccabean), Handel; part song, "Ave Maria," Franz; songs, Danza, Durante, Les Berceaux, Faure; for chorus, "The Blue-bell," Burdett, Sleep of the Child Jesus, Gervais, Christmas carol, Chadwick; harp solo, "Fantasie," Opus 95, Saint-Saens; "Chorus of Homage," Gericke; for women's voices, "Ste. Mary Magdalene," D'Indy; chorus, "Spring Song," Hegar; contralto solo, "Noel Païen," Massenet; harp solos, "Andante Religioso," Rossini, "Marches des Croates" (chant national), Blumenthal; for chorus, "Spring Delight," Cul, "Sons of Japhet," Rubinstein, "Judge Me, O God," Mendelssohn.

This chorus is doing praiseworthy work, though it can study to advantage the production of more striking contrasts. The parts were well balanced, notwithstanding the sopranos numbered almost as many as the other three parts together. The tone, too, was good and agreeable, except when there was false intonation in some of the unaccompanied choruses. Greater precision of attack in all the voices would have added much to the finish of the performance.

The choruses by Gericke and d'Indy proved well worth while; the constant use of progressions by semitones gave to the latter a haunting beauty. The choruses best sung were the "Christmas Carol" by Chadwick, which had much vigor, and "The Sons of Japhet" by Rubinstein, in which the flowing legato of the familiar melody was well preserved.

A good-sized audience received warmly the work of the soloists. Miss Gauthier, who sang with much intelligence and spirit, added "The Years at the Spring" by Mrs. Beach. Mr. Schuecker's pieces for the harp were full of variety and delicate charm, and he, too, was forced to give an encore.

The program stated that owing to lack of interest the performance of Bach's Passion according to John, planned for March 18, has been necessarily postponed.

## EITHER MUCK OR FIEDLER.

Boston Symphony Considering No Other Names for Conductor.

C. A. Ellis, manager, announces that, in the hope of putting an end to the various reports and rumors which are being printed regarding the conductorship of the Boston Symphony orchestra, the management of the orchestra desires to state, with utmost emphasis, that the only musicians who have been considered for the post of conductor this year are Max Fiedler, who has just been engaged for a further term of two years, and Dr. Karl Muck of Berlin. No other conductors have been approached, nor has the possibility of engaging any other than Mr. Fiedler or Dr. Muck been even considered.

## MRS. BEACH GIVES RECITAL.

Old and Modern Piano Music Is Played at Steinert Hall.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach gave a piano recital last evening in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows:

Bach, English suite, A minor; Franck, suite; Paine, nocturne, E-flat major, op. 45; Reger, "Aus meinem Tagbuch," D major, op. 62, No. 9; Gottschalk, "Solitude," op. 65; Debussy, Torcata, C-sharp minor; Fiedler, waltz, op. 6, No. 2; Godard, "Indienne"; Chopin, mazurkas, A-flat major, op. 59, No. 2, and A minor posthumous, Etudes A-flat major, posthumous, and C minor, op. 25, No. 12; Beach, suite for two pianos, op. 70, "Ivoryland."

Mrs. Beach was assisted by Mr. Carl Faellen, pianist. The recital attracted one of the largest audiences that has been seen in Steinert Hall this winter. The program was unusual in several ways. The first group consisted of two suites which, though written in similar form, showed the

sharp contrast between the music of today and of 200 years ago. Mrs. Beach played both suites with clear understanding of their structure, appreciation of contrapuntal effects and brilliant, although rather hard, tone quality. There was much more warmth in her touch toward the end than at the beginning of the program.

Of the ultra modern composers there were no works chosen which showed the last word in piano writing from their pens. Of this group Mr. Fiedler's waltz and Godard's "Indienne" proved the most popular with the audience, although Reger also received a generous amount of applause.

It was obvious that Mrs. Beach's own suite was awaited impatiently, and it proved to be an interesting contribution to the literature for two pianos. It was played for the first time last evening and from manuscript. It is written in four parts, Lents quasi una fantasia, Allegro con spirito, Adagio con intimissimo sentimento, and Molto vivace con fuga.

Throughout the work the Celtic flavor is marked; the themes are well though freely developed; there are many brilliant virtuoso effects for the first piano, and there is but little sentiment, even in the song in the third movement. The suite is full of contrapuntal devices and closes with a surprising little coda. It will doubtless prove very popular on amateur club programs.

## SYMPHONY GIVES PUBLIC REHEARSAL

Fifteenth of the Series Included Work of Bruckner and a Sinfonietta by George W. Chadwick.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 15th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was made up of Bruckner's symphony in E major, No. 7, and Chadwick's Sinfonietta in D major, which was played for the first time at these concerts.

There are conductors, as Messrs. Fiedler, Muck, Nikisch, Loewe, who find great pleasure in conducting certain symphonies of Bruckner. Many in the audience, unless the hearers be members of a cult, carefully chosen and sworn to be enthusiastic, cannot understand why these conductors delight in performances of the symphonies. To them a symphony of Bruckner is not unlike the great image, seen by Nebuchadnezzar in a dream: The image whose form was terrible. "This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and arms of silver, his belly and thighs of brass; his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay." And to some, not even the head is of gold.

Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra gave an eloquent interpretation of this symphony in E major, and the interpretation was as lucid as it was romantic and impressive. Surely any person sensitive to music that heard the performance must have been moved to say: "Bruckner, after all, was a genius." The composer was a genius, but it would be better for his fame today and hereafter if he had also been a man of talent.

Perhaps it was an inherent failing; perhaps it was due to a lack of thorough and long continued training that Bruckner's musical thought was seldom logically developed; that he lacked concentration; that he indulged himself in long winded digressions; that his seriousness was not tempered by the humor that leads to self-examination and rigid self-criticism. He had a rough humor, and at times a biting wit, they say; for he was not always a child as he is sometimes represented, although he liked to pose as a simple child of nature. There was a dash of peasant shrewdness in his composition, but he was not an unerring judge of his own works.

And so it must be said of this symphony, as of other symphonies by

Bruckner, that it contains great things, noble and beautiful themes; pages of idyllic charm and demoniacal energy; sublime passages and overwhelming effects. It must also be said that there are pages which are trivial or dull, repetitions that weary, digressions that exasperate, halts and delays that put a favorably disposed hearer in bad humor.

It would be hard to find any theme more nobly beautiful in thought, form and orchestral expression than the first one of the opening allegro. The cantilena in the Adagio might have been proudly signed by Beethoven at the height of his power, and this Adagio as a whole is one of the most superb symphonic movements in the literature of music. The Scherzo has marked Brucknerian character, but this movement and the Finale are not equal to the two that precede.

Here and there the influence of Wagner is shown. This is not surprising when we remember Bruckner's worship of that master and recall the fact that he once or twice deliberately in his symphonies quoted phrases from Wagner's works, perhaps unconsciously, perhaps as an act of homage. In this 7th there are passages that recall measures of "Parsifal," others that suggest measures in "The Ring," rather by harmonic and orchestral mood than by the melodic line. That which is great in the symphony is Bruckner's own. It far outweighs the chatter and the maunders. It is enough to insure the composer an honorable place among the composers of lofty ideas and memorable deeds.

Mr. Chadwick's Sinfonietta was first heard here at his own concert in 1904. (By a typographical error the tonality of the work is given on page 1165 of the program-book as "F major." It should be "D major," as stated on the next page of the book and on the title page.)

This music is agreeable, cheerful in disposition, frank, unpretentious, yet showing by its workmanship the ability of the composer. There is nothing that enters at hap-hazard; there is nothing that hints at experimentation; the composer knew what he was about to say and he said it as he intended it should be said. The Sinfonietta would undoubtedly be more effective as a whole in a smaller hall. As it was played yesterday, the first movement, with its attractive themes, one of which has a charming oriental character, with its interesting and firmly knit development and its dominantly joyous spirit, had the most distinction of the four.

The program of the concerts next week has been slightly changed from the one announced in the program book. Haydn's Symphony in G Major, the "Oxford," will be played instead of one in D. The other pieces will be Mozart's Concerto for two pianos and orchestra; Rachmaninoff's Symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead" (by request); Berlioz's overture to "Benvenuto Cellini." The pianists will be Messrs. Hutchinson and Randolph of Baltimore.

## 'LUCIA' PRODUCED

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" at this Opera House. Mr. Conti conducted.

Edgar of Ravenswood.....Florence Constantino  
Henry Ashton.....Rodolfo Fornari  
Norman.....Roberto Vanni  
Raymond.....Giuseppe Perini  
Arthur.....Ernesto Giaccone  
Lucy.....Lydia Lipkowska  
Alice.....Virginia Pierce

Donizetti's opera was sung for the first time at the Boston Opera House, and Mme. Lipkowska appeared as Lucia for the first time in this city.

The audience was a brilliant one, and it was unusually demonstrative. There were curtain calls after the first scenes; the sextet was redemanded, and after the "Mad Scene" the applause was enthusiastic.

While it might justly be said that the true talent of Donizetti is revealed in his delightful "Don Pasquale," "The Daughter of the Regiment" and "The Elixir of Love," while it might also be said that in serious opera Donizetti never surpassed the last act of his "Favorita" or certain pages in "Lucrezia Borgia," there is no denying the fact that "Lucia" is in certain ways a fine example of the best Italian opera of the first half of the 19th century. The structure of "Lucia" is still impressive; its lines are pure; the archi-



## MEN AND THINGS

Men and women that are uneasy when they see a comet in the sky and read with pallid face and mental perturbation the opinions of scientific persons concerning the approach of a famous comet, grisly, and with deadly gases in its tail, are called weak and timorous by the amiable and jocular by men of little reading.

Let us suppose that comets are mere exhalations drawn up from the earth and kindled in the air, as the ancients believed and also certain moderns, as Pico-lomeneus, Regiomontanus, Vogelinius, Fraeacstorius; or that they are exhalations from the stars, as Snellius maintained; or air condensed by the cold, as Fromandus thought; or thick and diaphanous air only shining, not burning (see Puteanus); or a sort of celestial, watery or oily substance, according to Johann Kepler; or a grosser part of the Milky Way, the Galaxia, to agree with Tycho Brahe, who died a sad death; or that they are "certain fiery animals which sometimes appear on the superficies of that element," to quote from the wisdom of the Rabbins; it matters not what view we take; these facts are well established in the mind of the patient and devout investigator:

- (1) If a comet is figured like a column or pillar, it denotes the constancy of a prince, saint or nation.
- (2) If it is round, clear, bright, not at all dusky, it may signify the birth of a great prince.
- (3) If it be of a pyramidal figure, there will be great losses by fire.
- (4) If it be of much extent, waved, dissipated, there will be seditions in the land.
- (5) If it resemble a horn, the nation or its ruler will be strong.
- (6) If it be like unto a sword, it presages the desolation that is caused by a sword.
- (7) If it be like unto a trumpet, it announces war; but a pestilence follows the appearance of a comet formed like a dart, arrow or javelin.

There is this consolation: No one of these authors foresaw the destruction of the earth by a comet brandishing its tail, and we regret to say that there are some sceptical as to any influence of a comet over the earth or its inhabitants.

The ingenious Mr. Bayle, for example, wrote a long book that may comfort the now nervously disposed. The title, translated is 'Diverse Thoughts Written to a Doctor of the Sorbonne on the Occasion of the Comet That Appeared in the Month of December, 1680.' The sixth edition of the book is now before us, in four volumes, published at Amsterdam in 1749. In the course of his remarks Mr. Bayle argued that comets could do no harm to the earth, even if they were by nature malevolent. He was not inclined to believe in their depravity; and by an admirable process of reasoning he arrived at the conclusion that a comet might have a beneficial influence: that it might fatten harvests, the vintage, the oyster crop; that it might promote peace, hilarity, and increase the population. We commend this book, which contains entertaining digressions, as whether there are lucky and unlucky days and names.

Florence Schenk Willson, "the Virginia beauty," who, strapped in London, reached instinctively for poison, drew a touching picture of the joys of pure love, a picture not surpassed by the description of the good woman that came from the mouth of the heroine in Decker's play with the unquotable title, the description that won the praise of Lamb. Miss Willson spoke of Hattie Forsythe to a sympathetic reporter. She saw Hattie in Paris. "She has found a life that is peace, she has found control. She is in love with a good man and he's in love with her. You know the life of luxury Hattie always led in New York. She had everything she wanted just for the asking. You wouldn't know her now. She is wearing cotton gloves, woollen underwear and plain frocks. She's all changed."

But virtue does not necessarily dwell in woollen underwear, nor is vice inseparably connected with silk.

Mme. Alma Webster-Powell—she sang here some years ago with frequent bursts of florid song—received 250 tickets for a concert from Mrs. Wallerstein, the president of the Mozart Club in New York. At the concert the latter remarked sweetly to Mme. Webster-Powell: "I see all your Brooklyn friends are here. I can tell them because they have on shirt waists and short gloves." This made Mme. Webster-Powell angry. She insisted that she gave the tickets to "fine Brooklyn people. A few, perhaps, did wear shirt waists."

Mon. Hoffmann and Oltzka and Messrs. Cartica and Boulogne. There will be an operatic concert on Sunday evening, Feb. 20. The seats will go on sale next Tuesday.

## GRAND OPERA GIVEN AT POPULAR PRICES

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Il Trovatore," performed by the Boston Opera company; Henry Russell, director. Mr. Luzzatti conducted.

Manrico.....Carlo Cartica  
The Count de Luna.....Raymond Boulogne  
Ferrando.....Giuseppe Perini  
Ruiz.....Ernesto Giaccone  
Leonora.....Emma Hoffmann  
Inez.....Virginia Pierce  
Azucena.....Itosa Oltzka

During the first part of the season at the Boston Opera House a series of performances was given on Saturday nights, when young singers, chiefly American, made their first appearance, supported by the more experienced. During the second part of the season the management purposes to give performances of operas at popular prices on Saturday night, "first-class opera sung by eminent artists." The first of these performances was given last night. The operas named for performance are "Carmen," "Lohengrin," "Faust," "Rigoletto," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" and "Lucia di Lammermoor."

The opera last night was "Il Trovatore," still one of the most popular operas of all that have been put on the stage in the course of half a century. This popularity is not due to spectacular effects, imposing processions, gorgeous scenery and splendid costumes, entrancing ballet. It matters not if the opera be shabbily mounted; if the chorus be small. "Il Trovatore" has melodic wealth and dramatic intensity. It is not alone the Anvil Chorus, with one or a dozen anvils, with or without ingenious electric sparks; it is not alone the tenor's high C, which is generally a B flat; it is not alone the baritone's sweet romanza or the "Miserere" with the man in the tower and Leonora sobbing beneath, that gives this opera its lusty strength, its freshness in old age after hand organs and amateurs have done their worst. It is the dramatic intensity, the intensity which, with the rare melodic beauty, makes the fourth act one of the greatest acts in all opera. Wagner himself never surpassed, with all his talk about dramatic truth in song, the scene within the tower. There is nothing more dramatically truthful in opera than Manrico's denunciation when he suspects Leonora of infidelity; nothing more truthful and beautiful than the trio that follows.

Nor is the intensity confined to this one act. The characters are grimly in earnest from the beginning, from the moment that Ferrando, preferably in a weather-beaten and sinister slouch hat, tells the awful tale to the shuddering chorus. Azucena is a striking figure throughout, one of the most picturesque and at the same time tragic characters in opera. And what a superb fellow is the Count di Luna! There is little repose, always feverish restlessness, demoniacal energy. Even the few arias grow passionate before they end.

Miss Hoffmann was heard here earlier in the season as Aida. Messrs. Cartica and Boulogne are known to the public. Mme. Oltzka is an old acquaintance. She was singing here in concert and in opera in 1896.

An audience of good size was evidently much pleased by the performance.

The opera next Saturday night will be "Carmen," with Messrs. Dereyne and Bronskaja and Messrs. Bourrillon and Baklanoff.

### "MADAMA BUTTERFLY" GIVEN

Miss Alice Nielsen in Leading Part Pleases Large House.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Boston Opera Company in Puccini's "Madama Butterfly." Mr. Conti conducted. The cast was as follows: Butterfly, Alice Nielsen; Suzuki, Elvira Lev-

roni; B. F. Pinkerton, Christian Hansen, Sharpless, Rodolfo Fornari, Goro, Ernesto Giaccone; Prince Yamadori, Attilio Pulcini; The Bonze, Francis Archambault; Kate Pinkerton, Elena Klimes.

There was an air of general brilliance about yesterday's performance, in spite of defective singing on the part of some of the principals, and some discord between orchestra and chorus. This brilliance emanated almost wholly from Miss Nielsen. She was not only at her best vocally, and in sympathetic vein, but she held the threads of the performance in her hands. At moments she seemed to be the very flesh and spirit of Butterfly—not so much in her moments of coquetry as in those of emotion. There was a tragic quality in her intensity of joy, in the duet at the end of the first act, and again when the ship was spied in the harbor, when relief, gratitude and ecstasy choked her voice with happy laughter as she sang.

The state law prohibiting the appearance of children on the stage made it necessary to substitute a large doll in the scenes between Butterfly and her child. This was a handicap to the dramatic action, as, in order to maintain any illusion, it was imperative that this figure should be held in the arms so long as it was on the stage. The dignity and sincerity of Miss Nielsen saved the situation. The final scene gained greatly in effect by the elimination of the child, blindfolded and waving an American flag.

Mr. Hansen sang with some emotional intensity in the love scene and in his short scene in the last act. He was not elsewhere very impressive.

The chorus of women's voices with that of Butterfly, as they approached in the first act, sounded fresh and beautiful. Miss Leveroni's voice sounded well, and her impersonation was often effective, although she has one or two mannerisms of which she should beware, such as marking the rhythm with her body as she sings. The scene of the interior would be more effective if there were less decoration. There was a large and enthusiastic audience, and there were many curtain calls.

### BOSTON OPERA REPERTORY.

Productions to Be Given During Week Beginning Next Monday.

The repertory for the week beginning Monday, Feb. 14, at the Boston Opera House will be as follows:

Monday, Feb. 14, 8 P. M., Puccini's "La Boheme." Mimi, Mme. Nielsen; Musetta, Mme. Bronskaja; Rodolfo, Mr. Constantino; Marcello, Mr. Boulogne; Colline, Mr. Mardones; Schaunard, Mr. Pulcini.

Wednesday, Feb. 16, 7:45 P. M., Gounod's "Faust." Faust, Mr. Bourrillon; Mephistopheles, Mr. Nivette; Valentine, Mr. Boulogne; Marguerite, Mme. Dereyne; Siebel, Miss Freeman.

Friday, Feb. 18, at 8 P. M.—Boito's "Memphistopheles." Memphistopheles, Mr. Mardones; Faust, Mr. Constantino; Marguerite, Mme. Alda; Marta, Miss Leveroni; Elena, Mme. Boninsegna; Pantalio, Mme. Claessens.

Saturday, Feb. 19, at 2 P. M., Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," with Miss Nielsen, and Messrs. Tavecchia, Fornari and Bourrillon.

Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8 P. M., Bizet's "Carmen." Carmen, Miss Dereyne; Micaela, Mme. Bronskaja; Don Jose, Mr. Bourrillon; Escamillo, Mr. Baklanoff.

It will be observed that Donizetti's delightful "Don Pasquale," with the cast that won so much applause last week, has been substituted for "Il Trovatore" for Saturday matinee. Changes in the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House prevent the appearance of Mr. Slezak on that date. He will appear here later.

### SUNDAY OPERATIC CONCERT.

There will be a grand operatic concert at the Boston Opera House next Sunday evening, Feb. 20, with solos, orchestral pieces and the final trio from "Faust" and the entire second act of "Samson and Dalila" by Saint-Saens. The artists will be Messrs. Bronskaja, Dereyne, Claessens, and Messrs. Bourrillon, Blanchart, Nivette and Boulogne. The entire orchestra of the Boston Opera Company will take part.

and nobility. It is the ornamentation that now seems old-fashioned. The dramatic force of the music depends largely on the singers. Even the florid music of the "Mad Scene" may be made dramatic if the prima donna does not happen to be only a concert singer in operatic costume.

"Lucia" is now nearly 75 years old, and yet much of the music seems more modern than much of "Cavalleria Rusticana," which only 20 years ago was considered to be ultra-modern. But "Lucia" must be given as a whole, not merely for the display of a mistress of coloratura.

It is not too much to say that Donizetti's opera has never been produced in Boston with the attention to scenery, costumes and general stage equipment and management shown last night at the Boston Opera House. The scene of the reception hall justly provoked hearty applause as soon as the curtain rose. And in other respects the performance of last evening surpassed any that has been seen here for 20 years.

The sextet has been performed here with finer nuances and with a more impressive crescendo; the music of the crazed heroine has been sung here with a more dazzling display of concert brilliance; but within the time named no soprano has presented in this city so carefully composed, so dramatic and so moving an impersonation of the heroine as that presented by Lydia Lipkowska.

First of all, she has youth, grace and beauty. We have been accustomed to Lucias of ripe years, matronly Lucias, fat Lucias, singing Lucias who moved decorously, sluggishly, indifferently, as on castors, through their trials, reserving their strength for the celebrated "mad scene." No one of them attempted to act, or showed emotion. It was said by her manager that the late Emma Abbott visited asylums for the insane in the West that she might play the "mad scene" with the greater realism. This scene acted by her was grotesque rather than thrilling; nevertheless, her purpose was honorable.

Mme. Lipkowska did not "try to act," in the conventional meaning of the phrase, and some of her young associates might study with profit to themselves her sobriety in gesture, and the eloquence of her repose. This singer, young as she is, has the ability to impersonate a character, to give it profile and body, attributes and qualities, its own peculiar speech. She is not Mme. Lipkowska as Lakme, Micaela, Lucia. For the time being she is the Indian priestess, the Spanish village girl, the Scottish maiden cruelly treated by fate. How much she made of her first scene, which to other Lucias is only an opportunity to display voice and skill in sustained and florid song and in the duet! How quietly effective the scene with her brother! In the scene of the contract there were admirable touches, all natural, apparently spontaneous.

Her management of the scene in which she is mad was pathetic without too deliberate endeavor, without a touch of exaggeration that might have won the applause of the unthinking. The scene is a difficult one for an operatic actress. One may remind you of the mad lady of the village, who is pointed out to strangers, not without a certain pride. Another may enter with straw in her hair and mow and gibber. Mme. Lipkowska suggested the poor crazed brain, and her florid song was as the wanderings of a diseased mind.

Her singing in the earlier scenes was excellent in limpid quality, in significant phrasing; in coloratura she was, as a rule, secure without labor, effective, brilliant. All in all, her performance was one of the chief events of this season.

Mr. Constantino was in his best vein vocally and dramatically. He often sang superbly, and in action he was seldom self-centred or nonchalant. It is a great pleasure to hear him when he is thus disposed, and there are few tenors who have a more pleasing voice or greater skill in using it.

Messrs. Fornari and Perini were earnest souls. Raymond, at the best, is a full length figure in the gallery of operatic bores. The chorus was excellent and Mr. Conti conducted with spirit.

The opera this afternoon will be "Madama Butterfly," with Mme. Nielsen and Messrs. Hansen and Fornari. The opera tonight, at popular prices, will be "Il Trovatore," with



was their privilege." Mrs. Webster-Powell then resigned.

Mrs. Wallerstein, however, says that the defendant of shirt waists was dropped because she introduced the Marquis de Cervera to the club. The marquis sold a lot of tickets for a concert and then disappeared, together with the proceeds.

This story confirms the report that there is considerable musical activity in New York.

Mr. Rachmaninoff sailed for Europe last week. He said before leaving that Boston was "the most cultivated city in America musically," but his last words were, "Chicago also has a wonderful orchestra and seems well advanced in musical taste." These words were telegraphed promptly to the Chicago journals.

This reminds us of a story told of Kelly, "the Rolling Mill man." He had delivered one of his inimitable monologues in Chicago, and there were roars of applause. He came back and held up a hand to still the crowd. "All gentlemen," he said with deep emotion, "after all there's only one city." Howls and squeals of joy. When there was quiet, Kelly finished his speech. "And that, gentlemen, is New York."

The taxicab is a beautiful, theoretical, academic proposition. Some, however, put it in a class with the unicorn or the Vanishing Lady. There are many patrons of the Boston Opera House who complain that after a performance there are no longer taxicabs near the building or within any call. This phenomenon has been observed only since the return of the opera company from the West, the golden, remote, wild West, to quote from Mr. Swinburne. During the first part of the operatic season there were plenty of taxicabs, the complainants say; or did they only think they saw them or took them. Are taxicabs only in the universal illusion, the mirage of earthly existence? Nor is the number of public cabs so great as earlier in the season.

The Glasgow Herald published recently a singular "Apology," which was addressed as an open letter to a firm:

"I beg to apologize for having on several occasions passed off as your well-known brand of Irish whiskey an article of a different and cheaper quality. The practice was suggested by the similarity of the labels on the bottles containing the respective whiskeys. I hereby undertake that it shall be discontinued forthwith. Yours faithfully, Gomer Davies." There is always something new in the mind of an expert advertising agent.

## GREAT INTEREST IN BOITO'S OPERA

By PHILIP HALE.

To many in this city the "Mephistopheles" of Arrigo Boito is an unknown opera. The production of it at the Boston Opera House next Friday will therefore be an event of more than ordinary interest, and it is said that the production will be a gorgeous and impressive spectacle.

Boito's opera was performed in Boston for the first time at the Globe Theatre Nov. 18, 1880, by the Strakosch-Hess grand English opera company. Mme. Marie Roze took the parts of Margaret and Helen of Troy; Miss Annandale those of Martha and Pantalio. Perugini was the Faust, Conly the Mephistopheles, and Tilla took the parts of Wagner and Nero. This was said to be the first performance in America.

The opera was soon afterward (Dec. 29, 1880) performed in the Boston Theatre in Italian. Mme. Valleria took the parts of Margaret and Helen, Annie Louise Cary those of Martha and Pantalio. Campanini was the Faust and Novara the Mephistopheles.

When the opera was performed in the Boston Theatre, March 4, 1884, the singers were Mmes. Nilsson and Trebelli and Messrs. Campanini, Mirabella (Mephistopheles) and Grozzi.

There was talk of a performance by the Abbe, Schoeffel & Grau company in Mechanics' building in 1896; in fact, the opera was announced for Feb. 27, with Calve and Plancon, but Mme. Calve was "indisposed," and "Il Trovatore" was substituted. I remember that Mme. Calve was bitterly disappointed and she then hinted to me that the managers were unwilling to produce the opera, for

they were afraid it would not be a winning card. She appeared that season in Mechanics' building as Anita in "La Navarraise," and her performance was one of intensely tragic power, but the public wished to see her only as Carmen.

The first performance of "Mephistopheles" in Boston was not an impressive one, not an adequate one, if the contemporaneous criticism was just. The critics, and Boston was then famous for its dramatic and music critics, were unanimous in praise of Marie Roze; but the opera was beyond the ability of the company and the resources of the managers. The later performances gave a much fairer idea of the opera. Mmes. Valleria and Cary were delightful singers, Americans; Novara was an Englishman named Nash or Naish, an earnest soul with a ponderous, dragging voice; Campanini was at the height of his glory. Four years later Mmes. Nilsson and Trebelli were not easily matched.

The Germans have protested against "Mephistopheles" as they have protested against Gounod's "Faust" and the "Mignon" of Ambroise Thomas, on the ground that Goethe has suffered injury—and so we find Hanslick and Hugo Wolf, otherwise irreconcilable persons, agreeing in condemnation of Boito's opera. But Boito did not go to his task in a flippant spirit. He wrote in the score as an introductory motto: "Knowest thou Faust?" and for this Hanslick rebuked him with cheap chaff that passed in Vienna as sparkling wit. There are other mottoes from Goethe's poem in the score.

Boito, who will be 68 years old the 24th of this month, a Paduan by birth, is not wholly Italian. His mother was a Pole, a Countess Radolinski. His elder brother, a professor of architecture in Milan and a writer about art, influenced Arrigo, who showed so marked a disposition for music that the family moved to Milan, where he studied at the Conservatory under Mazzucato. This teacher saw promise in his pupil, but the authorities at the Conservatory were dissatisfied with the progress of the boy and they thought of dismissing him, as Verdi, whose name is inseparably associated with that of Boito, the librettist, was rejected by the same Conservatory.

It was as a writer that Boito first attracted attention. Articles contributed by him to Italian and French magazines were praised, and even Victor Hugo cast favoring eyes on him. Boito wrote the libretto and part of the music of a Cantata "Le Sorella d' Italia" (1862). Faccio, the great conductor who died insane, was a fellow pupil and he composed the rest of the music. The Italian government gave the two enough money for them to travel for two years and study the works of foreign musicians. The cantata was never published. (Riemann mentions an earlier cantata "The 4th of June.")

When Boito returned to Milan, his idols were Marcello, Beethoven, Verdi, Meyerbeer. The operas of Wagner had made little impression on him. He devoted himself chiefly to literature and journalism—which are sometimes one and the same thing, in spite of the scornful remarks of "professors" of literature. He wrote poetry and a novel. It is said that he even then had composed portions of his opera. Boito was a sturdy patriot, and, with Faccio, he enlisted under Garibaldi. After the war he thought of going to Paris, not as a musician but as a writer. The plan fell through, and he visited his sister in Poland, and there he shaped his "Mephistopheles." The managers of La Scala offered to produce the work. Why they sought out a young composer without fame, without experience, is not easily to be explained, but the opera was produced, and it was a complete failure.

This performance was on March 5, 1868. The singers were Mmes. Reboux and Flory, and Messrs. Spallazzi and Junca. The opera was given three times. Cambiasi in his history of La Scala noted this critical estimate: "Cattivo," which being interpreted, means "miserable," or as some would say in familiar speech, "rotten."

There was great excitement over the production. Inasmuch as Boito wrote both the libretto and the music, there was talk of an Italian Wagner. The price of seats was

raised to an unusual height, yet all the reserved seats were sold several days before the performance. Boito conducted, although the rule of the theatre did not allow a composer to conduct his own works.

It should be remembered that "Mephistopheles" was then a very different opera from the one known today, for Boito, preparing for the performance at Bologna in 1875, shortened his score materially and revised it thoroughly. At the first performance the Prologue, which was about the same as the one that is now known, was applauded. The rest of the opera failed dismally. The scenes were outrageously long and the audience waxed impatient. The performance lasted six hours and ended in a free fight. The audience made its way into the orchestra and drove Boito from the opera house.

He accepted the verdict and girded up his loins to improve his work. Faust was a baritone; Boito turned him into a tenor and gave him romances. There were important changes in the opening of the first act and in the scene on the Brocken. Page after page was cut out. One whole scene, which described the battle between the Emperor and the false Emperor, was omitted. The instrumentation was remodelled.

The new version was produced at Bologna, in the Communal Theatre, Oct. 4, 1875. The chief singers were Campanini, Nannetti, a superb bass, who is remembered with pleasure by the elder opera-goers in this city, and Mme. Borghi-Mamo. And this time "Mephistopheles" was applauded to the skies. It was on May 25, 1881, that Boito had his revenge at La Scala. The singers were Marconi, Nannetti and Mmes. Mariani-Masi and Mariani-de-Angelis. There were 10 performances, and Cambiasi wrote "Buonissimo" instead of "Cattivo."

The first performance in London was on July 6, 1880, with Christine Nilsson as Margaret.

"Mephistopheles" was produced at the Monnaie, Brussels, Jan. 19, 1883, with Gresse, Jourdain, Delaquerrier, and Mmes. Duvivier and Deschamps.

The first performance in France was at Nantes in April, 1887.

For many years Boito has been at work on an opera "Nero." From time to time it has been stated that the opera was ready for performance. Why there has been no performance is a mystery.

Boito is famous as a librettist. He wrote the books of Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," Bottesini's "Ero e Leandro," Faccio's "Almeto," Palumbo's "Alessandro l'arcese," Coronaro's "Un Tramonto," Verdi's "Otello" and "Falstaff" and Mancinelli's "Ero e Leandro." He has translated into Italian texts of Wagner, as "Rienzi" and "Tristan and Isolde."

In Boito's opera the chief character is Mephistopheles, not Margaret; but the opera might well be called "Scenes from Goethe's 'Faust.'"

The opera might be divided into a prologue, two parts, and epilogue; or into a prologue, four acts and epilogue.

The scene of the prologue is heaven. There is a slow and impressive instrumental introduction, "The sounding of the seven trumpets—the seven tones." The chorus of angels sings the praise of the Lord. There is an instrumental scherzo, and Mephistopheles appears and voices his contempt of man. The mystic chorus, representing the Lord, asks: "Dost thou know Faust?" Mephistopheles says that Faust is the maddest of all the madmen of his acquaintance, with his insatiable desire to know everything, to rise above his fellows, and he makes a wager with the Lord that he will ensnare Faust by letting him taste the fruits of vice. The Lord accepts the wager. The cherubs sing a scherzo, and there is a "Psalmodic Finale."

First part. Act I. Easter Sunday. The scene is a Kermis at Frankfort on the Main. The city gates and walls are shown. There is a crowd of all sorts and conditions. At last Faust and Wagner enter. The former enjoys the din and bustle. The people begin to dance the obertas, which, by the way, is a Polish dance. It is now evening. When as Wagner reminds Faust, "phantoms glide about, laying snares to entrap mortals. Mephistopheles is seen as a grey friar. Faust goes to his study. The friar follows him, and while Faust is meditating, throws off his disguise and appears as a knight with a black cloak. He tells him that he is the spirit that denies all things always. The

to be a contract. There is no thought or sight of Margaret.

Act II. A rustic garden. Faust, under the name of Henry, Margaret, Mephistopheles and Martha are walking in couples. Margaret asks Henry why he should love her, a simple village maiden, with rustic speech. There is no song of Thule's king, no temptation by jewels. The mood is idyllic rather than passionate, and there is no reason for comparison with Gounod's garden scene. Faust gives Margaret a sleeping potion that her mother may not awaken should he visit the girl's chamber.

The Night of the Sabbath. The scene is a wild landscape. Mephistopheles helps Faust climb the mountain. Will o' the wisps give a pallid light. There is a chorus of witches and sorcerers who at least kneel in a circle around the fiend. He addresses them as their monarch. The apparition of Margaret, with corpse-like face, with a red stain around her throat, strikes terror in the breast of Faust. The scene closes with an infernal dance.

Act III. The death of Margaret. She is in prison, crazed, and singing wildly. Faust endeavors vainly to persuade her to flight. The dawn breaks and she dies in the arms of Faust. "Henry, thou mak'st me shudder," Mephistopheles exclaims. "They have condemned her"; but the angelic chorus answers, "She's saved."

Act IV. This act is derived from the pages in the second part of Goethe's "Faust," in which the love of Faust for Helen is celebrated, for Faust is never to be satisfied. Mephistopheles sees to it that he is borne to Greece and he brings Helen back to life for the amusement of his disciple. In this scene Boito attempted to preserve Greek rhythms in his verses and to write music that might have the antique mood and spirit. Helen, with her attendant, Pantalio, sing under a moon-lit sky. Faust, half asleep on a flowery bank, calls to her. Mephistopheles, ill at ease, would vainly return to the Brocken, where he is lord and master. Maidens dance a round, and the chorus celebrates the beauty of Helen. There is a long love duet.

Epilogue: The Death of Faust. Again the study of Faust, as in the first act, but the room shows the wear of time. It is night and Faust is meditating as if in an ecstatic trance, while Mephistopheles looks at him evilly and invokes his eternal ruin. The fiend tempts him again to journey. Sirens appear in a rosy light, but the celestial chorus of adoration is heard. Faust kneels and prays, and praying, sees the heavenly vision. He dies and the cherubim shower roses on his body. Mephistopheles sinks into the earth.

Another feature of the week at the Boston Opera House will be the appearance of Fely Dereyr, as Marguerite in Gounod's opera on Wednesday night. She is pleasantly remembered as a member of the San Carlo company when it was at the Park Theatre. Miss Dereyr will also take the part of Carmen next Saturday night.

Leo Slezak, the celebrated tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House company, will sing for the first time in Boston in the performance of "Il Trovatore" next Saturday afternoon. A giant in size, but well proportioned, he is that rare combination, a heroic and lyric tenor.

There are concerts of importance this week. Tonight the Handel and Haydn Society will perform for the first time in its history Sullivan's "Golden Legend," and on Thursday night the Cecilia will repeat Wolf-Ferrari's singularly original and interesting music to Dante's "La Vita Nuova." This music performed last season was warmly received.

Young Mr. Elman will give a violin recital on Monday. It is said that it will be his last appearance here this season.

Dr. Wuelner will give a song recital on Tuesday afternoon. His program includes the demoniacally romantic song of Hugo Wolf, "Der Feuerreiter," which he sang with great effect at the concert with Miss Koenen early this season.

What, pray, is a "fire-rider"? The poem was written by Moeckle, who, at the time, was interested in black magic and all investigations of the supernatural. There was a belief that certain persons had the gift of knowing that a fire had broken out far dis-



They were not in the sky, or by the "fire wind," which would spring up in a calm, and, as a rule, stir the top branches of a tree. These persons were known as fire-seers, fire-feelers or fire-riders. They were supposed to be unholy persons. The moment they left the fire, they were forced to ride to it, at full speed, but they were forbidden by Satan's might to quench the fire.

In Moerike's poem the fire-rider makes atonement by perishing in the burning mill and his skeleton is found in the ruins long afterward. It is said that the poet was moved to write the lines about "the man with the red cap," by Hoelderlin, with a white cap on his head, pacing the floor of his room, so that he was seen now at one window, now at another.

Mme. Zumnowska (Mrs. Josef Adamowski) gave a piano recital in Mendelssohn Hall, New York, last Monday. Her program was devoted wholly to compositions of Chopin, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of his birth (Feb. 22, 1810). The critics praised her warmly.

#### Concerts of the Week.

SUNDAY, Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M.—Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend," words by Longfellow, performed by the Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. First performance of the cantata by this society. Solo singers, Mrs. Kilecki-Bradbury, Miss Adelaide Griggs, H. Lambert Murphy; Gwilym Miles, Chorus of 400; an enlarged orchestra with chimes; organ, Mr. Tucker organist.

MONDAY, Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M.—Mischa Elman's violin recital. Paganini, concerto in D major; Bach, Chaconne; Handel, Sonata, E major; Beethoven, Romance in F; Sinding, Perpetuo Mobile; Pergolesi, Air; Gossec, Tambourin; Massenet, Meditation of Thais; Sarasate, Jota. Percy Kahn will be the accompanist.

TUESDAY, Jordan Hall, 3 P. M.—Song recital by Dr. Ludwig Wuellner. Schubert, "An die Leier," "Der Kreuzzug," "Die Post," "Der Doppelgänger," "Der Atlas," "Liebesbotschaft," "Das Lied im Gruenen"; Schumann, "Freisinn," "Auftrage"; Wolf, "Auf ein altes Bild," "Das Staendchen," "Der Feuerreiter"; Loewe, three ballads, "Die Lauer," "Der Getreue Eckart," "Hochzeitslied"; Brahms, "Four Serious Songs."

Lowell school, Jamaica Plain, 8 P. M.—Music department, city of Boston. William Howard, conductor. Orchestral pieces, Rossini, overture to "The Barber of Seville"; Tchaikowsky, andante from quartet in D major; Verdi, selection from "La Traviata"; Gillet, "The Mill"; Rubinstein, wedding procession from "Feramors." Miss May Belle G. Dadmares, soprano, will sing Dell'Acqua's "Chanson Provencale" and Nevins' "Nightingale." Mr. Howard will play a gypsy dance by Nachez. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

THURSDAY, Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M.—Second concert of the Cecilia Society, Wallace Goodrich, conductor. Wolf, Ferrari's "La Vita Nuova," which met with great approval last season, will be performed. The solo singers will be Mrs. Frances Dunton Wood, soprano, and Earl Cartwright, baritone. There will be a full orchestra of players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra and a chorus of boys.

FRIDAY, Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M.—Sixteenth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Haydn, Symphony in D major, Mozart, concerto in E-flat major for two pianos (K. 365); Rachmaninoff, symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead"; Berlioz, overture to "Benvenuto Cellini."

SATURDAY, Symphony Hall, 8 P. M.—Sixteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.

The Apollo Club will give its third concert next Wednesday night in Jordan Hall. Willy Hess, violinist, will assist. The club will sing choruses by Pacle, Hegar, Hall, Parker, Krenser, Foote, Voight, Debois and Brambach. Mr. Hess will play pieces by Vieuxtemps, Spohr, David and Wieniawski.

## WOMEN WHO HAVE PLAYED ROMEO

The statement was made last week that an actress now playing in Boston was the second woman ever seen in the American stage as Romeo in Shakespeare's tragedy. The statement was no doubt intended as a compliment. The actress might reasonably protest, for the inference as to her age was unwarranted.

Two women have taken the part of Romeo in opera, for in the operatic

version of the tragedy before Gounod's the part of Romeo was given usually to a contralto. But let us consider for a moment a few women who have appeared in this country as Romeo in the tragedy. This list does not pretend to be complete.

Charlotte Cushman played Juliet's lover, as she played Hamlet and Cardinal Wolsey. She played Romeo to the Juliet of her sister Susan, Mary Devlin, Kate Reingolds (Mrs. Erving Winslow).

The erratic and emotional Charlotte Cushman delighted in male parts. Her Romeo was seen in Boston as late as 1855, when the Juliet was Mrs. Wilkins.

Melinda Jones was playing Romeo as early as 1852. Her Juliets were Anna Cora Mowatt, Jean Davenport (Mrs. Lander), Avonia Jones, her daughter. The spectacle of mother and daughter playing the passionate lovers was not considered in those days grotesque.

Mrs. Coleman Pope, an English woman, was Romeo to Anna Cruise, also to Mrs. McMahon, the stage-struck wife of a New York lawyer.

Fanny Morant played Romeo to Jean Davenport's Juliet. Fanny Wallack, and, it is said, Ann Wallack, courted Juliet. Susan Denin was Romeo to her sister Kate's Juliet. Then there was Mrs. Hudson Kirby, who played to several Romeos in this city. There was Harriet Kimberley; Kate Reingolds, whose Juliet was Kate Bateman; Kate Denin, who perhaps wished at last to woo instead of being wooed, Mrs. L. B. Perrin.

Annie Clarke in 1868 played Romeo to the Juliet of Louisa Meyers. "Miss Clarke was most reluctant to play the part. She was not ready, but, after saying 'No' decidedly, she was induced to say 'Yes.'" The Herald then said of this performance at the Museum, which took place Dec. 15, with L. R. Shewell as Mercutio, that the large audience was attracted by a desire to compliment the beneficiary (Bob McClennon), "and by curiosity to see Miss Clarke's impersonation of Romeo. In the first place she made a fine looking Romeo, an excellent figure and a tasteful dress combining to produce that effect. Then she threw off her femininity to a great degree, adopting the gait and the manner of a lover of the sterner sex quite satisfactorily. The earnest passion she infused into the lines betokens careful study and a just appreciation of the requirements of the part."

Miss Clarke afterward played Romeo to the Juliet of Kate Reingolds and of Carlotta Leclercq, and at a benefit at the Boston Theatre when the balcony scene was given the Juliet was Mrs. Thomas Barry.

Alice Placide Mann played the part in several American cities and possibly in Boston.

Clara Fisher Maeder played the part once. Anna Dickinson added Romeo to her list of failures. Fannie Marie Gee was another Romeo. Louise Pomeroy was still another. When she was playing in Shakespearean tragedy in 1888 Thomas Q. Seabrooke took the parts of Claudius and Friar Lawrence and Elvia Crox, whom Mr. Seabrooke married, was the Ophelia and the Juliet.

Before 1888 most Romeos wore the long tunic. "This reached usually, half-way down the thigh, though many men wore it to the knees, so that when women came to assume the male role it was perfectly proper for such of those as objected to the short tunic to wear the long, and that without exciting any unpleasant comments about mock modesty."

In fact, up to the time Miss Clarke played the part, no woman save Charlotte Cushman had endeavored to especially retain the masculine appearance of Romeo of Verona. Many Romeos appeared simply to have abbreviated their skirts. Miss Clarke's dress when she previously played it was a copy of the picture in Knight's Shakespeare, which was probably that worn by John Kemble.

But since that time the ideas of the dress of Romeo have entirely changed. The hauberk is now the correct garment. The hauberk has never been worn by any woman in the part, and when Miss Clarke with great reluctance consented to once more appear as Romeo this difficulty of dress was the first she had to face." This quotation is from The Sunday Herald of April 30, 1893. It was announced that Miss Clarke would again appear as Romeo on May 8 of that year.

"Every man on the stage would wear a hauberk, and if she consented to play Romeo, she intended to, as

she said, 'as she could, preserve the illusion of masculinity, which would be out of the question if he were distinguished by a femininity of attire. So a hauberk will be worn by this Romeo.'

Miss Clarke's first dress at her former performances had been a richly embroidered white cloth, with a big drape of white. On this occasion her hauberk will be of dark garnet, trimmed with black velvet and gold embroidery. The tights will be of black and lavender stripe, the insignia of the noble youth of Verona, who wore the striped stockings as a badge of a certain order of knighthood. Her shoes will be black, and a graceful, but voluminous, drape of lavender will fall from the shoulders down the back. She will wear a short wig the same color as her own hair."

The first act of Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" gives a singularly entertaining view of Scottish life and character. Some have said that the affection of the three brothers for their sister is incompatible with their sourness in other scenes. A passage from one of Mr. Barrie's books has been quoted in answer to this objection:

"You only know the shell of a Scot until you have entered his home circle; in his office, at clubs, at social gatherings where you and he seem to be getting on so well he is really a house with all of the shutters closed and the door locked. He is not opaque of set purpose, often it is against his will. It is certainly against mine; I try to keep my shutters open and my foot in the door, but they will bang to. Now it seems to be a law of nature that we must show our true selves at some time, and as the Scot must do it at home, and squeeze a day into an hour, what follows is that there he is self-revealing in the superlative degree, the feelings so long dammed up overflow, and thus a Scotch family are better acquainted with each other, and more ignorant of the life outside their circle, than any other family in the world. And as knowledge is sympathy, the affection existing between them is almost painful in its intensity; they have no more to give than their neighbors, but it is bestowed upon a few instead of being distributed among many; they are reputed niggardly, but for family affection at least they pay in gold. In this I believe we shall find the true explanation why Scotch literature since long before the days of Burns has so often been inspired by the domestic hearth and has treated it with passionate understanding."

Robert Ross sent to the London Times the following breezy letter apropos of Wilde's "Salome" and the censorship:

"May I be allowed to make certain observations on Mr. G. S. Robertson's interesting letter in regard to 'Salome' and the censorship? That I have some right to do so will be conceded, because the prohibition of the opera and the drama in England actually deprives the estate I administer of considerable sums of money."

"When the drama was first prohibited by the censor in 1893 the reason given was that it introduced scriptural characters on the stage; at least so the author himself was given to understand. Subsequent events led to the almost universal impression that the immorality of the play barred its performance. When rare references were made to the subject in the press, 'Salome' was always dismissed as too indecent for production. The revival of 'Everyman' strengthened this view, as it seemed incredible that a work which introduced the Supreme Being on the stage should be permitted, while a play which merely contained John the Baptist was forbidden. This anomaly, however, could be explained by the fact that 'Everyman,' being a pre-reformation 'morality,' did not require a license and did not violate the act applying to new plays which introduced biblical characters. Till then the attitude of the censorship, in regard to 'Salome' at least, was logically unassailable. The lord chamberlain or his deputy, or both, might have replied to any criticism that both on account of subject and treatment 'Salome' was impossible. They could rely on an act of Parliament in support of one view; for the other, on their notorious stupidity and misapprehension. At any rate there was no injustice."

"But, as Mr. Robertson has pointed out, the permission to perform Massenet's 'Herodiade' immediately preceding a refusal to Mr. Beecham to produce the 'Salome' of Strauss constitutes a flagrant piece of injustice."

is more, it is an abuse of the prerogatives of the lord chamberlain's office. But there have been other cases. In 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back' the character of Christ is introduced in a perfectly open way; in a reverent way, but with no more reverence than Wilde exercised when presenting John the Baptist. In another play entitled 'The Servant in the House' we have the Founder of our religion presented with rather less taste as the family butler, a domestic who in real life is not dissociated from tampering with the wine, however unfairly. When such inconsistencies have been pointed out the apologists of the lord chamberlain adopted the attitude of the English press that 'Salome' is an immoral play.

"May I ask through your columns if that is the official reason? The only passage in the text against which exception could be taken is, as a matter of fact, not used by Dr. Strauss in his score. And for the rest it would be easy to argue that the play is the justification of purity, although martyred purity. Those who have never had the curiosity to read the play are under the impression that one of the scenes consists in Salome dancing round the decapitated head of John the Baptist. Such fescennine corybantic, which enthralled all London, were, I believe, indirectly suggested by the success of the opera on the continent. There is nothing, however, in the text or the stage directions of either opera or play to justify the antics of Miss Maud Allan and her rivals, to whom full credit for originality is due. The dance of the play, as in the Scripture story, takes place before the execution of the saint. I have pointed out elsewhere that the enthusiasm provoked by 'Salome' in Germany was long prior to the production of the opera. Indeed, it was its long-established popularity which inspired Dr. Strauss to use the text for his wonderful music."

"During the committee of inquiry on the working of the censorship I was disappointed that not a single witness mentioned 'Salome.' Had the play been written by Sig. D'Annunzio or M. Maeterlinck, we should have heard a great deal of the grievance. Now it is only on account of the opera of Dr. Strauss that any one has a word for an English writer's play which, whatever its faults as a work of art, has given the modern English drama, however wrongly, a prestige it never enjoyed in Europe before."

The Paris correspondent of the Referee (Jan. 23) thus describes a pleasing new play, "Le Rubicon," by Bourdet, who is only 23 years old: "He is a nephew of the surgeon, Pozzi. Pluck is in the blood, I suppose. You don't want me to explain what marriage really means, do you, Refereaders? What happened to Germaine was this. As a young society girl she had admired from afar a certain Fernand, who led cotillions and wore lovely ties. Then she got married. And when her husband tried—it's really rather awkward to explain—tried—shall we say?—to wrench roughly open the door Germaine rapped him across the fingers and hid the key. And when Fernand came to see her Germaine fell into his arms and told him to love her. Realizing the situation, Fernand sends Germaine back to her husband and says he'll call and ask for news in a few days. All of which is a pretty hefty subject for an author of 23 to tackle, isn't it? When Fernand calls again Germaine has not only given her husband the key she had

hidden, but doesn't want it back again at all, and Fernand finds that there is truth in the old proverb about faint hearts and fair ladies. And I am wondering what sort of a play M. Bourdet will write when he is 45."

The new musical comedy, "Marriage a la Carte," written by C. M. S. McLellan for N. C. Goodwin with music by Ivan Caryll, whose real name is Felix Tilkins, is now practically completed. "The story is modern, and there are three acts, the first of which takes place in the garden of an English manor house, the second in another part of the grounds, where an al fresco fete is in full swing, and the third in a quaint old English inn. The plot is closely concerned with a number of matrimonial entanglements, out of which the various characters emerge more or less happily. The part designed for Mr. Goodwin—it will be played in London



by a popular comedian whose name must for the moment be reserved—is that of a gentleman, 60 years old, proprietor of a travelling concert company.

The Actors' Society of America over a year ago established a committee of well known actors and playwrights to read manuscripts of plays to be submitted by authors who have no means of presenting their plays to managers who might be interested in them. The scheme grew out of an idea presented by Augustus Thomas who gave an address to the members of the Actors' Society, Jan. 10, 1909.

This committee (which includes Fanny Cannon, Mrs. Felix Morris, Thomas Wise, Mary Shaw, Harold Woolf, E. W. Morrison, George Henry Trader, Edith Ellis and George Arliss) invites authors all over the country to submit manuscripts of plays and they are assured that their plays will be given a most careful and considerate reading by at least five of the committee.

## Feb 24 1910 'GOLDEN LEGEND' P.R.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend" was performed last night at the midwinter concert of the Handel and Haydn Society, led by Mr. Mollenhauer, in Symphony Hall. The solo singers were Mrs. Kileski-Bradbury, soprano; Miss Adelaide Griggs, contralto; Mr. Lambert Murphy, tenor, and Messrs. Gwilym Miles and Harry Parmelee, baritones.

There was a large orchestra, and the necessary chimes were not missing. The organist was Mr. Tucker.

"The Golden Legend" was performed in Boston for the first time by the Boston Oratorio Society, Mr. Archer, conductor, May 8, 1887. The solo singers were Mrs. Gertrude Luther, Miss Edmonds, J. H. Wilson and J. F. Botume.

The performance last night was the first in the history of the Handel and Haydn Society.

The English of the conservative school think highly of "The Golden Legend"; indeed, one critic goes so far as to say that in it "Sullivan brought up purely English art to a level never dreamed of before," and thus wipes Purcell and other worthies out of existence with one stroke of his intrepid pen. But the talent, perhaps genius is not too strong a word, of Sullivan is not shown in his "sacred works," or in his serious opera "Ivanhoe," or in the "In Memoriam" oratorio, which the English are never tired of praising; it is shown in his operettas. In his serious works he is often sentimental, lachrymose, pretentious, dull. He had an excellent memory and the gift of assimilation, and in "The Golden Legend" there are echoes of music by Berlioz, Schubert, Wagner, Meyerbeer, Verdi and Gounod.

The book is an adaptation by Joseph Bennett of Longfellow's poem, which in turn was founded on "Der arme Heinrich," by Hartmann von Aue, but as John G. Robertson, an editor of the German poem, remarks, "Longfellow's sentimentality is a poor substitute for the simplicity and directness of the original." In the original poem there is no Lucifer. It was probably based on a legend concerning the family in whose service Hartmann was a vassal. The idea that virgin's blood was a saving medicament was common before medieval days. The German story has been treated by several composers as by Hans Pfitzner, in his opera, "Der arme Heinrich."

Sullivan's music is English in certain excellent ways, especially in the choruses and the effectiveness of the vocal pages. Each voice in "The Golden Legend" is well and naturally led, and "The Night Is Calm and Cloudless" is a noteworthy example of good vocal writing. "O Gladsome Light" is merely academic and respectable. Much of the music given to Henry, Ursula and Elsie is Sullivan in sweetly sentimental sheet music form. Lucifer's music has little true character; it shows routine ability rather than imagination. The instrumental-

tion is almost always effective, and for the most part clear, and there are some fine dramatic touches.

It is not surprising that the cantata is popular in England. The music at its best is fluent and vivacious. Its sentimentalism reflects faithfully the sentimentalism of the libretto, which is dear to any audience, whether it be of London or Boston, Berlin or any American city where music festivals are held. "The Golden Legend" is certainly pleasing to the great majority, and there are pages that excite the respect of the musician.

It was excellently sung and enthusiastically received last evening. Mr. Mollenhauer's conducting is always interesting and absorbing. He was absolute master of chorus and orchestra, and his individuality was constantly shown. The choral singing was fine in color and attack. "The Night Is Calm" brought fourth long continued and well merited applause, but the "Evening Hymn" was unfortunately begun too loud. The indication in the score is "piano." Mr. Mollenhauer redeemed this fault, however, by a remarkably fine diminuendo toward the end. The Gregorian chants were firm and true, and the fugal epilogue excellently dramatically worked out.

The soloists, who are well known in Boston, acquainted themselves well in their tediously smooth parts. Mr. Miles made all that was possible of Lucifer and both he and Mr. Murphy were in fine voice. Mr. Mollenhauer neglected none of the opportunities offered by the orchestral setting to sustain interest, and the Boston Festival orchestra responded admirably to his baton.

Every seat in Symphony Hall was taken.

## Feb 15 1910 'LA BOHEME' GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "La Boheme," performed by the Boston Opera Company; Henry Russell, director; Mr. Conti conducted.

Mimi.....Miss Nielsen  
Musetta.....Mme. Bronska  
Rodolfo.....Mr. Constantino  
Marcello.....Mr. Boulogne  
Colline.....Mr. Mardones  
Schaunard.....Mr. Pulcini  
Alcindoro.....Mr. Mogan  
Benoit.....Mr. Tavecchia  
Un Droguiere.....Mr. White  
Pargpignol.....Mr. Stroseo

Puccini's "La Boheme," an opera full of the spirit of youth, with its recklessness, gayety, humorous treatment of poverty and debt, and with the pathos of the grisette's death, a pathos that is more moving than that associated with the death of a conventional stage princess or demi-goddess, was performed last night with liveliness and with sentiment. Miss Nielsen gave an effective impersonation of Mimi, and she sang delightfully. Mme. Bronska characterized strongly Musetta, accentuating her shrewishness rather than her coquetry. Again Musetta's slow waltz in the second act was taken at too slow a pace, and again both the melodic line and the rhythm suffered thereby.

Rodolfo is one of Mr. Constantino's best parts, and last night he sang with even more than his ordinary tonal beauty and with fine taste. Mr. Boulogne sang for the most part stentoriously. It is a pity that he has not learned by experience and observation since he has been here that the public demands from a singer something more than vocal boisterousness; that the Bohemian painter should be a man of nuances. Mr. Boulogne's Marcello would have painted everything red and thrown the color on the canvas. Energy is at times an admirable quality, but unrestrained energy on all occasions is boring, and fatal not only to an individual performance but to the ensemble. The other parts were adequately taken. The chorus sang with spirit. As before, the opera was well mounted and the stage management was interesting. Perhaps there was too much business in the third act. The entrance of the man on the donkey diverted attention from the pathetic song of the lovers.

The performance too often suffered from orchestral fury. Seldom in the first three acts did Mr. Conti give the singers a fair opportunity, and there were long stretches of incongruous and unrelieved fortissimo.

As a whole the performance was greatly enjoyed, although there was less enthusiasm than on certain pre-

ceding nights.

Lecturers have within the last 20 years gone about preparing men and women for operas to be produced. When "Parsifal" was brought out here in concert form there were preparatory lectures, and there were lectures preparatory to the first operatic performances of the music drama in this city. They were solemn affairs. The lecturers spoke in hushed tones and the "musical illustrations" were played as though they were for a sacred rite. "Pelleas and Melisande" was thoughtfully explained for us in like manner some time ago. And now a lecture on "Elektra" is announced.

Why should there not be lectures on all the operas? The one on "La Boheme" might be made peculiarly interesting. First, the life of Murger might be considered with a digression concerning his name, whether it should be spelled "Henry Muerger" or "Henri Murger." There should be a sketch of "Scenes in the Life of Bohemia" with views of the Latin Quarter, the hospitals and the Morgue. The lecturer should then show how the librettists of Puccini's opera strayed from Murger's romance and made Mimi, instead of Musette, the heroine. Schaunard and Marcel should be identified. Collini died a few years ago in Paris, a most learned respectable and honored old gentleman. There should be a study of the grisette, with allusions to Beranger, Gavarni and the first chapters of "Fantine." Dr. Holmes' pretty little poem might be quoted.

Alas! the grisette is as extinct as the dodo, and no one has taken her place in Paris. It is a sadly commercial age now, but no merchant trafficked in the grisette's heart. She is gone, and Bohemia is far behind those of us who have passed the roaring forties. Nor is Bohemia a land to be revisited easily. I doubt whether the old academicians in Paris, who was once joyous as Colline, would have found pleasure in his old haunts. Mimi and Musette had long been dust. And where were the painter of the Red sea, Schaunard, with his mad tricks; the sad-eyed poet and the others who, with Colline, heard the midnight chimes and saw the Seven Stars? Vegetating in country towns, perhaps in some snug office, or more likely, dead. Yet no man who has lived in Bohemia ever forgets those days and nights, and against them he counts the years of fame and wealth and honor as fugitive, unprofitable, insignificant.

The opera on Wednesday night will be "Faust," with Mmes. Doreyne (her first appearance at the Boston Opera House) and Freeman and Messrs. Bourillon, Boulogne and Nivette.

### "MEFISTOFELE" ON FRIDAY.

The management of the Boston Opera Company calls attention to the fact that the performance of Boito's "Mefistofele" will begin on Friday night at 7:45 sharp. Attention is called to the special beauty of the prologue, and it is respectfully requested that the public be seated by 7:40 P. M., so that there shall be no interruption during its performance.

In consequence of the elaborate nature of the scenery, the following intermissions have been arranged: Between the prologue and the first act, five minutes; between the first act and the first scene of the second act, 25 minutes; between the first scene and the second scene of the second act, no intermission; between the second and third acts, 15 minutes; between the third and fourth acts, 25 minutes; between the fourth act and the epilogue, 25 minutes.

### MISCHA ELMAN'S RECITAL.

Russlan Violinist Well Received at Symphony Hall Concert.

Mischa Elman gave a violin recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Paganini, concerto in D major; Bach, Chaconne; Handel, sonata in E major; Beethoven, Romance, F major; Sliding, Perpetuo Mobile; Pergolesi, air; Gossec, Tambourin; Massenet, meditation from "Thais"; Sarasate, Jota.

Mr. Percy Kahn was the accompanist.

Mr. Elman's playing again necessitates a repetition of all the complimentary adjectives. His tone and technique were beyond criticism, and the endurance of the boy is amazing.

If a musician were determined to find some fault it would doubtless be in the choice of Paganini's stupid concerto for an introductory number.

Also the intonation in the passages in thirds and tenths was not flawless. But when a young player has such marvellous facility; when he has a tone so true and firm that he could step on it and it would not break, and withal rich, sensuous or spiritual as the music demands, fault-finding might be justly regarded as captious.

There were many demands for encores and Mr. Elman gave several. There was a small audience.

### HAMMERSTEIN'S OPERA CO.

The management of Hammerstein's Grand Opera Company desires to do the utmost in enabling former subscribers to secure the same seats which were held by them last season. It suggests that an early application will greatly facilitate matters. Subscriptions must be received before March 12 at the Boston Theatre.

### HAMMERSTEIN SUES BIGELOW.

Oscar Hammerstein of New York has brought suit against Walter S. Bigelow of this city in the superior court, seeking to recover \$4000 for the services of Mme. Cavalleri for three concerts given last month in this city, Providence and Springfield. The concerts were on Jan. 4, 6 and 7.

## LAUDER'S SONGS

Between the old guard who had fallen under his spell on previous visits and the new crowd who wished to find wherein his fascination lies, Harry Lauder had a full house at the American Music Hall yesterday afternoon, and he treated his hearers as if he liked Bostonians and was not sorry to be in town again. His time on the stage now is longer, and it gives him a chance to amplify and expand, and an opportunity to work out to the full the interpretation of the parts he assumes. Admirable still is the winning quality of his voice and his infectious good humor and gayety which find expression in nimble heels, springy gait and swinging stride as well as in his tones, with their inimitable burr and Scottish inflection. When he sings "I Love a Lassie," or tells of the wooing of a maiden by a soldier who must leave her for the war it is with a tenderness and lyric quality that moves the heart.

But he has other gifts conspicuously in sight into the weaknesses and humors of the eccentric and perverse characters that abound in villages and cities. He can make up like a weebegone widow of a Glasgow tailor who

"was very, very, very, very kind," but who nevertheless had curious anatomical creations called legs, and who, judged by his widow's self-revelation, was not without some reasons for rejoicing when he died, inasmuch as he was not compelled to live longer with the "weak sister" whom Harry Lauder depicted. As for his acting of the part of the gawky, homely, ardent lad, whose love for "the lady" had existed since he was a baby, but who was not without sufficient proof that his courtship was in vain, it could not have been better done. Lauder reaches the heart, but he is a great enough comedian to hint at the tragedy of life with all his fun.

Sam Stern, the character monologist, did some clever interpretations of Jewish and Italian Americans; the "Two Roses" showed talent as juvenile interpreters of music on the violin and cello, and John C. Rice and Sally Cohen, in a little farce, "All the World Loves a Lover," acted a study of ante-nuptial misunderstandings which is not without humor of a broad sort.

## GRIFFITH MAKES BIG HIT AT KEITH'S

Variety is not lacking in the program at Keith's this week. Mlle Conda, danseuse from the Grand Opera, Paris, follows Griffith, the mathematical prodigy, upon the bill. Then there's Prof. Duncan's royal Scotch collies and Jesse Lasky's "Twentieth Century Limited," included among the other offerings.

Mlle. Conda is this week's head-liner, with Loie Fuller's Ballet of Light company furnishing the setting for her debut in this country. Mlle. Conda, however, was not received with the applause that supposedly goes with a head-line act yesterday. But the reason



not hard to explain. It wasn't because she was not a clever dancer nor personally attractive, for she is both. Rather it is because Boston has been danced to death, as it were, of late, this being the fifth consecutive week of Loie Fuller's bare-legged girls presenting a spectacle which, though gorgeous, eventually becomes monotonous.

The real unqualified hit of the bill was Griffith who is the possessor of a series of mathematical formulas that are wonders. He can figure faster than his assistant can write the characters down as he demonstrated when he was requested to multiply 142,857,143 by 123,348,556 and before the assistant had the last of the characters upon the board Griffith was not only ready to write down 17,621,263,160,478,408 as the answer, but to give anybody \$50 who discovered any error in his work. No discovery was, however, made and Griffith passed to a formula of simple addition and multiplication, by which he was able to tell the number of brothers and sisters in any family and at the same time the number of deaths. Another of Griffith's best ones was to tell the day of the week upon which any date fell or will fall as the case may be.

Al Jolson made his first vaudeville appearance, last night, and a big success it was. As a black face minstrel with Lew Dockstader and other of the bone manipulators Jolson has long been conspicuous. In vaudeville, last night, he was equally good, even though one or two of his songs are not particularly well suited to him. He was repeatedly recalled and seemed to get as much fun out of it all as did the audience.

Jesse Lasky's abbreviated musical comedy, "The Twentieth Century Limited," which carries almost as much scenery as a modern melodrama, introduced a dozen really pretty girls and as many fellows who together made a strong chorus supporting May LaRue as Susie Spooner and Edwin Wilson as Jack Hugger, the eloping principals. The departure of the company on the rear end of an observation car on the "Twentieth Century" was decidedly realistic, notwithstanding that the moving picture which portrayed the country along the way showed a single track running between cuts and gorges—scenery that one hardly observes on the Twentieth Century. But this little diversion from accurate detail didn't detract from interest in the production as a whole.

In addition to all these things there were the three Musical McGregors, John Birch, the original "man with the hats"; Prof. Duncan's trained colts and William H. Macart and Ethelynn Bradford in a "Legitimate Hold-up," with the Six Samoos, whirlwind acrobats, concluding the program.

**BOSTON THEATRE: "Ben-Hur,"** by Gen. Lew Wallace; arranged for the stage by William Young. The cast:

Ben-Hur.....Richard Buhler  
Messala.....Mitchell Harris  
Simonides.....Anthony Andre  
Idem.....Frank Weston  
Arms.....Walter M. Sherwin  
Machabeh.....J. Arthur Young  
Esther.....Miss Alice Haynes  
Rahab.....Miss Eleanor Moretti  
Mother of Hur.....Miss Lovola O'Connor  
Izrahah.....Miss Zaidee Appleton  
Amrah.....Miss Maud Ream Stover

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Barney Gilmore** in the Irish comedy, "Dublin Dan, the Irish Detective." The cast:  
Dan Delaney.....Mr. Gilmore  
Richard Forsythe.....Allan Bennett  
William Steele.....C. William Travis  
Black Matt.....Bob Dunlap  
Heinrich Gotterdammerung.....E. H. Ward  
Kid Bright.....Tom Yost  
Rosalie Forsythe.....May Lloyd Roberts  
Juno Savage.....Della Deshon  
Mad Mary.....Hansha Bischoff  
Fanny.....Nellie Luckie  
Mother McGraw.....Mrs. McCleary

**MRS. WENTWORTH'S READING**

Gives John Galsworthy's Play, "Strife," at Steinert Hall.

**Feb 16 1910**  
**SONG RECITAL C.C.**  
**BY DR. WUELLNER**

Dr. Ludwig Wuellner gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Mr. Bos was the accompanist. The program was as follows:  
Hubert, An die Leier, Der Kruze, Die Post, Der Doppelgaenger,

Der Altes Liebesbotchaft, Der im Gruenen, Schumann, Der im Antraege; Wolf, Auf ein altes Bild, Das Staendchen, Der Feuerreiter, Loewe, Der Woywode, Der getreue Eckhart, Hochzeitlied; Brahms, Vier ernste Gesaenge.

Dr. Wuellner gave but a momentary expression of displeasure upon finding that he must, as is unusual in a concert hall, bear the glare of footlights. But what was doubtless disagreeable for him was a boon to the audience, which was enabled to watch in detail the play of his facial expression, so important an element in the enjoyment and comprehension of his power.

His program, as always, made it possible for him to strike the heights, sound the depths and a harder task, to delight with what is only light or humorous or innocent.

It is always an experience to hear Dr. Wuellner in songs by Wolf and Loewe; one finds marvellously adequate accompaniments of Mr. Bos not the least factor in the total impression. Perhaps no one of the ballads sung yesterday proved so gripping as the "Edward" sung earlier in the season by Mr. Bispham, though the contrasts emotionally and musically in "Der Woywode" are intense and the folk song simplicity of the opening of the "Hochzeitslied" is welcome. The quaint mediaevalism of "Auf ein altes Bild," by Wolf, is expressed both in melody and harmony; there is, indeed, almost an effect of ancient polyphony in the way the voice part collides with the melodic progression for the piano.

The astonishing extent to which Dr. Wuellner can infuse into the audience whatever he himself is feeling was made very evident yesterday by the unbounded enthusiasm. "Der Doppelgaenger," "Auftraege" and "Der Getreue Eckart" were especial favorites, and "Freisinn," by Schumann, Dr. Wuellner repeated. There were numerous recalls after each part of the program, and the audience was content to depart only after an announcement by Mr. Bos that Dr. Wuellner could not sing again after giving the religious songs by Brahms with which the program closed.

## Feb 17, 1910 MISS DEREYNE AS MARGUERITE

By PHILIP HALE.

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Gounod's "Faust,"** performed by the Boston Opera company, Henry Russell, director. Mr. Goodrich conducted.  
Faust.....Mr. Bourillon  
Mephistopheles.....Mr. Nivette  
Valentin.....Mr. Blanchart  
Wagner.....Mr. Vanni  
Marguerite.....Miss Dereyne  
Siebel.....Miss Freeman  
Marthe.....Miss Leveroni

Miss Dereyne and Ramon Blanchart are not strangers in Boston. Miss Dereyne first sang here as a member of the San Carlo company at the Park Theatre in May, 1907, as Musetta in Puccini's "La Boheme." She took the same part as a member of the Metropolitan Opera House company at the Boston Theatre in April, 1908, when Miss Farrar was the Mimi.

Mr. Blanchart was with the San Carlo opera company at the Majestic Theatre in December, 1907, and he then appeared as Barnaba, Valentin, Amonasro, Tonio and Germont.

The two sang last night for the first time in the Boston Opera House.

Mr. Bourillon's Faust and Mr. Nivette's Mephistopheles are familiar to the frequenters of the Boston Opera House. Mr. Bourillon's impersonation is distinguished by careful phrasing and fine musical taste, rather than by commanding or appealing sensuousness. Mr. Nivette's Mephistopheles is a good humored devil, whose diction is excellent. He is seldom sardonic, seldom sinister.

Miss Dereyne made a pleasing impression as Marguerite. Her entrance, a trying scene to even the experienced, and especially to the hardened, Marguerites, was admirable in its simplicity, grace, and dignity of maidenhood. This Marguerite was neither a coquette nor a prude. In the Garden scene she sang with girlish sentiment and with innocent fervor, and did not anticipate her fall. Her song from the window might have been poured out with a more striking crescendo of passion, and there was no climax of amorous ecstasy, but in this song she was not aided by the conductor.

In the church scene, which is acted in the street—it is to be hoped that



RAMON BLANCHART.  
As Valentin in "Faust."

this scene will be properly staged next season—she was discreet in her action; she was not the woman half crazed from remorse and hearing the doom pronounced upon her by Mephistopheles. In other words, Miss Dereyne was a sympathetic figure rather than a lyric tragedian—but lyric tragedians who, as Marguerite, move and thrill an audience are rare, and there are applauded Marguerites whose strength is in the Jewel Song, who move through the other scenes with indifference.

Mr. Blanchart was a picturesque Valentin and his bearing was soldierly. His knowledge of routine is indisputable. His voice is by nature a manly and agreeable organ. Last night, although he sang with dramatic understanding, his tones wobbled, and were as a reed shaken by the wind.

Miss Freeman's Siebel is more effective than at first. She sings and acts with greater freedom. The chorus did excellent work. The orchestral performance at times lacked spirit.

Friday night Boito's "Mefistofele" will be performed for the first time at this opera house. The chief singers will be Mmes. Aida, Boninsegna and Claessens, Messrs. Constantino and Mardones. The performance will be given at 7:45 sharp, and the audience is requested to be seated at 7:40 that the beauty of the prologue may not be marred by late comers.

## BOSTON OPERA REPERTORY.

Program of Productions for Week  
Beginning Feb. 21.

The repertory of the Boston Opera House for the week beginning Monday, the 21st, will be as follows:

Monday evening, Feb. 21, at 7:45—Boito's "Mefistofele"; Faust, Mr. Constantino; Mefistofele, Mr. Mardones; Wagner, Mr. Stroesco; Marguerite, Miss Nielsen; Marthe, Miss Leveroni; Elena, Mme. Grand corps de ballet.  
Boninsegna; Pantalis, Mme. Claessens.  
Wednesday evening, Feb. 23, at 7:45 P. M. Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" (in French); Marguerite de Valois, Mme. Bronskaja; Valentin, Mme. Boninsegna; Urban, Miss Dereyne; Raoul, Mr. Constantino; Count de St. Bris, Mr. Boulogne; Count de Nevers, Mr. Blanchart; Marcello, Mr. Nivette; De Cosse, Mr. Vanni; Taverne, Mr. Giaccone; De Retz, Mr. Pulcini; Maurevert, Mr. Archambault. Grand corps de ballet.  
Friday evening, Feb. 25, at 7:45. Debussy's "Lakme"; Lakme, Mme. Lipkowska; Malika, Miss Freeman; Ellen, Miss Parnell; Rosa, Miss Pierce; Benton, Miss Leveroni; GERALDO, Mr. Paul Bourillon;

Nalakanta, Mr. Giusto Nivette; Frederico, Mr. Fornari; Hagl, Mr. Stroesco. Grand corps de ballet.

Saturday matinee, Feb. 26, at 1:30 P. M. Boito's "Mefistofele"; Faust, Mr. Constantino; Mefistofele, Mr. Mardones; Wagner, Mr. Stroesco; Marguerite, Miss Nielsen; Marthe, Miss Leveroni; Elena, Mme. Boninsegna; Pantalis, Mme. Claessens. Grand corps de ballet.  
Saturday evening, Feb. 26, at 8 P. M. Donizetti's "Lucia Di Lammermoor"; Edgar, Mr. Cartica; Henry Ashton, Mr. Fornari; Raymond, Mr. Perini; Arthur, Mr. Oggero; Lucy, Mme. Lipkowska.

Mr. Conti will conduct "Mefistofele" and "Les Huguenots." Mr. Goodrich will conduct "Lakme" and Mr. Luzzati will conduct "Lucia."

## APOLLO CLUB CONCERT.

Third Program of Thirty-Ninth Season Given at Jordan Hall.

The Apollo Club of Boston gave the third concert of its 39th season last

night in Jordan

hauer conducted.

assistance of Willy

Carl Lamson, pianist, and Grant Drake, organist. The program was as follows:

Choral numbers "Longing for Spring," Paché; "Morning in the Dewey Wood," Hegar; "The Rook Sits High," King Hall; "Valentine," Horatio Parker; "Two Starlets," Kremser; "The Farewell of Hiawatha," Arthur Foote; "My Darling," Voligt; "Mysterious Night," Debols; chorus from "Aicestis," Brambach; violin solos: Fantasia-Appassionata, op. 35, Vieuxtemps; Recitativo and Adagio (from op. 28, No. 6), Spohr; "Am Springquell," David; Scherzo-Tarantelle, Wieniawski.

There is a breezy wholesomeness and urbanity in the spectacle of 75 men singing together and singing well. When there is present the mellow tone, the assurance, the finish which Mr. Mollenhauer so successfully procures with the Apollo Club, it is possible to find much pleasure in listening even to their prattle of darlings, of birdlings, of little flowers and of all the other inanities which invariably crowd the stanzas chosen for choral setting.

Two of the choruses were exceptionally well written: "Morning in the Dewey Wood," by Hegar, and "Valentine," by Horatio Parker, exquisite as a bit of Sevres. The attempts at descriptive music in "The Rook Sits High" are poor, and the "Hiawatha" music, by Mr. Foote, is not conspicuous for merit, notwithstanding the frills of piano, organ and solo part with which it is tricked out.

Mr. Hess was very much the virtuoso; he offered nothing of more sustained deeper interest than the excerpt from a concerto by Spohr, which in its restraint was well suited to the cold purity of his tone.

An audience which filled the house gave much applause. The fourth concert of the season will be given on Wednesday, April 6.

**Feb 18 1910**  
**CECILIA SOCIETY**  
Repeats Wolf-Ferrari's Work, "La Vita Nuova," in Jordan

The Cecilia Society, conducted by Wallace Goodrich, sang Wolf-Ferrari's cantata "La Vita Nuova" in Jordan Hall last evening. The society was assisted by Mrs. Frances Dunton Wood, soprano; Earl Cartwright, baritone; Mr. De Voto, pianist, and Albert Snow, organist. There was also an orchestra of Symphony players with Mr. Krafft as concert-meister, and a chorus of boys' voices.

The cantata was sung by the Cecilia Society on March 25, 1909, but it is so unusual a composition, unusual in spirit and form, that it held the hearers spellbound again last evening. The pure, idealizing love of Dante for Beatrice and the grief at her death is told with marvellous power and skill through the music.

The cumulative force of the chorus in "Love Is the Fire" and "Beatrice Hath Departed to Highest Heaven" was superb. Indeed, with orchestra and organ, the climaxes were almost too great for the size of the hall. There was more beauty of tone in the joyous springlike choruses of the first part. Mr. Goodrich made full and effective use of the sudden pauses which occur twice in the cantata, and of the opportunities for differentiation in the quality between the various choirs.

Mr. Cartwright's singing was marked by thorough sympathy with the spirit of the work. Although his voice is not one of alluring quality, he used it with admirable effect throughout the evening. The music for the baritone is difficult, but Mr. Cartwright handled the peculiar intervals with ease and fearlessness.

The comparatively small part allotted to the soprano voice was satisfactorily sung by Mrs. Wood. The orchestra was often rough in its playing, which is to be regretted as it is in the orchestral part that the greatest charm of the whole composition lies. The subtle beauty of tone and rhythm, and the infinite resource at the composer's command mark this cantata as a unique work in musical literature.



# MARDONES SEEN AS MEFISTOFELE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE Boito's "Mefistofele," performed for the first time at this opera house by the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell, director. Mr. Conti conducted.

Mefistofele.....Mr. Mardones  
Faust.....Mr. Constantino  
Wagner.....Mr. Stroesco  
Nero.....Mr. Vanni  
Margaret.....Mme. Alda  
Marr.....Miss Leveroni  
Helen.....Mme. Boninsegna  
Pantalis.....Mme. Claessens

To compare Boito's opera with Gounod's "Faust" would be both irrelevant and impertinent. Gounod followed the pretty story of his librettists. Boito wrote his own libretto, which might be entitled "Scenes from Goethe's 'Faust.'" Gounod's Faust is merely an amorist. As an old man, a philosopher as he is called, he might have said with Dryden:

"Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,  
The power of beauty I remember yet."  
He signs an agreement with the fiend so that he may become a practical amorist.

Boito's Faust is first of all the philosopher. The story of Margaret is only an episode in his life, as it is in Goethe's poem. And in Boito's opera there is no Siebel, and Wagner is something more than a soldier with an interrupted song. Faust is not merely a tenor with an admired vocal address to Margaret's cottage. At the end this Faust of Boito sums up his experiences in music that is beautiful melodically; that is also superb in its thoughtfulness. Mephistopheles is not the fine gentleman of Gounod's librettists; he is the spirit that denies, that mocks. Nor is the Mephistopheles in Gounod's Walpurgis Night, which is seldom, if ever, performed in this country, the Mephistopheles of Goethe as understood by Boito.

Taking various scenes from Goethe's poem, Boito risked failure. The disconnected scenes forbade a coherent story and it may well be questioned whether the operatic stage is the place for philosophical discussion. Margaret appears suddenly with Faust in the garden. She is next seen as an apparition on the Brocken. Then she dies in prison. A knowledge of Goethe's poem or of Gounod's opera is necessary to the average spectator for comprehension. Then Boito whisks Faust off to Greece, and, lo, Helen of Troy is the soprano. At last Faust is again in his study; he picks up the New Testament, resists the sirens, sees the celestial vision and dies the death of the righteous.

The music of Boito is singularly uneven. The score contains superb pages and pages that are dull noise or dull chatter. There are highly original melodic thoughts and there are excellent specimens of Italian conventionalism. There are instances of fine imagination in instrumentation, and there are pages that are scored crudely, as by an amateur.

The impressive Prologue is disfigured by the infantile scherzo. The Kern's scene is conspicuous musically only by reason of the music that accompanies Mephistopheles disguised as a grey friar, although the oberitas, a dance not unlike a mazurka, has character. The music of the Brocken scene is labored and not at all diabolical.

On the other hand the prologue is magnificent, with the exception noted; the garden scene is charming in its freshness, naïveté, and tenderness, the scene in prison is intensely tragic, and the duet of the lovers is one of the most original and exquisite pages in all opera; the duet in the Grecian scene is charming, and the final ensemble is remarkably effective, while in the epilogue Boito soars to a great height.

The complaint has been made that Margaret in the prison scene is obliged to sing incongruously florid ornamentation. The incongruity of the coloratura depends on the singer. These florid passages should be as the very ecstasy of madness, as the bravura of delirium. The moment that they are sung as a technical exercise the com-

plaint is reasonable.

Consider for a moment the audacity of Boito planning his opera. He endeavored to tell the tragic tale of Margaret, to revive the spirit of Greece, to give musical accentuation to philosophy, to picture heaven and hell. He spared not singers, orchestra or the stage mechanician. Any well equipped opera house may well shrink at the thought of producing "Mefistofele." Scenes that should be impressive may easily be grotesque. The scene of the Prologue is not so difficult to stage, but how can the final scene be saved? The sirens may easily remind one of an aquarium, and the celestial vision may suggest a section of the Handel and Haydn Society in action at an oratorio concert.

To many Boito's opera will first of all be a spectacle. They will admit the grandeur of the Prologue, the beauty of the garden scene, the pathos of Margaret's insanity and death, and some will realize the greatness of the epilogue, but the opera as a whole will appeal to their eyes rather than their ears.

The Boston Opera House has produced "Mefistofele" in a most sumptuous, and for the most part effective, manner. The Kirmes scene is animated and picturesque. The setting of the garden is charming; the prison for once looks like a prison of old times; the Brocken is wild and sinister with its savage cliffs and trees like giants in agony; and seldom on any stage is seen a more beautiful setting than that of the Grecian landscape, near a bay of the Aegean.

Not only is the scenery uncommonly elaborate and effective for opera, but the costumes, the manage-

ment of masses and the lighting are for the most part worthy of the warmest praise. Furthermore, there are points of detail that show marked invention and painstaking care. No doubt in future performances there will be less rigidity in the grouping of masses on the Brocken, and the dancing will be of a more frenzied and less formal nature. Seldom does any one see in a European opera house of the first rank a more imposing scene than the one in which Helen and Pantalis sing their languorous duet.

I have spoken at some length of the opera and the production. At this time only a few words can be said concerning the performance, which was, in view of the great difficulties of the score and the natural nervousness that attends a first performance, worthy of the high aims of the management.

The voice of Mr. Mardones is well suited to the music of Mephistopheles, and he succeeded in giving a sinister impersonation. He was especially successful in the dangerous scene in the prologue, but throughout the opera he acted with intelligence and at times with power, and he sang with full appreciation of the significance of the text and the music.

Mr. Constantino began nervously, and his intonation was false, but he recovered himself, and made it evident that Boito's Faust is one of his best roles.

Mme. Alda was in the Garden scene a charming Margaret to the eye, and she acted with girlish grace, but the Prison scene calls for a dramatic actress and singer of the first rank. The duet between Helen and Pantalis might have been sung with more sensuousness, and the call of Faust to Helen should have been taken much slower and with more emotion. Mme. Boninsegna in the music that came afterward, showed acquaintance with the traditions, and there was a flavor of "the grand style."

The minor parts were acceptably taken. The chorus was, as a rule, secure and massive. The orchestra showed the results of diligent rehearsal. Further performances will bring greater elasticity, and a finer feeling for nuances, just as the difficult final quartet of the garden scene will no doubt be sung with more freedom and in a quieter manner, for this music should begin as though it were only murmured.

The brilliant audience was deeply interested and the applause was spontaneous and unusually hearty. There were many curtain calls, and Mr. Conti was obliged to bow several times after the performance of the prologue.

The opera this afternoon will be "Don Pasquale," with Miss Nielsen and Messrs. Tavecchia, Fornari and Bourillon. The Ballet of the Hours from "La Gioconda" will follow the operatic performance.

The opera tonight will be "Carmen," with Mmes. Dereyne and

## FELY DEREYNE AS CARMEN



Singer Who Is to Appear in the Title Role of Tonight's Production at the Boston Opera House.  
Bronskaja and Messrs. Bourillon and Baklanoff.

### ABORNS AT OPERA HOUSE.

Will Give Works in English at End of Present Season.

The Aborn English Grand Opera company has been secured by the directors of the Boston Opera House for a season of grand opera in the vernacular at reduced prices, to begin on Monday, April 11.

This organization has established a unique reputation in New York, Brooklyn, Washington, Baltimore, Newark, Buffalo and other cities by its successful purveyance of grand operas at prices within the reach of all music lovers.

The repertory will be confined to the popular classics, American singers will predominate, and each opera will be given for an entire week. The choral and orchestral equipment will be adequate, and all operas will be mounted with complete and artistic productions of scenery, costumes and effects. The operas will be given every evening and Saturday matinees, with special matinees on Wednesdays.

The prices will range from 25 cents to \$1.00. A subscription list will be opened shortly for the benefit of those who wish to reserve seats or boxes for the entire series.

## SYMPHONY GIVES 16TH REHEARSAL

By PHILIP HALE.

The 16th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fielder conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in G major, "Oxford" Haydn  
Concerto for two pianos.....Mozart  
"The Island of the Dead" Rachmaninoff  
Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini".....Berlioz

Rachmaninoff's Symphonic poem, a musical illustration of Boecklin's celebrated picture, was played yesterday "by request." The composer conducted the work when it was first played here last December.

This music was suggested to the Russian by a picture. It is reasonable to suppose that the music is the expression of his emotions awakened by the picture; which one of the four or five variants of the original we do not know. It is also reasonable to suppose that the composer wishes the hearer to be similarly affected. But between the composer and the hearer the conductor, the interpreter, must stand. A composer is not always a good conductor even of his own compositions; he may not have authority and magnetism; he may not have the technical skill. Fortunately for us Mr. Rachmaninoff is a conductor of ability and experience. We knew how he wished his music to sound; what moods, emotions, effects are contained in the score—as he conceived it and as he still feels.

Mr. Fielder is also a conductor of ability and experience. It is not likely, however, that he, or Mr. Nikisch, or Mr. Mahler, or Mr. Weingartner would conduct "The Island of the Dead" in precisely the manner of the composer. The individuality of each conductor, worthy the name of conductor, must necessarily assert itself. Boecklin's picture is not the same to all that see it. Rachmaninoff's music is not the same to all that read or hear it.

There can therefore be different and at the same time effective interpretations of this symphonic poem. One reading may appeal to A more than



It is to be seen that the picture, not even a half-tone of it? The music to him will be only absolute music, music without a program, without any association. What he will hear, what he will feel will depend wholly on his own imagination.

But C might say reasonably that music which paints in tones the Island of the Dead should have for its prevailing mood a certain calm, a certain serenity. The waves should lap the shore, not surge and roar. Let the lamentation of the mourners be ever so poignant—and it may be taken for granted that the more dramatic section of this symphonic poem is a lamentation—the mood of the Island is one of peace.

When Mr. Rachmaninoff conducted, the first impression was of this calm, this repose; and the passionate outburst and the funeral hymn, the "Dies Irae," were all the more dramatic. The ocean, as Mr. Fiedler sees it, is agitated. The waves themselves mourn and they toss in anguish. As conducted by him, the work has more than one great climax. The difference in the readings and in the consequent impression made on the hearer was interesting. It should be remembered that the presence of the composer gave an extraneous interest to his composition.

It is sometimes "I prefer the reading of Mr. Rachmaninoff," not knowing the score, it is because A, knowing the picture, sees it as the composer saw it, and his mood was more in unison with the composer's mood. To the average audience Mr. Fiedler's reading would be the more dramatic. Some, who are impressed by the awful stillness of Boccklin's picture, prefer the composer's interpretation. The overture of Berlioz was brilliantly performed. Haydn's symphony pleased many, and it was finely played. The last movement suggests comic opera music, such music as the famous finale in "The Marriage of Figaro."

Messrs. Hutcheson and Randolph for some years have been passionately addicted to the habit of playing mild, innocuous music for two pianos. Yesterday they gave a performance which may justly be described as neat.

The program for the concerts of March 4 and 5 will be as follows: Wagner, Faust overture; Schumann, symphony in B-flat major; Sibelius, "A Saga" (first time here); Strauss, "On the Shore of Sorrento," from "In Italy"; Tschalkowsky, overture "1812."

Feb 20 1910  
**"DON PASQUALE"**

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Performance of "Don Pasquale" by the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell director. Mr. Conti conducted.

Don Pasquale.....Miss Nielsen  
Ernesto.....Mr. Bourillon  
Don Pasquale.....Mr. Tavecchia  
Don Malatesta.....Mr. Fornari  
Don Nataro.....Mr. Stroesco

This rollicking little opera was given with its usual vigor and success. Miss Nielsen was the centre and moving spirit throughout the afternoon, and was delicious as always, even as the little vixen. In fact, this scene drew the most applause and laughter from the audience. Her coquettish wiles won many hearts besides that of Don Pasquale.

Mr. Tavecchia repeated his interesting impersonation of the simple, rheumatic, pathetically funny old man. He did not allow the buffo style to run away with him, and yet he lost none of the amusing points.

The bits of trio and quartet singing were the most enjoyable features of the afternoon. Mr. Bourillon and Mr. Fornari were excellent in their parts, and, although the big feather duster was nowhere to be seen, the servants' chorus was successful.

It cannot be said that the "Ballet of the Hours," which was given as the second part of the program, was equally successful. There was a lack of exactness and precision in the evolutions not noticed before.

The opera house was filled.

MISS DEREYNE AS CARMEN.  
Opera Received Enthusiastically;  
Columbino Plays Don Jose.

Boston Opera House: Bizet's "Carmen" performed by the Boston opera

Don Jose.....George Baklanoff  
Escamillo.....Ernesto Giaccione  
El Remendado.....Carl Gantvoort  
Zuniga.....Attilio Pulchri  
Morales.....Pely Dereyne  
Carmen.....Eugenia Bronskaja  
Michaela.....Matilde Lewicka  
Fraquita.....Betty Freeman  
Mercedes.....Betty Freeman

Owing to the sudden illness of Mr. A. Roloff, Bourillon, as announced from the stage last night, the part of Don Jose, Carmen's at first faint-hearted and then stubborn lover, devolved upon Mr. Columbino. Thanks are due to him for making the performance possible; he gave a spirited and earnest portrayal, upon which it is unnecessary to comment here in detail.

Donbless this change was somewhat disconcerting to Miss Dereyne: possibly it is accountable for the fact that any lack in her Carmen is noticeable upon the dramatic rather than the vocal side.

She sang with almost too even a beauty of tone; she did not utilize the possibilities of conveying through tone color the seductiveness, the passion, the insolence, the brutality of Carmen. She is agreeably free from mannerisms and portrays excellently the physical appeal of the heartless gypsy girl, whose vanity never slept and whose pulses quickened always at the glance of the latest admirer.

Yet, except now and then when she swaggers a trifle, there is not enough coarseness to prove that she is living the part. Truly, the great portrayal of Carmen is not a pleasing affair. Miss Dereyne does not permit the sinister intensity of her every feeling to show early enough; her "L'abanera" is not sufficiently varied.

She achieves a fine climax in her scene over the cards and in the last act makes a telling transition from the nonchalant boredom of being pursued by one who no longer interests her to the horror of finding herself at the mercy of a madman.

Mr. Baklanoff as Escamillo and Mme. Bronskaja as Michaela are already familiar.

The audience was larger and enthusiastic. The third opera on Saturday nights at popular prices will be "The Marriage of Figaro."

### MEN AND THINGS

We read of vocal activity in Milan. Each teacher has the only old, true Italian method. One puts a triangle of wood in the pupil's mouth; another makes a pupil lie on the floor, and while he is singing the teacher puts weights on his chest "to increase his resistance." This reminds one of the peine forte et dure, the torture applied to unwilling witnesses, which was not unknown in New England days of witchcraft, and furnished Victor Hugo material for a terrible chapter in "L'Homme qui Rit."

The Italians have for centuries had theories about the voice. The Emperor Nero, a wandering and also local virtuoso, took many lessons, and, as Suetonius informs us, he did not "let pass any means that expert professors in that kind were wont to do, either for preserving or the bettering and fortifying of their voices: even to wear before him upon his breast a thin plate or sheet or lead; to purge \* \* \* to abstain from apples and fruit, with all such \* \* \* meats as were hurtful to the voice."

No doubt Terpnus, Nero's teacher, was master of the "only pure traditional" Italian method.

Nero, it seems, was told to abstain from apples, nor was this precept only symbolical, as some explain the celebrated story of Eve. Old dictionaries of the Bible contain the information that the apple, as we know apples, was not a fruit in the Garden of Eden; that Eve in all probability handed Adam a lemon; but the Temple Dictionary of the Bible, published recently, is cocksure concerning this important matter. "It is enough to say that the apple of the Bible is just the apple. All attempts to identify it with the apricot, the quince, the orange, and the citron are futile." Singers are still told to eschew apples and nuts. What are they to do in these years when deep thinkers insist that man should live on nuts and fruits, and that apples should be eaten raw, not cooked?

The ancient leeches were not all in favor of apples. Sweet apples are preferable, they said, to those that are pleasantly acid. Crato utterly forbade all fruits. "They infect the blood and putrify it," said Villanovanus and Manginus. The inhabitants of Fessa ate fruit thrice a day and were continually sick. On the other hand Laurentius recommended sweetings, pears and pippins as good against melancholy.

Edmond de Goncourt had a friend, Charles Robin, who talked knowingly

Robin held that it is better to eat fish after soup, because a pocket in the stomach is left. It is, therefore, better to eat fish after meat, as they do in the French provinces. He also held that radishes should never be eaten at the beginning of a meal, but between the courses, for the radish is a "precipitant of digestion," the true "broom of the stomach," although spinach has been similarly characterized. And Robin could not say too much in praise of the apple at dessert, as an assistant to the gastric juice.

We know a man who every morning for breakfast eats a grape fruit, an apple or two (raw, never baked or fried), a tablespoonful of "proteid nuts," which come from the pines of Italy, two slices of toast and a little honey. And yet he thrives, is able to do his daily work, and is amiably disposed toward the world, and is apparently in his right mind.

An accomplished woman, now visiting in Boston, has much to say in praise of the harem system. Lady Mary Wortley Montague long ago shocked some of her countrywomen by comparing the life of the Turkish wife with that of the English woman to the advantage of the former. The visitor in Boston, who knows thoroughly her subject, takes especial pleasure in combating the views of Pierre Loti. The game is hardly worth while, for Loti is as superficial as he is picturesque in statement. Mme. Marcelle Tinayre has published a volume on Turkey and the harem system. It is an interesting book. "The desire to appear civilized," Mme. Tinayre says, "joined to reasons of economy, has induced the modern Turk to become monogamous. There are only the very old pashas, imperial princes, and some rich provincial and old-fashioned Turks who possess more than one wife. The harem is no longer—if it has ever been—a place of pleasure for the master, a little household Mohammedan paradise peopled with liver beauties. I think one is deceived in attributing an ardent temperament to Oriental women. Their mode of life numbs their nerves, slow to be excited. Extremely fat, nourished on sugar and pastry, sleeping a good deal, reading little or not at all, occupied by small gossip, and with puerile little pleasure, they lead the innocent existence of grown-up little girls."

The student of sociology likes to think of New England women gravely discussing the advantages of polygamy. They should read Sir Richard F. Burton's "The City of the Saints," in which he describes polygamous life in Salt Lake City before the civil war. Burton was in favor of polygamy, at least as a theoretical proposition, and his views were not fully in accordance with those of Lady Burton. Perhaps after the study of polygamy no longer interests women of Boston they will investigate the question of polyandry.

Six years ago a letter carrier in Omaha married, and he and his wife on their bridal day made an agreement that when one concluded that life was not worth living they should die cheerfully together. Early this month the husband came home and remarked: "Hattie, I have decided that we are to go. We'll keep our pledge and go together. Hattie did not leap in the air with joy; on the contrary she protested violently: whereupon her husband, who did not wish to be separated from his adored one, knifed her in the neck. She was able to run to her parents' house. Her husband called there. Disconcerted, when she said she preferred to live, he shot her, then her father—which was an unwarrantable digression—and then himself.

Such pacts are often made. They are sometimes kept. Usually it is the man who suddenly discovers that life is sweet. John Davidson wrote a striking poem on this subject, but the most noteworthy treatment is Paul Bourget's in "The Disciple," a singularly unpleasant novel.

## RACHMANINOFF TAKES HIS LEAVE

Incidentally Gives an Example of Patronizing Ways of Musical Visitor—Has Kind Words for Boston's "Cultivation."

### NOTES AND GOSSIP OF THE MUSICAL WORLD

By PHILIP HALE.  
Mr. Rachmaninoff, about to em-

bark, said pleasant things about America. The reporters asked him Silly-Billy questions and he gave them Silly-Billy answers.

"Do Americans love music?"  
"I should say they do, considering their great appreciation of Tschalkowsky."

Mr. Rachmaninoff admitted that inasmuch as Tschalkowsky, old Tschalk as the composer of the "Pathetic" Symphony is no doubt familiarly called in Russia, is his favorite composer, his estimate of the American love of music might be colored.

"But see," said Mr. Rachmaninoff, "the number of concerts given in New York during one season—more than in any city of Europe." Not more than in London or Berlin, in fact, not nearly so many as in the Athens on the Spree.

"I believe the requirements of musical taste in New York are more difficult to meet than those of many continental cities. As a whole, I should say that Boston was the most cultivated city here, musically."

Was? Is it not today? "Chicago also has a wonderful orchestra and seems well advanced in musical taste." And how about the other cities in which Mr. Rachmaninoff preached the gospel of Rachmaninoffism? Are they not all "cultivated" or "cultured"?

Mr. Rachmaninoff was an interesting apparition. As composer and pianist, as conductor of his own compositions, he should be treated with respect. He is by no means "the greatest composer living," as some insist; indeed, it might be said justly that he is lacking in imagination; but he is a musician of indisputable talent and high purpose. That he, visiting a country new to him, was interested in the condition of music in that country, was natural. That he should have talked about music and composers in Europe was natural, although one may be permitted to wonder at his taste and to smile at certain judgments handed down as from heaven, with cleaving of the skies and to the accompaniment of thunder. But why should we take so seriously the remarks of Mr. Rachmaninoff, or any other visitor, talking about the condition of music in America?

Composers, pianists, conductors, violinists, singers, are like Elias mentioned in the general epistle of James: "Subject to like passions as we are." Is the composer's symphonic poem applauded rapturously in Hockanum Ferry? Hockanum Ferry is "a most cultivated city, musically." Does the pianist draw crowds to Ferguson Hall in Cascadeville? The people in Cascadeville are singularly "cultured." Do the critics in New York make merry with Mme. Perspranti as singer and interpreter? New York is grossly material, given over to the worship of money, without knowledge or comprehension of art.

We Americans like to be patted on the head by the visiting musician who looks on this country as an Eldorado, with every stream a Pactolus, with a pagoda tree growing in every back yard and crying to be shaken. We like to be reassured, encouraged, flattered. Perhaps we are not so sensitive as in the year of "Martin Chuzzlewit." Mr. Lowell showed the national sensitiveness when he wrote his essay on a certain condescension in foreigners. That we are still sensitive in spite of international marriages, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt and other acknowledged evidences of importance, is shown by the eagerness to chronicle the small beer of Messrs. Pistarenski, Vodkanonoff, Asinini, Cochonne and Illinterkopf, who, visiting this country, are inevitably prejudiced one way or the other by warmth or coolness of reception, and by the amount of the box-office receipts.

We are sensitive even when the foreigner, not a professional musician, but a man of alleged importance, solemnly determines whether we are "cultured" in this or that art. Perhaps, after all it is a good thing to be sensitive. Coleridge, dis-



...Basil Hall's account... marked that the American... less and anxiety about the... of other nations was much... amiable than "the John Bullism... which affects to despise the senti-... ments of the rest of the world."

Let an American go to a European city, and no matter how shrewd his impressions of the local operatic and concert life might be, any publication of them, favorable or unfavorable, if there should be publication in a journal, would not excite attention. If there were question of something mechanical, a flying machine, a new gun or lock, something practical as a new substitute for shoe leather, yes; then the interviewers would be busy. But what has an American to say about music? If he is a Hammerstein he can buy singers, and he is therefore to be treated respectfully; but an aesthetic American?

The foreigner is surprised when he finds an American acquainted with the musical life of any European city, with the names and works of modern European composers, with the career and reputation of European pianists, fiddlers, singers.

The Daily Telegraph of London (Feb. 4), discussing the coming opera season at Covent Garden, states that a prominent newcomer will be Riccardo Martin, "a native of Canada." "Great things are expected, too, of a Russian baritone, Mr. Baklanoff, whose singing has created quite a stir this winter in New York." It would seem as though the Telegraph knew not the Boston Opera House and its pride in Mr. Baklanoff, and has not Mr. Martin, or his press agent, gloried for months in the fact that the tenor is a Kentuckian?

Visiting musicians and local singers and pianists may well deplore the lack of musical interest in Boston this season. Even Mme. Sembrich, who has started out to rival Adelina Patti in last, positively last, farewells, did not draw so large an audience as usual this winter. Is young Mr. Elman an old story? Is Mr. Kreisler no longer interesting? Is the public tired of Dr. Wuellner's mannerisms and indifferent toward his dramatic interpretation, or is it impatient with unfledged singers who sedulously ape the worst qualities of Dr. Wuellner's performance and thus are already Wuellnerized? The public was not curious to see Mme. Liza Lehmann. There was little curiosity to hear modern French music played by the Boston Orchestral Club.

Local singers and pianists sell their tickets at too high a price. The general public does not wish to pay a dollar and a half, still less two dollars.

It is to be hoped that Boston will welcome heartily the Philharmonic Society of New York next Saturday night, as New York has for many years welcomed the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The history of the Philharmonic Society is a long and honorable one, and it is told in great part in the memorial volume published on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the founding of the society.

The Philharmonic Society of New York was founded in April, 1842. The

first concert was given Dec. 7, 1842, when the program included these orchestral pieces: Beethoven's Symphony No. 5, Weber's overture to "Oberon," an overture by Kalliwoda, the piano quintet by Hummel. There were arias by Beethoven, Weber and Mozart and a duet from Rossini's "Armida." The conductors at this concert were U. C. Hill, Mr. Etienne and H. C. Tilm. Mr. Krehble's history of the society is entertaining and valuable. The list of works performed from 1842 to 1910 is an impressive one.

By the old constitution the players chose their conductor and took their share of the profits at the end of the season, if there were any profits? Richard Arnold, who in March, 1908, had been concert master of the Philharmonic Society for 24 years, discussing the proposed reorganization of the society, said that it was impossible to go on in the old way, for the competition had become too great. There were many musicians in the old days, willing to take the risk for the honor of playing in the society. As Mr. Arnold said to a reporter of the Sun: "The good musician finds employment awaiting him on every side. Last year the Metropolitan took 12 of our best men. There is an orchestra of 130 at the Metropolitan and nearly as many at the Manhattan. They can be engaged for five months at a fixed salary for that time. That is why they are no longer willing to take their chances of profit with the Philharmonic as it existed under the old constitution. Musicians are not getting any more pay than they used to, but there has been an increase in every branch of living. That is why they cannot take their chances with the Philharmonic."

And so there was a new arrangement, and the society lost the right of self-government, but a few members are now represented on the board of guarantors, who under the guidance of Mrs. George Sheldon, raised an annual guarantee for three years. Mr. Mahler, engaged as conductor for that period, reorganized the orchestra. "Mr. Mahler said he wanted the orchestra to be as good as the Boston Symphony, and unless he could have that assurance he did not want to undertake the leadership of the Philharmonic for three years."

The orchestra, according to the testimony of all has been greatly improved. The concerts have excited unusual discussion in New York and in some instances have made a sensation.

There have been celebrated conductors at the head of the Philharmonic Society: Carl Bergman, Theodore Thomas, Anton Seidl, the Damoschs, Leopold and Walter, and Emil Paur. For three years "guest" conductors led the concerts, Messrs. Weingartner, Kogel, Wood, Herbert, Safonoff, Kunwald, Colonne, Steinbach, Fiedler, Mengelberg. Afterward Safonoff was made permanent conductor for a period.

This season for the first time in the history of the Philharmonic Society, concerts will be given outside New York.

Gustav Mahler is not unknown here. He made his first appearance in Boston as a conductor, when "The Valkyrie" was performed by the Metropolitan Opera House Company in the Boston Theatre, April 8, 1903. He conducted "Don Giovanni," April 9, and "Tristan and Isolde," April 11, and his mastery over the orchestra and his fine taste and poetic mind were at once recognized.

He is known here as a composer by his fifth symphony, which was performed twice by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in February, 1906.

Mr. Mahler, born on July 7, 1860, at Kalischt in Bohemia, studied at Iglau, Prague, and in Vienna both at the University and the Conservatory. He began his career as an operatic conductor at Hall, and after serving in Laibach, Olmuetz, Cassel, he went to Prague, thence to Leipzig, in 1888 to Budapest. From 1891 to 1897 he was first conductor at Hamburg, but he conducted as guest in many other cities. In 1897 he was called to Vienna, as conductor, but he was soon afterward made the director also, and he kept this position till 1907. From 1898 to 1900 he conducted the Philharmonic concerts in Vienna. He made his first appearance as conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House, Jan. 1, 1903, in "Tristan and Isolde." His first appearance in New York as a purely orchestral conductor was Nov. 23, 1903, when he led the Symphony Society.

He composed an opera, "The Arkon," a fairy play, "Ruebezahl," eight symphonies—the eighth will be produced this year—"Humoresken" for orchestra, "Das Klagende Lied" for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, chamber music, songs, etc., and he completed the sketch of Weber's "Die drei Pintos."

This will be the first concert of the Philharmonic Society of New York in Boston. In the course of the last 20 years Boston welcomed and applauded the Chicago orchestra under Theodore Thomas, the Philadelphia orchestra led by Richard Strauss and Fritz Scheel, the New York Symphony orchestra led by Walter Damrosch, the Pittsburg orchestra led by Emil Paur. This city has also welcomed foreign orchestras, as the Philharmonic of Leipzig, led by Hans Winderstein.

The program chosen for Saturday night is an attractive one. It should display the ability of leader and orchestra to full advantage. Curiosity alone should fill Symphony Hall to overflowing. Let not Boston be outdone by New York in hospitality.

The London Times, speaking of a performance of Cesar Franck's symphony led by Mr. Wood in London (Jan. 29), said wisely: "Franck's symphony lost some of its effect from the cause already referred to (a poor arrangement of the program) but more from Mr. Wood's habit of treating each section as a separate entity. It is Franck's weakest point that he seldom allows a whole movement to proceed quite continuously; in his maturer works there is nearly always a tendency to bring each portion to an end, and then to start again. What used to be called the 'drawing-up and presenting arms' which figured so largely at certain recognized points in the early specimens of the classical symphony is carried to excess by Franck, and the points are not the regular periods as they were formerly; there is, therefore, all the more need to conduct his movements at an equable rate of speed, so as to emphasize their essential unity and to prevent the audience from feeling that the music is divided into a great many slices, each beautiful, but not obviously connected with each other. Mr. Wood brings out the intense meaning of some of the phrases by changing the tempo a great deal oftener than is necessary; and in the lovely allegretto the first occurrence of the main theme was taken so slowly that it could hardly be recognized as the same melody which afterwards appeared in conjunction with the semi-quaver triplets of the contrasting section."

This criticism is of general application. It may also be said that the final allegro of this symphony is generally taken at too fast a pace.

Frances Alda, who is sent to the Boston Opera House by Mr. Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan Opera House was born in New Zealand, it is said. She studied in Paris under Mme. Marchesi and made her debut at the Opera-Comique, Feb. 23, 1904, as Manon in Massenet's opera. She was then described by a gallant critic as "a delicious Australian, 22 years old." He also stated that her grandmother, on her mother's side, was a Parisian and that her aunt was Mme. Saville, who is remembered in Boston as a good-looking soprano with an agreeable voice. Mr. Van Dyke was much interested in Mme. Saville, who sang in Mechanics' building, where she made her debut in Boston as Micaela, Feb. 18, 1896, and appeared as Mistress Ford in "Falstaff," Feb. 22. Mme. Saville was born, Simonson, the daughter of a violinist, and of Australian parents in San Francisco; others maintain that she was born in Hamburg. Thus is there agonizing doubt.

Mme. Alda had sung in concert in German cities, and in St. Petersburg and London, before she arrived in Paris in 1903. She consulted Mme. Marchesi, and Mr. Mangin, and sang to Carre, who engaged her for the Opera Comique. Massenet, who resembles the celebrated and unfortunate Inca of Peru, Hyayna Capuc, who could "never refuse a woman, of whatever age or degree she might be, any favor that she asked of him," coached her for her debut in "Manon." Mr. Stoullig screamed with delight in his review of her performance. He spoke of her "dazzling beauty," the extraordinary range of her voice, her technical skill, exquisite diction. "She is, beyond doubt, a curious and interesting artist."

Mme. Alda did not stay at the Opera Comique. She went to the Mon-

naie Brussels. In 1907 she sang as Gilda, with Bonci as the duke, at a music festival at Parma. She was at the Scala. Returning to Paris from Buenos Ayres, her shoulder was dislocated near Versailles in a motor car accident. She has sung at Covent Garden, and in June, 1907, she appeared in London in a concert with Alexander Blrbaum, formerly second concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, a violinist with a head of hair that would have excited the envy of Absalom. Mr. Blrbaum was here this season as conductor for Loie Fuller and her nymphs and muses.

Mme. Alda as singer and actress is amiable and colorless.

Otto Taubmann's "A German Mass" was produced by the Philharmonic chorus, Berlin, Jan. 31. Two sections of it were produced at the Dortmund music festival, but the whole work was first performed last month in Berlin. The music is said to show unusual ability in structure and workmanship; to contain much that is beautiful and also pages that are labored and dull.

Siegfried Wagner's, latest opera, "Banadictich," produced at Karlsruhe, Jan. 24, was bitterly criticised by August Spanuth in the Signale of Jan. 26. Wagner, no doubt undisturbed, is already planning his seventh opera—and failure.

Gustav Walter, tenor, a pride of the Vienna Opera House from 1856 to 1887, is dead.

Mathis Lussy, well known by his treatises on musical expression and rhythm, died at Montreux, Jan. 21, at the age of 81. With Ernest David

he wrote an excellent history of musical notation (Paris 1882).

#### BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Symphony orchestra will start away tonight on its fourth southern trip. Concerts will be given in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Brooklyn, and on the following Monday night, the 28th, the third and last concert of the season will be given in Hartford. Messrs. Hess and Schroeder will play Brahms' Double Concerto for violin and cello in Philadelphia, and at the Thursday evening concert in New York. Mme. Kirkby-Lunn will be the soloist in Hartford. The chief orchestral works played will be Rachmaninoff's "Island of the Dead," Brahms' Symphony in D major and Strauss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra." At the request of the subscribers of the Baltimore concerts, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony will be performed with the assistance of the Oratorio Society of that city.

#### Concerts of the Week.

SUNDAY—Boston Opera House, Grand operatic concert. Program given elsewhere in this issue of The Sunday Herald.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Mme. Helen Hopelkirk's piano recital. Schumann, Arabesque, Fantasia in C, "Bird as Prophet"; Hopelkirk, "Tona Memories," "Wandering," "Cronan," "In the Ruins"; Hopelkirk, "Sundown"; Chopin, two studies in G flat; Bordes, Fantasia, A flat minor; Debussy, "Replets dans l'Eau," "Les Cloches a Travers des Feuilles," "Sgambati, Gavotte; Liszt, "Liebestraum"; Schubert-Liszt, "Erlkoenig."

Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Kneisel Quartet's fifth concert. Franck, Quartet in D major; Debussy, two movements from quartet in G minor (by request); Saint-Saens, Quartet in B flat major, for piano, violin, viola, cello, op. 41 (Mme. Olga Samaroff, pianist).

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Recital by Mme. Rosa Olitzka, contralto, assisted by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, composer and pianist. Mme. Olitzka will sing: Gounod, Stanzas of Sappho; Schubert, "Die Junge Nonne," "Die Stadt"; Franz, "Es Hat Die Rose Sich Beklagt"; Schumann, Auftraege; Beach, "Ah, Love But a Day," "June," "After"; Grieg, "Ein Schwan"; Bungen, "Sandtraeger"; Sommer, "Ganz Leise"; Bizet, Pastorale. Mrs. Beach will play: Brahms, Rhapsodie in E flat, op. 119; Beach, Suite Francaise, "Les Reves de Colombine."

Faneuil Hall, 8 P. M. City of Boston music department concert, William Howard conductor. Orchestral pieces: Weber, overture to "Oberon"; Schumann, "The Voice of Love"; Bizet, selection from "Carmen"; Leoncavallo, Intermezzo from "Pagliacci"; Nevin, Polonaise, op. 16, No. 4. James B. Forrest, tenor, will sing Handel's "Waft Her Angels" and Grieg's "Loreley." Frank H. Eaton, flutist, will play Demersseman's Fantasia on a melody by Chopin. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Fritz Kreisler's violin concerto. Bach, Suite, E minor; Prelude and Gavotte, E major (Schumann's accompaniment); Martin, Andantino; Dittersdorf, Scherzo; Porpora, Menuet; Francoeur, Sicilienne and Rigadomo; Tartini, Variations on Gavotte by Corelli; Saint-Saens, Rondo



GUSTAV MAHLER.

Portrait by Anna Dapent, New York.)



Cape Cod. The first of the series, "Lanner Two Old Women Waited," Staggia, Rhapsodie Piemontaise. Steinhert Hall, 815 P. M. Piano recital by Alice McDowell, pupil of Carlo Buonamici. Mozart, Fantasia, D minor; Scarlatti, Burlesque and Gigue; Brahms, Rhapsody, No. 2; Stecherbach, en passant l'eau and sonnerie dans les Bois; Debussy, Cortège et air de Danse and Nocturne; Moszkowsky, en Antenne; Chopin, Prelude, No. 15, Study No. 12, Sonata, op. 35; Schlotzer, étude in A flat.

FRIDAY—Fenway Court, 4 P. M. Sixth concert by the Kneisel Quartet. Brahms, Quintet No. 2, op. 111; Tschalkowsky, Quartet in F, op. 22. Josef Kovarik will assist.

Ford Hall, 8 P. M. City of Boston music department, William Howard, conductor. Orchestral pieces: Nicolai, overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; Dittersdorf, Andante from Quartet in E flat major; Mozart, first movement from the Symphony in G minor, Leoncavallo, Intermezzo from "Pagliacci"; Halvorsen, Entrance March of the Boyards, Mrs. Wilhelmina Calvert, soprano, will sing Gounod's Stanzas of Sappho and Massenet's Elegy. Barthold Silbermann, violinist, will play Vieuxtemps' Introduction Theme and Variations. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. First concert in Boston by the Philharmonic Society of New York. Gustav Mahler, conductor. Berlioz, "Fantastique" Symphony; Bach, Suite for orchestra, in which Mr. Mahler will play the harpsichord; Beethoven, overture, "Leonore," No. 3; Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel."

## CONCERT NOTES.

Prof. Spalding of Harvard University will lecture Friday night on Debussy and Ravel in the lecture room of the Fogg Museum, Cambridge.

The Mendelssohn Club of Chelsea will give its second concert Thursday evening in Williams school hall. Osbourne McConathy will conduct. Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha's Wedding" will be performed. H. L. Murphy, tenor; Carl Webster, cellist, and the Boston Festival Orchestral Club will assist.

Mrs. Elsie Washburn, assisted by Mrs. Frances D. Wood, will give a recital at the Tulleries Wednesday at 11 A. M.

The program of the third and last of the concerts of the Flonzaley quartet in Chickering Hall, Thursday evening, March 3, will be as follows: Quartet in C major (K. 465), Mozart; "Sonata a tre," for two violins and cello (first time), Gius. Sanmartini, and Schumann's Quartet for strings, op. 41, No. 1, in a minor.

The second organ recital in the Lenten series on Thursday, at the Church of the Advent by A. W. Snow will have the following program: Fugue in B minor, Bach; Cantilene Pastorale, Higgs; Prelude et Cantilene, Roussseau; Canzone della Sera, d'Evry; Chorale, in A minor, Cesar Franck.

At G. L. Lansing's annual mandolin and banjo concert, Thursday evening, a feature will be Mr. William Place, Jr., of Providence, who is considered a remarkable mandolinist. The Boston Ideal Club will appear and several soloists.

The musical program of the vesper services at the New Jerusalem Church, Bowdoin street, which begin next Sunday at 4 P. M., will be under the charge of George W. Dudley, as heretofore, assisted by the full chorus, and Miss Evelyn Balr, soprano; Miss Alice Cole, contralto; E. E. Bullock, tenor; George Clark, bass, and Joshua Philpen, organist.

Gilbert and Sullivan's "Trial by Jury" will be performed in Eliot Hall, Jamaica Plain, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, for the benefit of the Jamaica Plain Neighborhood House. The chief parts will be taken by S. Henry Hooper, W. H. W. Bicknell, George B. Rice, Fred A. Turner, Jr., and Miss Jessie Clark. A feature of the performance will be the bridesmaids and chorus, drawn from social and musical circles. F. O. Nash will be the musical director. The Criterion Club of Boston will give "The Circus Rider" before the operetta.

Harrison Bennett, bass, assisted by Miss Elizabeth Driver, soprano, and Arthur W. Locke, pianist, will give a concert in Brattle Hall, Cambridge,

Thursday evening at 8:15. The program will consist of songs by Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Dvorak, Wolf, Tschalkosky, Massenet and Brahms.

The program of the Boston Symphony concerts March 4-5, will include Wagner's "Faust" overture; Schumann's Symphony in B flat major; "A Saga" by Sibelius (first time here); "On the shore of Sorrento," from Strauss' "In Italy," and Tschalkowsky's overture "1812."

Creatore and his band will give a concert in the Colonial Theatre Sunday, April 3.

# DODSON DENIES HIS IS PROBLEM PLAY

By PHILIP HALE.

It may be remembered that Mr. Dodson, speaking to the audience at the Colonial Theatre the first night of "The House Next Door," insisted that the comedy was not a problem play; that the sole purpose of the performance was to provide entertainment.

At the same time he spoke in a rather disrespectful manner of problem plays. Yet as Cayley Drummie, the agreeable cynic, in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," the observer and commentator that came down from the Greek chorus through Dumas the younger to Mr. Pinero. Mr. Dodson made one of his most brilliant successes—and they have been many. Mr. Pinero might therefore justly accuse Mr. Dodson of forgetfulness; ingratitude would be too harsh a term.

When "The House Next Door" was produced at Trenton, N. J., March 24, 1909, it was entitled "The Majesty of Birth," and a circular was issued at the time. The language of this circular would lead any one to infer that the play might justly be classed among "problem plays." Here are the opening sentences: "The Majesty of Birth" deals with a subject that is uppermost today, viz., the advantages of birth in contradistinction to the power to seize opportunity, to make one's own name and position in the world from the lowliest stations in life. The keynote of the new comedy is the conflict between two powerful dominant characters—the one an aristocrat by heredity, and a Gentile—the other a man of the people, and a Jew," etc., etc.

Mr. Manners based "The House Next Door" on an Austrian farce, which is a straight farce, without thought of any problem that might excite discussion. In the original there was no pathos in the loneliness of Sir John at the end. The farcical note was sounded to the very end.

That Mr. Dodson played the part admirably is now a matter of record. We refer to the play for this reason: although the Jew in the comedy is the highly successful man and so good that he is rather bothersome, a few Jews in other cities have protested against the play and have complained to Mr. Dodson that their race is insulted by the words concerning them put in Sir John's mouth. They were not satisfied with the many compliments paid their race, directly or indirectly. The fact that Sir Isaac is immeasurably superior to Sir John in every way did not console them.

We have had in Boston three or four plays this season which treat the anti-semitic problem. "Shylock" was one of them, but it is not necessary to inquire whether Shylock was originally played as a comic character. There is an ingenious theory that Hamlet was originally a comic person on the stage, inasmuch as madness was ludicrous in the eyes of Shakespeare's public. By this process of reasoning King Lear was also a comic character. Shylock was both persecuted and persecuting. The fact that a Christian did not hesitate to marry Shylock's daughter and that there is no adverse comment on the match in the play, shows that the question of intermarriage between a Jew and a Christian was not then regarded as inevitably a subject for a problem play.

In "Israel," as Henry Bernstein wrote it, there is no suggestion of marriage. The question is only one of the feeling of the French nobility and some of the French bourgeois families against the prosperous Jews of that country.

In the version of "Israel" prepared "to suit American taste," the version played here this season with the lame and impotent conclusion, the aristocratic girl foisted into the play to save Thibault from suicide does not shrink from marrying Thibault, though she knows that his father is Justin Gutlieb. Here is a delightful inconsistency. But the American version is full of inconsistencies.

In "The Melting Pot" there is the question of marriage between Jew and Gentile.

It does not occur to the authors of these plays that many thoughtful Jews object to the marriage of a Jewess with a Christian, and their objection is as reasonable, perhaps it is more reasonable, than the objection brought forward by Gentiles. It is the old question of whether marriage between men and women of strongly opposed faiths, traditions, manners, will be happy. The question put to Abolitionists before the civil war rested on a far different ground. The question itself was illogical.

The preservation of a racial problem in a play seldom, if ever, converts a partisan. It does not always supply him with corroborative arguments. As Mr. Bernstein says in the preface to "Israel," it is impossible to conceive of an artistic work which wishes to prove the superiority of this or that. A drama may offer suggestions; it may hint at the solution of vexatious problems; but to prove is another matter. The true artist is not argumentative.

A play founded on "St. Elmo" will be seen here tomorrow. It was produced by the Page players in Richmond early in July of last year and was brought out at the Academy of Music, New York, Dec. 13.

Many remember, no doubt, the appearance of Augusta J. Evans' novel, and some found the romance more amusing than the parody, "St. Twelmo." The parody proved the popularity of the novel. What a wonderful fellow St. Elmo was! Reading the novel lately, I was struck by the description of the hero, whose finely-formed mouth "wore a chronic, savage sneer, as it is only opened to utter jeers and curses." "The fair chiseled lineaments were blotted by dissipation and blackened and distorted by the baleful fires of a fierce, passionate nature, and a restless, powerful and unhallowed intellect. Symmetrical and grand as that temple of Juno, in shrouded Pompeii, whose polished shafts gleamed centuries ago in the morning sunshine of a day of woe, whose untimely night has endured for 1900 years; so, in the glorious flush of his youth, this man had stood facing a noble and possibly a sanctified future; but the ungovernable flames of sin had reduced him, like that darkened and desecrated fane, to a melancholy mass of ashy arches and blackened columns, where ministering priests, all holy aspirations, slumbered in the dust."

St. Elmo's dress on this occasion was "costly but negligent." He wore a straw hat and his boots were muddy, also damp, also spurred.

And his rooms, "whose costly bazarerie would more appropriately have adorned a villa of Parthenope or Lucanian Sybaris, than a country house in soi-disant 'republican' America!" Ormolu tables, bull chairs, and oaken and marquetry cabinets were loaded with cameos, intaglios, Abraxoids; there was a jar full of Falernian, which had mellowed in the ashy cellars of Herculeaneum; there was a leaf from Nebuchadnezzar's diary; there were black rhyta from Chiusi, a eylix from Vulci, a quaint Peruvian jar that sang—indeed, St. Elmo's rooms were a sight!

And how St. Elmo and Edna talked; ye gods, how they did talk!

J. E. C. writes to The Herald about the last appearance of Annie Clarke as Romeo, to which we referred last Sunday. The performance was at the Grand Opera House in the week of May 8, 1893. Maud Hoffmann was the Juliet, and Charles Barron played Mercutio. "These were the performances for which Miss Clarke prepared her handbook and which you note as 'announced.' As I recall the affair, Miss Hoffmann was amateurish, Mr. Barron exceedingly good, and Miss Clarke always interesting and good in some scenes."

A correspondent argues ingeniously that Sir Charles Wyndham is not an Englishman, although he was born at Liverpool, March 23, 1837; although his father was an English physician and the son educated at a Moravian school in Germany.

But let us listen to the ingenious reasoning of the correspondent:

"Even people with an intimate knowledge of stage history and with a speaking acquaintance with stage personages assert that of course Sir Charles is British. Does he not speak with the cadence of the purest Eng-

lish speech and is not the Astrachan cap that he often wears, in shape very like an English subaltern's military cap, as British as his own accent?"

"But all that 'Brittishes' is not English. Obtain merely a bowing acquaintance with Sir Charles Wyndham, and then see if he is an Englishman. The erroneous idea grew principally out of the fact that Sir Charles has at various times appeared on the London stage, owns two or three London theatres, and often spends much of his time at English watering places.

"To call him an Englishman on that account is like calling Bernard Shaw an Irishman because he happened to be born in Dublin. People think Shaw is an Irishman because he never speaks well of other Irishmen. But Shaw never speaks well of anybody or anything, except

Shaw. Therefore, he cannot be an Irishman any more than his recent diatribes on America would make him an American. He is a polygenetic; he is a 'Shavian.'

"Sir Charles Wyndham is an American. He may be English by birth, Scotch by blood, but in the quickness of his movements, in that entire absence of 'side,' in the readiness of his answers and the great love of adventure and speed, he is an American, net.

"Test him by any good working definition of an American by way of demonstration. Of course in Paris, in the cafes during the summer, an American is thought to be one who calls a waiter a 'garçon' and asserts with more voice than argument that 'we can lick any nation on earth.' Sir Charles is not that kind of an American.

"In London an American is one who asks the hotel proprietor in what part of the establishment he had hidden the American bar. On being told mildly that the amusing paradox known as the American bar has been dispensed with, he proceeds to call the hotel 'rotten.' Sir Charles declines our American cocktail, therefore he is not that brand of an American.

"In Spain they say an American is he that looks at more and sees less of the country than its oldest inhabitant, and who, pushing his way rudely through a crowded station, rushes madly for the train that is just pulling out, and, on catching it, wonders what 'them Spaniards' meant by bowing obsequiously before his ruthless plunge. Sir Charles was knighted by his King in 1902; wears upon the third finger of his right hand a ring of rubies and diamonds inscribed: 'From Alexander III. (father of the present Czar) to Charles Wyndham.' He served four years on the Northern side during our civil war, and merely to meet him is a liberal education in deportment; therefore he is not that kind of an American.

"These examples of Americanism are like the mishaps that occur to a great scientist's pet invention. Its occasional errors he calls 'the incidents,' not 'the ultimate virtues' of what he knows to be a great product. The accidents of Americanism are seen abroad—the radicalism in speech and action of a young people in contrast to the conservatism of an old; but their ultimate virtues are seen at home—sometimes.

"If the outside point of view is to be trusted, America's special virtue is that 'work, good, old-fashioned work, by the sweat of the brow and the cunning of the hand, shall be everybody's principal habit.' In his respect for what he calls 'the dignity of the real man's work,' in the tremendous activity that has marked every day of his long and eventful life; in the typical American business man's shrewdness of look; in his love of 'taking a chance,' and his executive grasp of every phase of his profession—Sir Charles Wyndham is as much of an American as any that ever gave the eagle cause to scream. One finds just a trace of the old country at the bottom of many of the sayings of an American, but with that abiding moral instinct of the English. For example, he is a man always eager to be doing many things for the stage and upon the stage, in his own way. And yet he believes absolutely in England's hampering institution, the play censor, because, as he puts it, 'an immoral play that has been acted, even if only once, and then speedily stopped by the police, has in that one performance already done its harm.'



## SUNDAY CONCERT A SUCCESS

Boston Opera Company Delights with a Varied Program.

The first Sunday evening concert by the Boston Opera Company since its return from the West was given last evening. Mr. Goodrich conducted. The program was as follows:

Overture to Rhenz.....A. J. Wagner Orchestra.

Aria from Pagliacci "Vesti la giubba".....Leoncavallo Mr. Idzkowski.

Song with orchestra "Le Cor".....Flegier Mr. N'vette.

Aria from Lucia "Regnava nel silenzio".....Donizetti Mme. Bronskaja.

Aria from "Ballo in Maschera".....Verdi Mr. Blanchart.

Aria from Tosca "Vissi d'arte".....Puccini Mme. Boninsegna.

Trio and final chorus from "Faust".....Gounod Mme. Bronskaja, MM. Idzkowski, Nivette.

Chorus, organ and orchestra.

Prayer and chorus from "Cavalleria Rusticana".....Mascagni Mme. Boninsegna.

Chorus, organ and orchestra.

Songs with piano.....Mr. Blanchart.

"Dance of the Hours" from "Gloconda".....Ponchielli Orchestra.

Prayer, quintet and finale from "Lohengrin".....Wagner Mmes. Savage, Roberts, MM. Idzkowski, Gantvoort and White.

Chorus and orchestra.

The concert was given with great success. Every soloist sang at least one encore, the orchestra also being called on for a repetition of its numbers. Mr. Goodrich's reading of the Rhenz overture was a quiet one. The presence of the piano on the stage made it necessary to move the second violins and brass so far back that their tone went into the wings and left the orchestra poorly balanced. Nevertheless, the orchestra played better last evening than at many of the opera performances.

Exactly the opposite is true of the chorus singers, who are less mechanical when stimulated by the stage settings than they are in concerts. Their work was, however, accurate and dependable.

Of the soloists, Mr. Blanchart deserves especial notice, as he is less well known than the others. His voice has sufficient power for opera work, he sang in tune and at times dramatically. His selections proved popular, the last encore being Tosti's "Goodbye," sung in English—broken English—and with convincing gestures. The other soloists are well known and won their usual share of approbation. Mr. White's part in the last ensemble was excellent.

The audience was small, but made up for its numbers by most enthusiastic applause.

## CHARLES WYNDHAM

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"The Mollusc," a comedy in three acts by Herbert Henry Davies, played for the first time in Boston by Sir Charles Wyndham and his London company. Tom Kemp.....Charles Wyndham Mr. Baxter.....Sam Sothorn Mrs. Roberts.....Dorothy Thomas Mr. Baxter.....Frances Vine

"The Mollusc" was produced at the Criterion Theatre, London, Oct. 15, 1917, when the players were Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Sothorn, Miss Elaine Inescort and Miss Mary Moore. It was produced in New York Sept. 1, 1918, at the Garrick, with Joseph Coyne, Fred Robinson, Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson and Miss Alexander Carlisle. The play was then made in New York, June 7, 1909, with Mr. Wyndham and Sothorn, Miss Lillian Waldgrave and Miss Mary Moore.

There are four characters, and there are four scenes, the sitting room in the first scene. The play is of an intimate nature, and it would be more fitting in a smaller theatre than the Colonial, in which the audience is so far from the stage that it is impossible to get into closer contact with the actors. Yet the comedians last evening showed the temptation to force the pace and there was no touch of subtlety in the action.

Mr. Baxter, a pine-needle green creature,

not a woman of nerves, for the victim of nervous depression is often cruelly misunderstood and accused of sham invalidism by those of dull sensibilities and an uncomplaining stomach; but a languid, lazy creature, who insists that everybody should wait on her. She is too tired to walk or to play chess, and so the governess, a woman conspicuous for beauty of face and figure, becomes the companion of the husband. As the brother of the mollusc, Kemp, who returns from California, shrewdly remarks, association with a mollusc turns the other inmates of the household into molluscs. Mr. Baxter is fast becoming a mollusc. How Kemp cures his sister of her disease and wins the governess is shown in the development of the intrigue. But will the cure be permanent? The audience is left in doubt at the end of the third act.

Mr. Davies' play is called a comedy, but there are moments when it is more like a burlesque and there are moments of frank farce. It begins in true comedy vein, for the portraiture of the wife and her husband is satirical and life-like. We have all met molluscs and some of us have lived with them, molluscs that did not have the excuse of Mrs. Baxter, the beauty that wins slavish devotion and blinds adorers to vanity and selfishness. The characters are not over-drawn in the comedy, but they might easily be caricatures in a performance. Indeed this play, if it were not performed with delicacy and spirit, might be monotonous and dull.

Three acts of molluscan lethargy and conversation of molluscs and about molluscs would be unendurable. For after all there is little intrigue and the play is a long drawn out exhibition of selfishness without varied or amusing surprises, and, although there are witty lines, the dialogue is too often as natural as that heard in drawing rooms and as stupid for those outside the family.

But "The Mollusc" should be seen, and it will be enjoyed, as it was enjoyed last night by a large audience, for the sake of the performance. It is almost impertinent at this late date to call attention to the art of Sir Charles Wyndham as a comedian, his grace, elegance, sense of proportion. His repose has significance; it is not the insipidity that seems to some the height of naturalism. His performance is also characterized by courtliness, sweetness, mellowness, that are seldom seen in these days of photographic rigidity. And in his mouth the English language is beautiful and eloquent. Add the lightness of touch that gives brilliance to what would otherwise be commonplace; the distinction that comes from innate refinement, careful study of his art, and long and honorable experience.

It is easy to imagine the part of Mrs. Baxter played with a more insolent languor, with a more sparkling vanity, or, on the other hand, with a more appealing, more seductive weakness than was shown by Miss Vine; but her impersonation was thoughtfully composed, and deftly carried out. Her Mrs. Baxter was first of all exasperating in her prettiness, her shallowness, her constant thought of her own self. The character was consistent to the very end, when her helplessness in aiding her husband showed her true indifference to the comfort of others and made the spectator sure that the cure would be only temporary. There are women, no doubt, who, seeing her, will smile and say: "Who could live with such a woman? Do you suppose there are such creatures?" and then return to their own molluscan life and find the customary devotion on the part of those who would not think of a possible cure or feel the need of it.

Miss Thomas was a charming governess, and she played the part with effective simplicity and as effective sincerity. Mr. Sothorn was admirable in every way as the husband, cowed but ignorant of his unhappy lot, thoroughly trained without a suspicion of the long and rigorous course, with full appreciation of the beauty, thoughtfulness, adorable disposition of the governess, but not dreaming of a passion for her.

And so the comedy was acted with a refinement that did not ignore liveliness, with a finish that was never artificial and glittering.

Sir Charles Wyndham made a short and modest speech, after the second act.

The audience was highly entertained, and there were many curtain calls.

## LASHWOOD BRINGS SONGS OF LONDON

English "Beau Brummell" Is Heard at the American Music Hall—Sidney Drew Pleases in Farce with Wedding Trip Plot.

### FRED NIBLO'S RAPID FIRE MONOLOGUE POPULAR

There may come a time when the London music halls shall send us a male singer bringing neither the London bobby nor the tipsy rounder in evening clothes. George Lashwood did not shock the patrons of the American Music Hall yesterday by any such innovation. We fear that had he failed to show at least one of the worn types his title would have been seriously questioned. It must be said in his behalf that his Bobby was one of the best, and distinction in that line is in itself a triumph. Lashwood has a mobile face, an agile body and a sympathetic singing voice, with the customary nasal tone expected in his type. As the London "cop" he carries himself gingerly and with much restraint. He can do much by suggestion, and does not find himself compelled to resort to excess of vocal or physical exercise.

One of his numbers depicted the trials of seasickness, a subject that has served for to these many years, and has had extracted from it perhaps all the comedy that is possible. Those most successful in this line have known where to stop short of repulsion. Mr. Lashwood gets over the boundary at times, stimulated no doubt by the uproarious laughter from a part of the audience. A violation of the best taste must also be laid to his charge in some of his latch-key allusions. The temptation to carry latch-key jokes too far has led to much undoing on the stage.

In a new farce, "When Two Hearts Are One," Sidney Drew has a vehicle much inferior to his "Billy's Tombstones," and the saving grace of it is that there has been no inclination to extend it beyond reasonable bounds. It is recalled that when "Billy's Tombstones" was extended from curtain lifting proportions the result was disappointing. The new farce has no originality, but it is amusing enough as the brief experience of a bridal pair whose bliss is temporarily clouded by the foolish bride's attempt to take her dog along on the wedding trip. The bride has a temper which the suffering husband is able to curb in a conventional way—that is to say, stage conventional—though if attempted in real life the climax would be far different. Mr. Drew is sufficiently supported by Miss Montcalm as the bride and by a maid, a waiter and a real dog.

Fred Niblo, who is always entertaining in his rapid fire monologues, is on the bill this week and other favorites are the Daly Country Choir. The Smith Harper Trio, two men and a woman, all colored, sing and dance acceptably in a sketch called "A Hen-pecked Husband." Cadiux does some remarkable feats on the slack wire, Edith Leroy has pleasing songs and Paul's juggling girls present a novel act.

GLOBE THEATRE—Vaughan Glaser in Willard Holcomb's dramatization of "St. Elmo," a novel by Augusta J. Evans-Wilson. The cast: St. Elmo Murray.....Vaughan Glaser Rev. John Hammond.....Harrison Stedman Murray Hammond.....Martin Woodworth Gordon Leigh.....Charles Carver Aaron Hunt.....Frederick Kerby Shadrach, the house servant at Mrs. Murray's.....James Hester Mrs. Murray, mother of St. Elmo.....Leonora Bradley Agnes Powell, his "cousin".....Martha Oatman Mrs. Wood, neighbor of Aaron Hunt.....Leonora Bradley Edna Earl, the blacksmith's granddaughter.....Fay Courteney

To scintillate and stand out in pronounced relief from the exceptionally good numbers that compose the bill at Keith's this week, is no easy task, yet this may be said without qualification of the act of Nat. M. Wills in his monologue and portraiture of the jolly itinerant. His relations with "Hortense" and "For the Flag He Loved So Well" were incidents that led up to a genuine ovation at the conclusion of his act.

Joseph Hart's production of "Dinkelspiel's Christmas," from the pen of George V. Hobart, is a worthy feature of itself. It is as if the German philosopher and his musings had stepped from the paper. Its story tells of the return of Louis, the son, after a two years' absence "on the road." The sketch is cleverly interpreted by Bernard Reinold, John Butler, Macey Harlam, Frances Shannon and Katherine De Barry.

Albert Hole, the English boy soprano, made his vaudeville debut in a program of varied character. The Arthur Saxon Trio were seen in a sensational act of strength and endurance. Cliff Berzac's Circus is a delight for the grown-ups as well as the children, and the antics of Maud, the kicking mule, kept the house in an uproar.

The Howard brothers are a team of banjoists that are exceptionally clever and entertaining, yet the elimination of their boresome and mummified comedy "business" would add to the pleasure that their banjo playing afforded. In a burnt-cork specialty the Bowman brothers added an act that brought out many laughs, the Sully family were seen in a snappy farce, "The Suit Case," that led the audience a merry pace to follow, and George P. Watson and Florence Little scored in their vocal comedietta, "A Matrimonial Bargain."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE: Cole and Johnson in their musical comedy, "The Red Moon." The cast:

Slim Brown.....Bob Cole Plunk'Green.....Rosamond Johnson Bill Gibson.....Henry Gant Bill Armour.....Wesley Jenkins Bill Webster.....Sam Lucas Bill Simmons.....Lewis Mitchell John Lowdog.....Arthur Talbot Red Feather.....Frank Brown Lucretia Martin.....Elizabeth Williams Minnehaha.....Leona Marshall Sambo Simmons.....Edgar Connor Flaming Arrow—Ada Overton Walker

## KNEISELS RENDER FRANCK'S QUARTET

By PHILIP HALE.

The third concert of the Kneisel quartet in Chickering Hall this season, the 25th, took place last night. Mme. Olga Samaroff was the pianist. The program was as follows:

Cesar Franck, quartet in D major; Debussy, two movements from quartet in G minor (Andantino and Assez-vif); Saint-Saens, piano quartet in B flat major.

The Kneisels have made Cesar Franck's quartet peculiarly their own. They studied it for a long time before they thought they were ready for performance. They studied it aesthetically as well as technically. When finally produced, it was heard coolly by many, and with undisguised aversion by some, the Kneisels did not lose faith in themselves or in the composition. They worked again to play it with still greater understanding, with greater freedom. They have had their reward; for by their performances the music lovers of this city now recognize the fact that this quartet is beyond doubt and peradventure the finest, the noblest quartet for strings that has been written since the death of Beethoven; that it is to be reckoned with the greatest of that master's quartets; and there are some who prefer it as a rounded, complete and perfect work of art to any quartet by Beethoven.

Thanks to the performances of the Kneisel quartet we now know the masterly structure of this wondrous composition, its tender sentiment, its profound emotion, the blend of rare inspiration and supreme workmanship. The performance last night was superb in all respects; in its lucid and eloquent revelation of form; in its emotional expression; in its lyric charm; in its rapt imaginative flight.



Admirable, too, in the performance of Debussy's music, with its delicious and deliberate vagueness of tonality and modulation, with its rhythms that suggest the Orient, with its haunting melodic phrases.

After this music the piano quartet of Saint-Saens seemed rigidly formal and academic. It may justly be said that it is well-made, but this may be said of nearly all of Saint-Saens' music, and the constant repetition of this fact must be annoying to the composer. In this instance little else can be said in praise, for the themes have not an attractive profile, they are not salient, they serve chiefly for skilful development. The performance demands first of all impressive accuracy and brilliance, the brilliance of hard polish. In the first movement there might have been truer ensemble, but the other movements were played with the desired brilliancy. The music itself did not call for a display of emotion, even mild.

The audience, which should have been much larger, was enthusiastic. The last concert of the series will be on March 22.

### MME. HOPEKIRK'S RECITAL.

Interesting Suite of Her Own Composition Given. C.C.

Mme. Helen Hopekirk gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows:

Schumann, Arabesque, Fantasia in C, Valse als Prophet; Hopekirk, "Tona Memories," "Sundown"; Chopin, Two Studies in G flat; Debussy, "Reflets dans l'Eau," "Les Cloches de Travers les Feuilles"; Scambati, Gavotte; Liszt, "Liebestraum," Erlkoenig.

Schumann, once the pioneer of romanticism, seemed a model of classic form and restraint beside the tone poems in modern style and the sentimentalism of Liszt which followed the fine Fantasia in C, too seldom played in concert today.

Mme. Hopekirk appeared to miss no opportunity of bringing out the color and contrast, both in melody and harmony, in which the first two movements of the Fantasia are rich. Taxing as they are, from the quickly moving left-hand accompaniment at the opening to the spread chords at the end, she played them both with the utmost ease and intelligibility. The third movement cannot compare with the first two, and it seems as if Schumann might at least have let it stand second, when it would not have come as an anti-climax.

Mme. Hopekirk's own suite, "Tona Memories," savors more of MacDowell and the modern French manner than of anything distinctly Scotch, notwithstanding a suggestion of bagpipes in the first number. Yet in "Wandering" there is a characteristic atmosphere reminiscent of the sturdy, bleak little island, with its fine historic past and its present of heather, Scotch mist and marvellously tinted sea. The "Hushing Song" is more commonplace, while "In the Ruins" is mysterious, dignified and questioning.

The "Black Study" of Chopin was played a little heavily, but the other flat Etude had much grace and fluency. Mme. Hopekirk portrays excellently the strange veiled charm of Debussy; even the Erlking was not too much for her execution, and in response to the warm applause at the close she added Schubert's "Serenade." The presence of these transcriptions seemed out of keeping with the interest and taste of the rest of the program.

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### MISS NIELSEN AS MARGUERITE

#### "Mefistofele" Is Given Second

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—For the second time "Mefistofele" was given. The cast was:

Faust.....Florenolo Constantino  
Mefistofele.....Jose Mardones  
Ereos.....Roberto Vanni  
Lagner.....C. Stroesco  
Marguerite.....Alice Nielsen  
Helen.....Celestina Boninsegna  
Italio.....Maria Claessens  
Artha.....Elvira Leveroni

The audience was large, brilliant in appearance and warmly appreciative. The performance moved without a hitch. Miss Alice Nielsen gave variety to the cast. Her appearance as

Marguerite was as bright as expected, delightful. She sang and acted her two scenes with excellent effect. In her duet with Faust her voice was particularly lovely. One wonders how other singers could have doubled the parts of Marguerite and Helen. Not that the words would have been overtaxing!

But the character requires well-marked differentiation. There was last night a decided contrast. Mme. Boninsegna, pictorially as well as vocally, made Helen of Troy seem an impressive personage, easily capable of creating havoc all about her.

As Faust, Constantino was at his best. He did not have much to do outside the conventional range of operatic acting, but he sang with consummate skill. His middle voice he used exquisitely. The Mefistofele of Jose Mardones was masterly in its discretion, its humor and its breadth of outline. This artist has a magnificent voice and knows how to use it. Moreover, he can keep a character consistent. Never once does he exaggerate or strive for effect.

The stage management deserves the warmest praise. The groups were notably well managed and the magnificent scenery was beautifully lighted. "Mefistofele," as given at the Opera House, is a glorious curiosity, the eccentric work of a wayward genius presented with elaborate fidelity.

Feb 24 1910

### LAVISH STAGING OF 'HUGUENOTS'

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" (in Italian), performed by the Boston opera company, Henry Russell, director. Mr. Conti conducted.

Marguerite de Valois.....Mme. Bronskaja  
Valentine.....Mme. Boninsegna  
Urbain.....Miss Dereyne  
Premiere Dame d'Honneur.....Miss Kirmes  
Deuxieme Dame d'Honneur.....Miss Leveroni  
Raoul.....Mr. Constantino  
Marcello.....Mr. Nivette  
Count de St. Bris.....Mr. Boulogne  
Count de Nevers.....Mr. Blanchart  
DeCosse.....Mr. Vanni  
Tavannes.....Mr. Giaccone  
DeRetz.....Mr. Pulcini  
Couvrefeu.....Mr. Pulcini  
Meru.....Mr. Perini  
Thore.....Mr. White  
Maurevert.....Mr. Archambault  
Bols-Rose.....Mr. Oggero

There are certain operas that no opera house of high respectability should be without, as there are books that should be in every gentleman's library—Sir Archibald Alison's "History of Europe," a complete set of the British essayists, Dugdale's "Monasticon," and other standard and improving works.

Often in this gentleman's library there is a stately set of two volumes with specious title and impressive backs. When they are taken from the shelf the volumes are found to be a backgammon board or a receptacle for dusting cloths. Often this receptacle is hollow and empty.

So it is with "The Huguenots" in the Opera House. Managers at times produce it with extraordinary singers, with an "ideal stellar aggregation" and raise the prices of seats and standing room. We have known memorable casts in Boston, as when "The Huguenots" was given at Mechanics building in 1896 with Mmes. Melba, Nordica and Scalchi, and Messrs. Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Plancon and Maurel. Without a brilliant cast the opera itself is heavy and dull. Only the fourth act is musically great and that does not come until the body and the soul of the hearers are exhausted.

No longer does the romance of Raoul seem a thing of wondrous beauty; the florid airs of Marguerite sound singularly old-fashioned; Marcel, with his everlasting choral and his "Piff, Paff," long ago was given an honorable place in the great gallery of operatic bores; Urbain is interesting only when she has "Atalanta's better part." The third act is like unto the grand olio in a continuous performance, for it is an "omnium gatherum," with its prayer, rataplan, duet, ballet, curfew scene, septet, duet and bridal music. There remain the great chorus and the still greater duet of the fourth act; but a composer should rivet the attention of his hearers before 11 P. M.

The Boston Opera Company brought

out this opera in a sumptuous, a lavish manner. As a spectacle, the performance will no doubt attract many and please them as it pleased the audience last night. The stage settings are impressive or beautiful, the costumes are rich and glittering, there is pomp and there is ceremony. As a stage production, the performance of "The Huguenots" is indeed worthy of the already and deservedly high reputation of this opera house.

There were other features in the performance. Mme. Bronskaja displayed a fluency and a general accuracy in her coloratura that surprised many who had heard her only in parts that gave her little opportunity. Her intonation was not invariably sure, but as a whole her performance was brilliant. Miss Dereyne was a charming Urbain, and especially charming to the eyes of those who have often been bitterly disappointed by the revelation that attends the donning of the page's costume.

Mr. Constantino was unfortunate at first, for the obligato to his romance was so untuneful that he was not to be blamed for wandering from the pitch. Afterward he sang with marked effect, with tonal beauty, with much intelligence and with dramatic force. It should be remembered that this is his busy week, for he good-naturedly sings four times, and in exacting parts. Mr. Nivette sang well as Marcel, but as he was suffering from rheumatism, his soldierly bearing was not so marked as was his faith in the Huguenot cause. Mr. Blanchart's voice was steadier than it was in "Faust." Mr. Boulogne as St. Bris was vocally rigid and fanatically inflexible. Mme. Boninsegna was a massive Valentine with traditions of the old school.

The chorus was effective. The septet suffered from false intonation. The orchestra will no doubt improve with further acquaintance with the score.

There was a large audience which was generous with applause.

The opera on Friday night will be "La Gioconda" with Mmes. Boninsegna, Claessens and Fabbri, and Messrs. Constantino, Baklanoff and Nivette.

#### MME. OLITZKA IN RECITAL.

Gives Program at Jordan Hall Assisted by Mrs. Beach. C.C.

Mme. Rosa Olitzka gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. She had the assistance of Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, pianist. The program was as follows:

Songs: Meyerbeer, Aria from "The Prophet"; Schubert, "Die Junge Nanne"; Franz, "Es hat die Rose sich beklagt"; Schumann, "Auftraege"; Beach, "Ah, Love, but a Day"; "June"; "After"; Grieg, "Ein Schwan"; Bungen, "Sandtraeger"; Sommer, "Ganz Lelse"; Bizet, "Pastorale." Piano solos: Brahms; Rhapsodie in E flat, op. 119; Beach; Suite Francalse, "Les Reves de Colombine."

Mme. Olitzka has a voice startling because of its capacity for extremes of excellence and of defect. At one moment it is all color, warmth, aglow with beauty, a ready medium for any effect its owner wishes to produce; the next it is hoarse, rough, unpleasing, disappointing. It is astonishing that Mme. Olitzka can entrance her audience as she does in spite of these defects and in spite of the fact that she essayed several purely lyric songs though she is quite unable to sustain the lyric manner.

Her rendering of Schumann's "Auftraege" lacked smoothness and flowing lightness; it was choppy and ineffective. On the other hand, the closing phrases of the song by Franz and the opening phrases of "Ein Schwan" by Grieg were beautiful. The dramatic songs showed Mme. Olitzka at her best, specially "Sandtraeger" by Bungen. Much of her singing was marred by false intonation; but her pervasive and persuasive temperament carried the day with the audience. She gave as encores "Wiegennied" by Humperdinck, "Baby" by Mrs. Beach, and the Habanera from "Carmen."

Mrs. Beach again gave diversion by her imaginative playing of her harmfully light "Suite Francalse." The characterization of the fairy in the first number was a trifle boisterous, but the gavotte of the second number was all sprightliness and the arlequin danse at the end all brilliance and sparkle. She responded to the warm applause with her own "Scottish Legend."

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### MISS M'DOWELL IN PIANO RECITAL

Miss Alice McDowell gave a piano recital last night in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows:

Mozart, Fantasia, D minor; Scarlatti, Baroque and Gluck, Brahms, Rhapsodie, No. 2; Scherzato eff. En passant for 4. Sonnets dans les Bois, Debussy, Cortège et Air de Danse, Nocturne; Moszkow Id. En Automne; Chopin, Prelude No. 16, No. 12, Sonata, op. 34; Schotzer, Etoile, A flat.

Miss McDowell is a young girl who has evidently given much attention to the acquirement of technique. It is also evident that she is still a pupil. Her mechanical proficiency reflects credit on her teacher and on her own industry and patience. When she is older she will undoubtedly think more for herself about matters of interpretation.

She can now play with force and with brilliance. She has a sense of rhythm and also an understanding of the structure of a composition. It would be well for her to consider quality and not quantity of tone; for at present her tone is seldom sensuous, and it is generally metallic; nor is she fortunate in the expression of sentiment, by a personal revelation, or by sheer tonal beauty, or by a variety of dynamic gradations. She is inclined to play everything forte, chords, melodic phrases, passage-work, ornaments, and her forte often runs into fortissimo. Nor has she yet learned to sing a melody. To her and to her hearers last night the piano was, indeed, a pulsatile instrument.

Her good qualities and her failings were disclosed at once in Mozart's Fantasia, which, after the free improvisation section, was without contrast in color or force. Where there should have been a certain serenity there was nervous rigidity, and the little melody did not woo the ear. Nor was there due regard for the spirit of Mozart's period. So, too, the pieces by Scarlatti were played as though they had been planned for a modern grand piano, and played without the quiet fleetness, the ravishing delicacy, the light elegance that should characterize the performance of them. In like manner the pieces by Stcherbatcheff and Debussy were too hard in outline, too pronounced, too objective.

A young girl that has the mechanical proficiency of Miss McDowell should apply herself all the more diligently to problems of interpretation and not rest until tone produced by her fingers should have variety in beauty. After all, music is essentially emotional, and without the suggestion or the revelation of emotion the playing of the piano is only a mechanical task.

An audience of fair size applauded heartily.

#### FRITZ KREISLER'S RECITAL.

Last Appearance of the Violinist Here This Season. A.P.

Fritz Kreisler gave his last recital here this season yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows:

Bach, suite, E minor, prelude and gavotte, E major; Martin, andantino; Dittersdorf, scherzo; Porpora, minuet; Francoeur, Sicillenne and Rigadoun; Martini, variations on a gavotte by Corelli; Saint-Saens, rondo capriccioso; Dvorak, Slavonic dance; Lanner, two old Vienna waltzes; Siniagalia, rhapsodie piecemontaise.

Mr. Kreisler played superbly. His compelling personality and strength, beauty of tone and versatility of style place him first among violinists today. His technique is faultless. In music which calls for warmth and feeling, the feeling is there, but never sentimentality. His playing is primarily healthy; it is always sincere; it is thorough in its musicianship.

Bach's suite, and the prelude and gavotte, which were wisely played with the accompaniments by Schumann, showed the firm grip of the bow on the strings. Mr. Kreisler's attack at the point of the bow, marteau, so-called, is probably unequalled by any other violinist. And he never scratches.

The little group of eighteenth century pieces were charming, as were also the Vienna Waltzes and Slavonic Dance. The only piece which could be classed as a "warhorse" was the Rondo Caprice of Saint-Saens, which



brought forth storms of applause. Sinigaglia's Rhapsodie Piémontaise, with its rugged, bare fifths and vigorous rhythms, is more suggestive of Norse than Italian spirit.

There were many demands for encores and Mr. Kreisler played several, one of which he was obliged to repeat. His own Italian Caprice was one of the encores.

Mr. Squire's accompaniments were often unsatisfactory, in that they were obtuse and inexact.

## 'LA GIOCONDA' IS

"La Gioconda" was given for the last time this season last night at the Boston Opera House before an audience that completely filled the place, and showed its appreciation of the remarkably effective performance with frequent and warm applause. The cast was:

La Gioconda.....Celestina Boninsegni  
Laura.....Marie Claessens  
La Cleca.....Guerrina Fabbri  
Enzo.....Florentio Constantino  
Barnaba.....George Baklanoff  
Alvise.....Giusto Nivette

Tragic and gruesome though this piece is, its scenic beauty when mounted with the sumptuousness, good taste and accuracy in detail that are lavished upon it at the opera house here, its varied and dramatically powerful story and the tunefulness of much of its music combine to make it an extremely popular work.

Last night's production was fully up to the high standard previously set by the principal singers, the chorus and the orchestra. Mr. Constantino gave extreme pleasure by the exquisite finish of his portrayal and the beauty of his singing. After Enzo's ever popular solo at the beginning of the second act he was compelled to repeat it by the insistent applause.

Mr. Baklanoff won deserved favor by his vivid and forceful acting as Barnaba and by the splendid sonority and flexibility of his voice. Mr. Nivette's dignity and excellent vocalization were most pleasing.

The gracefulness and general attractiveness of the ballet won hearty plaudits and the chorus received a goodly share of approval for its fine performance of a difficult task.

Otto H. Kahn, one of the chief men behind the Metropolitan Opera House of New York, was among the most enthusiastic listeners at last night's performance.

Mr. Kahn and his wife were the guests of Eben D. Jordan at the opera. The New York financier came to Boston for the express purpose of witnessing some of the productions of the Boston opera company. He was escorted by Director Russell during the intermission behind the scenes, where he closely examined all the details of the machinery that makes Boston opera synonymous with the best in grand opera field.

"Boston may, in truth, be proud of both its opera house and its opera company, and I am not paying an exaggerated compliment when I say that both are second to none in the world," said Mr. Kahn, while his wife added, with a smile, "and the Boston women are among the best dressed and the prettiest I have seen in any city or in any country."

## KNEISEL QUARTET CONCERT.

Given Friday Afternoon at Fenway Court.

A. P.

The last of the Kneisel quartet concert of the Fenway Court series was given Friday afternoon. The program was as follows: Brahms, Quintet in G major, op. 111; Tchaikowsky, Quartet in F major, op. 22. In Brahms' quintet Joseph Kossowski was the assisting viola player.

The Kneisels played roughly the first part of the afternoon. The first movement of Brahms' quintet was given with life and energy, but it also sounded hurried and untidy. There were some excellent effects in the second movement, but the overall effect was rough. The third movement, the long crescendo and the final part, was more satisfactory. The quartet again went off in

a scramble.

Tchaikowsky's quartet fared much better. Here the dramatic touches were masterful, not boisterous, and there was exquisite delicacy in the curious dance rhythm of the second and fourth movements. Nor was fine quality of tone lacking in the slow movement, as in Brahms' Adagio. The "allegro con moto," with its short, rapid figure, was harsh and ugly, but it won great applause through sheer virility.

There was a large and very appreciative audience.

By PHILIP HALE.

NATOLE FRANCE said, some years ago, that he knew only two men in this world who were happy in their work: one was an old colonel, a cataloguer of medals; the other was a clerk who made out of corks a little model of the church of the Madeleine. Yet France has more than once written with fine appreciation of the joy there is in collecting, of the pleasure in adding a long-sought volume to a special or miscellaneous library. Of course, there are bitter disappointments, ceaseless mourning over neglected opportunities, reproaches for timidity in bidding; for stupidity in the failure to recognize a treasure; but the true collector at the end can say that he has known pleasures far above those of love or power.

There are some who disperse their collections that they may again know the excitement of collecting. There are others who give their collections to some library or museum or gallery, not always perhaps for the sake of the great crowd, but that, dying, they may know their loved objects will be safely housed and kept together.

When Mr. Morris Steinert of New Haven, Ct., retired from business about 25 years ago he remembered the little Bavarian village of Scheinfeld, where he was born, and he remembered his first music lessons, given to him by the old cantor on a clavichord, for at that time there was not a piano in all Scheinfeld; he remembered also a harpsichord that was in the cell of Fr. Quartan, who taught him ecclesiastical music, and a harpsichord that was in the sacristy of an old monastery at Schwarzenberg. He determined to see Scheinfeld again after 49 years and hear again the gentle and sympathetic tones of the instruments dear to his boyhood.

Thus was he led to form the celebrated Morris Steinert collection of old instruments, which was justly famous in Europe and America. Some of his choicest treasures were given by him to Yale University. Some of them are now on exhibition in Steinert Hall, Boston. And some he is still loath to let go.

Mr. Steinert has told the story of his wanderings in search of old instruments, a romantic story, in his "Reminiscences," an entertaining volume, singularly frank in its personal revelations, published 10 years ago by G. J. Putnam's Sons. There the reader may learn how Mr. Steinert found first the old clavichord; how, knowing that music had been cultivated by ruling priests and priestly princes, obliged afterward to fly from persecution, whose treasures had come into the possession of the common people, he searched for them among the peasants and found old instruments hidden under the eaves of houses, in the debris of a barn or a cow shed, in dove cotes, in damp cellars; how he would wander from village to village, live with the peasants, persuade them that they must have somewhere an old instrument, discover it and hear it away, dilapidated, apparently worthless.

He visited other parts of Germany, then shipped the instruments to America, studied their construction, repaired them and learned how to play them. He and Mr. H. E. Krehbiel of the New York Tribune then made a lecture tour together, and these lectures were given gratuitously at Harvard, Yale, Brown, Smith, Vassar, Andover, and in halls of New York and Boston. The object of Mr. Steinert was to let many hear the tone of the old instruments, and how compositions of the 15th century sounded when they were played on instruments for which they were written; and also to give hearers an opportunity of comparing the tone-col-

oring of these instruments with that of the modern piano, for Mr. Steinert believed, as others believe, that the piano is not a musical instrument in the sense that the clavichord, harpsichord and early hammer clavier were musical.

Mr. Steinert was invited to exhibit a part of his collection at the Smithsonian Institution, and the eccentric Princess Pauline Metternich, who was largely the means of procuring the production of "Tannhauser" at the Paris Opera in 1861, invited him to lend his assistance to the Exhibition of Music and Drama at Vienna in 1892. When he saw his collection at Vienna he was pleased to find that while his instruments were playable and living, those exhibited by the side of them were wrecks, without the power of speech. In the course of this trip he had incredible luck in finding a harpsichord made by Haas of Hamburg in 1719, and he added to his collection a fine spinet made by Hans Ruckers, the elder, of Antwerp.

The instruments exhibited in Boston are a part of this famous collection. They are the precursors of the pianoforte.

There is mention of the clavichord as early as 1494 in Eberhard Cersne's "Rules of the Minnesingers." The clavichord was developed from the simple monochord; the virginal, spinet and harpsichord from the psalter; the piano from the dulcimer. In its shape the clavichord was followed by the square piano.

The spinet was a keyed instrument with jacks. It has been defined as a small harpsichord or virginal with one string to each note. Some say that the name came from "spina," a thorn, for points of crowquill were added to the jacks or plectra. Others say that Spinetti, a Venetian, invented the oblong form.

The virginal was in the form of a legless box, and it was usually placed upon a table. There were metal strings, one for each note, and the sound was made by pieces of quill, whalebone, leather, or sometimes elastic metal, attached to the jacks or slips of wood provided with metal springs. The compass was about three octaves, sometimes three and a sixth or even four. Perhaps the instrument derived its name from the word, "virgae." It is said that the delicacy of the tone gave the name, for it was then thought that a woman should "speak small." The instrument was generally known as "the virginals." It was a woman's clavier. Dr. Naylor's "An Elizabethan Virginal Book" is full of interesting information about the instrument and the music written for it. Queen Elizabeth was in her day the most famous player of the virginals, though not necessarily the best.

Dr. Burney remarked: "If Her Majesty was ever able to execute any of the pieces that are preserved in a MS. which goes under the name of Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, she must have been a very great player, as some of the pieces are so difficult that it would be hardly possible to find a master in Europe who would undertake to play one of them at the end of a month's practice."

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, by his interesting concerts and his talk, has acquainted many Bostonians with the appearance and the sound of the harpsichord and clavichord; yet it may here be stated that the great difference between a harpsichord and a piano is that the action of the latter consists in the striking of the strings with a hammer, whereas the action of the harpsichord consisted in plucking the string with a plectrum or spike of quill, metal or other suitable material. The virginals could make no difference between loud and soft. The spinet contained a frame, with a sounding board upon which a bridge rested, which was strung with very fine strings fastened to hitch and tuning pins.

Italian spinets and harpsichords were made of cypress wood, or a kind of cedar, case as well as belly, and the makers strove hard to obtain the

vibration. While the inside work rough, the quality of tone was

It was upon the external case considerable care and workmanship was bestowed. Some makers inlaid the front with poetical inscriptions in Latin. These Italian instruments and harpsichords contained from which they could be read for performances. Upon the only one single string could be plucked at a time, while on the harpsichord two, three and four different strings could be used singly or together. There was a great affinity between the organ and the harpsi-

chord, the latter had registers or stops, and some of them were constructed with two keyboards and had four different sets of strings of different lengths, thus producing two, four, eight and 16-foot tones, and when played upon in full force produced powerful effects."

One of the instruments of those now exhibited in Boston is a spinet with an enharmonic scale. It was made by Gio. Battista Boni of Corte in 1617. (There is a fine clavichord made by him in 1619 in the museum of the Brussels Conservatory). The sharps are cut in two: one-half plucks an F sharp, for instance, while the other gives the G flat.

There is a harpsichord made by Gio. Antonio Baffo of Venice in 1581. Its compass is three and a half octaves; it has two registers and it is highly decorated. Baffo was one of the most celebrated makers of Italy. There is a spinet by him in the Hotel Cluny, Paris, and a harpsichord by him at South Kensington. The tone of this harpsichord is delicious.

The harpsichord by Pasquino Querel of Florence, 1613, was made for one of the Medici family.

There is a Spanish harpsichord made by Peres in 1625. Inasmuch as it is decorated with a royal crest and crown, it probably belonged to some grandee. The inside painting is of a battle scene—between Moors and Spaniards?

To many the most interesting instrument of the collection will be the concert grand piano made by Johann Andreas Stein of Augsburg in 1760. The case is of German oak and the top is panelled. The compass is 5½ octaves, with black naturals and white sharps. There is a knee pedal, which shifts the keyboard so that the hammer, striking one string only instead of three, produces the "una corda" effect. This instrument is not unlike the one with five octaves used by Mozart now in the Mozarteum in

Salsburg, without name, supposed to have been made by Stein, but it was probably manufactured by Anton Walter.

Johann Andreas Stein (1728-1792) was the founder of German piano making. He built organs and harpsichords before he turned his attention to the piano. He was a man of many inventions, but the only ones that are of worth today are the escapement and the knee pedal, the "genouilliere" for raising the dampers, which preceded the foot pedal. Mozart's technic was chiefly that of the harpsichord, and when he was a virtuoso in his early days, pianos were very imperfect. In 1777 he became acquainted with Stein's pianos at Augsburg. Writing to his father about them, Mozart referred to the evenness of touch. The action, he said, "never blocks, and never fails to sound, as is sometimes the case with other pianos."

"On the other hand, it never sounds too long, and the machine pressed by the knee is prompt to raise the dampers, or, on discontinuing the pressure ever so little, is as prompt to let them down upon the strings again."

Pianos by Stein are very rare. When the article "Pianoforte" was written for Grove's Dictionary searching inquiry was made in Vienna and elsewhere to find a piano of Stein's make, but without success. (It is noted in Grove's Dictionary that several examples are in Mr. Steinert's collection.) Afterward a grand piano was found and secured for the museum of the Brussels Conservatory.

Stein is remembered not only as a skillful maker of pianos—the one now in Boston still has a delightful tone and its action is smooth, but as the father of Maria Anna or Nannette—who played to Mozart when she was 8 years old. She carried on her father's business, married one Streicher, a pianist, and moved to Vienna. A great friend of Beethoven, she tried to help him in his housekeeping, looked after his clothes, and, in fact, was of comfort to him in many ways. He wrote to her with amusing frankness. Thus he complained of his servants: "The low behavior of these persons is unbearable. \* \* \* For a housekeeper she has not sufficient training, is too beastly; you can tell by the face of the other that she is lower than a beast." He wrote to Nannette later how, going to town, his trousers were too thin; the weather was cool; "this did me harm, and I

felt ill for the whole day." He wanted her husband to prepare a piano for his "weak hearing." He could not afford to pay for the piano then; he wished to borrow one, "but not gratis; I am ready to pay your ordinary charge for six months in convention



and in advance. I am extremely sorry to be troublesome to an one, as I am accustomed rather to do things for other people than to get other people to do any thing for me."

In 1817 he sent her six bottles of "genuine eau de cologne, which you cannot easily get here, even by paying."

The Ruckers of Antwerp, working as masters between 1679 and 1667 or later, were most distinguished makers of harpsichords. The name was also spelt Ruckers, Rueckers, Ruyckers, and in three other ways. Their harpsichords were never surpassed for pure and beautiful quality of tone, and they would not wear out. "They were decorated with costly paintings in England and France when 100 years old and more. New keys and new jacks replaced the old ones. So long as the sound board stood lasted the 'silvery sweet' tone. It has done so in some instances until now, but modern conditions of life seem to be inimical to the old wood; it will be difficult, if not impossible to preserve any of these old instruments much longer." A. J. Hipkins and others drew up a list of the existing Ruckers as complete as they could make it. There are 94 instruments mentioned. Mr. Steinert is there named as the owner of a double Virginal, also an instrument of four octaves and one keyboard inscribed: "Andreas Ruckers me fecit Antverpiae" and "Sic transit Gloria Mundi." Miss Isabel Skinner of Holyoke. I am old, has a fine Ruckers.

Jacob Kirkman of London was also a famous maker, and some thought his harpsichords as good as those of the Ruckers. He was a German, Kirchmann, who went to London early in the 18th century, worked for Pachelbel. Kirkmann wooed his employer's widow. He proposed at breakfast time and married her before noon the same day, one month after Pachelbel's death, and thus secured the widow, the business and the stock in trade. Dying, he left nearly £200,000.

The Metropolitan Museum of New York has the fine John Crosby Brown collection of old instruments, though the authenticity of some of them has been disputed. Yale University has been enriched by Mr. Steinert. Would that the instruments now in Boston might find a place in the Museum of Fine Arts, or in the musical department of Harvard University, or in the rooms of the Harvard Musical Association. Scarcely in European museums are old instruments found in such excellent condition.

### Third Performance of Boito's "Mefistofele" Attracts a Big

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Boito's "Mefistofele," performed by the Boston Opera Company; Henry Russell, director; Mr. Conti conducted.

Mr. Constantino Mefistofele.....Mr. Mardones  
Mefistofele.....Mr. Mardones  
Mefistofele.....Mr. Vanni  
Mefistofele.....Mr. Stroesco  
Mefistofele.....Miss Nielsen  
Mefistofele.....Mme. Boninsegna  
Mefistofele.....Mme. Claessens  
Mefistofele.....Miss Leveroni

The performance, which was, on the whole, an excellent one, was keenly enjoyed by the great audience. Miss Nielsen was a charming Marguerite in the garden scene and pathetic and moving in the prison. She sang with much distinction. Mr. Mardones has gained a little in authority and his impersonation of "Mefistofele" is now vocally more impressive. Mr. Constantino was in fine voice, and his delivery of the great air in the epilogue was truly superb. Mme. Boninsegna was not at her best in the Grecian scene. The concerted music went well and the choruses were effective. The orchestra, as directed by Mr. Conti, was too often boisterous.

The spectacular effects in this production should alone fill the theatre whenever this opera is given, but "Mefistofele" is much more than a spectacle. It is true that the scenes and the Brocken scenes are not conspicuous musically—in fact, they are rather dull; but the other scenes are provided with music that is singularly impressive, as the music of the prologue, or beautiful, as the music in prison and the Grecian music, or profoundly tragic, as the air sung by the crazed Marguerite. The opera is remarkable, and its defects are not due to a blind or timid following of the conventional. Its virtues are many and eminent, and frequent hearings disclose fresh beauties in the score.

The management of the Boston Opera House is to be heartily thanked for giving music-lovers an opportunity of knowing this colossal work

and for mounting it in a sumptuous manner. Yesterday the audience was warmly appreciative. The performance

was interrupted frequently by applause, and after the prison scene Miss Nielsen was called before the curtain several times.

### "LUCIA" AT OPERA.

Mme. Bronskaja Takes Place of Mme. Lipkowska.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Second performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor," Arturo Luzzatti, conductor.

Edgar.....Mr. Cartica  
Henry Ashton.....Mr. Fornari  
Norman.....Mr. Vanni  
Raymond.....Mr. Perini  
Arthur.....Mr. Oggero  
Lucy.....Mme. Bronskaja  
Alice.....Miss Pierce

Owing to the sudden indisposition of Mme. Lipkowska, according to an announcement made from the stage, the management was obliged to call upon Mme. Bronskaja to sing the title role. Though she had not appeared before in the part, through her kindness the performance was saved.

Except for the omission of the first scene of the second act, one would not have realized that there was anything amiss. Mr. Cartica is a conventional Edgardo; the limitations of his art, vocally and dramatically, are evident here as elsewhere. His acting is stiff and his singing is devoid of shading, but he knows the traditions.

The sextet was repeated and after the mad scene Mme. Bronskaja received many recalls. The chorus and settings roused the same enthusiasm as at the first performance.

"Faust" will be the opera next Saturday night, the fourth in the series at popular prices.

## BOSTON PREMIERE OF PHILHARMONIC

By PHILIP HALE.

The Philharmonic Society of New York, Gustav Mahler, conductor, gave its first concert in Boston last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

"Fantastic" Symphony.....Berlioz  
Suite for orchestra.....Bach  
Overture "Leonore" No. 3.....Beethoven  
"Till Eulenspiegel".....Strauss

Mr. Mahler was already known in Boston as a poetic conductor of great operas. Last night he revealed himself as a most accomplished and highly imaginative symphonic conductor. He is in the first rank of interpreters, not as a sensational virtuoso, not as one endeavoring to excite applause by novel and singular readings of old scores, not as one whose figure should overshadow the composer, but as one genius who understands another, has the ability and the willingness to share his appreciation with the audience, and is poetical in his reading of the finest poetry, whether it be lyrical, epic or nobly fantastical.

Even the most skilful conductor is dependent on his orchestra, however carefully he may have shaped it for his purpose. The Philharmonic Society is now in its 68th season. It has been under many distinguished conductors. It has had its experiences and vicissitudes. Its government was for a long time peculiar. Its concerts in New York—and I have heard its concerts at intervals since 1868—were ten brilliant and often commonplace. It numbered in its ranks for years excellent, mediocre and poor players. It had unusual routine experience, and on occasions it could surprise and delight its hearers.

At present it is probably artistically stronger than at any time in its history, and by its concert last night it showed conclusively the beneficial results of the reorganization and of the discipline under Mr. Mahler.

It might be said that in some respects the orchestra might be improved. To name the less worthy is unnecessary, and it is also unnecessary to name certain distinguished artists now members of the orchestra. The work of the superior members and of the inferior was known to all last night by solo passages. No doubt, present weaknesses will be in time strengthened. It is enough to say that the orchestra is now far more homogeneous than it has been in the past; that it is a mighty instrument for Mr. Mahler to play on.

and with three or four of the best sonority without extravagance in tone; that it can be both emotional and brilliant.

The compositions chosen for performance were all familiar, except Mr. Mahler's arrangement of movements from two suites by Bach (the second and the third), with the use of a "piano-harpsichord" to fill out the "continuo," played by the conductor. The movements were well contrasted, and they were performed with amazing freshness and vitality. The well known air was sung with a refreshing absence of sentimentality, yet with true feeling.

Some may object to the manner in which the piano-harpsichord was used, and complain of too much fulness or of too much freedom in invention, but if they were asked what they would have they would be at a loss for a reply. This instrument, with its peculiar quality of tone, gave a suggestion of Bach's period, without suspicion of undue archaism. A suite of Bach is often expressionless and dreary in the performance. The music that is sometimes merely as dry bones was last night living flesh, radiant with beauty. Nor could any one justly say that Mr. Mahler in his reading departed from the letter or the spirit.

A few seasons ago Mr. Weingartner gave an impressive performance of Berlioz's "Fantastic" symphony. The performance last night was equally impressive, though in some respects it was differently conceived, as in the famous thunder passage given at the end of the third movement on the kettle drums. Mr. Mahler's reading gave the idea of distance, and it was thus more in accordance with Berlioz's wish. Mr. Mahler's reading as a whole was careful, but not meticulous in detail, overpowering in moments of wild fancy, charmingly poetic in its tenderness, and at all times superbly imaginative.

In the overture he let Beethoven speak for himself, and in Strauss' ever delightful rondo there was a rare exhibition of clearness in the exposition of the general structure; there was rhetorical brilliance; above all there was an ever pervasive sense of humor. And how charming was the opening—"Once upon a time"—in its unaffected simplicity!

Mr. Mahler showed himself the great conductor in many ways: in his choice of tempi; in his control of rhythm; in his infinite wealth of dynamic gradations; in his sense of continuity; in his expression of detail without checking the melodic flow; in his obtaining powerful effects without sacrifice of tone. And in the carrying out of his purposes he was gladly and ably seconded by his players.

The size of the audience did not reflect credit on the boast of Boston that she is a musical city. Those who had the great pleasure of hearing this unusually excellent concert were enthusiastic, and Mr. Mahler was applauded to the echo.

## MARY GARDEN'S INCOME \$200,000

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Mary Garden has been talking again in her artless, shy, confidential way. She adores Strauss; she is studying German, and likes the language; next season she will be seen at the Manhattan Opera House as Manon in Massenet's pretty bit of Dresden china, and she has "the idea of cutting the first act so as to bring Manon more quickly on the stage." Mr. Massenet will undoubtedly arrange his "Manon" for Miss Garden's convenience and glory. Did he not allow her to take the part of the Jongleur, although his opera was designed and written for men only? She talks of appearing as Chrysis in "Aphrodite," as Donna Anna in "Don Giovanni"—the wonder is that she does not insist on taking the part of Don Giovanni. Mozart is dead, and, therefore, he can not personally transpose the music for her, but perhaps Mr. Massenet could be persuaded to do the job.

At Atlantic City Miss Garden consulted a palmist or chiromancer. He took her lily white hand in his

and told her that her name was known in all the civilized cities of the world, also in Arope, Irope, Orope and Europe; that she would marry a title. This did not wholly please Miss Garden, for, as she says, she takes marriage "very seriously, and cannot think of binding her life up with some one she does not love." "And what is the use of marrying some one for a month or so and then getting a divorce?" She will not marry until she is sure of herself, which will be reassuring to the future Mr. Garden.

The income of Miss Garden this year will be about \$200,000. The reporter had the nerve to ask: "Do you make all that with your voice?"

Miss Garden was not disconcerted. "No, indeed," she answered, "I make some of it in my speculations on the Bourse. When I first sang at the Opera Comique I received \$50 a month—which I lived on, too. Imagine! when I have sung as long as some other singers, you can figure out how rich I shall be."

We also read about the income of Dr. Richard Strauss; how he received \$12,500 for the copyright of his "Salome" and \$27,500 for the copyright of "Elektra." Then the royalties on copies of the music sold must be added. His fees from "Salome" are reckoned at nearly \$16,000 a year, and it is common report that Mr. Hammerstein guaranteed him \$25,000 before the first performance of "Elektra" at the Manhattan Opera House. Strauss's tone poems have brought him in large sums. It is said that he received nearly \$8800 for his "Domestic" symphony. He is well paid as a conductor, not only at the Berlin Royal Opera House, but also as a conductor on concert tours. Last year his income was estimated at \$60,000.

These statements should be included in the next edition of Mr. Henry T. Finck's "Success in Music and How It Is Won," which was published last year by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. The book will entertain many, all those at least that delight in anecdote. It is well known that Mr. Finck does not hesitate to deal in figures in his consideration of art. When Mr. Paderewski first played in this country and for some years afterward, Mr. Finck faithfully recorded in his reviews the exact amount of money taken in at the box-office. Even in the preface to this book we find this sentence: "Fears have been expressed that the multiplication of mechanical piano players and singing machines—one firm alone has done a \$50,000,000 business in a single year—will injure musicians and music teachers." Mr. Finck's view is shown in a footnote to his chapter, "Does music pay?": "A newspaper writer asked a few years ago whether, in view of the fact that the President of the United States is paid \$137 a day, Patti was worth \$5000 a night, Jean de Reszke up to \$3000 and Paderewski from \$2000 to \$7000. To which one might reply: why not, if they can get it? If the President of the United States engages in a pursuit which yields such shabby results, he has no one to blame but himself."

On page 15 we read about the enormous success of "The Merry Widow"; how New York paid a million dollars to hear it in a year, etc., etc. "Up to April 1, 1909, three American companies played to gross receipts of \$2,694,000." Then Mr. Finck asks with a tremulous voice, "Does music pay?"

The answer might be: Is the music of "The Merry Widow" good music? Is the famous waltz as good a waltz as others that have not met with such popular favor? It is not necessary to go back to Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin. Did Cesar Franck's music "pay" him? Does the music of d'Indy "pay" him? It might then be said, But Franck did not write "popular" music and he deserved to be poor. There is a story that Franck's wife once asked him why he did not write after the manner of Massenet, so that he could make money. Vincent d'Indy has a fortune of his own; but, if he were poor, it is not easy to think of him writing deliberately that profits might accrue.

Mr. Finck's book is easy reading. Many will turn eagerly to the chapter, "Are Great Artists Happy?" a truly engrossing question.

Part II. is devoted to successful singers from Jenny Lind to Tetrazzini, from Malibron to Dr. Wundt.



are told that Jenny Lind was fond of sewing, how a madman followed Christine Nilsson and one evening in New York when her parlor was full of company rushed in, threw his arms about her and exclaimed, "Kiss me, Marquise!" Then he finds greasy footstools for the vocal chords. Mallin's stockings as Anna were so transparent as to tell her feet imperfectly. Why should there not be bare-footed singers? I remember a woman with bare feet as Mignon; unfortunately, they were not well shaped.

Figures obsess Mr. Finck. Mme. Schumann-Heink "began with \$900 a year, and after 15 years of faithful service her salary had risen to only \$1700." When she accepted an engagement to appear in operetta she was earning \$75,000 a year. And so on, and so on. Art is best estimated in dollars and cents.

"Emma Eames is every inch an aristocrat." "She told me once that the fumes of tobacco smoke simply paralyzed her throat." Mr. Finck devotes about 20 pages to Miss Geraldine Farrar, her art and her opinions about art, life, and other things.

Mr. Finck asks what Frenchman of our day could equal Edouard de Reszke's Mephistopheles in Gounod's "Faust." Well, there was Jamet, there was Plancon, there was Maurel, and in comparison with the Mephistopheles of any one of these three, Edouard de Reszke's was logy—and lumpy. "But greatest of all his roles was his Leporello." An unfortunate statement! For this Leporello was about as amusing as a railway accident.

Dr. Wuellner is a great artist; "his (italicized) concerts paid; he took back with him a small fortune."

There are chapters on great pianists, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Von Bülow, Rubinstein, Paderewski; chapters on violinists, but nothing is said about Mr. Kreisler's receipts in a season; and there are chapters on "Some Famous Teachers," William Mason, Leschetitzki, Sevcik, Manuel Garcia and Jean de Reszke. What pupil, by the way, trained by Jean de Reszke from the beginning has won success?

Then there are hints to teachers: "How to Get Pupils"—Mr. Finck does not advocate the use of a dragnet; "Where to Locate"—locate being a word used with this particular meaning chiefly in the United States; "How to Retain Pupils." There is advice to parents, and other chapters, among them one by Mr. Paderewski on tempo rubato.

This amusing book will undoubtedly give pleasure to many.

The Flonzaley quartet will play on Thursday evening a trio sonata by Giuseppe Sammartini, sometimes known as "the Londoner, a brother of Giovanni Battista Sammartini of Milan." Giuseppe was a fine oboe player. Born at Milan, he went to London about 1727, and passed the rest of his life there until he died, in 1749, as Hawkins states. Having been the first oboist of the Italian opera, he entered into the service of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and directed his chamber concerts. His compositions were published in London, Paris and Amsterdam. They include grand concertos, overtures, violin pieces, pieces for flute, harpsichord pieces, concertos and sonatas for oboe, and the "Trio Sonatas," op. 3. It is not easy, however, to determine whether certain compositions were written by Giuseppe or his brother. Giuseppe was said to surpass all other oboists of his period, and some thought that his fine quality of tone was obtained by a secret method of manipulating the reed before its insertion.

The quartet of Mozart that will be played at the same concert is the one in C major with the opening dissonances that for a long time distressed hide-bound purists. It is the sixth of the set dedicated to Haydn and it was written at Vienna in January, 1785.

Schumann's quartet op. 41 No. 1 was first played in 1842 at the composer's house in Leipzig, on Clara Schumann's birthday Sept. 13. It was not played in public until Jan. 8, 1843, in the hall of the Gewandhaus and then the audience was made up of invited hearers.

The Herald has received the program books of the evening and also of the popular concerts of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra that have been published thus far this season,

The conductor is Emil Oberhofer, and the concert master is Richard Czerwony, who was the second concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1907-08. The orchestra numbers in all 76 players.

The programs are interesting and well arranged, and the program notes are lucid and sensible.

These symphonies have been played this season: Brahms' Nos. 1, 2; Tchaikowsky's Nos. 5, 6; Bruckner's No. 7; Beethoven's No. 4.

The following works played in Minneapolis have not been played at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra: Laidoff's "Baba, Yaga"; Ballet music from Mozart's "Les Petits Riens"; Richard Strauss' Imperial march; Tor Anlin's violin concerto No. 3; Sinigaglia's Danze Piemontesi No. 2; Sibelius' "Valse Triste"; Debussy's "Petite Suite"; Jaernefeldt's Praeludium; Chabrier's Joyeuse Marche; Ippolitov-Ivanov's "Caucasian Sketches"; Georges Conus' "Scenes from Child Life." The majority of these pieces were played in Minneapolis at the Popular Concerts. The march by Chabrier and an excerpt from the Caucasian Sketches have been heard here in concerts other than those given by the Symphony orchestra.

King Gustavus of Sweden, who lately underwent an operation, had a curious experience when he first visited England. Augustus Hare noted in his diary that on June 14, 1879, he dined with the Swedish minister to meet the prince royal of Sweden, and Christine Nilsson sang beautifully until Jenny Lind arrived. "Then the rivalry of the two queens of song became most curious, Nilsson planting herself at the end of the piano, with her arms akimbo, and crying satirical bravas during Jenny's songs, and Jenny avenging herself by never allowing Nilsson to return to the pianoforte at all. The party was a very late one, and supper was served, when Prince Gustavus offered to take Jenny down. She accepted it, though with great diffidence, which so exasperated Nilsson that, with 'Je m'en vais done,' utterly refusing to be pacified, she swept out of the room and out of the house."

There will be appropriate music for the various tableaux in the Army Pageant in London. Christopher Wilson, master of the Music, has thus solved certain problems: "For the Stone Age I am using marrow bones, struck with flints, the hollow bone giving out a curiously resonant sound. From there we get to the Bronze Age—Chinese gongs, of course, as they illustrate all the softness contained in the bronze tone, as contrasted with the primeval flint and bone. The Iron Age, which follows, was really decadent; the workmanship was greatly inferior, and, musically speaking,

the instruments were cruder. In this period we have the iron knife striking the marrow bone—a form of melodious concord still practised in Leadenhall Market.

"With the advent of the Druids comes the introduction of the harp, and I imagine the bowstring to be the origin of this instrument. The primitive hunter, returning from a successful foray, plucked at the string of his bow in jubilation, thus producing a more or less definite note. Gradually more strings were added to the disused bows, and thus, in course of time, some sort of a scale was evolved. With the Romans came the brass trumpet, the original form of which corresponded to the coach horn of today. Then there are the bagpipes, which were brought from Egypt during the Roman occupation, passed through Italy, and finally settled in Scotland and Ireland (where they changed their scales). The modern bagpipe in use by our Scottish regiments differs very little from its ancient Egyptian counterpart."

The opera season at Covent Garden will begin on April 23 and end on July 30. Mmes. Melba, Destinn, Tetrassini, Edvina, Kausnietzoff, Berat, Saltzman-Stevens, Kirby Lunn, Edith Clegg, Edia Thornton, and Messrs. Zerola, Zocchi, Corenlus, Martin, Warnery, McCormack, Franz, d'Olsly, Hyde, Van Rooy, Baklanoff, Marcoux, Sammarco, will be among the singers.

The new "Grosse Oper" in Berlin will have seats for 3000. The "Richard Wagner Volkstheater" in Berlin will produce at low prices Wagner's operas, for the copyright will expire in 1913. One half of the available 3000 seats will be on sale at 75 cents, 50 cents and 25 cents. "In order to insure a first-rate orchestra, the budget of the new enterprise provides a sum

of \$25,000 for a whole year's rehearsals."

Joseph Holbrooke is running a vie with Richard Strauss in the matter of huge orchestras. The score of his opera "Dylan" demands, in addition to the customary instruments, a bass flute, an oboe d'amore, three saxaphones, four saxhorns, an euphonium, a tubaphone, concertinas and a celesta. There are five clarinets and four harps.

Rutland Boughton of England declares that the greatest composer now living is—Strauss? No. Debussy? No. Reger, perhaps. No. Nor d'Indy, nor Delius, but Mr. Algonern Ashton. Mr. Boughton adds: "The disgraceful neglect of his work will be our shame in the eyes of our descendants." And what, pray, has Mr. Ashton composed? Symphonies, overtures, concertos, chamber music, etc., etc. He is best known as an incessant correspondent of newspapers and a carer for the graves of distinguished persons. He should have written the music of "See That My Grave's Kept Green."

It is estimated that there are as many as 17,000 students in music schools of London, and that over \$250,000 is spent annually in fees for tuition. The Pall Mall Gazette stating these facts, was moved to say: "Of these 17,000 obviously only a few become at all prominent as composers, performers or teachers; the rest go back into private life, but all the better for their training if only it has been on the right lines. Unfortunately, there is no guarantee that this has been the case except in a small number of instances, and the difficulty is made the greater by the fact that the best music is always harder to understand and appreciate except to a minority to whom taste seems to be second nature. For the rest, taste can only be acquired by a process which may well bring with it dislike, unless great care is exercised, and the responsibility of teachers in this respect is exceedingly great. From time to time extraordinary examples of oversight and neglect have come our way, of students who have left our best institutions, who had the most limited knowledge of the Schubert songs or knew not the difference between the 'Waldstein' and 'Appassionata' sonatas of Beethoven; or another case where a young singer was asked to sing at one of a series of what would be called 'high class' concerts, and proposed bringing forward some ordinary shop ballad as being likely to go down well. If there is really much of this sort of thing it is rather surprising that the programs of the smaller concerts and recitals given daily in the musical seasons in London are as good as they are."

Miss Carolyn White of Boston, whose success at the San Carlo, Naples, was duly reported in The Herald about a year ago, has sung since she left the San Carlo the leading soprano parts in "La Wally" and Puccini's "Manon" at Rovigo, and she has appeared as Aida and Manon at Genoa and as Bruennhilde, Herodias and Iris at the Fenice in Venice.

The text of Granville Bantock's choral work in three parts, "Omar Khayyam," has been translated into German so that the music, which has attracted much attention in England, may be heard in German cities before it is known in Boston.

Mr. Van Rooy has been appearing as Wotan in "The Valkyrie" at the Monnaie, Brussels. He sang in German.

Paul Gilson's one-act opera "Les Aventuriers" has been produced at the Flemish opera house in Antwerp. The libretto might have served any modern Italian composer. Filippo is in love with Elena, who married Pietro out of spite. After the marriage Filippo reproaches Pietro and then she becomes his mistress. Pietro discovers the intrigue and takes his gun. The three are dead at the fall of the curtain.

The Royal Opera of Berlin purposes to celebrate the 100th anniversary of Schumann's birth (June 8), by producing his dull opera "Genoveva."

The deficit of the Frankfurt opera for 1909 amounted to \$60,000.

The Sultan of Turkey plays the piano, and there are two piano teachers in his harem, one a Circassian, the other an Italian woman.

Dippo d'Aintolo of Bologna is the latest musical prodigy. As soon as he was four years old he began to retain and play on the piano from memory music that he had heard, and also to improvise agreeably. Now that he is 7 he composes "sonatas of noteworthy dimensions, showing unusual talent."

It is now said that Ethel Waters, whose success as Elektra in Strauss' opera is great, after she had long sung contralto parts, became a soprano because the Emperor William suggested to her that she was by nature a soprano.

#### Concerts of the week.

**TUESDAY**—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert under the auspices of the Church Temperance Society in aid of its coffee rooms. Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto; Miss Mabelle Pierce, pianist; Jacques Hoffman, violinist; Karl Barth, cellist; Miss Mary Ingraham, accompanist. Tchaikowsky, trio, op. 50; songs; Kelley, "Israfil." Five Songs of the Hebrides arranged by Marjory Kennedy Frazier; Schuett, Walzer Maerchen, op. 54.

West Roxbury High school, 8 P. M. Concert of the music department of the city of Boston. William Howard, director. Orchestral pieces: Auber, overture to "The Bronze Horse"; Dittersdorf, Andante from quartet in E-flat major; Blzet, selection from "Carmen"; Wagner, An Album Leaf; Halvorsen, Entrance March of the Boyards. Miss Grace L. Brown, soprano, will sing an aria from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba" and Dell'Acqua's Provencal song, Taffey Mauch, cornetist, will play a fantasia on a theme from Donizetti's "Torquato Tasso." Louis C. Elson will lecture.

**THURSDAY**—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. The Flonzaley Quartet's third and last concert this season. Mozart, quartet in C major (K. 465); Giuseppe Sammartini, sonata a tre for two violins and cello (first time); Schumann, quartet op. 41, No. 1 in A minor.

Charlestown High School, 8 P. M. Music department of the City of Boston, William Howard, director. Orchestral pieces: Balfe, overture to "The Bohemian Girl"; Bolzoni, minuet for strings; Delibes, Ballet Suite, "La Source"; Wagner, Procession from "Lohengrin"; Meyerbeer, Coronation March. Miss Edith B. Whitcomb, soprano, will sing the polonaise from "Mignon" and Bemberg's "Nymphs and Fauns"; Jacques Benavente will play a saxophone solo, Leonard's Introduction and Variations on "Comin' thro' the Rye." Louis C. Elson will lecture.

**FRIDAY**—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Seventeenth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Wagner, a "Faust" overture; Schumann, symphony in B flat major, No. 1, op. 38; Sibelius, "A Saga," tone poem (first time here); Strauss, "On the Shore of Sorrento" from "In Italy"; Tchaikowsky, overture "1812."

Dorchester High School, 8 P. M. Music department. City of Boston. William Howard, director. Orchestral pieces: Schubert, overture to "Rosamunde"; Tchaikowsky, Andante Cantabile from quartet in D major; Schubert, First movement from "unpublished" symphony; Brahms, Hungarian Dance, G minor; Gounod, Allegretto from "Faust" ballet suite. Miss Adelaide Griggs will sing an air from "Samson and Delilah" and "Come, Sweet Morning," by A. L. Mr. Howard will play Nachez's Gypsy Dance. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

**SATURDAY**—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Seventeenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

#### Concert Notes.

Prof. Spalding of the music department of Harvard University will lecture on Bruckner and Wolf next Wednesday at 8:15 P. M. in the lecture room of the Fogg Museum, Cambridge.

"Reverie," by Miss Mabel Going of this city, will be played for the first time in an arrangement for orchestra at the automobile show which begins next Saturday.

Ernest Hutcheson will give his lecture-recital on Richard Strauss' "Elektra" in Steinert Hall Monday, March 7, at 3 P. M.

The program of the third and last concert of the Longy Club this season in Chickering Hall, Thursday evening, March 10, will include Woollett's quintet for wind instruments; Siefert's sonata for flute and piano (first time) and Oskar Fried's adagio and scherzo for three flutes, two oboes, English horn, three horns, two bassoons, double bassoon, two harps and kettle drums (first time).

The program of the concert of the Hess-Schroeder quartet in Jordan Hall, Tuesday evening, March 15, will include Beethoven's quartet in C sharp minor, op. 131, and Brahms' sextet for strings in B flat major, op. 18. Messrs. Gietzen and J. Keller will assist.

Dubois' "Seven Last Words of Christ" will be given by the choir of the Eliot Church, Newton, this afternoon at 4 o'clock. Miss Josephine Knight, Miss Adelaide Griggs, J. Garfield Stone, Leverett B. Merrill, quartet; Everett E. Truette, organist and choir master, with a chorus of 4 voices, will take part. The public is cordially invited.

Mrs. Laura Comstock Littlefield will



ing a song recital on Wednesday Hall on Tuesday, March 8, at 8:15 P. M. Her program will include songs

by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Dupare, G. Faure, Masse, Thomas Strauss, Regier, Taubert, Manney Loomis, Dresel, Atherton. Arthur Shepherd will be the pianist.

Mr. Busoni will give his postponed piano recital in Jordan Hall on the afternoon of Wednesday, March 16.

Miss Amy Grant will talk about Strauss' "Elektra" at the Hotel Tulleries Tuesday morning, March 15. After preliminary talk about the music and text she will recite the book of the opera with interpolations of the chief numbers arranged for the piano.

The program of the Boston Symphony orchestra concert in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Thursday night, will include Bruckner's symphony No. 7; Foote's Suite in E major for strings; Smetana's overture to "The Sold Bride." Miss Janet Duff will sing Gluck's "Che faro senza Eurydice" and songs by Schubert, Brahms and Korbay.

Arthur Foote's piano trio, op. 65, was played in Mendelssohn Hall, New York, Feb. 23, at a concert of the Olive Mead quartet. The composer played the piano part.

Creatore and his band will have an entirely new program at the Colonial Theatre Sunday evening, April 3.

## ENGLISH 'YOUNGER SONS' ON STAGE

This One Explanation for Better Portrayal of "Gentlemen"; "The Mollusc" an Example of Aristocracy on Stage.

### SOME MORE STORIES OF ROSTAND AND 'CHANTECLER'

By PHILIP HALE.

What a pleasure it is to see the ladies and gentlemen put on the stage by a dramatist acted by ladies and gentlemen, as in "The Mollusc," now playing at the Colonial Theatre. For in spite of the gross abuse of the word "lady," the word still has meaning, and although attempts to define a "gentleman" are usually grotesque, even snobs and cads recognize a gentleman when he is on the stage, though they may fall to discover him in everyday life.

Some still smile at the representation of French swell club life in the recent performances in Boston of Bernstein's "Israel." The persons on the stage in the first act were supposed to be of the old aristocracy. Shall we ever forget the Marquis de Mauve as he was then portrayed, this marquis with clothes that seemed strange to him, with a wild and alarming accent of southwestern America? Then there were the young lords with curiously awkward manners, with consciousness of evening dress and hands that did not belong to them. Only Thibault and the count de Grognoy seemed at home in this club of the Rue Royale.

The visiting English companies, or visiting young Englishmen in true comedy or in musical comedy, are much more at ease on the stage in evening dress and "in the presence of ladies."

The following ingenious explanation has been made: In England many younger sons go on the stage.

Sir Charles Wyndham is quoted as saying: "I notice one difference in the applicants we have to choose from in England and those the managers here have at their disposal. I think you have more feminine talent and more masculine. I don't know why this is, except perhaps there are not with us so many ambitious young women with talent, or freed from parental restraint, which still questions the stage life, as you have. But it is quite easy to see that the American path of education and breeding does not see quick enough returns in the amate profession and prefers commercial life, while our country, less idle in opportunity of this kind, turns out every year from colleges and universities a class of young gen-

lemen who would be glad to show the stage life and our drama profits by this, and yours, too, for matter. I might say the majority, at least actors are Englishmen."

Apocryph of "The Mollusc," two of Mr. Davies' most popular plays, "Cousin Kate" and "Mrs. Gorrings Necktie," have been published in book form by Heinemann of London and W. H. Baker & Co. of Boston.

When the 20th anniversary of George Alexander's management of the St. James Theatre, London, was celebrated Feb. 1, a copy of Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest" was presented to each member of the audience. Mr. Robert Ross had written a special preface for this edition.

It was outrageous impudence for a manager in New York to assign the authorship of "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry," produced in New York Feb. 23, to Oscar Wilde. As the Sun well said: "Now that he (Wilde) is dead they go and produce a play like 'Mr. and Mrs. Daventry' and say that he wrote it. This is really carrying things too far. This is no longer justice; it is persecution." The play "doesn't glitter it hasn't a flash. It is just deadly dull, windy, illogical, amateurish. Any one of those attributes in a play is proof positive that Wilde is not its author." And the Tribune which described the play as "drivelling, dirty, dull and disgusting," added, "Sinners though Wilde was, he did not write drivel. He was the most brilliant and one of the most consummate playwrights of his time." As a matter of fact the play was produced in London about nine years ago and Frank Harris, then the editor of the Saturday Review, was the author.

A dramatization of Poe's story, "The Tell-Tale Heart," will be given at Keith's this week. The story was dramatized by Ernest Laumann from Baudelaire's translation and was played at the Theatre Libre, Paris, as long ago as May 31, 1889. The title was "Le Coeur Revelateur." The piece was in one act and the characters were the man who heard the heart (played by Damoye), a police officer (played by Lugne-Poe) and a policeman.

Two Frenchmen, Fernand Noziere and Alfred Savoir, have dramatized Tolstoy's "Kreutzer Sonata," and the play was brought out at the Theatre de l'Oeuvre, Paris. It is said that they "kept away as much as possible of the philosophical side and made the most of the gruesome story." It is also said that the play is gruesome and thrilling.

It may be remembered that Jacob Gordin wrote in Yiddish a drama "The Kreutzer Sonata," but this play was not a dramatization of Tolstoy's story, but a play whose story began where Tolstoy left off. Three of the acts were laid in America. Bertha Kalish took the part of Hattie at the Thalia Theatre, New York, in 1902. A translation was made into English by Samuel Shjman and this version was produced at Wheeling in November, 1904, with Blanche Walsh as the heroine. Later (1906) Mme. Kalish played in the English version.

The French and English journals are full of stories about "Chantecler" and Mr. Rostand. The word "Chantecler" troubles some, who ask to what language it belongs. Some say to the language of the "Roman de Renart," a French apologue of the 13th century; in other words, it is the proper name of the Cock in "Reynard the Fox." The antiquity of the story itself mounts higher than the 13th century. Those who wish to know more about the story itself should read the essays of Carlyle and Froide and the seventh chapter of Saintsbury's "Flourishing of Romance." In the "Roman de Renart" Chantecler appears as "Chanteclair." In English there is "Chanticleer," with several variants. The word is to be classed with Bruin, Grimalkin, Reynard. It appeared in English about 1300 in "Vox and Wolf": "Be stille, ich hote, a Godes nome! Quath the vox, Sire Chantecler." Chaucer and Spenser have "Chaunticleer"; Marston preferred "Chauntecleere," and Shakespeare "Chanticleere."

And in English there is the verb "to chanticleer."

An English writer has pointed out that there is a suggestion of the philosophic basis of Rostand's Gallic-cock hero in George Eliot's "Adam Bede." Mrs. Poyser said of the Scotch gardener, Mr. Craig, that "he's welly like a cock as thinks the sun rose o' purpose to hear him crow."

When, in 1894, a play about the "Les Romanesques," produced at the Comedie Francaise in 1894. (This piece was not his first as some say, for his "Giant Rouge," written in collaboration with Lee, was produced at the Cluny in 1888.) "He had read it to the committee, and the committee had hesitated. It was pretty fair, they said, but it was too long. The reading had lasted 1 1/2 hours. If the author would cut it so that it could be read in an hour, then they would take it. Rostand withdrew; but, instead of blue-pencilling superfluous passages, he placed his watch on his desk and practised reading faster. He found that he could get through the text within the stipulated 60 minutes, and, though not a line had been altered, the committee, believing that the stipulated excisions had been made, welcomed it with acclamations."

When "Cyrano" was playing at Marseilles, Rostand once took the title role. An English manager happened to be present at the performance and supposing him to be the leading juvenile of the company, he saw him, congratulated and offered him an engagement in London at £50 a week. "But—but—I am M. Rostand himself!" said the poet. "In that case, sir," answered the impresario, "I'll raise my offer to £100 a week."

Rostand's father translated Catullus into French verse; his uncle composed music, and there is a long article about him in Pougny's supplement to Feltz's biographical dictionary of musicians; his grandmother was Spanish. Rostand will be 42 the first of next April. "If happiness is of this world he should be happy, except that robust health is not his. His precarious state delayed the play for two years; then Coquelin's death followed, creating fresh difficulties. Handsome and possessed of fortune, married to a most charming and beautiful woman, with a fame second to none in the world, Edmond Rostand seemed the most favored of mortals. But the fatigue of rehearsals for 'L'Aiglon' in the terrible atmosphere of theatres was too much for him, and he had to fly to the pure air and tranquility of Cambo, in the lower Pyrenees, near the spot where Wellington crossed the glittering little river into Spain in pursuit of Soult. Here he has built a beautiful Basque house, after his own heart."

Anyone who has read carefully the accounts of the production of "Chantecler" will wonder at the courage of a translator into English and at the audacity of Mr. Charles Frohman who says jauntily that he will produce an English version. It is impossible to translate the French into English and preserve the brilliance of the dialogue, a brilliance that depends largely on the use of words, the poetic phrases, the wealth of incredible puns.

A spectacular play, "The Man with Two Heads," has been produced at the Chatelet, Paris (Feb. 2, "L'Homme a deux Tetes" by Louis Forest). The hero leads a double life. In society he is known as the accomplished and fascinating Count Sylva, but to the members of his gang he is Jack, the brigand chief. "If the police are on his heels, all he has to do is to throw off his false wig and beard and don the garb of a clubman. Unfortunately, the author does not tell us which of these two incarnations is the right one and which is the disguise." Here is another play to be classed with "Deacon Brodie," and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," also, in a way, with "The Lyons Mail."

Mr. Dodson is thinking strongly of a play in which the hero is a dual character, a blameless, philanthropic citizen, and at the same time a desperate villain, burglar, chronic murderer, pirate, what you will as long as he is steeped in crime.

The version of "Jekyll and Hyde," written by J. Comyns Carr and produced in London Jan. 29, with H. B. Irving in the dual part, includes much that is of Mr. Carr's own invention. The Era states that there were already four versions of this play, and two were produced in London in 1888, one by Daniel Bandmann, and one made by Mr. Russell Sullivan of Boston for Richard Mansfield.

In Mr. Carr's version there are two women, one a good one, Laura Jekyll, one a bad one, Lady Carew. Dr. Jekyll had had relations with the latter, but they were terminated as soon as he found happiness in the companionship of his Laura. A butler, with a fine instinct for blackmail, gets hold of compromising letters,

Lady Carew comes to visit Dr. Jekyll, and he, in the person of Mr. Hyde, kills Sir Danvers Carew, and is therefore hunted by the police.

The Daily Telegraph comments shrewdly on stage versions of Stevenson's story: "The question is whether the whole essence of a literary piece of work, full of a delightful but mystical significance, and depending for its effect on half-tones, such as the literary artist delights in, does not lose all its virtue when rendered by actual shapes of concrete and direct significance. At once we are beset by all sorts of doubts, which never assail us in reading Stevenson's story. Were Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde two persons or one person? Clearly they were two persons, for no one who saw Mr. Hyde for a moment mistook him for Dr. Jekyll. Therefore, an actor, when he becomes the wild beast, must be something not even colorably like what he was as the eminent doctor; and if the good man had all the lineaments of rational humanity, then the bad man must be—as, indeed, Stevenson describes him—a short, ape-like creature, with horrible claws in the place of hands. When you read the story you need neither believe nor disbelieve, so long as your imagination is stirred. But when you see the play you must either believe the transformation and be horrified, or disbelieve it, in which case Mr. Hyde becomes a ridiculous thing, a sort of escaped chimpanzee from the zoo. That is the worst of crossing your t's and dotting your i's, as the stage renders necessary. As Stevenson left it, we are not troubled with the dual personality. On the boards we have to make up our minds whether these are two persons or one, and if we decide, as Mr. Carr decided for us on Saturday night, that they are two persons, we begin to wonder why Mr. Hyde should take upon himself to rescue Dr. Jekyll from the consequences of some early lapses, or why Dr. Jekyll should be so anxious to secure the future of Mr. Hyde in accordance with the will drawn up in the presence of Mr. Utterson."

Andre Picard in his "Angle Gardien" has introduced a character new to the French stage, the woman man-hater. The widow displeases man, especially the good looking one, who "strong in the possession of a fine mustache and beautiful teeth goes forth to conquer." The husband of Therese Duvigneau was a drunkard, hence her positive views concerning the male brute. Her cousin Suzanne, married to a husband of the unsuspecting sort, the predestinated unfortunate described and ticketed by Balzac in his "Physiology of Marriage," is pursued by Georges Charnier. When the curtain goes up Therese is sewing, and frivolous persons are smoking cigarettes and talking scandal. The electricity is turned on in the drawing room and Georges and Suzanne are seen in dangerous proximity. Therese purposes to put an end to the affair. There must be no scandal in her house, for she is part proprietor of the chateau. Georges must leave at once or Suzanne's husband will be informed of the flirtation.

Georges sees Therese alone, and the interview is at first a stormy one.

"I hate your type," says Therese. "You break hearts for amusement, and think yourself irresistible. You are for the majority of women—they are fools—but not for me."

"Then it is war to the knife?"

"Yes."

"I shall beat you."

"How?"

"Like this." And Georges puts his arm around her and kisses her on her mouth.

Therese agrees to peace; she will not tell the husband. But Suzanne is suspicious and jealous. There is another interview between Georges and Therese. Overwhelmed by her weakness, she declares that she will leave the chateau and not return. Georges protests that he loves her. Therese is incredulous. "You could not be faithful to me more than a fortnight. I see it in your eyes." And Therese goes away, and Suzanne is left to play her game as she sees fit.

C. M. S. McLellan's play, "The Strong People," although it was commended by the critics, did not draw crowds to the Lyric in London, and it was withdrawn. The Pall Mall Gazette, making announcement, remarked: "The effect must have



encouraging to Mr. Lewis Waller as a theatrical manager desirous of giving his patrons entertainments worthy of intelligent people. There is a large section of the London public who prefer to sit in a play that requires intelligent listening and calls for reasonable discussion, and who apparently enjoy Mr. Waller in some attitudinizing and bombastic character a great deal more than they appreciate him as a quiet intensifier. One would have thought that Miss Dorothy Dix's utterly sincere performance would alone have carried 'The Strong People' along. Mr. Waller, however, is unlucky in a good many of his 'patrons.' A large section of the first-night public at the Lyric Theatre is one of the oddest phenomena in the London theatre world, and at the premiere of 'The Strong People' it was to be heard at its worst, with its raucous female howls from pit and gallery at the end of each act, and its untimely laughter during the progress of the play, as, for example, when, in the last scene, Judith and Murray embraced as lovers. Mr. Waller has been far too kind to this type of playgoer, and as an artist he would now probably be rather glad to be rid of it. \* \* \* Meanwhile those young persons who howled with laughter over the love story of Richard Murray and Judith Grant in 'The Strong People' will find drama precisely suited to their tastes at the Aldwych Theatre, where 'The Bad Girl of the Family' is still going strong (I believe that is the right expression). I saw this truly amazing piece, and still more amazing histrionic display, a few afternoons back, and found an exceedingly large audience in raptures over both—cheering the heroine, hissing the villain and villainess, and laughing itself hoarse over the antics of a comedian in a baggy dress suit. That there should be a large public in the West or any other quarter of London for such an entertainment must strike some observers as a somewhat sinister comment on the blessings of free education, cheap and innumerable editions of classic literature, art galleries and museums open free daily (including Sundays), public libraries accessible to all and sundry, and all the other available graces of modern progress and civilization. That this play should flourish, even at cheap prices for seats, and that 'The Strong People' should fail, is one of those things which set folk thinking rather gloomily. The dawn of the new age may be visible, but it is behind many high hills, and the full sunshine is not for us yet."

The Sicilian Players with Giovanni Grasso, who unfortunately did not come to this country, are again in London, but Mimi Aguglia is not the leading woman. Her place is taken by Marinella Bragaglia.

The "Theatre Shakespeare" is doing well in Paris. Camille de Sainte-Croix purposed to give 12 performances of different plays of Shakespeare, following each other at the interval of a fortnight, with a lecture before each performance. The company is composed chiefly of the Conservatory pupils. The scenery is ingeniously arranged. There is simply a background which represents a castle, a camp, a fairy scene, etc. The colors of the costumes are in harmony with the background. These plays have been produced, 'A Winter's Tale,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and 'Cymbeline.'

Henry Arthur Jones lectured on Feb. 6, before the O. P. Club in London. Discussing the question, 'What kind of English drama do we wish mainly and predominantly to establish and aid in establishing all over the empire?' Mr. Jones said he did not think he would rightly interpret the tastes and aspirations of any one present if he said, 'We want legs and tomfoolery to prevail; we admire them, we understand them, and we enjoy them, and there's an end of the matter. If that was the final decision of the body of English playgoers, it was obviously useless to debate. There was a good deal to be said for legs and tomfoolery as spectacles against boredom. But he had for the moment placed them in direct antagonism to drama, because in

our present conditions they were the antithesis of drama, and because they constituted the great tapeworm, the enormous bulk of the entertainment that was being nightly

and music in the of the British empire."

Mr. Jones added, "At present we seemed to have no settled type, no settled style of drama. We had many types and many forms and many styles, and most of them seem to be lifeless copies of the Elizabethan drama, of the romantic cape and sword drama, of the French modern drama, of the Norwegian drama. While the one thing that we did supremely well because we did it spontaneously was the curious entertainment which his friend described as 'legs and tomfoolery.' William Morris used to say that the only style of really living English architecture was the style of the modern corner public house. That was what we built naturally, easily, spontaneously, with unconscious inspiration. It was something the same with the drama. While we seemed to unite comedy and drama laboriously, and for the most part in a dull, conscientious way, our real spontaneous delight, both as authors and audiences, seemed to be in those pieces which he had called 'legs and tomfoolery.' Well, it was useless to build Gothic cathedrals for a population whose architectural demand was for corner public houses. But he submitted that a nation whose spontaneous impulse and natural standard in building declared itself chiefly in gorgeous public houses could not be said to have much care or love for architecture, or much knowledge of it. And he also submitted that a nation whose spontaneous impulse and natural standard in drama manifests itself in 'legs and tomfoolery' could not be said to have any high regard for its drama, any real care or love for it, any knowledge of what a fine art it was, and what a great power and influence it might become."

## MEN AND THINGS

It is said that Dr. Botkin, physician to the Tsarina, killed himself by taking a dose of poison because he had made a mistake in diagnosing her malady. Such professional sensitiveness is rare. A distinguished court physician in England killed himself because a royal patient died, and there was, as he thought, popular indignation against him, but his example is not held up in the schools as worthy of emulation. In oriental countries they manage these things better. The learned leech knew full well that if he did not cure the ruler, the sworder, Masrur, or another, would relieve him of all anxiety and possible remorse; and few enjoyed the posthumous revenge of Duban, the mighty healer of men, whose head standing on the powdered tray urged King Yunan to turn the leaves of the poisoned book.

We once heard two eminent surgeons talking at ease about their profession. One confessed that after any serious operation he reproached himself for error in judgment, lack of skill. "When I go to bed, I am worried because I think I might have done better." The other said: "When it is all over, I say to myself, 'I did the best I could; I could have done no more,' and I sleep soundly." Nor was the speech of the latter vainglorious; it was sensible and manly.

Surgery may be classed among the exact sciences, but diagnosis is more or less experimental. We have always admired the physician who distrusted himself except when the case was one of fits and therefore endeavored to throw his patient into fits. He was a specialist worthy the name. It has been said that swindlers possess in an extraordinarily high degree the power of moral diagnosis, of telling what are the weak spots in the mind of the ordinary man. The swindlers in the medical profession—for there are swindlers in this profession as there are in all professions—have only this power; and there are honest, conscientious physicians who make grievous mistakes in the identification of disease. Within the last 20 years three or four widely-known citizens of Boston died, and as it was said at the time, from the inability of the physician in each case to determine the nature of the malady. Suppose that in every case of erroneous diagnosis, the physician should put an end to himself; would not the ranks of doctors be sadly thinned?

Professor Daniel Jones, who lectures on phonetics in University College, London, says that "time" was pronounced "teem" in Chaucer's day; "tame" in Shakespeare's period; then "time" as today; but that the cockney's "toime" is the true pronunciation in that the cockney's pronunciation is "the absolutely natural development of pronunciation, that of uncultured persons who do not care how they form their words." Professor Jones also says that if Shakespeare could hear one of his plays he would not understand the words he wrote.

that the speech of educated Irishmen represents the pronunciation of the English language at its best—in the Elizabethan period, the period of Shakespeare and Bacon, and of our translation of the Bible. "It has been preserved, at least in a great measure, among educated people of English blood whose forefathers settled in the north of Ireland." And White believed that in Shakespeare's time Hamlet brooded upon the Ghost with "O mee prophetic sowl, meen conde!" "As to the ridiculousness of the pronunciation, nothing in pronunciation is essentially ridiculous. We laugh merely at that to which we are unaccustomed."

Perhaps Mr. Albert Chevalier when at last he is a-weary of the theatre may be persuaded to fill the chair of English Language in one of our leading universities.

Mrs. Cora M. Wellman accuses her husband of cruelty because he has compelled her to appear at social functions "in discarded garments of women members of his own family." Mr. Wellman, she says, is rich. He has 40 fancy waistcoats and many suits—perhaps Professor Jones would say "shutes" of clothes in his wardrobe. He also no doubt has a razor for each day of the week and a pair of suspenders for each pair of trousers, already buttoned on and ready for an emergency, or hurry-call. Forty waistcoats seem superfluous; 31 should be enough, and they should be worn in rotation. We are told that Mr. Wellman keeps the waistcoats in a glass wardrobe. We like to think of him looking lovingly at them in a favorable light. Why should not man be resplendent, a bird of brilliant plumage? Is it not possible that Mr. Wellman finds his wife more attractive, more worthy of companionship with his waistcoats, when she is dressed in the "discarded garments" of his sisters and his aunts, than when she consults her own taste? She does not complain of the fit or of an outworn style.

Rising young suffragettes in Boston will be interested to hear the news from Lemberg. Krolinski's tragic-comedy, "The Suffragettes," was played at the theatre in the Polish town Feb. 8. In the second act the heroine said: "If the English suffragettes only had the opportunity to get married there would be no women's question in England any more." Immediately the women in boxes, stalls and balconies "united in angry demonstrations," and students in the galleries whistled and shouted. There were disturbances in the third act and many rose from their seats, and with a great noise left the theatre in Lemberg, as in London, the police are ruthless oppressors for after the performance several women, wives of "prominent citizens"—for even in Poland there is no town without "prominent citizens," although they do not lead lynching bees—were subjected to an ignominious examination before a police commissioner.

If these women had applauded, there would have been no examination. Why should an audience be expected to applaud and not allowed to show disapproval? Yet well-directed hissing is mighty corrective.

The first "Chantecler" hat in London was worn by Miss Emmy Whelan in "The Dollar Princess" at Daly's Theatre Feb. 10, and the event inspired a first page story in the Pall Mall Gazette. This hat is made of fine black Tegal straw. The brim is turned back sharply at the back and front and the head of the bird rests on the brim, while the plumage extends to the back of the hat. The bird is white except for the comb, and the scarlet "strikes a pleasant note of relief." The hat is light to wear, and it needs only one pin. The wearer need not necessarily be tall, but no elderly person, however courageous, should sport one. Miss Whelan expected her hat would cost between 8 and 9 guineas (about \$40 or \$45).

And so the name of Emmy Whelan may go sounding down the corridors of time when that of Mrs. Siddons is forgotten.

The Pall Mall Gazette in a thoughtful article on whiskey says: "Every casual whiskey consumer should name his brand and insist that he gets it." True, true, O King! But the man with one foot perched gracefully on the rail proposes, and the bar-keeper disposes. We agree with the Pall Mall Gazette in preferring plain pure water with the whiskey. Gaseous waters go to the head. "Here's how," likewise "Happy days!"

Henry Russell, managing director of the Boston Opera House, was in New York yesterday to complete arrangements with Giulio Gatti-Casazza for the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera Company to be given at the new Opera House during the week of March 28.

The operas to be presented during the week are: Monday evening, Verdi's 'Aida,' with Caruso as Radames; Tuesday, one of the world's greatest

dramatic sopranos, as Aida; Louise Homer as Amneris, and Amato as Amonasro. Arturo Toscanini will conduct.

Puccini's "Madama Butterfly" will be presented Tuesday evening, with Geraldine Farrar in the title role, Scotti as the United States consul and the American tenor, Ricardo Martin, as Lieut. Pinkerton. Toscanini will conduct.

Wednesday matinee Plotow's "Martha" will be sung, with De Hidalgo, Homer and Caruso. The opera will be followed by Delibes' ballet, "Coppelia," introducing the two famous Russian dancers, Mlle. Anna Pavlova and Michel Mordkine.

Puccini's "La Boheme" will be the opera Wednesday evening, with Mmes. Alda and Alten and M. Caruso.

Saturday matinee, Wagner's "Meistersinger" will be given, and the season will close Saturday evening with Puccini's "Tosca."

## March 1, 1910 MISS CROSMAN IN NEW COMEDY

Comes to the Hollis in "Sham,"

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—

First performance in Boston of "Sham," a comedy in three acts by Geraldine Bonner and Elmer Harris.

Katherine Van Riper.....Henrietta Crosman  
Clemlentina Vickers.....Ida Waterman  
Mrs. Fordyce Brown.....Marguerite St. John

Mrs. Merrington.....Emma Butler  
James Fordyce Brown.....Charles Walcott  
Maud Buck.....Bernice Golden  
Rosey.....Gertrude Clemens  
Miss Leroy.....Augusta B. Scott  
Tom Jaffray.....Paul Dickey  
J. Montague Buck.....Albert Brown  
Jeremiah Buck.....Frank E. Jamison  
Jacques D'Eauville.....Henry Bergman  
A. Walter.....Aubrey Noyes

This comedy, purporting to picture contemporaneous life in New York, is defolient in the portrayal of true characters. Take the aunts, for instance, proud of their pedigree; they are not human beings, they are merely puppets moved in and out at the convenience of the dramatists. They have no real life. Mr. Fordyce Brown is an old familiar type of a puppet, with the old familiar exclamation: "God bless my soul." Miss Leroy is a caricature, not a character. Rosey is the faithful comic servant, this time with the snuffles. Old man Buck of Idaho, who, with his millions, is induced to push an entrance into society, the rough diamond with a good heart, is another old friend. The two lovers of Katherine are on the stage simply to assist in the development of a conventional plot.

Katherine herself is unreal. There are many women who run into debt for the sake of keeping up appearances. They have been deftly described, or they have drawn their own character by speech and action in novels and in plays. The Katherine of "Sham" is evidently playing the part. She suddenly acquires a conscience to make a good ending.

There are many comedies, ancient and modern, in which purely theatrical types are made plausible or authoritative by skill in contriving situations, in management of dialogue, in fleetness of action. In "Sham" there are a few good lines; they may be counted on one hand; they are spoken for the sake of their inherent cleverness, not because they point a situation or assist in the revelation of character. The dialogue as a whole is diffuse, purposeless, full of vain repetitions. There are interminable monologues for Katherine, and they, too, are full of exasperating repetition.

The business of Katherine with the bills is drawn out to a tiresome length in the first act as in the third. The rejection of the two lovers is unnecessarily long-winded. In the whole comedy there is only one truly effective scene—that is where Katherine, wishing to sell the family pearls, finds that they are of paste. Yet her tirade at the end of the second act, when she rebels at her aunts and swears after the manner of a high-bred young woman, is



When she first realizes her peril, the wife wanders away from the two men and the husband stumbles after her. How he could have lost sight of her long enough to admit of her return and her listening to a long recital of the sailor's love before he again comes into view is not easy to conceive. Worse than this is the method by which the woman's declaration of her inborn devotion to the sea is deferred till almost the end of the play. Her indifference as to which of the men was to have her had already been too clearly indicated. The ending is futile, with the sailor stabbed in the back and the husband nearly choked to death and retreating to the shack to lie down after telling the woman to dig the grave.

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## BIJOU THEATRE.

A New One-Act Play Performed for the First Time.

Hermann Hagedorn conceived a plot of some originality when he set out to present in a one-act play under the title, "The World Too Small for Three," a story of lawless love of a man and a woman cast upon a desolate island where no law but that of nature was and where physical strength alone settled the question of possession. A play with such a motive as this—a play that ends in murder of one man and utter despair of the other man and the woman—needs to be led up to, needs some fitting approach. The old idea of farce after tragedy, and not before it, was right after all. Popping suddenly into a play like Mr. Hagedorn's after the Bijou Dream's pleasant moving pictures of ostrich life and comedy lovemaking, is like an ice water bath in a mid-summer noon-time. The audience shivered, which was not in itself a bad testimonial for the author's merit, but this testimonial by no means vouched for the fitness of the setting.

As no program was in print, the names of the actors who presented the play are not available. The story is that of a stock broker and his wife (cast ashore when their palatial yacht is wrecked) and of the only other survivor, a common sailor. The husband is physically weak, and the sailor asserts his love for the woman under the high right of power to take and possess. The main purpose of the play seems to be to show how the inborn love of the sea can take possession of a woman and force her to yield up her regard for religious and earthly laws concerning marriage when the salty flavor of the ocean, stirred by ungovernable winds, makes its appeal.

It is a terrible task that the young playwright has set for any actress—the task of making real the acceptance of a low-lived sailor's love by a young woman whose husband she knows is to be put out of the way. Sympathy for the heroine is hazarded in the first five minutes of the play, when the wife, reproaching her husband for not resenting the threats of the sailor, exclaims, "I'd have struck you if I'd been he."

Perhaps it was largely the incapacity of the lady who played the wife which made the work of the author fall below the standard of strength which he conceived. But the play also has serious flaws.

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GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Channing Pollock's dramatization of "In the Bishop's Carriage," a novel by Mirlan Michelson. The cast: Nellie Ramsay.....Billee Leicester Mrs. Ramsay.....Gladys Fairbanks Murray Tom Dorgan.....John Burkell Fred Obermuller.....Charles Wilkinson William Latimer.....Harry L. McInturn Edward Ramsay.....Hudson Liston Mrs. Latimer.....Laura Drake Bishop Von Wagenen.....Arthur M. Finn Nance Olden.....Stephanie Longfellow Mag Monahan.....Miss Murray Harry Van Ness.....Fred Arthur Sergt. Finley.....Lawrence Burke

## LARGE AUDIENCE SEES 'THE SPITFIRE'

"The Spitfire"—Comedy in four acts, by Edward Peble. First time on any stage.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Bruce Morson.....John Craig James Ormond.....George Hassell Mr. Tracey.....Donald Meek Marcus Girard.....Walter Walker Joe Larris.....Bert Young Mr. Bearley.....William Walsh Milggs.....Al Roberts Aunt Mary.....Mabel Colcord Polly Thurman.....Gertrude Binley Miss Valda Girard.....Mary Young

This amusing adaptation from the novel of that name was given an admirable setting, and the usual enthusiastic presentation at the Castle Square Theatre last night, and being cleverly timbered with plots and counterplots and capped by one or two fetching characters, it called forth considerable applause from a well filled house.

The first three acts were filled with the ups and downs, the hypocrites and machinations of a trio of thugs, who for some mysterious reason have elected to escape to America via the private yacht Spitfire, whose owner's telegraph code they snatched and whose sailing master and daughter they bamboozle cleverly.

To complicate the plot, a robust Adonis is taken from the water, a supposer seaman, just as the Spitfire is clearing the harbor. He proves to be the victim of the trio's latest "plant," having lost a cigar case full of African gems, and also to have strong suspicions of the confederates.

Miss Valda Girard, the daughter of the yacht's owner, is forced to play hostess to the thieves and to the athletic and attractive Bruce Morson. She is constantly wavering, in impulsive womanish fashion, between a belief in the latter's tale of misfortune and suspicion and a disbelief, inspired by the assertion of the also gentlemanly Mr. James Ormond, who insists that Morson is a customs officer who has designs on her father and whose real name is Brown.

The first act drags considerably—the introductory conversation proving a trifle too heavy—also the sentimental scene to the Florodora music in the second. But events fly thick and fast in the second and third when Apollo wins over the lady unconsciously, avenges the results heaped on while he has been made to serve as common seaman, and when the mysterious owner of the Spitfire catches up with her in still another.

Donald Meek, with a make-up and manner that was excellent, played the typical con man from the Strand and proved himself "sport enough to take his medicine." Bert Young made a convincing captain. Walter Walker lent vigor and character to the third act when as ship's owner he nearly unvelled the mystery. John Craig was a trifle too carefree in certain spots for even an adventurous southern gentleman, lately beaten, bereft of a father and robbed. Mary Young played the pretty and perplexed daughter of her father to perfection.

## GERMAN COMEDY AT THE MAJESTIC

"Is Marriage a Failure?" Adapted by Leo Ditrichstein, Is Seen for the First Time on a Boston Stage. *BARRY*

Last night Boston saw for the first time the farce comedy "Is Matrimony a Failure?" The cast was as follows:

### THE HUSBANDS.

Skelton Perry.....Frank Worthing Hugh Wheeler.....W. J. Ferguson Frank Bolt.....James Bradbury Albert Rand.....Edward Langford Jasper Stark.....John F. Webber David Meek.....E. Newton Lindo Dr. Hoyt.....Robert Rogers George Wilson.....John Randall Lem Borden.....Gilmore Scott Herman Ringler.....Frank Manning

### THE WIVES.

Fanny Perry.....Jane Cowl Kate Wheeler.....Louise Mackintosh Madge Bolt.....Anne Sutherland Alice Rand.....Louise Woods Annie Stark.....Lou Ripley Lucy Meek.....Gretta Vandell Helen Hoyt.....Blanche Yurka Julia Wilson.....Josephine Bernhard Natalie Borden.....Julia Reinhardt Sadie Ringler.....Josie Morris Sullivan

### THE OTHERS.

Paul Barton.....William Morris Lulu Wheeler.....Jane Gray Carrie.....Helen Ferguson

The play comes from the German of Blumental and Kadelburg by way of an adaptation by Leo Ditrichstein. As it was produced by David Belasco it is probable that Mr. Belasco had a good deal to do with the present version. It shows throughout the fine hand apparent in all of the Belasco productions, realistic stage settings, incisiveness of treatment, speed of pace, careful attention to detail and to ensemble acting. The original idea is ingenious. Many couples living in the same town, in more or less discontent, discover that, legally their marriages are not binding. Both the husbands and the wives seize the opportunity to escape temporarily from their bonds; but they soon find their freedom far less attractive than their slavery, and they are only too glad to return to the old conditions.

The first act is, frankly, dull. The repeated wrangling of Skelton Perry and his wife lacks the elements of humor, and soon gets on the nerves. The second act is redeemed from a continuation of the dullness by one deliciously comic scene, where one of the wives, after enduring years of neglect, becomes insubordinate and rounds on her husband with telling effect. The



LOUISE MACKINTOSH.

last act is far and away the best of the three, in spite of its descending into exaggerated burlesque. Throughout it is plain that the work belongs to a foreign country and an utterly alien trend of life. Its identification with an American country town simply deepens the air of unreality. The play is a mechanical farce with no real characterizations, but with fairly clever dialogue, occasional flashes of wit and some humorously devised and adroitly sustained situations. During the first half of the evening the audience was apathetic, then it sat up and took a lively interest. But there were few hearty laughs.

The performance moved like clockwork. Frank Worthing, as the chief of the rebellious husbands, walked as if he were hung on wires, spoke with indistinctness and acted grotesquely, it is true, but with great humor and variety of expression. It was a real impersonation, all the more remarkable for being achieved in spite of such heavy handicaps.

After Mr. Worthing praise should go to Mr. James Bradbury for the humanity and the unction that he put into the husband, Frank Bolt, whose misdeeds finally found him out. His acting was one of the most delightful features of the evening. The veteran, W. J. Ferguson, appeared in a shockingly bad make-up and acted with his usual ease and drollery. Of the women Miss Anne Sutherland won chief honors as the vindicated Mrs. Bolt. The scenes with Mr. Bradbury she helped to sustain with remarkable skill. The young love interest was supplied by the pretty courtship between Lulu Weeks and Paul Barton, gracefully and effectively played by Jane Gray and William Morris. The others in the cast were all competent and Jane Morris Sullivan as a comic Irish servant, a minor character, showed that she had a rare comic gift.

## 'MME. BUTTERFLY'

The daintily charming love dream of Cho-Cho-San, with its pitifully tragic ending, was repeated last night in Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," at the Boston Opera House. The cast was:

Butterfly.....Alice Nielsen Suzuki.....Elvira Leveroni Kate Pinkerton.....Jeska Swartz F. B. Pinkerton.....Christian Hansen Sharpless.....Rodolfo Fornari Goro.....Ernesto Giacomone Prince Yamadori.....Attilio Pulcini Yakuside.....John Mogan Lo Zio Bonza.....Francis Archambault Imperial commissary.....Giuseppe Picco Registry official.....C. Strosoco Mother of Cho-Cho-San.....E. Martuccia La Cugina.....Virginia Pierce

The house was crowded with an audience that was most becomingly dressed and gowned and conducted itself with the usual seriousness and propriety. It was stirred to considerable applause by the effective presentation of the tragic story, and, in fact, called Miss Nielsen, Miss Leveroni, Mr. Hansen and Mr. Fornari before the curtain several times; but it is doubtful if even at the most touching moments, despite the extremely sympathetic and moving portrayal of Miss Nielsen, there was an eye in the house that was not dry.

The performance was given with the exceedingly beautiful scenery, the remarkably effective lighting, the close attention to artistic detail and the highly appreciative work of the orchestra that marked it previously at the opera house.

Miss Nielsen was again the soul of the production. In beauty of voice, in graceful portrayal of Cho-Cho-San's happiness, in strong exhibition of her faithfulness amid fearful doubt, in her final desperation, she left nothing to be desired.

Mr. Hansen was capable as the American naval officer and his voice remained tuneful throughout and sufficiently powerful on occasion. Mr. Fornari carried through the difficult part of the American consul with sympathetic dignity, and Miss Leveroni won merited, if repressed, acclaim as the ever faithful Suzuki.

And then there was the doll! Ah, yes, the doll did not fail. It upheld the majesty of the commonwealth of Massachusetts and obeyed the factory law to the letter of deadness. It played its part to perfection and did its best to spoil an otherwise noble production of a beautiful work of art. By all means remember the doll!



## 'PARIS BY NIGHT' SEEN AT KEITH'S

Mlle. Minar's Dances Have a  
Pleasing Setting—Whole Bill  
Well Balanced, with Comedy,  
Drama and Other Features.

Not much more could be asked of vaudeville than the bill at Keith's this week affords. It is what few bills are, really well-balanced, with a judicious mixture of comedy, drama, acrobatics and music.

Built to feature Mlle. Mina Minar's dancing, "Paris by Night" fulfils its purpose adequately. The pantomime, written by G. Molasso, is lavishly staged, with a large company to furnish life and comedy in the background, while Mlle. Minar and M. Bartolotti do their novel dances under the spot light.

Mlle. Minar is lithe and graceful, surprisingly agile, and she has an expressive face which is one of her principal assets. The "Mazurka de la Piroquette" is as spirited as it is unusual, and the "Kikin Dance" has a startling finish when Mlle. Minar's partner swings her straight out across his shoulder and revolves at terrific speed like a great top.

Albert Hole's flute-like soprano wins him success again, to which his unaffected boyishness adds much. He might with advantage avoid "I care not for the stars that shine, etc." because it needs depth and volume he has not got, but his other songs, suited to his youth and clear, sweet tone, are every one charming.

Italian street singers that put much vim into songs and selections on the harp, cello and mandolin are Lyons and Yosco. Their humor is as genuine as their very apparent enjoyment of what they do, and the result is a performance which one would gladly have longer.

A dramatization of Poe's "The Tell-Tale Heart" is excellently played by Robert B. Kegerreis and his capable company. Mr. Kegerreis has an original and striking characterization of the lunatic who murders his master and under the eyes of the three detectives becomes nervous, shaken, at last panic stricken and in a dramatic climax confesses the crime and tells the story of the cunning killing.

The Barrows-Lancaster company plays the farce, "Tactics," with vim. As the Union and confederate veterans who confront each other for the first time many years after their encounter at Gettysburg, Mr. Barrows and Mr. Jones are fiery and funny. Mr. Lancaster and Miss Golden adequately enact the parts of the son and daughter whose love affair ends the war-time animosities of the white-haired warriors.

Sydney Deane and company bring back their familiar and always welcome "Christmas on Blackwell's Island." Their singing is as enjoyable as ever. Hibbert and Warren have a turn in blackface that is amusing in the main, and Bedford and Winchester do some laughable and oftentimes clever juggling. The members of the Robert Demont trio show surprising limberness in their acrobatic act, "Hotel Turnover." The kinetograph film is more than ordinarily

## GIRL IN BALLOON MAKES GREAT HIT

"Mysterious Aviator" One of the  
Features of This Week's Ex-  
cellent Card at the American  
Music Hall.

The "mysterious balloon girl," floating in mid-air above the heads of her audience and occasionally swooping down until her white kid slippers were within reaching distance of

tall men—two or three even did make the try but failed—is one of the hits on this week's bill at the American Music Hall. Another of the feature acts is that of the Four Mortons, who never fail to make a hit upon any stage, while there are a lot of other good things to round out the bill.

Miss Mabelle Marchelle is the "aviator" of the balloon—although the real aviation is by a clever mechanism operated upon the stage behind the scenes. Miss Marchelle attempts neither a parachute leap nor any gymnastic feats, like the balloonist of the county fair, but daintily sings several selections as she glides to and fro in her balloon of pink roses and of pink lights. Altogether it is a distinctly new act and unlike anything previously attempted.

The Mortons, while their act is in the main of just about the same nature as it has been for years, have injected just enough new features to make it up to date and as interesting as ever without losing any of the best things in their former offerings. They are as clever at dancing, individually and collectively, as ever. One of the new features is a Mexican duet by the two younger members of the team, and another is a bathing scene in which Sam Morton, head of the family, adds his contribution to the present fad for bare-legged dancing, although his costume is far from that of the Grecian order.

Paul Nicholson and Miss Norton have an original and picturesque little sketch entitled in "Gowns Borderlase," the creation of Miss Norton herself. It is a clever little thing and repeated curtain calls were the reward of their efforts at last night's performance.

Kara, upon the bill as the originator of modern juggling, is certainly one of the top-notchers of the manipulators of the silk hat, cigar and divers other objects. He juggles in the air one-handed no less than six balls at a time and introduces several novelties that none of the other jugglers have yet had the daring to undertake.

The Empire City Quartet, another on the list of old and popular favorites, comes to the American Music Hall this week with a new assortment of songs, one of which is their march success, entitled "Good Luck Mary," the air to which preceded them to this city by several weeks. Tom McGuire gives a touch of the Scotch to the bill in Highland costume and Lauder songs. The Musical Simpsons are used as the opening number and the Three Richardinis, men of muscle and gymnasts as well, contribute the concluding feature of the program.

## CONCERT FOR TEMPERANCE.

Church Society Holds Entertainment  
to Aid Coffee Room.

A concert was given in Steiner Hall last night under the auspices of the Church Temperance Society in aid of their coffee rooms. The society had the assistance of Bertha Cushing Child, contralto; Jacques Hoffman, violinist; Karl Barth, cellist; Mabelle Pierce, pianist, and Mary Ingraham, accompanist. The program was as follows:

Tchakowsky, Trio, Opus 50; Edmund Sillman Kelley, "Israel"; songs of the Hebrides, arranged by Marjory Kennedy Frazer; Schutt, Trio—Walzer—Maerchen, Opus 54.

An audience of very good size, in spite of the weather, showed its interest in this benefit concert and listened with evident pleasure to the agreeably varied program.

The trio by Schutt has the light and pleasing quality characteristic of most of his work. The last number of it was played with particular dash and vigor.

Mrs. Child chose an unusual but rewarding song in "Israel." It is not surprising that this cry of yearning after beauty unfettered by the bonds of earth and time, expressed as it is in Poe's magical way, should have stimulated musical fancy. Mr. Kelley strives by means of unfamiliar harmonies and an unusual scale, with an accompaniment simulating the harp, to create a musical atmosphere of ecstasy. He is remarkably successful.

In the "Songs of the Hebrides" Mrs. Child's command of technique and the lovely quality of her voice were well displayed. There is considerable fascination in these strange Gaelic melodies, with their wailing notes and un-

stalling gloom. Even a dancing sea and a word of love or lullaby seems a dour matter to these far northerners. As a result, their songs are too much alike to make a number of them as satisfactory in succession as they would be if heard separately.

## MISS NIELSEN CAST FOR MARGUERITE

Takes Mme. Alda's Role in  
Boito's "Mefistofele" and Her

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Boito's "Mefistofele," performed by the Boston Opera Co., Henry Russell, director. Mr. Conti conducted.

Cast: ..... Florencio Constantino  
Mefistofele ..... Jose Mardones  
Faust ..... C. Stroesco  
Marguerite ..... Alice Nielsen  
Helen ..... Celestina Boninsegna  
Pantalis ..... Marie Claessens  
Martha ..... Elvira Leveroni  
Verlo ..... Roberto Vanni

Repetitions of Boito's opera are welcome, for they confirm first impressions and lead one to wonder at the genius and at the limitations of the composer. This opera is much more than a fine spectacle, and the production at this opera house is a most sumptuous one. The music of the prison scene and of the epilogue is to be ranked with that of best achievement in all opera. The greater part of the prologue is superb. The music that accompanies the first appearance of Mephistopheles, disguised as a gray friar, is singularly impressive, and there are lovely pages in the scenes with Helen of Troy.

On the other hand, the Klimes music is pedestrian and dull, and there is nothing sinister or demoniacal in the Broken Scene, as far as the music is concerned. Compare this music, for example, with the Sabbath in Berlioz's "Fantastic" symphony, or with the ride to hell in "The Damnation of Faust." The Walpurgis Night music in Gounod's "Faust," music that is seldom heard outside of France, is also tame, and it contains a chorus with a melodic line curiously like that of a well known Scottish song.

The collected opinions of various critics on Boito's opera would make an entertaining pamphlet. The fairest and most discriminative judgment, it seems to us, is that of Etienne Destranges. Adolphe Jullien described the series of scenes as poorly connected, and the music as of very uneven quality. He was amused by Boito as a philologist. Examining into the various spellings and explanations of the word Mephistopheles, and defending his use of "Hor Sabab!" and "Saboe" in the Broken scene by a quotation from Le Loyer on "Spectres," and he was inclined to smile at Boito's adoption of Greek Metre in the scene with Helen. Jullien summed up by saying that the merit of the work, genuine in fact, was in the endeavor rather than in the result.

Hanslick wrote a son article when the opera was produced at Vienna in 1882. Boito put as motto on the first page of his score "Knowst Thou Faust?" Hanslick answered with another question from Goethe: "Wretched Faust, I no longer know thee!" This made the Viennese laugh. Hanslick found "ugly" chords in the Prologue, which seemed to him however, the most original music of the opera. In the Garden music he could find only a reminiscence of the tenor's strophes in "Un Ballo in Maschera" and an imitation of the quartet from "Rigoletto"! But even Hanslick was impressed by much of the music in the Prison scene. The consecutive fifths in the Grecian scene disturbed him, and he could find no better word to describe Faust's solo in the epilogue as "Sleepy." Any one that wishes to read this long and malignant attack will find it in Hanslick's "Aus dem Opernleben der Gegenwart" pp. 3-21.

The part of Marguerite was to have been sung last evening by Mme. Alda, as at the first performance. Since Mme. Alda is ill in New York, Miss Nielsen took her place, apparently to the delight of many in the audience,

who applauded her entrance most enthusiastically. Miss Nielsen was truly an interesting Marguerite, vocally and dramatically. The broken phrases in the prison scene were pathetically moving, and there was no incongruity in the coloratura touches as she sang them. The garden scene was equally successful in its finish and charm.

Not only are the singers becoming more acquainted with this opera, but the listeners also testified their growing familiarity with the music and their enjoyment of certain scenes and singers in no doubtful terms. Mr. Mardones' dramatic impersonation of Mephistopheles again won for him the honors of the evening. Mr. Constantino was called on to repeat the beautiful tenor aria in the epilogue, a request with which he unfortunately complied, for the effect was that of anti-climax. There was smoothness and ease in the performance throughout the evening, and no empty seats were to be seen.

## LAST FLONZALEY CONCERT CROWDED

By PHILIP HALE.

The Flonzaley Quartet gave the third and last concert of the season, its third, last evening in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, quartet in C major (K. 465); Giuseppe Sammartini, sonata a tre for two violins and cello (first time here); Schumann, quartet in A minor, op. 41, No. 1.

For the first time in the history of chamber concerts given in Boston for several years the hall was so well filled that many stood from the beginning to the end. There was no assisting pianist of reputation. There was no new and loudly heralded composition as a magnet. The large audience was drawn solely by a desire to hear these four men play. They that had heard the quartet before were anxious to hear it again, and their report influenced others. And seldom at a chamber concert in this city has there been so great enthusiasm over quartet playing as there was last night.

The Herald has spoken in detail of the Flonzaley's performance in no uncertain terms ever since the quartet played for the first time in this city and it has inquired into the characteristics that give the quartet a high and international reputation. It is not now necessary to repeat the inquiries or to praise at great length. It is enough to say that in addition to a perfect ensemble in attack, breathing together, phrasing, exquisite sense of proportion and common relationship, the performances of the Quartet are distinguished by unusual tonal beauty, infinite variety of nuances, inimitable rhythm, fire and passion.

It is not easy to speak coolly of this concert. Perhaps the chief features were the first movement of Mozart's quartet and the Adagio and Finale of Schumann's quartet as they were played. Especially noteworthy were the opening measures of Mozart, which for years were a stumbling block to pedants and even today are ultra-modern; the emotional interpretation of Schumann's Adagio, profoundly emotional yet with an abiding thought of beauty and a freedom from sentimentalism and exaggeration; the clearness as well as the brilliance of Schumann's Finale.

The Sonata by Sammartini of Milan, known as "the Londoner," is quaint in flavor and the middle movement, and the finale have true distinction. The Flonzaleys played this old music with a just appreciation of its contents and its worth. They did not attempt to inflate it or to give it incongruous, anachronistic significance.

The players were obliged to repeat Sammartini's finale, for the fleetness and the elegance of the performance were remarkable. Applauded with the utmost warmth throughout the concert, they were recalled again and again after Schumann's quartet, and the audience seemed loath to farewell



It is a pleasure to announce that the quartet will return next season for three concerts in Chickering Hall, Thursday evenings, Dec. 8, Jan. 24 and Feb. 23.

## SYMPHONY PLAYS SIBELIUS' "SAGA"

Mournful Tone Poem Feature of the Program Given by Orchestra at Its 17th Public Rehearsal.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 17th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Although there was no soloist, the second balcony was completely filled, and the audience otherwise was unusually large for a purely orchestral concert. The program was as follows:

"Faust" overture.....Wagner  
Symphony in B flat No 1.....Schumann  
"A Saga," tone poem op. 9.....Sibelius  
On the Shore of Sorrento.....Strauss  
Overture "1812".....Tschalkowsky  
"A Saga," by Sibelius, was played here for the first time. It is one of his earlier works, according to the opus number, and it was published in 1903. Theodore Thomas was the first to produce it in this country, and he brought it out in Chicago six years ago next month.

It is said that Jean Sibelius is periodically overcome by strong and rebellious liquors. We are not informed as to the length of the intervals between the days and nights of alcoholic exaltation. No doubt his weakness has been exaggerated by report, for in the intervals of depression, which must ensue according to the warnings of those combatting the Demon Rum by tract and lecture, this same Sibelius has been profitably busy and his imagination has had full and unembarrassed play.

There may yet be a Sibelius legend; that this composer of Finland wrote his best works under the influence of liquor: just as there is a Fielding legend, a Hoffmann legend, a Poe legend; but poet, novelist, musician never wrote anything that the world cared for when he was alcoholically drunk, and no constant and two-handed drinker could turn out the quantity or quality of work that made the reputation of the men just named. If Sibelius really is a victim of appetite, the saying of Abraham Lincoln concerning Gen. Grant may be applied to his case, and a barrel of Sibelius' favorite tipples should be sent at once to certain modern composers—a puncheon or two to Max Reger, whose notorious indulgence in beer may be detected in the thickness and garrulity of his scoring.

Sibelius has given no program in explanation of his "Saga"; he has not hinted at any literary material though some of his compositions have been inspired by the "Kalevala," the national Epic of Finland. He has said that the thematic material of "A Saga" is wholly of his own invention. Mrs. Newmarch thinks the music suggests the recital of some old tale. This discovery is not particularly ingenious. She infers from the title, that this tale is Scandinavian rather than Finnish. Why? Dr. Niemann insists that the tone-poem relates to Finland, and that the fate of a people is musically described. Is it necessary to believe this? Was Finland so thoroughly oppressed by Russia when Sibelius composed this music? Was the composer not then receiving from the Russian government a stipend, of which he was deprived only recently?

It is more probable that the composer was inspired to write "A Saga" by some old recital of heroic and pathetic deeds or by the idea of writing music in Saga vein. The tone-poem is interesting in certain well defined ways, both technically and aesthetically. There is an original use of instruments in combination and in special treatment to give the appropriate atmosphere, to establish moods, and not merely for bizarre effects. There are highly original harmonic progressions. The themes, though the composer's own, have

folk character. This one may to some bring thoughts of the Finnish landscape. That one, by its monotonous rhythm, by its sing-song, may bring the reciter of old tales before the eye. Other hearers may be reminded of "ancestral voices prophesying war." This is true, that the music is unusual, now virile, now sad with the profound and manly sadness of a northern and melancholy race; that it is highly individual and nobly imaginative; that the ending is one of singular beauty. The music yesterday made a deep impression on the audience.

It was a happy idea of Mr. Fiedler to put in juxtaposition with this chill lament from the North the sensuous music of Strauss, music that reflects the sea just stirring under an Italian sun.

There are pages of Wagner's overture that now seem old fashioned and mediocre, and there have been more effective performances here than that of yesterday. Schumann's Symphony was appropriate to the day without, and the second and third movements were well played. Mr. Fiedler, who of late has been inclined to rush the pace of fast movements, took the first allegro at such speed that the detail suffered at time, and the finale was more animated than graceful. So, too, in Tschalkowsky's "1812" overture, which was written for performance in the open air, there were instances of injurious speed, as the announcement of the allegro's first theme and the treatment of the third or "Cossack" motive. There has been one memorable performance of this overture in Boston, the one led by Mascagni in Symphony Hall in November, 1902.

The program of the concerts of next week will include Brahms' Symphony in E minor, No. 4; Beethoven's piano concerto No. 5 (Ferruccio Busoni, pianist); Schubert's overture to "Rosamunde."

## LIPKOWSKA SINGS LAKME TITLE ROLE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Delibes' "Lakme," performed by the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell director. Mr. Goodrich conducted.

Lakme.....Mme. Lipkowska  
Mallika.....Miss Roberts  
Ellen.....Miss Parnell  
Rose.....Miss Pierce  
Mrs. Benson.....Miss Leveroni  
Gerald.....Mr. Bourillon  
Nilakantha.....Mr. Nivette  
Frederic.....Mr. Fornari  
Hagi.....Mr. Stroesco

A brilliant audience enjoyed the pretty music of Delibes and the many excellent features of the performance. Mme. Lipkowska sang with brilliance in the celebrated "Bell Song" and with tender emotion in the love music. She sang the florid air not as a concert singer sure of applause, but with the significance demanded by the situation, and thus took away from the music the reproach, too often just, of incongruity. While she has not the singular exotic charm of Marie Van Zandt—and Miss Van Zandt was unique—she has a charm of her own and does not foolishly attempt to turn the gentle, loving Indian maiden into a strapping heroine.

Mr. Bourillon was not perhaps vocally at his best, but he phrased with much taste and made love gallantly. Mr. Nivette sang effectively the music of the priest, and his diction, as ever was admirable. Frederic in the opera has a knowledge of customs and things in the East equalled only by the pseudo-Baron in "Ermine" and he is a fluent talker. Mr. Fornari as Frederic was chatty, but his voice was inexorably harsh and grating. Miss Roberts sang in full sympathy with Mme. Lipkowska the superfluous duet.

The quintet in the first act, a concerted number in the old opera-comique style, went glibly, and the market chorus was spirited. The chorus was excellent throughout. Mr. Goodrich seems to be more at ease with "Lakme" than with "Faust," and his conducting has more life. The orchestra under his direction accompanied discreetly and played with a sense of color and a regard for the nuances.

A comparison has been drawn between "Lakme" and "Madame Butterfly." There is this to be said: Gerald in "Lakme" is not a cheap cad, and Lient, Pinkerton, U. S. N., is the

shabbiest tenor here in the whole repertory, even though he is supported whenever he is especially contemptible, by "The Star Spangled Banner" in the orchestra.

The opera this afternoon will be "The Huguenots," with Mmes. Boninsegna, Bronskaja and Doreyne, and Messrs. Constantino, Mardones, Boulogne and Blanchart. The opera tonight will be "Faust," with Mmes. Nielsen, Swartz and Leveroni and Messrs. Bourillon, Nivette and Baklanoff.

March 6, 1910

## MISS PARNELL AS 'VALENTINE'

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" performed by the Boston opera company, Henry Russell, director. Mr. Conti conducted.

Marguerite de Valois.....Mme. Bronskaja  
Valentine.....Miss Parnell  
Urbain.....Miss Doreyne  
Premiere Dame d'Honneur.....Miss Kirmes  
Deuxieme Dame d'Honneur.....Miss Leveroni  
Raoul.....Mr. Constantino  
Marcel.....Mr. Mardones  
Count de St. Bris.....Mr. Boulogne  
Count de Nevers.....Mr. Blanchart  
De Cosse.....Mr. Vanni  
Tavannes.....Mr. Giaccone  
De Retz.....Mr. Pulcini

In consequence of the sudden illness of Mme. Boninsegna, Miss Parnell, "on short notice, without rehearsal and without ever having sung the role," took the part of Valentine. This part is one of the most exacting, vocally and dramatically, in the repertory of the dramatic soprano. The singularly gifted woman that created the part, Maria Cornelia Falcon, by her genius left traditions, and her voice, which, unfortunately, she lost when she was only 25, although she lived to be 85 years old, has given a name to dramatic sopranos of her quality, so that a singer in France may be called today "a true Falcon."

The part should be played only by a woman of dramatic feeling and of the authority that comes only from native force controlled by long experience. The music should be sung only by an accomplished singer who is both brilliant in sustained song and emotional and passionate in great moments. It is given to few of the celebrated singers to be a commanding Valentine. Even Milka Ternina was disquieted at the thought of taking the part, and it will be remembered that the first time she ever sang it in French—it was at the Boston Theatre—her impersonation was unsatisfactory, almost a failure.

Miss Parnell has been courageous twice this season; first in appearing, a debutante, as Aida; yesterday in appearing as Valentine. Some might call her courage injudicious, and count her willingness as foolishness, but by her pluck she made the performance of the opera possible, and thus gave the large audience an opportunity of hearing the other singers and seeing the sumptuous spectacle. Under the circumstances it would be out of place to criticize her performance; it is enough to say that it not only showed the mettle of the singer, it gave pleasure as well. She acted with both animation and dignity; her voice sounded well, and the few lapses were so gracefully covered that they were scarcely noticeable to one who was not familiar with the music. She was attractive to look upon and more than once made the spectator forget the difficult circumstances under which she was singing.

Mr. Constantino's beautiful voice was in good condition and evoked prolonged applause; he was very active, and conducted his own singing with care. The performance in general was a brilliant one, and the other singers were warmly applauded for their characteristic solos. The chorus was not always as smooth as usual, but the large ensemble numbers went well.

There was a large, enthusiastic audience.

### "FAUST" AT OPERA HOUSE.

Baklanoff a Brilliant Success as Valentine in Popular Performance.

March 6, 1910

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Gounod's "Faust" again performed by the Bos-

ton opera company, Henry Russell, director. Wallace Goodrich, conductor.

Faust.....Paul Bourillon  
Mephistopheles.....Gusto Nivette  
Valentine.....George Baklanoff  
Wagner.....Roberto Vanni  
Marguerite.....Alice Nielsen  
Siebel.....Jeska Swartz  
Marthe.....Eivira Leveroni

For the first time in three weeks the roles in the Saturday night opera were filled according to the announcements. Previous changes, however, had by no means discouraged the operagoers and an audience that crowded the house was rewarded by what proved a notable performance even for the oft-repeated "Faust."

Gounod's librettist wrote for him a story in which the fantastic and the pretty were predominant; interest centred in the love story and the supernatural power exerted upon it by Mephistopheles. As given last night, the story was close-knit, quickly-moving drama, in which the beauty of the numerous airs was subordinated to the working out of a tragedy.

The motive of this tragedy was the relation between brother and sister; the climax of the performance was unquestionably at the death of Valentine. It was evident from Mr. Baklanoff's management of the rather slight part allotted to him in the second act that in his Valentine he achieves an impersonation on a par with the finest work which he has done here, if not somewhat above it.

But from the moment he burst enraged from Marguerite's door, a fatally misguided avenger, he invested his portrayal with such ferocious intensity that one felt this moment to be what all the previous action had been leading up to. His death scene, instead of being a series of curses too loudly sung and ineffective in the mouth of mortal weakness, became an utterance moving and dignified almost to the point of being apocalyptic; its impressiveness seemed the natural and immediate cause of Marguerite's madness.

Miss Nielsen's Marguerite was, as before, both sung and acted with success. Miss Swartz was a charmingly acceptable Siebel. There was considerable disaccord between orchestra and singers from time to time, more often with the principals than with the chorus. The audience worked hard as usual to hear the Soldiers' Chorus a second time, giving to that end an amount of applause which showed a sad lack of discrimination when compared with the amount bestowed at the end of the act.

### METROPOLITAN OPERA CO.

Second Series of Performances at Boston Opera House.

The Metropolitan Opera Company New York will give the second series of six performances in the Boston Opera House during the week beginning Monday, March 28.

The operas to be performed are as follows:

MONDAY, March 28, at 8 P. M.  
Verdi's "Aida."

Il Re.....Mr. Rossi  
Amneris.....Mme. Homer  
Aida.....Miss Destinn  
Radames.....Mr. Caruso  
Ramfis.....Mr. de Segura  
Amonasso.....Mr. Amato  
Dances by Gina Torriani and corps de ballet.

Mr. Toscanini, conductor.

TUESDAY, March 29, at 8 P. M.

Puccini's "Madama Butterfly."

Cio-Cio-San.....Miss Patti  
Suzuki.....Mme. Porter  
Pinkerton.....Mr. Martin  
Sharpless.....Mr. Scotti  
Goro.....Mr. Bada  
Yamadori.....Mr. Gianoli-Galletti  
Lozio Benzo.....Mr. Wulman  
Conductor, Mr. Toscanini.

WEDNESDAY, March 30, at 2 P. M.

Flotow's "Marta."

Lady Enrichetta.....Miss de Hidalgo  
Nancy.....Mme. Homer  
Lionello.....Mr. Bonci  
Plunketto.....Mr. Didur  
Sir Tristram.....Mr. Gianoli-Galletti  
Lo Sceriffo.....Mr. Rossi  
Gina Torriani and corps de ballet.

Conductor, Mr. Podesti.

Followed by Leo Delibes' ballet, "Coppelia."  
Swanilda.....Mme. Pavlowa  
Frantz.....Mr. Mordkine  
Une Poupée.....Miss de Lievin  
Coppélius.....Mr. Saracco  
Le Bourgmestre.....Mr. Morand  
Conductor, Mr. Podesti.



WEDNESDAY, March 29, 8:30 P. M.  
Puccini's "La Boheme"

Edna... Mr. Caruso  
 ... Mr. Rossi  
 ... Mme. Alda  
 ... Mr. Gilly  
 ... Mr. de Segura  
 ... Miss Alten  
 ... Mr. Podest

SATURDAY, April 2, at 2 P. M.  
Puccini's "Tosca"

... Miss Farrar  
 ... Mr. Martin  
 ... Mr. Scotti  
 ... Mr. Ananin  
 ... Mr. Devaux  
 ... Mr. Begue  
 ... Miss Wickham  
 ... Mr. Tango

SATURDAY, April 2, at 7:30 P. M.  
Wagner's "Die Meistersinger."

... Miss Gadsd  
 ... Miss Wickham  
 ... Mr. Slezak  
 ... Mr. Soomer  
 ... Mr. Gortiz  
 ... Mr. Blass  
 ... Mr. Muehlmann  
 ... Mr. Reiss  
 ... Mr. Toscanini

## MEN AND THINGS

Miss Eva Tanguay, who is a shy, shrinking thing, considering herself affronted by a stage hand, made holes in him with a hat pin, and although an unsympathetic judge fined her in court, she counted the job well done. We read not long ago that a woman in a street car turned suddenly and by a far-reaching hat pin did grievous injury to the conductor who, amiably disposed, was demanding fares only in the discharge of stern duty.

An alderman in Chicago, perhaps appropriately named Bauler, has introduced an ordinance requiring hatpins of a shorter length than those now commonly worn by women of that city. Certain citizenesses are protesting, among them May E. Davis, who declares that a hat pin is woman's weapon of defence. "I always feel safe going home late at night with a hat pin available for protection. Before leaving a street car I always carry a hat pin ready in my hand until I am safe within the door of my home."

But is a hat pin necessarily the weapon of defence for women? One of Rossetti's poems begins:

"Our Lombard country girls along the coast  
 Wear daggers in their garters; for they know  
 That they might hate another girl to death  
 Or meet a German lover. Such a knife  
 I bought her, with a hint of horn and pearl."

When Mr. Ramage pressed his suit in the sly conniving restaurant, admirably described by Mr. Wells, the interesting Ann Veronica, remembering her course in jiu-jitsu, inserted her knuckles under the jawbone and ear of the glowing amorist and cooled his ardor so that he howled, not in ecstasy, but in pain.

The "natural" weapon of defence is the fist or a firm set of teeth for the man, and bloodthirsty nails for the woman. We refer to our remote ancestors, but these weapons are still used. The white handled razor is a proof of the negro's ascent in civilization, as the rise of the Italian is marked by the knife and that of the American by the "gun." Unfortunately the hatpin, unless it be carefully adjusted before the house is left behind, is not at peace in boot, garter, or hip-pocket.

A Londoner has been inquiring into the recognition of pickles in literature. He finds only one tribute, that of the Manx poet, T. E. Brown, who sang of pickled

Caul flowers of crispy severance  
 And pods of far Cayenne to warm his  
 Walnuts and gherkins; and lest some  
 Onions for tastes legitimate though  
 humble

W. F. W. describes a way of determining the force of love in terms of horsepower. The phthymograph or dynamometer can estimate to an infinitesimal fraction the amount of affection existing between lovers, friends and relatives—and at the same time registers precisely the amount of psychological attraction exercised over a man by a woman, and vice versa.

Edna and Angelina, routinely desirous of ascertaining the strength of each other's affection, took each a pair of handles, like those of an electric battery, on opposite sides of the dynamometer. On a dial placed as to be visible to the conductors, there presently appears,

presumably as so much horsepower the precise amount of passion which they are capable of registering respectively. It is of no use for Angelina, in her maiden modesty, to be coy. The machine has no use for coyness. It gets a plain, arithmetical exposition of her sentiments out of her, and leaves Edwin in no possibly probable doubt about them. On the other hand, it is equally useless for Edwin to endeavor to profess more passion than he really feels. He may have persuaded Angelina that he adores her, but no efforts on his part will induce the machine to register more adoration than there actually is in him."

Here is a case that will interest many. A Philadelphian hired a motor car and a chauffeur from an automobile carriage company for about \$50 a day with the intention of making a tour of France with his family. On the road to Biarritz the steering gear broke. One man had both legs broken, and the other tourists were all more or less injured. The Philadelphian brought suit in the Paris courts for \$30,000 damages against the company from which he hired the car. The court awarded \$14,000 to the plaintiff for personal injuries and reasonable sums to the others that were hurt. For the court held that these indemnities were payable by the defendant company, and not by the makers of the car; and it was of the opinion that the accident was due to the carelessness of the driver in not looking after the steering gear before starting.

Lillian Russell was born in Clinton, Iowa, and, according to one of the many books that have helped us, in 1861. A fortnight or so ago the curator of the Iowa Historical Society asked her to give her portrait to the society for its Hall of Fame. His name should be known, for he, Mr. Harlan, is an appreciator of the beauty that is a joy forever—at least it has been a joy for nearly 49 years, is a joy at present, and no doubt will be long after we are all insensible to melting eyes, sculptural figures and ribbon corsets ranging from \$20 to \$200 in price. For Lillian is already among the immortals, though she is perhaps no longer the airy, fairy Lillian sung by the poet. And what more distinguished Iowan is there?

The W. C. T. U. objected. Why? Because Miss Russell in "Girofle-Girofla" sang the praise of wine? Because she has been married three or four times? Let us not burst in ignorance. No doubt Helen of Troy was looked on sourly by the Dorcas Society of her birthplace.

## HAMMERSTEIN HAS NO THOUGHT OF WAR

By PHILIP HALE.

A New York newspaper made the statement recently that an operative war would break out in Boston and that the first guns would be fired on March 28, the Monday after Easter Sunday, when surely there should be peace and joy.

This statement was no doubt well meant in the way of warning, but be assured, O timorous souls, there will be no war, not even a duel to the death between Mr. Hammerstein and Mr. Gatti-Casazza, or between Mr. Hammerstein and Mr. Dippel, or between Mr. Hammerstein and any one of the directors who may at that time be in charge of the Metropolitan Opera House.

When Mr. Hammerstein closed his season at the Boston Theatre in April, 1909, he was so pleased with the attitude of the public toward him and his brilliant company that he immediately looked forward to another fortnight in Boston and proceeded to make his arrangements. It was then generally understood by the public that the Manhattan Opera House Company would return the next year—1910.

In 1909 it was announced in The Herald of Oct. 10 that the Metropolitan Opera Company would give performances at the Boston Opera House in January, March and April of 1910, and the exact dates were named.

The lover of opera will indeed be embarrassed during the week beginning March 28. Here is a list of the operas as arranged by the two companies.

MONDAY, March 28, Boston Theatre: First performance here of Richard Strauss' "Elektra," with Mmes. Mazarin, Baron, Doria and Messrs. Devries and Huberdeau. Mme. Mazarin will sing here for the first time.

Boston Opera House: "Aida," with Mme. Destinn (her first appearance here in opera), Mme. Homer, Messrs. Caruso and Amato. Mr. Toscanini conductor.

TUESDAY, March 29, Boston Opera House: "Madama Butterfly," with Miss Farrar, Messrs. Martin and Scotti. Mr. Toscanini conductor.

Boston Theatre: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mme. Tetrazzini, John McCormack, the distinguished Irish tenor, and Mr. Polese.

WEDNESDAY MATINEE, Boston Theatre: Massenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," with Miss Mary Garden and Messrs. Renaud, Huberdeau, Lucas, Crabbe and others.

Boston Opera House: "Martha," with Miss de Hidalgo (her first appearance here), Mme. Homer and Mr. Bonci. The opera will be followed by Delibes' ballet "Coppelia," with the two distinguished Russian dancers Miss Anna Pavlova and Michael Mordkine.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, Boston Theatre: First performance in Boston of Massenet's "Griseldis," with Miss Mary Garden, Mme. Walter-Villa (her first appearance here), Messrs. Dufranne, Devries, Huberdeau, Villa.

Boston Opera House: Puccini's "La Boheme," with Mmes. Alda and Altea and Mr. Caruso. So read the announcement last Monday before the news of the operation on Mme. Alda.

THURSDAY, Boston Theatre: Double bill: Massenet's "La Navarraise," with Mme. Gerville-Reache, Messrs. Dalmores, Dufranne, Huberdeau, Crabbe, Nicolay, Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment," with Mmes. Tetrazzini and Duchene, Messrs. McCormack, Gilbert, Nicolay.

No performance at the Boston Opera House.

FRIDAY, Boston Theatre: Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande," with Mmes. Garden, Gerville-Reache, Trentini and Messrs. Dalmores, Dufranne, Huberdeau, Crabbe.

No performance at the Boston Opera House.

SATURDAY MATINEE, Boston Opera House: Puccini's "Tosca," with Miss Farrar and Messrs. Martin and Scotti.

Boston Theatre: Verdi's "La Traviata," with Mme. Tetrazzini and Messrs. McCormack and Polese.

SATURDAY NIGHT, Boston Theatre: Massenet's "Thais," with Mmes. Garden, Trentini, Duchene, and Messrs. Renaud, Devries and Scotti.

Boston Opera House: Wagner's "Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg." Chief singers, as announced last January, Mmes. Gadsd and Homer; Messrs. Slezak, Soomer, Blass, Gortiz, Reiss.

Mr. Hammerstein will produce at the Boston Theatre in the week beginning April 4 the following operas:

MONDAY, April 4: Gounod's "Faust," with Miss Mary Garden and Mmes. Trentini and Duchene and Messrs. Dalmores, Dufranne and Huberdeau. Miss Garden will make her first appearance here as Marguerite.

TUESDAY: Verdi's "La Traviata," with Mme. Tetrazzini and Messrs. McCormack and Polese.

WEDNESDAY MATINEE: The opera will be announced later.

WEDNESDAY EVENING: Verdi's "Rigoletto," with Mme. Tetrazzini and Messrs. Renaud, McCormack, Laskin and Gilbert.

THURSDAY: Charpentier's "Louise," with Miss Mary Garden, Mme. Doria, Messrs. Dalmores and Gilbert.

FRIDAY—Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," with Mmes. Trentini, Duchene, Gentle, and Messrs. Devries, Renaud, Gilbert, Crabbe.

SATURDAY MATINEE: Strauss' "Elektra," with cast as before.

SATURDAY EVENING: Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mme. Tetrazzini, Messrs. McCormack and Polese.

It is a pity that there are conflicting attractions. There are many who would like to hear Miss Destinn sing the music of Aida—and Miss Destinn is a dramatic singer of the very first rank. They would also like to hear again Caruso as Radames and become acquainted with Amato's Amosnasro. They would like to know Toscanini's interpretation of Verdi's score. But they would also like to attend the first performance in this city of Strauss' "Elektra," and see here for the first time the remarkable and thrilling performance of Mme. Mazarin. The phrase, "first time," has a magic sound to many who are eager to "assist," as the French say, on any first occasion, whether it be the first performance of a famous opera or drama or the first run of a trolley car through a new subway.

On Tuesday night there is the illustrious Mme. Tetrazzini for lovers of

florid songs, and with her is John McCormack, the Irish tenor, who made a sensation in London and has delighted New York. But at the Boston Opera House Miss Farrar, also illustrious, will appear as Mme. Butterfly, and Mr. Toscanini will conduct. Again a difficult choice.

For the Wednesday matinee Miss Garden is pitted against Bonci, and Massenet's "Jongleur de Notre Dame," an opera which has been per-

for and here only once, and then with pronounced popular success, against "Martha," which is familiar, plus a pleasing ballet with distinguished solo dancers.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Hammerstein will produce for the first time Massenet's "Griseldis," with Miss Garden. The opera pleased New Yorkers, as it did Parisians—but on the same night Caruso will sing in "La Boheme," and to many a tenor is worth more than an unfamiliar opera, unless the said tenor happens to sing in it.

Fortunately, on Thursday and Friday nights there will be no necessity of a choice. "La Navarraise," with Mme. Gerville-Reache, is a thrilling opera. Mme. Tetrazzini is said to be delightful as the regiment's daughter, and Mr. Gilbert's Sulpice—he appeared here in the part seven years ago this month—is inimitable.

On Saturday afternoon there is "Traviata" with Mme. Tetrazzini against Puccini's "Tosca"—and some might say "A plague o' both your houses." At night Miss Garden will sing against Mme. Gadsd, but Renaud's impersonation of the monk in "Thais" is most impressive, and more is seen of Miss Garden than of Miss Gadsd, unless the latter has ordered a new costume.

Mr. Hammerstein brings these singers new to Boston: Mmes. Mazarin, Baron, Walter-Villa, Duchene, Gentle, and Messrs. McCormack, Devries, Huberdeau, Scotti, Nicolay. Mr. Scott sang here at a Handel and Haydn concert in "The Seasons," April 15, 1906.

Miss Garden, whose appearance as Marguerite in "Faust" is eagerly anticipated; Mmes. Tetrazzini, Trentini, Gerville-Reache, Doria, and Messrs. Dalmores, Renaud, Dufranne, Gilbert, Polese and Crabbe are already known here and esteemed.

Mme. Destinn has sung here only at a Symphony concert. Miss Di Hidalgo and Messrs. Slezak and Soomer of the Metropolitan opera company will be heard here for the first time.

Let a word be added to the article about old harpsichords and spinets published in The Sunday Herald of Feb. 27.

It was stated there that Miss Isabel Skinner of Holyoke has a fine instrument, made by the famous Ruckers, and that there is a list of the now existing instruments made by this famous family of Antwerp—drawn up by the late A. J. Hipkins, with additions by the Rev. F. W. Galpin and Miss E. J. Hipkins, and published in the fourth volume of the revised edition of Grove's Dictionary (1908).

In this list there is mention of a "double virginal inscribed Johannes Ruckers me fecit. Compass 4 octaves C—C. White naturals," etc., in the Morris Steinert collection, New Haven, Ct., also of an instrument with one keyboard inscribed "Andreas Ruckers me fecit Antverpiæ" and "Sie transit gloria mundi," which is also said to be in the Morris Steinert collection. The only other Ruckers instrument known to the compilers of this list as being in America is one made by Andries Ruckers de Jonge (the younger), undated, in the Crosby-Brown collection, Metropolitan Museum, New York.

As a matter of fact, one of the finest examples of a Ruckers instrument is now owned by Mr. Alexander Steinert and is in his music room at Hospital Point, Beverly. It is a harpsichord with two manuals. Mr. Steinert obtained it from Mr. Hipkins in 1902. Hipkins died in 1903. After his death his collection of musical instruments went to the Royal College of Music.

The question now comes up. Is the instrument with two manuals owned by Mr. Alexander Steinert the one that in the list is attributed by mistake to Mr. Morris Steinert, or was the one now at Beverly omitted from the list by mistake? The fact that Mr. Hipkins, a great authority on old instruments, disposed of this peculiarly fine specimen and sent it to Mr. Alexander Steinert makes the confusion or omission in the list the more singular. It is highly probable that, knowing the fame of the Morris Steinert collection, he thought this Ruckers was added to it and so catalogued the instrument.

The Longy Club will give the last concert of this season, its 10th, on Thursday evening.

A piece for wind instruments, two harps and kettle drums, by Oskar Fried, will be played here for the first





Juberdeau as Orestes and Mme. Mazarin as Elektra in Strauss' "Elektra."



Miss Mary Garden as Marguerite in "Faust."

time Fried is known here only as the composer of a prelude and double fugue for strings, which Dr. Muck brought out here March 30, 1907, at a symphony concert.

Fried, born at Berlin Aug. 10, 1871, has had a stormy life. He was born of an old family of the middle class. As a youth he was poor and headstrong. He left his home and lived in a humble village not far from Berlin, where he studied and played the violin and the horn. He barely maintained life by blowing chorals at funerals and fiddling for dancing. He became a wanderer. He was now in Moscow, and now in some Italian town; he was now a member of a respectable orchestra, and now he was a strolling musician on the highway with strange companions.

When he was 18 years old he went as a horn player to Frankfort-on-the-Main, where he attracted the attention of Humperdinck, who gave him systematic instruction for a short time. Fried then went to Munich, and there educated himself, in a way, by frequenting cafes visited by literary and artistic men. When he was 24 years old, the late Hermann Levy gave him a libretto by Bierbaum, "Die verurteilte Prinzessin." Fried wrote music for this opera in the Tyrol, in Italy, at Paris and in the south of France. He completed the score in three years, and the opera was ready for production at Darmstadt. Bierbaum was divorced from his wife, and Fried married her. The opera was taken into court and it was decided that it should be produced, but not published, inasmuch as Fried had not completed it within the time agreed upon.

Fried went with his wife and lived in a village near the Havelsee, where, surrounded by vegetable gardens, he composed his two most important works. He afterward moved to the Nikolassee and studied counterpoint with Philipp Scharwenka.

Dr. Muck became acquainted with him and persuaded the Wagner Society to produce Fried's "Das Trunkne Lied" (1904) and the name of the composer was no longer unknown. He was appointed conductor of the Stern Singing Society; and in 1905 he became the conductor of the "New Concerts" in Berlin; in 1907 he was made director of the Society of Music Friends, and he has won fame in Russia, Austria and Germany as a "guest" conductor.

He has had little time to compose. It is said that, never methodical, he works by fits and starts, that he never makes preliminary sketches; that when he is in the mood he works with the utmost concentration of mind, and does not allow the presence of even his well-loved dog.

This piece for wind instruments, two harps and kettle drums, is one of his earliest compositions, op. 2 is said to be an extremely interesting piece, of chamber music by reason of its color, that demands players of the first rank.

Mr. Hutcheson's lecture on Strauss' "Elektra" is said to be of great interest and value. He is well known here as an excellent pianist, and the musical illustrations will undoubtedly be brilliant as well as educative. Mr. Hutcheson's "Elektra: a guide to the opera with musical examples from the score," a volume of 61 pages has been published by G. Schirmer of New York. As lecturer Mr. Hutcheson will picture the situations of the drama, and illustrate the thematic and harmonic construction of the score. He is peculiarly fitted for his task, both by his attainments as a pianist and musician, and by his intimate acquaintance with the composer.

Mr. John A. Lowell has long been known for his admirable engravings of distinguished men. His engraved portrait of the late B. J. Lang is not only a picture of Mr. Lang as many like to remember him, but it is a fine work of art.

Mrs. Kileski-Bradbury has been granted a leave of absence from her position as soprano in the choir of Central Church, to begin after Easter Sunday. Mrs. Laura Comstock Littlefield has been engaged for her place.

Arthur T. Hackett of the choir of the Piedmont Church, Worcester, has been engaged for the coming year as tenor at Central Church in the place of Joseph Vian, who has resigned.

Charles F. Hackett, tenor at Shawmut Church, will enter the choir of the Arlington Street Church with the coming choir year.

Leopold Stokovski will be conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra for four years after the conclusion of the present season.

If we had something of that lyric fire which keeps our drawing room bards so busy and our pianos going, we might work up the Orphean rapture about a songstress who has just come through the French courts with a grievance and a verdict. She was engaged to sing soprano at an operatic theatre, and seems to have chirped triumphantly along until one day the manager came to an abrupt decision. He ordered certain scenes in one production to be raised a whole tone higher, and this, forsooth, because the tenor found his part too low. Now there are limits even to a soprano's range and a soprano's patience. Not Sister Mary Jane with the proverbial top-note could top it with another

to oblige a manager, and the gifted plaintiff was only human in her limitations and her wrath. She insisted on the letter of the score, and she has won. If the manager wants to transpose operas up and down the scale, like the monkey on a stick, he must write them himself or engage elastic artists to suit. To conclude, there is one person in the case who seems to have stayed discreetly behind the scenes. We think rather small of that tenor, both as a vocalist and as a man. It must have been with such as him in mind that the late Hans von Bülow is said to have remarked, "Ach, a tenor is not a man, he is an illness."—Pall Mall Gazette.

The whole of Granville Bantock's "Omar Khayyam" was performed Feb. 15, by the London Choral Society. The concert began at 7:30 and did not end until after 11 o'clock, and there was an intermission of only 20 minutes. The Pall Mall Gazette said of the work that it is "enormously clever, deftly pictorial and logically fit, but that in the result it is the philosophy rather than the imaginative expression thereof which the composer has illustrated. So many lines in the original hardly bear musical setting—perhaps this has handicapped Mr. Bantock—and when such come respectful admiration for the endeavor is about all that can be offered." We are told that the majority of the audience stayed till the end. Part III. of the work, brought out at the Birmingham Festival of last year was heard in London for the first time.

A new and improved edition of Julius J. Major's violin concerto, A major, op. 18, has been published. For the benefit of those who own the first edition, corrected leaves have been struck off and they will be re-distributed gratis.

Max Reger is at work on a piano concerto which will be produced next season.

Ernst Rudorff will retire April 1 from his duties at the High School for Music in Berlin. He has been connected with the school since 1869, when it was opened, under the direction of Joachim.

Andre Messager will set music to a libretto based on Rivoire's successful comedy "Le bon Roi Dagobert."

The gold Beethoven medal has been given by the Philharmonic Society of London to Emil Sauer, the pianist.

J. H. Maunders, whose church music is well known to Boston choirs, has written the music of a comic opera, "The Superior Sex," which was produced Feb. 9 by the London Operatic and Dramatic Society. The story deals with the outcome in the year 2000 of the present-

day woman question. The music is said to be melodious and effective, with descriptive, often humorous, and always appropriate instrumentation.

The director of the Kieff opera is organizing a company of singers to visit European cities and sing there the songs and marches of the Russian convicts. The words and music have been collected by a foreigner, one Hareveld. He was allowed last year to go into convict establishments in Siberia. Several of the songs have an accompaniment of feters. It is stated that the Kieff branch of the union of the Russian people is indignant and declares the project to be unpatriotic. It will petition the local authorities to prohibit the proposed tour.

A good many years ago a Russian composer, Sokoloff, wrote a song of Siberian convicts for male voices, a dismal song of the horrible journey to the prison land, with harrowing effects. When Edward MacDowell was conductor of the Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York he set words to this music, and the arrangement "From Siberia" was published by Arthur P. Schmidt.

The Express of London gives the following description of Thomas Beecham, the conductor at a rehearsal of "Elektra" in London: "He stretches out his long, lean arms and yawns with a deliberation which is almost ostentatious. Then slowly he draws himself upright in his chair and reveals his personality. He is a remarkable man to look at—tall and slim, with a thoughtful, brooding, ascetic face. His appearance suggests a religious-minded Cavalier. He is instantly reminiscent of Charles I. His head is dome-shaped, and his forehead high and white. Gentle, re-

flexive eyes look out from either side of a strong, hawk-like nose. His thin-lipped mouth is half-hidden by a Cavalier moustache, and his thin, pointed chin is decorated with an imperial. Leaning forward, he bends his reflective gaze on the vast music score which lies gleaming before him beneath the concentrated glare of shaded lights. Then he looks round and seems to count his flock."

#### Concerts of the Week.

SUNDAY—Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. Grand operatic concert by leading members and full orchestra of the Boston Opera Company. Program published elsewhere.

MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. First Hutcheson's lecture-recital. Richard Strauss' opera "Elektra."



THURSDAY -- Chickering Hall, 8:45.  
Third annual concert of the Longy  
Club, Beethoven, octet; Bach, sonata  
in B minor for flute and piano; Oskar  
Friedl, Adagio and Scherzo for wind  
instrument, two harps and kettle  
drums, Hure, Pastorale (by request).  
The soloists will be played by Messrs.  
Miquarre and De Voto. Mr. Fiedler  
will conduct the piece by Friedl, which  
will be performed here for the first  
time.

**SATURDAY**—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M.  
1st. Concert of the Boston Symphony  
Orchestra. Program as on Friday af-  
ternoon.

Prof. Spalding of the music department of Harvard University will lecture on Wednesday afternoon in the lecture room of the Fogg Museum on "Loeffler, Dukas and Chausson."

Carlo Buonamici will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall, Tuesday evening, April 12, for the benefit of the Guild of St. Elizabeth. The program will include pieces by Haydn, Oswald, Liszt, G. Faure, Scott, Debussy, Moszkowski, Chopin and Balakireff.

Ferruccio Busoni will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall, Wednesday, March 16, at 2:30 P. M.

The Fox-Buonamici pianoforteschool  
announces a recital in Steinhert Hall  
for the evening of March 31.

Bossm's "Paradise Lost" will be performed by the Handel and Haydn Society at its final concert Easter Sunday, March 27, for the first time in America. The work will be given with a large orchestra under support of the chorus, and the soloists engaged are: Mme. Jomelli, Miss Leighton, Stephen Townsend and Dan Beddoe. Advance subscription for such seats as have not been taken for the season may now be sent to L. H. Mudgett at Symphony Hall.

Wagner Program Given Last Evening  
by Members of the Company.

A concert was given by members of the Boston opera company last evening at the Opera House. The programme was as follows, Mr. Goodrich

were a few years ago: the audience they attract today is probably more sincere, certainly more sane, in its enjoyment than in the days of the Wagner cult. Last evening's audience found as much pleasure in the first part of the program as in the last, and was especially fired by the vocal gymnastics of the air from "Dinorah" and the brilliance of Mme. Bronsaja's performance. She was recalled by applause and cheers.

Mr. Hansen gave a manly performance of Walter's song, and Mr. Baklanoff's agreeable voice made an impressive climax in the music of Wotan—music that compensates for all the tedium that Wotan spins as a web clogging the performance elsewhere.

There were encores with piano (played by Mr. Simmons), and Mr. Henrotte repeated his solo performance in Saint-Saens' Prelude.

By PHILIP HALE.

Floria Tosca.....	Mme. Boninsegna
Mario Cavaradossi.....	Mr. Constantino
Baron Scarpia.....	Mr. Baklanoff
Cesare Angelotti.....	Mr. Perini
Il Sagrestano.....	Mr. Tavecchia
Spoletta.....	Mr. Giaccone
Sciarrone.....	Mr. Pulcin
Un Pastore.....	Miss Leveroni

So, too, when Floria puts the crucifix on Scarpia's breast and arranges the candles, silence may well be considered as more thrilling than the melodramatic music with the re-appearance of the Baron's typical theme, but in a new and chastened form.

Some might even go so far as to wish that this opera would disappear from the repertory of any theatre. Not because the story of the demand, the sacrifice and the broken promise and posthumous revenge is in itself detestable. The story is an old one, and it has been used by several novelists and playwrights. Not because the sight of the Baron chasing Floria about the room is necessarily displeasing, though it may be grotesque. Much depends on the weight of Floria and the agility of Scarpia.

We are yet waiting impatiently to see a nimble Baron leap over the supper table without injury to the wine glasses, bottles and coffee-pot. But the scene of torture is hideous, both in Sardou's drama and in Puccini's opera; hideous, brutal, and brutalizing; as is any scene on the stage where there is an attempt to

Yet "Tosca" will no doubt be performed for many seasons to come, although musically it is not to be put in the same rank with the composer's "La Boheme." The story excites many, there are indisputably effective musical moments. There are one or two captivating melodies, an impressive finale at the end of the first act, impressive chiefly by reason of overpowering sonority. There is a delightful madrigal and there is exquisite pictorial music at the beginning of the third act while the audience looks at Rome. There is opportunity for sumptuous and striking stage setting.

"Tosca" is first of all an opera that must be acted. It demands something more than an accomplished prima donna, something more than a baritone with his sweet *romanza*. It will do no harm if Mario turns out to be an actor as well as a tenor; but the dramatic conflict in the opera is between Floria and Scarpia. I doubt whether even the most sensitive spectator ever reflected sadly on the fate of Mario.

It is true that the three leading characters are puppets for Sardou to move in his attack on the nerves; they are not creatures of flesh and blood who work out their own destiny; they are strung on strings. Nevertheless, a great lyric tragedian, like Milka Ternina, can vitalize the wooden Floria, and a distinguished operatic actor, like Mr. Renaud, or, in less degree, Mr. Scotti, can make Scarpia plausible and human in his inhumanity.

The performance last night was one of more than ordinary interest, for there were surprises. First of all, Mme. Boninsegna, who has hitherto shown chiefly experience and a knowledge of routine in the parts that she has taken, gave a highly creditable impersonation of Floria. It was not a remarkable impersonation, but one that deserved hearty praise. Her voice was more effective than on former occasions, possibly because the music of "Tosca" is better suited to it, and she acted with much more spontaneity and intensity than has been her wont. In answer to the well deserved applause she repeated the air in the second act, and thus delayed the action and gave Baron Scarpia an opportunity to cool his amorous ardor and seek repentance.


There was another surprise. Mr. Constantino not only sang the music with fine vocal quality, tenderness, breadth and passion, but he gave a strong dramatic impersonation. That he would sing well was expected; that he acted with marked variety and intensity was a surprise to his warmest admirers. He, too, fell victim to the encore fiend, and through the courtesy of the jailor was permitted to repeat his solo on the platform. Thus again was injury done to the drama.

I understand that Mr. Baklanoff took the part of Scarpia for the first time. In view of this, it is only fair to say that, while his impersonation was a disappointment, he will undoubtedly in time make it more dramatic, for Mr. Baklanoff has brains as well as voice. His Scarpia last night lacked sinister suavity, abominable lightness, cruel irony, devilish grace. His Scarpia in the first act was rather dull, and in the second act too bolsterous. The wonder was that he did not chase Floria the moment she entered his room, and after the manner of cavemen woo her with a club.

The minor parts were acceptably taken, and Mr. Tavecchia's sacristan had oily instead of dry humor. Mr. Conti did the best in his power to give an eloquent orchestral performance. The chorus was most satisfactory.

The scenery and the general mounting of the opera were worthy of enthusiastic praise. The interior of the church, with stained glass window effects and with admirable frescoes, was perhaps especially noteworthy, but the production in all respects was a memorable one.

The end of the second act would have been more effective if Floria had extinguished the candles on the table and left the room, lighted dimly by those near the dead body. The audience was most enthusiastic. On the whole, the performance was perhaps the most impressive of the season.

The opera on Wednesday night will be Mme.  standing

George Ade's Farce  
Leads Excellent Bill.

"Mrs. Peckham's Carouse," a farce by George Ade, which heads the week's bill at Keith's, is a caricature of the ardent temperance advocate. Flo Irwin plays the role of Susan P. Peckham, the reformer, and does it to the life. And that is what makes the skit one of the funniest things vaudeville has seen for a long time.

Mr. Peckham receives a bottle of whiskey and about it the comedy revolves. How Mrs. Peckham's only a few minutes after reading portions of her speech on the evils of drink comes to imbibe a portion of the liquor—and the only taste anybody gets—furnishes the fun.

As the middle-aged Mrs. Peckham, with her cock-sure manner and her unshakable faith that she is right and everybody else wrong, Miss Irwin is a figure no one who ever ran across the strong-minded woman can fail to recognize. She is funny then, because her impersonation is so realistic, but she is 10 times funnier after the whiskey has gone down and begins to work its way with her.

An intoxicated woman is not an inspiring figure, but Miss Irwin plays Mrs. Peckham intoxicated with the same delicacy with which she plays Mrs. Peckham spiritually exalted with the idea of making the world better, so the farce is always amusing without ever being vulgar. Thomas Springer, Sidney Broughton, Frankie Raymonde and R. V. Mallory furnish adequate support.

Laddie Cliff is back, a little older and a little taller, but just as agile and amusing as ever. He has some new songs, but his old success, "Good-bye, Mr. Williams," seemed to tickle 'ast night's house as much as anything he did.

Pretentiously staged, "Futurity Winner" is the perennial racing play. The plot is very sketchily sketched, indeed, but good acting, especially on the part of Kingsley Bennett, and a very lively race scene, make it go with vim.

Singers unlike most of those in vaudeville are Horace Wright and Rene Dietrich. Young and enthusiastic, they sing with a spirit that is catching. Harry Linton and Anita Lawrence are new to Boston, but they will be welcome when they come again. Their "In a Piano Store" is an amusing novelty.

Selma Braatz is a young girl who does all the usual juggling tricks with skill and finish worthy of a much older performer.. Parodies and jokes, new and old, by Raymond and Caverly, keep the audience laughing, and McDevitt and Kelly are dancers more than ordinarily nimble. Luigi Marabini has a turn in which he carves figures out of real ice with striking dispatch.

'Via Wireless' Well Received; Storm  
Scene Much Applauded.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Frederic Thompson's melodrama, "Via Wireless." The cast:

Filkins.....	Henry Hubbard
Maze O'Brien.....	Ouida Bergere
Warner.....	Edward Morrisey
James Harling.....	Robert E. Keane
Edward Plinckney.....	William H. Elliott
Marsh.....	Garrett P. Campbell
Mr. Durant.....	George W. Paige
Mrs. Durant.....	Kate Griffith
Lieut. Sommers.....	Edmund Soraghan
Smith.....	Jamee Farrell
Bradley.....	George Holt
Capt. Osborn.....	Harry D. Snyder
Capt. Griswold.....	Henry Hubbard

Alfred Sutro's comedy, "A Builder of Bridges," was presented by Kyrle Bellew for the first time in Boston at the Colonial Theatre last night. The

cast:

Edward Thursfield.....	Kyrle Beier
Arnold Faringay.....	Eugene O'Brien
Walter Gresham.....	Frank Conroy
Sir Henry Killick.....	DeWitt C. Jennings
Peter Holland.....	Ernest Stallan
Dorothy Faringay.....	Glady's Hansen
Mrs. Bebnay.....	Mrs. Thomas Whitte
Miss Closson.....	Jane May
Minnie.....	Frances Comstock

The piece opened unpromisingly. For a long time there was talk without a bit of action. It was gradual



...the heroine Dorothy Fairbank, while already engaged to Walter Gresham, had engaged herself to Edward Thursfield, builder of bridges. In order to secure protection for her brother, Arnold, who had embezzled from his employer, Thursfield's firm of contractors.

The act closed with a scene between Thursfield, happy in his confidence, and the girl, shamed and tormented by his confidence and obviously in love with him. All the dramatic events had occurred before the piece began. The construction seemed like the work of a novelist with a gift for dialogue and no understanding of the requirements of the theatre. Moreover, the stage management, instead of hiding, had enhanced the effect of the lack of movement.

With the second act, however, the drama began. It took place in the London offices of the builders of bridges. One of the clerks came to Thursfield to say that young Farinway had confessed his wrongdoing. The boy was called in. Here the situation was splendidly managed. The boy's agonized tension found a fine all in Thursfield's quiet bewilderment and regret. And there was real emotion communicated to the audience when Thursfield announced that he could cover the defalcation out of his own pocket.

But the sister must not be told, he stipulated. She must not be tempted by gratitude to keep a promise of marriage made in a moment of sentiment. Presently the girl appeared. She had a moment with her brother. Of course, she declared, Walter Gresham would pay Thursfield. The boy doubted. And in a moment of self-accusation he proclaimed himself unfit to live. The act closed on a rather pretty bit of sentiment between Thursfield and the girl.

Dorothy found Gresham unwilling to stand by and dismissed him. The climax was built up by Gresham suddenly returning and in presence of Thursfield blurring out his intention of doing just what the girl had proposed and proclaiming his engagement. It led to a scene between the brother and sister and Thursfield, in which Thursfield denounced the trick.

On the whole, the acting was good. As Thursfield Mr. Bellew played with grace, authority and distinction, and with rather more than his usual animation. The Dorothy of Miss Gladys Hanson revealed a beautiful girl, who wore several lovely gowns. Eugene O'Brien played the brother with fine variety and naturalness. Ernest Stallard gave a performance of genuine artistic merit. Mrs. Whiffen played with her characteristic skill, Dorothy's tiresome old aunt.

"The Harvest Moon," Augustus Thomas' latest play, will come to the Colonial Theatre a week from next Monday, with Charles Frohman's company, headed by George Nash.

**READS PLAY "BLEAK HOUSE"**

Miss Edith Coburn Noyes' Portrayal Pleases at Jordan Hall.

Miss Edith Coburn Noyes read "Bleak House" in its dramatic form, last evening, at Jordan Hall. The version used was that of Mme. Janauichek, to which Miss Noyes possesses the sole right of presentation. The Hoffman quartet played in the entr'actes.

**TREMONT THEATRE**—First production in Boston of "The Man Who Sings Broadway," a musical play by George M. Cohan. The cast:

Edw. Lyons ..... Raymond Hitchcock  
Anthony Bridwell ..... Stanley Forde  
Tom Bridwell ..... Scott Welch  
Evelyn Bridwell ..... Miss Flora Zabelle  
George Burnham ..... George Lydecker  
Caroline Curtis ..... Miss Lora Lieb  
Edith Wilson ..... Miss Frances Gordon  
Andrews, a butler ..... Mark Sullivan  
Bill Robinson, Lyons' manager.....

Mark Sullivan

**HUTCHESON READS 'ELEKTRA'**

Gives Explanation of Daring Music of Strauss' Opera.

Ernest Hutcheson gave a reading of the music of Strauss' opera, "Elektra," yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. He did not touch at all on the controversial aspect of his subject, but stated that he aimed only explanation.

The music of this opera he characterized as the most intricate and

...it, yet with a ly Strauss, and he laid emphasis on the necessity of listening to it with an open mind. According to the lecturer, it is deplorable that so much criticism has been made of the horrible in "Elektra," since its introduction, as an element of revenge, is thoroughly Greek in spirit. Mr. Hutcheson failed to mention that when such material was used in Greek drama it was with a stern and high moral purpose and the hearer was to go away "purified"; it was never offered as an opportunity to see how sensational either an actor or a composer could be.

Mr. Hutcheson gave a clear notion of the Wagnerian scheme of typical themes upon which the music is constructed. He gave names to many of the motives and played them separately. He also played long excerpts. The playing was extremely well done, but it is quite impossible to get an adequate idea from the piano of anything so dependent upon orchestral color as is Strauss' music.

After all, it is a little laughable to find oneself solemnly listening to "the blow of the hatchet" rendered in some particular succession of musical notes. Inevitably one wonders just why that succession. But the lecture, without doubt, helped the earnest to a more adequate state of preparation for the presentation of "Elektra," which Mr. Hammerstein proposes to give here the last week in March.

**AMERICAN MUSIC HALL.**

European Company Depicts Life in Paris Underworld.

"Highly exciting," remarked Lord John to Lady Montague as they sat at a rough and ready table in one of the resorts of the Parisian underworld and watched La Gosseline and Debert execute "La Danse Noire."

Two audiences at the American Music Hall yesterday quite agreed with this remark from the stage, while witnessing the presentation of "La Gosse" in which this "La Danse Noire" is quite the cleverest of many clever things in this depiction of slum life in Paris.

The company has scored phenomenal successes at the Palace Theatre in London and the Moulin Rouge in Paris. Gaston Silvestre, as Debert, and Mlle. Edne Mollon, as La Gosseline, are the stars. Their dance differs somewhat from the Apache, but is better.

The story of the unfortunate but beautiful girl who visits the resort to Debert of the same world appeals not in vain. Her employer enters and finds her doing "La Danse Noire." There is a show of knives, and Debert falls to the floor with La Gosseline throwing herself upon him in grief. Lord and Lady Montague and their party beat a hasty retreat. Immediately the warring ends, Debert comes speedily to life, and the members of the company remove their make-up and divide the gold Lord Montague has spent for wine and tips. They then leave in a party for dinner, ridiculing the credulity of the foreigner who would slum in Paris.

K. P. Speedy dives from up among the drops into a tank that is startling in its shallowness. Speedy always emerges unhurt and smiling.

The Empire City quartet makes good with a rush, and the comedy of Harry Cooper helps a whole lot. Versatile and daring Bessie Leonard, whose imitations are clever and whose by-play is effective, holds the audience.

There is a polo game on bicycles—a sort of cross between the pony and roller skate varieties—with two men on a team and every player proficient on the wheel. Hallen and Hayes, good dancing comedians; Larola, a knock-about juggler and all-round funny man, and Musical Thor complete a rattling good bill.

**MRS. LITTLEFIELD SINGS.**

Recital of Ambitious Program Pleases at Chickering Hall.

Laura Comstock Littlefield gave a song recital last night in Chickering Hall; Arthur Shepherd was at the piano. The program was as follows:

Schubert, "Ganymed," "Nacht und Traum;" Schumann, "Auftraege," "Denn Angesicht;" Brahms, "Auf dem Schiffe," "Nacht;" "O Liebliche Wangen;"

"Chor de Lane Masse, "Rondeau de l'Aquila"; Thomas, aria, "Je Suis Titania"; Strauss, "Morgen," "Ständchen"; Reger, "Beim Schneesetter," "Meln Schaeftzelein"; Taubert, "Vom Lustigen Grasmuecklein"; Manney, "Orpheus with His Lute," "May Morning"; Loomis, "In the Foggy Dew," "A Little Dutch Garden"; Dresel, "Sweet and Low"; Atherton, "In April," "Madcap Wind."

An audience of good size and much friendliness, expressed in bouquets and applause, gathered to hear Mrs. Littlefield.

Her program was fairly ambitious. It is always a pleasure to hear the less familiar songs by Schubert and one can glean enjoyment from Schumann's "Auftraege" even though it has appeared already this season on the program of five song recitals. As for Reger, he is in his songs quite intelligible and often amiable.

Mrs. Littlefield has a pretty voice, which she manages prettily. Her range is not great and she does not always take her high tones with conviction. If her voice lacks warmth and depth, it has freedom and smoothness, and her phrasing and enunciation are good.

Now and then, as in "Nachtigale" by Brahms or "Sweet and Low" by Dresel, she discloses some insight into the art of interpretation; yet for the most part her singing at present lacks that elusive quality best expressed by the much abused, but still valuable word, temperament.

**MAUD ALLAN GIVES 'SALOME.'**

Dances with Russian Symphony Orchestra at Opera House.

Miss Maud Allan, assisted by the Russian Symphony orchestra, Modest Altschuler, conductor, danced last evening at the Boston Opera House. The dances included Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite, Mendelssohn's Spring Song, "Reed Pipe," from Tschalkowsky's "Nutcracker" Suite, "The Blue Danube" and "The Vision of Salome." The orchestra played the overture to "Mignon," the Andante Cantabile from Tschalkowsky's op. 11, two Caucasian Sketches by Ippolitoff-Ivanoff, "In the Aul" and "March Sardar," Ilyinsky's "Berceuse," Tschalkowsky's "March Slav."

"The Vision of Salome" was substituted, "by request," for Shumann's "Papillons" and Rubinstein's "Valse Caprice," which were announced on the printed program. There was a small, but enthusiastic audience, whose enjoyment waxed as the program progressed. All Miss Allan's dances were familiar here except the "Reed Pipe" from Tschalkowsky's suite. This was pretty, but with little to distinguish it, as a dance, from others of a pastoral nature. It might be said, generally, that too many of Miss Allan's dances are in vogue. She has in Anitra's dance a golden opportunity to differentiate her program, for Anitra was an Oriental; but the dance as given might be done to other music. It is exquisite, and has a certain distinction, but is in no way identified with Grieg's music or with Ibsen's character.

"The Vision of Salome" was somewhat more elaborately done than at the previous performance here, when the head of John the Baptist did not figure except as it was suggested by pantomime. Last evening there was a head, a sombre and shaggy head, that either inspired the dancer to uncommon frenzy, or by its mere presence made the performance seem more gruesome to the spectator. At any rate, the dance was more effective than the first time it was given here.

The real "vision" is Miss Allan herself in the character of Salome. As the curtain rose she was bewildering, but when she had come forward to dance the lighting of the stage was ineffective, so that her costume lost some of its brilliance. Here, as in the other dances, she relied chiefly on her arms for effect. They are eloquent; they whip about her like serpents; they flutter as a butterfly; they ripple as a wave; they are never without expression. In the spell they weave the spectator forgets that the twinkling feet have little variety of expression.

The program of orchestral pieces was so popular in its nature that it seemed to be intended as entr'actes, and did not serve to show what the orchestra could really do. There was much applause, and Miss Allan gave encores and responded to curtain calls.

**MME. LIPKOWSKA**  
**AN INTENSE LUCIA**

**BOSTON OPERA HOUSE**—Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," performed by the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell, director. Mr. Luzzatti conducted.

Edgar..... Mr. Constantino  
Henry Ashton..... Mr. Fornari  
Norman..... Mr. Vanni  
Raymond..... Mr. Perini  
Arthur..... Mr. Giaccone  
Lucy..... Mme. Lipkowska  
Alice..... Miss Pierce

No libretto is perhaps exempt from at least one bore. These might be cited here in categorical order and according to the degree of intensity. The first might begin with Siebel and Micaela, and it might end with Heinrich der Vogler, King Mark, or that eminently respectable champion of middle class morals, the Herald, in "Lohengrin."

In "Lucia" there are three bores—Alice the shrieking attendant, who by a series of sympathetic contortions of face and form expresses her concern for the sorrows of her mistress, and within whose arms the young lady herself squirms at periodic intervals; Arthur, the sheepish suitor, who ingenuously inquires as to the whereabouts of his betrothed on the bridal day, and whose timid soul is terror-stricken by the riotous entrance of Edgar; Raymond, Henry's chaplain, the priestly hypocrite, who, mindful of his monthly stipend, is insistent that the hapless maiden shall comply with her brother's command, but, remembering probably some past indiscretion of his own, secretly feels for the lovers and even holds the dying Edgar in his arms. Even Henry, the family bully, does not escape a suspicion of boredom. It is easy to imagine him quarreling sourly with the attendant at table if the meat is not done to his liking or, in a testier humor under similar circumstances, dealing the man a by no means gentle clout on the head.

A large and brilliant audience gave enthusiastic evidence of their appreciation of "Lucia," which was again heard last night at the Boston Opera House. The performance was one of note.

Mme. Lipkowska sang and acted admirably. She was not merely a prima donna displaying her facility of execution in an exacting role, but, by the intensity of her acting, she portrayed realistically the heroine of Scott's sombre story.

Mr. Constantino sang and acted with distinction.

Mr. Fornari and Mr. Perini sang pleasingly and Mr. Giaccone was an acceptable Arthur.

The sextet was excellently rendered, and Mr. Luzzatti gave a careful reading of the score.

The opera on Friday night will be Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," with Miss Nielsen and Messrs. Bourillon, Tavecchia and Fornari as chief singers, to be followed by "Der Geizige Ritter" with Mr. Baklanoff.

**NEXT WEEK'S OPERAS.**

"Lucia di Lammermoor" Leads List at Boston Opera House.

These operas will be performed at the Boston Opera House in the week beginning Monday, March 14:

Monday, March 14, at 8 P. M.—Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." Edgar, Mr. Constantino; Henry Ashton, Mr. Fornari; Raymond, Mr. Perini; Arthur, Mr. Giaccone; Lucy, Mme. Lipkowska; Mr. Luzzatti, conductor.

Wednesday, March 16, at 8 P. M.—Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Rosina, Mme. Lipkowska; Count Almaviva, Mr. Constantino; Figaro, Mr. Fornari; Doctor Bartolo, Mr. Tavecchia; Basilio, Mr. Mardones; Mr. Conti, conductor.

Friday, March 18, at 8 P. M.—Puccini's "Tosca." Floria Tosca, Miss Deryne; Mario Cavaradossi, Mr. Constantino; Baron Scarpia, Mr. Baklanoff; Cesare Angelotti, Mr. Perini; Il Sagrestano, Mr. Tavecchia; Spoletta, Mr. Giaccone; Un Pastore, Elvira Leveroni; Mr. Conti, conductor.

Saturday, March 19, at 2 P. M.—Verdi's "La Traviata." Violetta, Miss Nielsen; Raoul, Mr. Constantino; Alfredo Germont, Mr.



Bourillon, Giorgio Gertont, Mr. Blanchart, Gastone, Mr. Giaccone, Baron Douchet, Mr. Pulcini, Marquis D'Obigny, Mr. Vanni, Dr. Grenville, Mr. Perini, grand corps de ballet, Mr. Conti, conductor.

Saturday, March 19, at 8 P. M.—Wagner's "Lohengrin," in Italian. Elsa, Miss Deryne; Ortrud, Mme. Claessens; Lohengrin, Mr. Hansen, Telramund, Mr. Blanchart, Koenig Heinrich, Mr. Mardones, Herold, Mr. Pulcini; Mr. Goodrich, conductor.

### JADLOWKER'S CAREER.

Makes His First Appearance in Boston Next Saturday Afternoon.

Herman Jadlowker of the Metropolitan Opera company, who will sing for the first time in Boston next Saturday afternoon (the 12th), at the Boston Opera House, as Mario in Puccini's "Tosca," was born at Riga 33 years ago. He sang for a short time at Cologne and Stettin, but it was at Karlsruhe that he first attracted attention. The Emperor William heard him there and invited him to sing at the Royal Opera House, Berlin. He sang and was at once applauded as one of the most promising tenors of today. As it was not possible for Mr. Jadlowker to break his contract, he was engaged for Berlin after the expiration of his engagement at Karlsruhe. He has not only signed a contract for five years with the Berlin Royal Opera House; he is engaged after that to sing at the Imperial Court Opera, Vienna; so that he is under-contract till 1918.

At present Mr. Jadlowker is a member of the Grand Ducal Court Theatre of Karlsruhe, and he is now in this country. Through the courtesy of the Grand Duke of Baden Mr. Jadlowker studied at the Vienna Conservatory under Gaensbacher. His repertory includes Italian and French operas and the lighter ones of Wagner. He made his first appearance in

New York at the Metropolitan Opera House, Jan. 22, 1910, as Faust in Gounod's opera.

### LONGY CLUB SEASON ENDS.

Selections From Beethoven, Fried and Hure Given at Last Concert.

The Longy Club gave the last concert of its 10th season last night in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows:

Beethoven, octet, op. 103; Bach, sonata in B minor for flute and piano (Messrs. Maquarre and De Voto); Oskar Fried, adagio and scherzo for wind instruments, two harps and kettle drums (first time); J. Hure, pastorale (by request).

Mr. Fiedler conducted the performance of Fried's music. The club was also assisted by Miss Shaw and Mr. Schuecker, harps; Mr. A. Battles, oboe; Mr. F. Mueller, oboe; Mr. E. Mueller, bassoon; Mr. K. Stumpf, bass clarinet, and Mr. A. Rettberg, tympani.

The harmonically adventurous spirit and fuller knowledge of color possibilities for wind instruments characteristic of today gives such a work as that of Fried precedence over Beethoven's octet in interest and beauty. The "Pastorale," by Hure, is less sinibitious, but excellently adapted to the instruments for which it is scored, and so genuinely pretty that it comes as a relief.

One listens with resignation to the Allegro and Andante of Beethoven, with pleasure to his Minuet and final, but with irresistible delight to the Adagio and Scherzo of Fried. He seems in his writing to have sifted out what is best in the modern German manner; he distinctly has something to say, and it is said without exaggeration, without padding, without straining for effect. His combination of instruments is extremely happy. Upon the mellow foundation of bassoons and softly accepting tympani he builds exquisite melodies taken up first by clarinet and then by oboe, until all are blended in a climax of rich power. Throughout flashes the softer shower of the harp or the sweet tone of the flute. The two parts of the work are in great contrast, yet both have extreme freshness and originality.

An audience of good size showed much enthusiasm over the playing in this section, as it did over Mr. Jadlowker's artistic performance of the last concert for flute.

### BUSONI WITH SYMPHONY.

Pianist Heard at 18th Public Rehearsal After Six Years' Absence.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 18th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 4.....Brahms  
Piano Concerto in E flat, No. 5.....Beethoven  
Overture to "Rosmunde".....Schubert

This concert was noteworthy chiefly by reason of the reappearance of Mr. Busoni after an absence of six years. When he first came to Boston, in 1891, his ability was recognized in Europe, and when he visited here in 1904 he was ranked among the very first of pianists then living. His reputation has grown even in late years, and it is said that while his mechanism was flawless long ago, he has gained in emotional quality, in eloquent expression.

It seemed to me yesterday that his characteristics are about the same as they were when he last played here with the orchestra and in recital. His technical proficiency is indisputable and he makes no parade of it—for he is a sincere musician of the highest thoughts and aims. To speak of him as merely a most accomplished virtuoso in the less savory meaning of the word would be impertinent and unjust. Nevertheless, Mr. Symons was not perhaps unfair when he described him as a great executant, for hearing him, he could not feel "the contact of soul and instrument," he could not feel that a human being was expressing himself in sound. He admitted that Mr. Busoni could do on the piano whatever he could conceive; but the question, after all, was what could he conceive?

Yesterday there was, as ever, the absolute mastery, the calm self-assurance that at once put the expectant audience at ease, the modest use of the uncommon proficiency, the delightful clarity in swift or in complex passages, the intelligently musical phrasing, the rhythmic sense, the variety in touch that should have aided in expression. It is not easy to think of anyone "playing" the notes of this concerto any better. Yet on the whole there was something lacking, something that left undone, or not present, disappointed the hearer who had read of Mr. Busoni's growth as an interpreter, as an artist that in performance recites the music of the composer. The dignity of the performance was marked, yet the dignity of the composer was greater. In the first movement there was a suspicion of incongruous restlessness, a nervous and alien spirit on the part of the pianist and on the part of the orchestra. There was hardly the broad, commanding, irresistible statement of a master-work.

In the adagio there was the appropriate simplicity, there was the suggestion of contemplation, but one wished for a little more warmth, a little more color. It all seemed remote, too far from this world.

Admirable, however, was Mr. Busoni's anticipation of the chief theme of the rondo, and here was the one memorable touch of poetry in the performance. Admirable, too, was his reading of the rondo, a reading that was impressive and stirring.

The performance was no doubt an excellent one in many ways, so excellent that it should have been great in every way. No one wishes to hear this concerto played in "Ercles' vein"; no one wishes to hear its noble sentiments sentimentalized. The performance of Mr. Busoni was possibly great, but it was not a great interpretation.

The pianist was applauded fervently and recalled several times. The performance of the Symphony by Brahms awakened moderate rapture. The first movement was taken at an unusually slow pace and the structure of the work was shown as though it were on the dissecting table. The following andante was anything but "moderate" in its flow, for it assumed a dirge-like character, but an average was struck, for the third movement was taken at a speed that taxed the ability of hearers and players.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Strube,

comedy overture "Puck," MS (first performance); Strauss, Symphonla Domestica; "Deh Vieni" from "The Marriage of Figaro" and "Singt dem Goettlichen Propheten" from Graun's "Der Tod Jesu" (Mme. Sembrich); overture to "The Magic Flute"; four songs sung with piano by Mme. Sembrich; Brahms' "Die Nachtigall," Schumann's "Widmung," Fiedler's "Wiegenlied" and Strauss' "Staendchen."

## BOSTON HEARS RUSSIAN OPERA

First Performance in America of a Scene from Rachmaninoff's Work, "The Miser Knight."

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," performed by the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell, director. Mr. Conti conducted.

Norina.....Miss Nielsen  
Ernesto.....Mr. Bourillon  
Don Pasquale.....Mr. Tavecchia  
Dr. Malatesta.....Mr. Fornari  
Un Notallo.....Mr. Mogan

The performance was followed by one of a scene from Rachmaninoff's opera "The Miser Knight." This was the first performance of the scene in America. Mr. Baklanoff took the part of the miser and Mr. Conti conducted.

It is always good to hear "Don Pasquale," even when the singers are less competent comedians than those that gave pleasure last night, for Donizetti's music has a melodic grace, a sparkle, a vivacity and a certain elegance that are surpassed only by Rossini. No wonder that some, recalling with delight the sister operas "The Daughter of the Regiment" and "The Elixir of Love," wish that Donizetti had not wandered from this field, for these works are still fresh and delightful, while nearly all of the serious operas of the composers have vanished from the stage. "La Favorita" is still sung for the benefit of some woman who would fain address Fernando in passionate tones, and the fourth act is still dramatic and beautiful. "Lucia di Lammermoor" will outlive all of us who may be foolishly led into hot discussion over "Elektra," or the future of Debussy. Would "Lucrezia Borgia" now seem tolerable and to be endured? There is fine music in it.

It is not necessary to speak at length concerning the performance of "Don Pasquale." Miss Nielsen always plays the part of the young and coquettish widow with marked lightness and with the distinction of the born comedian. Mr. Tavecchia is an excellent Don Pasquale. His voice is suited to the music, and he does not make the vain, foolish, cruelly abused old man wholly ridiculous, nor does he find himself obliged to descend to buffoonery. The part of Ernesto is for a light tenor, and Mr. Bourillon is adequate. Mr. Fornari is appropriately voluble as the treacherous friend.

Little is known in this country about Russian opera, as far as stage representations are concerned. Tschalkowsky's "Pique Dame" was recently brought out with success in New York and his "Eugene Onegin" has been sung there in concert form. Rubinstein's "Nero" has been performed even in Boston, as far back as 1888. We know nothing except by report of the more modern, the strictly national Russian opera. Whether it is fair to a composer to produce only one scene from an opera unknown to the audience, is a question for academic discussion. Mr. Rachmaninoff certainly made no objection, and as Mr. Baklanoff created the chief part at Moscow, his performance may reasonably be considered as authoritative.

The story of "The Miser Knight" has already been told in The Herald. The libretto is Pushkin's poem of the same name. In the scene performed last night the miser views his gold with joy, explains to the audience his pleasure and indulges himself in a philosophical discussion on the curses inflicted on mankind by the greed for money. Thus we are reminded of our old friend Gaspard in "The Chimes of Normandy."

Not that there is any likeness between the music of Rachmaninoff and that of the humble Planquette.

Rachmaninoff's music in this scene may be described as pictorially dramatic. It is not at all melodic in the sense that is dear to the average opera audience, nor is the orchestral part one continuous melody in the Wagnerian sense. The music is descriptive; it is a tonal portraiture of moods. To make the scene effective there is need of a dramatic baritone and of a plastic orchestra led by an imaginative conductor.

Mr. Baklanoff's artistic and dramatic abilities are already well known, so that last night's impressive rendering of the scene from "The Miser Knight" was no surprise, but rather a fuller revelation of his powers. Beauty of tone, fine nuance, emotional and dramatic intensity, together with expressive facial play and eloquence of gesture, characterized his performance.

The music was effective. There are themes reminiscent of Mr. Rachmaninoff's other compositions, with perhaps a deeper and more varied emotional range. At all times there is the predominant note of sinister Slavic melancholy. Mr. Conti's reading of the score was highly creditable.

The stage setting was appropriately gruesome and the performance was enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience.

The opera this afternoon will be Puccini's "Tosca," with Mme. Deryne and Messrs. Jadlowker, Blanchart, Perini, and this evening Verdi's "Rigoletto" will be performed, with Mme. Bronskaja and Messrs. Constantino, Baklanoff and Nivette.

## JADLOWKER'S FIRST APPEARANCE HERE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Puccini's "Tosca," performed by the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell, director. Mr. Conti conducted.

Flora Tosca.....Miss Deryne  
Mario Cavaradossi.....Mr. Jadlowker  
Baron Scarpia.....Mr. Blanchart  
Cesare Angelotti.....Mr. Perini  
Il Sagrestano.....Mr. Tavecchia  
Spoletta.....Mr. Giaccone  
Sciarrone.....Mr. Pulcini  
Un Carceriere.....Mr. Orchard  
Un Pastore.....Miss Leveroni

Mr. Jadlowker of the Metropolitan Opera House sang yesterday afternoon for the first time in Boston and made a very favorable impression. His voice is of agreeable quality; it is clear and sympathetic. While it is naturally rather light, it has sufficient body and carrying power, and it is not effeminate. Mr. Jadlowker sang for the most part with respect for laws of song that as a rule are violated ruthlessly by singers coming to us from Germany. His intonation was pure; he sustained melodic lines; he was not tempted to force his tones in moments of dramatic stress; in his wish to give dramatic emphasis he sang; he did not scream or bawl.

Furthermore, he shaped his song in accordance with the situation as well as the musical sentiment. He still has to acquire the free control of tone in piano passages.

As an actor, he was at ease; his bearing was manly and graceful, and he showed in many ways the benefits to be gained from singing in a German stock company when the singer himself is intelligent. He was not guilty of too deliberate acting, nor was he ever more conscious of the existence of an audience than of the characters on the stage. There was much that was excellent in his business; as in the reconciliation with Flora in the first act; in his dialogue with Angelotti; in his scene with Scarpia and in his outburst of patriotic joy. It is to be hoped that Mr. Jadlowker will be engaged here for next season.

Mr. Blanchart, a singer of experience and routine, was a melodramatic Scarpia, who took the audience into his various hellish purposes, and had a staccato laugh that recalled Mr. Ralph Delmore in "The Span of Life," poisoning grapes on the trellis with hypodermic injections and shooting off revolvers with diabolical accuracy of aim. Mr. Blanchart's Scarpia was a bustling, boisterous person, who in his game of tag with Flora became violently heated, so that he was



...the Florida was singing her cele-  
brated air, to mop his fevered brow,  
and at the same time to sustain his  
length and courage by copious and  
asty draughts of wine. A more sin-  
ter, malignant, polished, plausible  
carpia would have been preferable,  
and in Mr. Blanchart's vocal wooing



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HERMAN JADLOWKER.

of Florida there was no amorous ap-  
peal.

Miss Doreyne was known here as  
a vivacious Musette, an amiable  
Marguerite, without distinction, and  
a charming page to Navarre's color-  
atura queen. Few anticipated much  
of her Tosca. While as Florida she did  
not rise to any tragic height, she  
played the second act with consider-  
able force and was to be praised  
warmly for what she refrained from  
doing. She was never grotesque  
never indifferent, but interesting, and  
at times quietly pathetic. Her first  
act was not so well composed, nor so  
effective, and this was the act in  
which she might have been expected  
to excel. She sang with pure intona-  
tion, freely, and with much taste. To  
demand overwhelming bursts of pas-  
sion from her would be unreasonable.  
It is said that this was her first  
appearance in the part. If the state-  
ment is correct her performance was  
creditable to her.

The audience, in a judicial atti-  
tude at first, warmed with the  
progress of the opera and there were  
the usual curtain calls. The rare  
beauty of the scenery and the pro-  
fessional pomp in the first act again  
excited admiration. Mr. Russell more  
than fulfilled his promises concern-  
ing the production.

## "RIGOLETTO" IS PRESENTED.

Boston Opera Company Presents  
Work of Verdi.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's  
"Rigoletto" performed by the Boston  
Opera Company. Henry Russell, di-  
rector. Mr. Luzzatti, conducted.

Gilda.....Eugenia Bronskaja  
Maddalena.....Jeska Swartz  
Countess Ceprano.....Virginia Pierce  
Giovanna.....Elena Klimes  
Paggio.....E. Martuccia  
Duke of Mantova.....Florenco Constantino  
Rigoletto.....George Baklanoff  
Sparafucelle.....Giusto Nivette  
Monterone.....Giuseppe Perini  
Marullo.....Attilio Puleini  
Count Ceprano.....Howard White  
Borsa.....Ernesto Giaccone

Mob-spirit reigned supreme last  
night in a large audience which  
began to redemand the numbers  
of the Duke and Gilda in the second  
act with a vigor rising after the  
first to such persistence that for a  
moment it was doubtful whether any  
part of the performance was going  
to be audible. It is not at every  
moment that the stage manager  
as the luck of being able to en-  
force quiet across the footlights by  
understand and lightning. That was,  
indeed, a notable storm. It is a  
matter of wonder that Richard

...a new musical instrument.  
Miss Bronskaja was not at her  
best until the third act. She sang at  
first with effort and with uncertainty  
in pitch and quality. But in her scene  
after being reunited to her father and  
in the last act she had smoothness  
and tonal variety, though at no time  
was her acting free from overconven-  
tionality and consequent monotony.

Miss Swartz looked her part, and  
exhibited well in her acting the  
transition from coquetry to concern  
evoked by the stranger.

Mr. Constantino was in his most  
affable mood, but a little too lavish  
with the "big tone" for perfect artis-  
try. Mr. Baklanoff's Rigoletto had its  
usual consistency and sincerity, and  
he was in fine voice. Mr. Nivette  
takes much more kindly to the part  
of the honest and genial Sparafucelle  
than to the subtleties of Mephis-  
topheles.

Although the music allotted to the  
chorus in "Rigoletto" is pretty unin-  
teresting, the choral work was unusu-  
ally good, and the orchestra rarely  
plays or follows better than it did last  
night.

"Lohengrin" will be the opera next  
Saturday night at popular prices.

## LONDON THEATRES PLACES OF PAIN

By PHILIP HALE.

The Pall Mall Gazette published an  
entertaining editorial article on Feb.  
26, entitled "Playhouse Pleasure."  
The writer first noted the fact that  
the prejudice against the theatre dies  
hard in England. There are pulpits  
that still denounce the "frolicsome  
dramatist, the alluring actress, the  
footlights, and the band" as instru-  
ments of evil.

"Now, let us imagine such a person  
arriving in London from the provin-  
ces last Saturday, bent on a week's  
round of these temples of pleasure  
and see how he fared. On Saturday  
evening he went to Covent Garden  
and heard 'Elektra,' with 1½ hours'  
painful music, culminating in a  
couple of murders, and Elektra her-  
self tumbling dead on the stage. On  
Monday the announcement of 'Just-  
ice' called him to the Duke of York's,  
and there he saw a trial for forgery  
exhibited with every circumstance of  
actuality, the English prison system  
exposed in all its ugliness and a  
decent young fellow driven to suicide.  
On Tuesday the Sicilians drew him to  
'Feudalismo,' in which he saw peas-  
ants biting each other's ears when  
moderately angry, and, when serious-  
ly roused, murdering one another  
with a bite in the throat. On Wednes-  
day the renowned and venerable  
name of Bernard Shaw allured him  
to the Duke of York's, where, in a play  
quercly called 'Mesalliance,' he heard  
all sorts of queer men and women say-  
ing all sorts of queer things, with no  
visible object in view, and no recog-  
nizable human qualities to account  
for their existence. And, by this time,  
perhaps, his idea of the sensuous  
wickedness of the playhouse was be-  
ginning to soften. However, he still  
had three nights before him: so, hav-  
ing successfully treated the splitting  
headache which 'Mesalliance' had  
given him, he took a seat at the  
Globe Theatre on Thursday evening,  
and saw the new play called 'The  
Tenth Man,' in which a tortured wife  
flies from a tyrannical husband, who  
is also an unprincipled politician and  
a financial swindler, and the curtain  
finally falls on the protagonist put-  
ting an end to himself with a dose of  
cyanide of potassium. Then a friend  
whom he met at his hotel told him  
that if he wanted to see a theatre  
crowded with people, laughing over  
sheer nonsense and deplorable tom-  
foolery, all he had to do was to pay  
a visit to The Follies; so, last night,  
off he hied him once more to Shaftes-  
bury avenue, got confused between the  
doors of the Apollo Theatre and those  
of the Lyric, and found himself in the  
pit of the latter, with an audience  
roaring itself hoarse over a play, in  
the second act of which a woman,  
who is possessed with the demon of  
an illicit passion, falls in a sort of fit  
on her father's cottage floor; while, in

the third, the hero cuts his brother-  
in-law's throat with a razor. And  
today our visitor has gone back home.  
He has taken with him a new view  
of London theatres and London play-  
goers. He says now that the former  
are places of pain, rather than of  
pleasure, and he has the profoundest  
respect for the seriousness of the  
men and women who go to them.  
He has his fears for the provinces,  
but none for the heart of the Empire.  
There, in the precious words of his  
favorite poem, 'Life is Real, Life is  
Earnest,' and the popular delights  
are stern delights. All is well in the  
mighty city; and the spirit of Eng-  
land can go marching on!"

Nevertheless, Londoners find rare  
pleasure in the plays of elemental  
passion performed by Mr. Grasso and  
his company of Sicilians. Before the  
season opened at the Lyric, there was  
eager anticipation of a play by Grasso  
himself, in which there is a "terrible  
Sicilian knife fight, the like of which  
has never been seen upon the stage."  
The manager was enthusiastic. "The  
fight is brought about by jealousy.  
It begins between two men, and two  
others join in it. The knives that are  
used are the formidable pocket knives  
Sicilians sometimes carry up their  
arms. When closed, they must be  
almost a foot long, and when open  
they are nearly double that length.  
The fight will occupy 10 minutes, and  
will be the most realistic fight ever  
witnessed."

"Feudalismo" was another pleasing  
novelty. Vanni, a simple shepherd,  
adores his master, Don Carlo, who  
bids him marry Rosa, who has been  
the master's mistress. Vanni finds  
out too late her story. After mar-  
riage he surprises Don Carlo wooing  
her again. Vanni attacks him and is  
put in prison. Making his escape he  
finds Don Carlo still persecuting  
Rosa. He kills him by forcing his  
head back and biting his throat. Then  
he puts Rosa on his shoulder and  
rushes off to the freedom of the  
mountains.

"La Zolfara" is another entertain-  
ing play. Two of the officials of a  
sulphur mine are in love with the  
same woman. One of the men is bru-  
tal toward the miners; the other is  
friendly. The woman prefers the  
brute; but her mother talks to her,  
and being half persuaded that the  
brute has been killed by the miners,  
the woman throws herself into the  
arms of the good man. Time goes on  
and the workmen are not paid, and  
the brute seduces the wife. The hus-  
band finds it out, tears the wedding  
ring off his wife's hand, sets fire to  
the mine, because the owners will not  
do anything for his men, and amid the  
flames stabs the brute that had  
wronged him. "The weird scene of  
the depths of the mine, with the min-  
ers at work to a melancholy chant,  
ought not to be missed by those in-  
terested in the rarer emotions of the  
theatre."

At the performance of Galswor-  
thy's "Justice" at the Repertory The-  
atre, London, when the jury retires

to consider its verdict, the audience,  
although the play is still going on,  
turns round, as though it were in  
court, to discuss the situation.

It may be remembered that the  
young man charged with forgery ad-  
mits his guilt but insists that he had  
no recollection of the actual commis-  
sion of the crime, and his counsel ar-  
gues that this fact points toward in-  
sanity. A London journalist quotes  
apropos of this a statement once  
made to him by a late chaplain of  
Wandsworth Gaol: "We have had  
four murderers here lately, of each of  
whom I saw a good deal; and every  
one of them, while fully admitting  
his guilt, solemnly assured me that  
he had not the slightest recollection of  
committing the murder with which  
he was charged, and for which he  
was finally hanged. Regarding the  
terrible moment in his life the mind  
of each man was a complete blank."

Meanwhile Mr. Bernard Shaw in-  
sists that "Mesalliance," the title of  
his latest play, is not a French word,  
but a naturalized English one. "Note  
also that the play, like all my plays,  
and like all the best modern English  
plays, is not based on the conventions  
of the French theatre or of the Italian  
opera, but on the familiar realities of  
English life. No doubt a certain num-  
ber of foolish people will get into a  
distorted, unnatural and unneces-  
sarily clever attitude to receive it and  
then revenge their self-inflicted dis-  
comfort on me by accusing me of  
their own folly. I am sorry for them,  
but I can't help them."

He had no difficulty with the Lord  
Chamberlain. "After a prolonged  
scrutiny he passed the manuscript  
like a lamb. I can't imagine what he  
was thinking about. Probably he  
didn't understand it. Or, perhaps, the  
announcement of the 275th perform-  
ance of 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' in  
Berlin has broken his once buoyant  
spirit."

And Mr. Shaw admitted proudly  
that the chief feature of the new play  
was its inordinate length. "It is well  
to make audiences suffer; people re-  
member their calamities more than  
their pleasures. Hence my reputation,  
and the apparent obscurity of those  
mistaken playwrights who seek only  
to please."

"Gaby," the new comedy by Georges  
Thurner would not appeal to the ad-  
mirers of the Sicilians and possibly  
not to those of Mr. Shaw. A young  
medical student is betrothed to a  
sweet girl but he falls in love with  
another man's wife, who was the  
pursuer. His mother is much upset  
and blames the wife, who thereupon  
takes herself off. But the wife is not  
interested in her husband's talk about  
the weather and the crops and she  
agrees to meet the medical student  
at the railway station to elope with  
him. It is night and the husband  
sits by the guest and tells him in a  
pleasingly sentimental manner about  
his early courtship. He knows his  
wife is superior to him, but she has  
been a comfort, and the birth of a  
child brought him great joy. The  
medical student listens with one eye  
out for the wife. She arrives, and  
stands in the doorway whilst the  
husband chatters about her beauty  
and her helpfulness to him. The two  
about to elope look over his head and  
at last are so affected that they aban-  
don their flight "into the aether of  
illicit bliss."

Whatever may be thought of the  
manner of Guirry's recital of Ros-  
tand's verses in "Chantecler," there  
appears to be no doubt as to the ar-  
tistic success of his cock-crowing. At  
one period on our stage the part of  
the cock in "Hamlet" was regarded  
as a desirable one. Charles Macklin  
has left on record that in the middle  
of the 18th century he received appli-  
cations from gentlemen anxious to  
play the "cock" to his Prince of Den-  
mark. On the Dublin stage great  
value was set upon this part. In his  
entertaining recollections of the pe-  
riod of the Irish Parliament, Sir  
Jonah Barrington, who was a judge  
of the high court of admiralty, states  
that in those days an actor was al-  
ways employed to crow in the ghost  
scene in "Hamlet," and that the per-  
formance was always severely criti-  
cised by the gallery.—Pall Mall Ga-  
zette.

Frances A. Mathews says that Ros-  
tand took the idea of his "Chante-  
cler" from her uncle's "Chanticleer,"  
published in 1850 by B. B. Mussey &  
Co. of Boston; that this novel was  
translated into French by Philarete  
Chasles. "Although the story was not  
one about the denizens of the farm  
yard, its central character was a  
rooster, upon whose crowing at sun-  
rise the whole plot turned."

Cornelius Mathews was born at  
Port Chester, N. Y., in 1817. A law-  
yer by profession he wrote novels,  
poetry and plays, and was a frequent  
contributor to magazines. Poe, in a  
chapter on autobiography, speaks of  
him as the author of "Puffer Top-  
kins," "a clever satirical tale some-  
what given to excess in caricature,"  
and dismissed him as a "gentleman of  
taste and judgment." Unfortunately  
for Mathews, Margaret Fuller, writ-  
ing about American poets, selected  
him and William Ellery Channing for  
especial commendation and spoke of  
Longfellow as a booby, and still  
more harshly of Lowell. This was  
more than Poe could stand. Here is  
the beginning of his reply: "Mr.  
Mathews once wrote some sonnets  
'On Man,' and Mr. Channing some  
line on 'A Tin Can,' or something of  
that kind; and if the former gentle-  
man be not the very worst poet that  
ever existed on the face of the earth,  
it is only because he is not quite so  
bad as the latter."

Mathews' "Chanticleer" had a sub-  
title: "A Thanksgiving Story of the  
Peabody Family."

H. M. W., the accomplished dra-  
matic critic of the Pall Mall Gazette,  
thus speaks right out in meeting  
about "The Mask": "A theatrical  
journal with artistic ideals is bound



to have a hard fight in these days, and one must make allowances for many things; but "The Mask" seems at present in danger of becoming a museum of literary antiques rather than a magazine. It started brilliantly, and was a joy. It has become something very like a yawn. Its aims and its temper are so fine that there must be scores of able men and women who would be only too happy to write for it honoris causa, rather than see so many of its very handsome pages filled with articles more than 30 years old and paragraphs that were not new in the middle of the last century."

Stanley Forde lifts up his voice and says that Harry Lauder's impersonations are amusing, but not typical. "For instance, Lauder absurdly mixes the Lowland dialect and the Highland costume. He 'loves a bonnie Highland lassie' and he wears a Highland kilt. Meantime, he's talking the dialect of Glasgow. Then take his Scotch sailor; the fellow has a sailor's head covering and a fisherman's high boots, but he keeps his legs bare as if he had on kilts. No sailor runs about with bare knees and high boots. The boots would fill with salt water the moment a little wave slapped against them."

J. B. Fagan has written a new short comedy, "The Dressing Room," in which Peg Woffington in her dressing room at Drury Lane plays a trick on an elderly beau. Mr. Fagan wrote it for the first appearance of Miss Winifred Emery in vaudeville at the Hippodrome, London, Feb. 21. Meanwhile Geoffrey Silant, an Australian stock rider, made his appearance at the Palace. "Mr. Silant will, with the same whip and apparently the same amount of force, smash a glass bottle, delicately whisk the ash from a cigarette and curl his whip round the bare neck and arm of his lady assistant without leaving the slightest trace upon her skin."

The Automaton Psycho, which first was seen in 1875, is back again in London. "After playing 4000 games of whist, and showing quite as much intelligence as the average human player, Psycho unfortunately began to develop signs of internal trouble; in other words, it became clear to his inventor that the delicate inward mechanism of his protege demanded immediate attention. Not having the requisite time for the overhauling of the works, Mr. Maskelyne put the figure away for 20 years. A twelve-month back he took it from its resting place, and during the interval he has been busy endeavoring to restore Psycho to his original healthy condition. Now Psycho is all right again and prepared to play a rubber, to smoke a cigarette, or to try his new powers of clairvoyance with any one."

At the Comedie-Francaise they are trying the experiment of staging two-act plays. The Parisians are pleased with this idea, which, by the way, is not a novelty in the lesser theatres. It enables the man to cut his evening at the theatre according to his fancy. He can come late or go away early just as he pleases; it depends on his preference for bed or dinner. Most plays, probably, would benefit by repression; the middle act could be sacrificed without loss to the action, and, in four-act pieces, the author (not to speak of the public) is exhausted long before the denouement is reached. The example of the Comedie, therefore, is likely to be followed in France and also in England."

Lewis Waller will revive "The Rivals" in London next month. He purposes to play the piece in a spirit of the broadest comedy, or better, as a rollicking farce. The original five acts will be compressed into three, and the 14 scenes reduced to nine.

Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" will probably run at the Haymarket, London, for many months to come.

The first performance of "Chantecler" in Italy was at San Remo, Feb. 23. The audience was interested only in the earlier scene. "Altogether the first performance in Italy was a failure," according to a Milan correspondent of the Daily Telegraph.

Bacoulans have said much about the rarity of Shakespeare's signature. The Comedie Francaise possesses the only signature of Moliere that can now be traced. It was presented by Dumas the younger, who paid \$415 for it. There was a signature of Moliere in a book which was sold many years ago for \$160, but no one knows where this book now is.



Mary Garden as Griselidis, Mr. Huberdeau as The Devil, as They Will Be Seen Here with the Manhattan Company at the Boston Theatre Wednesday Night, March 30.

## MARY GARDEN WILL PLAY GRISELIDIS

By PHILIP HALE.

"Griselidis," a lyric tale in three acts and a prologue, poem by Armand Silvestre and Eugene Morand (based on the "Mystery" in free verse by the same authors, produced at the Comedie Francaise, Paris, May 15, 1891), will be performed in Boston for the first time by the Manhattan Opera House company, Oscar Hammerstein, director, Wednesday evening, March 30, at the Boston Theatre. Miss Mary Garden will take the part of the heroine, and the other chief singers will be Mme. Walter-Villa and Messrs. Dufranne, Devries, Huberdeau, who will take the part of the devil, and Villa.

The opera was produced at the Manhattan Opera House, New York, for the first time in America, Jan. 19, 1910. Mr. Dalmore then took the part of Alain, which will be taken here by Mr. Devries. The cast otherwise will be the same.

Massenet's opera is known in Boston only by two airs, that of Alain, "Open Ye Gates of Paradise," which was sung here at a Symphony concert by Mr. Van Hoose April 15, 1905, and has been sung here since, and by the devil's amusingly ironical air, "How Happy a Man Is Far from His Wife!" which was first sung here by Mr. Gilbert.

The story of the patient Griselidis is best known to us through Boccaccio's tale in the Decameron, 10th day, 10th novel, and through Chaucer, who became acquainted with it, as he said, from Petrarch at Padua, and then put it into the mouth of the Clerk of Oxenforde.

The argument of Boccaccio's story is thus stated in the old English version of the Decameron, made in 1620.

"The Marquess of Saluzzo, named Gualtiero, being constrained by his Lords, and other inferior people, to joyne himselfe in marriage; took a woman according to his owne liking, called Grizelda, she being the daughter of a poore Countreiman, named Janiculo, by whom he had two children, which he pretended to be secretly murdered. Afterward, they being grown to yeres of more stature, and making shew of taking in marriage another wife, more worthy of his high degree and Calling; made a seeming publique

liking of his owne daughter, expulsiug his wife Grizelda poorely from him. But finding her incomparable patience; more dearly (Then before) hee received her into favour againe, brought her home to his owne Pallace, where (with her children) hee caused her and them to be respectively honoured, in despite of all her adverse enemies."

Chaucer's delightful tale is known to many.

Then there is the old ballad of "Patient Grissell," beginning:

A noble marquess,  
As he did ride a-hunting,  
Hard by a forest side,  
A fair and comely maiden,  
As she did sit a spinning,  
His gentle eye espied.  
Most fair and lovely,  
And of comely grace was she,  
Although in simple attire;  
She sang most sweetly,  
With pleasant voice melodiously,  
Which set the lord's heart on fire.

Was the origin of the cruel story an old manuscript, "Le Parement des Dames?" Noguier asserts that Griselidis actually was living in 1103, and another says that she was in the heyday of her beauty in 1025. There were many French translations in the 14th century of Boccaccio's tale, and in 1393 or 1395 a dramatic piece, "Le Mystere de Griselidis," was performed by the clerks of the Basoche at Paris before Charles VI. There is the poem which Perrault read before the Academy, "La Marquise de Saluzzo, ou la Patientie de Griselidis." Goldoni borrowed the theme in a comedy, with a Thessalian king as the tyrant husband. There is an unpleasant novel by Luigi Alamanni, in which the husband goes so far as to force his wife to be dishonorable. "Griselide," a "heroic comedy, with ariettas," performed at Paris in 1791, based on Perrault's poem, obtained no success.

In England there were two early tracts—one "the ancient, true and admirable history of Patient Grisel, a poor man's daughter in France" (London, 1619), and a chap-book, perhaps not older than 1630; yet both these black-letter little books may have been printed before 1590. The former, a translation from the French, the latter, from the Italian, were reprinted for the Percy Society, London, Feb. 1, 1842, and form No. xviii. of its collection. An English drama, "Patient Grissel," was entered in Stationers' Hall in 1599.

From this old story the word "Grizel," the proverbial type of a meek, patient wife, came into the English language. We find Chaucer

writing:

No wedded man so hardy be tassaille  
His wyves patience, in hope to fynde  
Griseldes, for in certain he shall falle.

A man in Henry Brooke's "Fool of Quality" married "five shrews in succession, and made Grizels of every one of them before he died." There is Maria Edgeworth's story, "The Modern Griselida." There is even a verb to grizel, used by Mary Wollstonecraft: "I had afterwards an opportunity of observing the treatment she had to endure, which grizzled her into patience."

There were operas before Massenet's: "Griselda," by Pollaro (Venice, 1701), Albinoni (Florence, 1703?), Chelleri (Piacenza, 1707), Predieri (Bologna, 1711), Capelli (Rovigo, about 1710), Orlandini (Bologna, 1720), Al. Scarlatti (Rome, 1721), G. B. Buononcini (London, 1722, perhaps earlier in Italy), Torri (Munich, 1723), Porpora (Munich, 1735), Vivaldi (Venice, 1735), Latilla (Rome, 1747), Logroscino (Naples, 1752), Piccini (Venice, 1793), Paer ("La virtualemente," Parma, 1796), F. Ricci (Venice, 1847), Scarano ("La Marchesana di Saluzzi," Naples, 1878), Cottrau (Turin, 1878).

The ballet, "Griselidis: Les Cinq Sens," by Adam (Paris, 1848), has another story; and Flotow's comic opera, "Griselda, l'esclave du Cameroun," is manifestly based on a different legend or fact.

It was reserved for the ingenious Messrs. Silvestre and Morand to represent Griselida as tempted in the flesh by Satan in person that he might win a wager made with the marquise. In their "Mystery," performed in 1891, the cast included Miss Bartet, Griselidis; Le Diabolo, Coquelin cadet; Marquis de Saluce, Silvain; Alain, A. Lambert, fils. The play had 51 performances in 1891.

Mr. Destranges informs us that as soon as the play was produced, Massenet immediately thought of setting music to it. Bizet had dreamed of a "Griselidis," with a libretto by Sardou, and he wrote much music for it. Nearly all of it was destroyed by him, but the air sung by Micaela in the third act of "Carmen" was composed originally for a scene in "Griselidis."

Mr. Destranges adds that Massenet wrote his "Griselidis" rapidly—"Mon Massenet has never known the doubt and pangs of the great artist who creates and brings into being"—and that his score was soon engraved, that for nearly 10 years it remained "en magasin," and thus was entered



The catalogue of Heugel, the publisher. Not being performed before the music ante-dated that of Massenet's "Thais" (1894), "La Navraise" (1894), "Sapho" (1897), "Cendrillon" (1899), and he adds "Cherubin," but "Cherubin" was not produced until 1905.

Massenet's "Griseldis" was produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, Nov. 20, 1901, with Lucienne Breval, Griseldis; Lucien Fugere, Le Diable; Ad. Marechal, Alain; Dufranne, Le Marquis; Jacquelin, Le Prieur; Huberdeau, Gondebaud; Miss Tiphaine, Flaminia; Miss Daffetye, Bertrade; Loys, La petite Suzanne. Andre Mesager conducted. On Nov. 23, 1901, the performance drew the greatest receipts known thus far in the history of the Opera Comique—f.9538.

The opera was performed 17 times in 1901; 37 times in 1902; 4 times in 1903; 3 times in 1906.

It has been said that the librettists were wise in substituting the element of chastity triumphant over Satan's temptation for the harshness and brutality of the old legend; that Griselda is a more beautiful figure because she resists Satan and is not merely loyal to a tyrant. But Mr. Louis Schneider, in his eulogistic life of Massenet, admits that the naïveté of the old legend is somewhat disturbed by the introduction of this devil of operetta, this too human and not sufficiently diabolical, whose drollery wars with the lyric flight, the exquisite poetry of the legend. Yet, this Satan is a good fellow. "This Beelzebub is a practical joker who deceives no one, since his assumed severity makes you laugh."

The plot of the opera is as follows: The scene is in Provence and in the 14th century. The Marquis of Saluzzo, strolling about in his domains, met Griselda, a shepherdess, and he loved her at first sight. Her heart was pure; her hair was ebony black; her eyes shone with celestial light. He married her, and the boy Loys was born to them. The happy days came to an end, for the marquis was called to war against the Saracens. Before he set out, he confided to the prior his grief at leaving Griselda. The prior was a Job's comforter: "Let my lord look out for the evil." When husbands are far away, Satan tempts their wives." The marquis protested, for he knew the purity of Griselda; but, as he protested, he heard a mocking laugh, and he saw the window an ape-like apparition. It was the devil, all in green. The marquis would drive him away, but he devil proposed a wager: He bet that he would tempt Griselda to her all, while her husband was absent. The marquis confidently took up the wager, and gave the devil his ring as pledge. The devil of these librettists had a wife who nagged her spouse, and he in revenge sought to make other husbands unhappy. He began to lay snares for Griselda; he appeared in the disguise of a Byzantine Jew, who came to the castle, adding a captive, his own wife, Flaminia, and he presented her: "This one belongs to the marquis. He bids you to receive her, to put her in your place, to serve her, to obey her in all things. Here is his ring." Griselda wearily bowed her head. The devil hid to himself that Griselda would now surely seek vengeance on her cruel lord. He brought Alain by a pail to the castle garden at night—Alain, who had so fondly loved Griselda. She met him in an odorous and lovely walk. He threw himself at her feet and made hot love. Griselda thought of her husband, who had wounded her to the quick, and he was about to throw herself into Alain's arms, when her little child appeared. Griselda repulsed Alain, and the devil in his rage bore away the boy Loys. The devil came again, this time as a corsair, who told her that the pirate chief was enamored of her beauty; she would regain the child if she would only yield; she could see him if she would go to the vessel. She ran toward the ship, but the marquis, home from the East, and then the devil, in another disguise, spoke foully of Griselda's behavior, and the marquis was about to believe him, but he saw Griselda, and his suspicions faded away. The devil in the capital of a column declared that Loys belonged to him. Foolish devil, who did not heed the patron saint before whom the marquis and Griselda were kneeling! The cross on the altar was bathed in light; the triptych opened; there, at the feet of St. Agnes, was little Loys, asleep.

The opera begins with a prologue which is not to be found in the version played at the Comedie Francaise in 1891. The prologue acquaints us with the hope of the Shepherd Alain that he may win Griselda; with the marquis meeting Griselda as he returns from the chase, his sudden passion for her, his decision to take the young peasant as his wife, the despair of Alain. This prologue, with a fine use of themes that are used in the opera as typical, is described as one of the finest works of Massenet, and even his enemies among the ultra-moderns, who delight in always referring to him as "Monsieur Massenet," admit that the instrumentation is prodigiously skilful and truly poetic.

The first act pictures the oratory of Griselda's, and it ends with the departure of the marquis.

The second act passes before the chateau, on a terrace adorned with orange trees, with the sea glittering in the distance. It is preceded by an entr'acte of an idyllic nature. It is in this act that the devil and his wife enter disguised, the former as a slave

merchant, the latter as an odalisque. In this act the devil, up to his old tricks, orders the flowers to pour madding perfume into the air that they may aid in the fall of Griselda. And in this act Alain again woos his beloved, and the devil almost wins his wager.

The third act is in Griselda's oratory. At the end, when Loys is discovered at the feet of St. Agnes, the retainers rush in and all intone the "Magnificat," and through a window the devil is seen in a hermitage, wearing cloak and hood.

The passages that have excited the warmest praise are the prologue, Griselda's scene in the first act; "Oiseau qui pars a tire-d'alle," and the quiet ending of the act after the tumult of the departure to the east; in the second act, the prelude, the song, "Il partit au printemps," the invocation and the duet; in the third act, a song from the marquis, and the final and mystic scene.

Massenet, after choosing as heroines Mary of Magdala, Eve, Herodias and Salome, Thais, the sensuous woman of "Le Mage," Manon, Esclarmonde, Thais, the Sapho of Daudet, writing for them sensuous music, so sensuous that his admiring slave, Mr. de Soleniere, extolled it for its "parfum yonique," bethought himself of the chaste Griselda, but he preferred librettists who disregarded the old legend, and wished this chastity to be sorely tempted. For it might have been hard for Massenet to sing in three acts the praise of a woman neither tempting nor tempted.

#### CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

TUESDAY: Hotel Tuileries, 11 A. M. Miss Amy Grant's lecture recital on Richard Strauss' "Elektra." An analysis of the music and a talk on the sources of the play, following which Miss Grant recites the entire text, accompanied by an arrangement of the piano score.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Fifth concert of the Hess-Schroeder quartet, assisted by A. Gietzen, viola, and J. Keller, cello. Beethoven, string quartet in C sharp minor, op. 131; Brahms, sextet for strings, B flat major, op. 18.

WEDNESDAY: Jordan Hall, 2:30 P. M. Piano recital by Ferruccio Busoni. Beethoven, sonata, op. 111; Chopin, 24 preludes; Liszt, sonata in one movement.

THURSDAY: Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third and last concert of the Cecilia Society. Wallace Goodrich conductor. Brahms, "A Song of Destiny"; Colebridge-Taylor, "Hiawatha's Departure." Solo singers, Miss Viola Davenport, soprano; H. Lambert Murphy, tenor; Stephen Townsend, baritone. There will be a full orchestra.

FRIDAY: Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Nineteenth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Fiedler conductor. Strube, comedy overture, "Fuck" (MSS.), first performance; R. Strauss, Sinfonia Domestica; two arias with orchestra, "Deh Vieni" from Mozart's "Figaro" and "Lo the Heaven Descended Prophet" from Graun's "Hallelujah of Jesus" (Mme. Sembrich); Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute"; songs with piano: Brahms, "Die Nachtigale"; Schumann, "Widmung"; Fiedler, "Wiegengesang"; R. Strauss, "Ständchen" (Mme. Sembrich).

SATURDAY: Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Nineteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.

#### CONCERT NOTES.

The program of the last Kneisel concert in Chickering Hall Tuesday evening, March 22, will include Mozart's quartet in B flat major, Cesar Franck's piano trio in F sharp minor, composed in 1841, and Schumann's quartet in F major.

Prof. Spalding of Harvard University will lecture on Wednesday evening in the lecture room of the Fogg Museum, Cambridge, on "Roger and Strauss."

The American string quartet will play in the Church of the Higher Life, 585 Boylston street, on Friday evening, March 25, Beethoven's quartet, op. 18, No. 4; two movements from Debussy's quartet, and Ippolitoff-Ivanoff's quartet, op. 13.

Concerts announced for Steinert Hall: Tuesday evening, March 15, song recital by Frank E. Morse, assisted by Frank Weaver, pianist; Saturday afternoon, March 19, piano recital, assisted by Anna Howe Huntting, cellist; Thursday evening, March 31, piano concert by the Fox-Buonamici piano school; Tuesday afternoon, April 12, piano recital by Marie von Unschuld (her first appearance here); Tuesday evening, April 12, piano recital by Carlo Buonamici; Thursday evening, April 14, song recital by Mr. and Mrs. Gaines; Friday evening, April 15, concert by the Patten trio; Monday evening, April 25, piano concert by Mme. Edith Noyes.

## TOSCANINI KNOWN AS OPERA MAESTRO

When Arturo Toscanini came to the Boston Opera House in January as the conductor of "Tristan and Isolde" The Herald published (Jan. 9) an account of his life: how, born at Parma in 1867 or 1868—for both dates are given—he studied the violoncello, and as a member of an opera orchestra at Rio Janeiro was called on suddenly to conduct "Aida"—this was in 1886—how, on his return to Italy, he began there his illustrious career as an operatic conductor; how he brought out works now famous; how, in 1908, he was induced to come to the Metropolitan Opera House.

His conducting of "Tristan and Isolde" at the Boston Opera House,



ARTURO TOSCANINI.

Jan. 10, was a revelation to the audience by reason of his quiet mastery over orchestra and singers and by the indescribably eloquent and poetic interpretation of the score.

Despite the many years of the domination of the Italian opera in America, the names of the three men who have done most to make it great in this country have been known here only during the past 10 years. Of these the most conspicuous is that of Arturo Toscanini, although he was the last of the trio to come. The first was Luigi Mancinelli, brought here by Maurice Grau. The second was Cleofonte Campanini, who came here as a young man with his brother's company, and was afterward Mr. Hammerstein's right-hand man. Toscanini had long been associated with Gatti-Casazza at La Scala, Milan, and the coming of one to America was contingent upon the coming of the other.

Small in stature, silent and retiring in manner, this modest man is the most heroic figure in grand opera throughout the world. His supremacy is indisputable. He is the recognized maestro of the Italian opera, and also an authority in other schools, notably that of Wagner. He is exceptionally secretive regarding himself and it is almost impossible to obtain any information concerning him other than his public record.

The conductor of the orchestra in which he was playing at Buenos

Ayres was a brother of Luigi Mancinelli. One day the orchestra was assembled for a rehearsal when word was brought that Mancinelli had committed suicide. He had taken away the conductor's score and another could not be had. In this emergency Toscanini modestly said he believed he could conduct the opera without a score. He was almost laughed at for his statement, but in despair the impresario told him to make the attempt. He continued to conduct the remainder of the season and then returned to Italy and again became a cellist at Genoa, where Luigi Mancinelli was the conductor. At the dress rehearsal of Franchetti's "Christoforo Colombo" for the first production, a violent quarrel arose between the conductor and Franchetti concerning the interpretation of the score and rushed out of the theatre in a passionate rage. Again Toscanini was asked to repeat his feat at Buenos Ayres. He quietly nodded assent and was again triumphant. Some two years later Giulio Gatti-Casazza was called from the direction of the Municipal Theatre at Ferrara to take command of La Scala, Milan. He made his acceptance conditional upon Toscanini having the musical direction. Since then they have been inseparable.

Toscanini's mind must be a veritable phonograph. He conducts more than 60 operas without a score, from memory, and never fails to give every musician his proper cue. He is near-sighted and it is thought by some that this may explain in a measure his dependence upon his memory. Last summer at Berlin, where he was making several appearances as a "guest" conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, he was given a test. Unknown to him the manuscript of an entirely new symphony was placed before him. It was thought that here he must look at the score. But after scanning the first movement a few moments he closed the book, raised his baton and gave the movement a perfect interpretation and repeated this process with the other movements in their turn.

His reticence concerning himself is sincere. He shuns interviewers and talks almost in monosyllables. He never speaks English, but understands it and reads it perfectly. He seldom looks at a newspaper, but when told that the critics have praised him, as they always do, he simply smiles and nods his head appreciatively but says nothing. Among the musicians under his baton he is looked upon as little less than a demigod. He is a stern commander, but his rebukes are always humorous and recognized as deserved.

Mr. Toscanini will conduct the performance of "Aida" at the Boston Opera House, Monday evening, March 28; of "Madama Butterfly," Tuesday evening, March 29; and of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg," Saturday evening, Apr. 2.

## MEN AND THINGS

It has long been known that tobacco smoke has toxic constituents as carbon, monoxide, prussic acid, nicotine, pyridine, sulphurated hydrogen, and now it can be easily demonstrated that thiocyanates or sulphocyanides, "presumably of ammonia," is present. Whenever we read a modern counterblast to tobacco, whenever we hear of the discovery of a new poisonous constituent, we turn a grateful ear to the choir singing the last verse of Calverley's "ode":

Cats may have had their goose  
Cooked by tobacco-juice;  
Still why deny its use  
Thoughtfully taken?  
We're not as tabbies are;  
Smith, take a fresh cigar!  
Jones, the tobacco-jar!  
Here's to thee, Bacon!

Why is it that a brunette is usually characterized as "dashing" and "young"? "A dashing young brunette!" Are there no firmly settled, stolid, well seasoned brunettes? Are there no restless, impulsive blondes? Must a blonde be necessarily ætherial or pulpy?

The great dictionaries do not insist on "dashing" as an inseparable adjective. The first appearance of the noun in English appears to have been in 1713 in the Guardian: "Your fair women \* \* \* thought of this fashion to insult the Olives and the Brunetts." In other quotations in Dr. Murray's colossal work—equalled only by Mr. Herkimer Johnson's "Man as a Social and Political Beast"—23 volumes—elephant folio—as yet, alas! unpublish-



ished—we find "pretty brunette," "beautiful brunette," "fine brunette," not once "dashing." Nor under "dashing" do we find the brunette specified. "Dashing woman" and "dashing daughter"—but were they blondes or brunettes? Nor should the brunette of our choice, whether for summer or winter, be dashing. Listen to Mrs. Sherwood—not the late authority on etiquette, but the Mrs. Sherwood who wrote "The Lady of the Manor": "That most tasteless and disgusting style of manners which for some years past has obtained the name of dashing; by which term is generally understood all that is ungracious, ungenteel and repulsive."

Yet there are some, we suppose, who would characterize Cleopatra and Sappho as "dashing."

A "rich Swiss philosopher" advertised recently in a Zurich newspaper for a wife. He named these conditions: "She must be beautiful in body, face and mind, and possess beautiful teeth and hair of her own and not bought articles. Besides German she must have a knowledge of English and French, be a musician, and have an irreproachable reputation. Other faults will be overlooked." Let us not consider the non sequitur. It is easy to see that the seeker is a philosopher; he knows what he wants, and he wants as much as he can get. Brunette and blonde are alike to him, as long as they are beautiful, not dashing, but beautiful.

On the whole, Dr. Tom McConnell of Salem, S. C., is still more philosophical. He wrote recently to Speaker Cannon a letter in which he said: "I am a doctor. I have cured many sick women and horses. I want a good wife. I will not send no picture to no woman at all. I will not have it taken by no means." Dr. McConnell knows that a photograph seldom does a man justice; that few women can pierce through a rough exterior and find a golden nature or detect sweetness of character behind a gloomy and feroiciding whiskerage. He is too wise a bird to have a photograph taken expressly for courting purposes. The finest nature, knowing that he were to be photographed for some critical and unprejudiced woman, would in 999 cases out of 1000, wear a sickly grin or seem to be under the influence of dope.

A physician of Boston spoke solemnly not long ago about the unpromising outlook of medicine as a livelihood. The British Medical Journal shows that the work of medical students "throws a serious strain on their mental and physical powers"; that 4 and 5 per cent of them die yearly; 33 per cent. conclude that the work is too laborious and take to some other career after wasting a good deal of time, money, energy. And industrious students are obliged to spend between six or seven years in preparation, and the expense of obtaining the legal qualification in England is not less than £1000. There has been a general improvement in the public health and the amount of remunerative work in practice has diminished. Furthermore, the profession will become less and less remunerative. "Those who become distinguished as consultants or specialists are rich, fat and fortunate, and the average man, even though possessing a high brain, and ability, cannot expect to make more than a good living." And so he is not so fortunate as a row and in any modern medical school special comedy production.

It is not possible that the decay in the medical profession is connected with the preference for clean-shaven faces. A census of physicians attending the session of the American Medical Association showed that only one-fifth wore whiskers, and the rest were clean-shaven.

Not many years ago young physicians were in despair if they were bald to grow a beard. They fondly hoped that a beard gave dignity and inspired confidence whether they were known as physicians for children, or for the throat, or for the heart or for fits, or any other pleasing specialty. Did a young physician propose? Did he get up a carriage?—before he was before the day of motor cars. The answer was: "Look at his face. This beard is not local, it is national. And there is something about it, for the beard concealed the face, the face avaricious, the face a poached egg—all that was a patient."

We remember some years ago a young man who was seen at auction, and who, in the orth of the goods, was the reason of the auctioneer's position. He was not a doctor, but a man of some reason or other he was a doctor, and never was there a doctor on land or sea. His name was a blank wall a little soiled

and soon that out of sight. After his death, we learned that for many seasons he had played the part of Peter Funk.

With the development and the general acceptance of germ theories, physicians, who are often as timorous as patients, began to shave. Some perhaps thought that they would thus have a classic and intellectual face. Some had been told perhaps by a grateful woman patient that it was a shame to cover up a mouth that was a cupid's bow. But the fear of germs was the great reason. We are inclined to think that the profession thus lost in authority. Patients began to reason for themselves, to be more careful in diet, to be moderate in alcoholic indulgence, to be longer in the open air. And it might be said with all respect to the profession, that the practice of medicine has not gone forward abreast of surgery. There is no longer the old and sublime confidence in drugs, or in the diagnosis made by any physician, whether he shaves gayly with a safety-razor or with the cherished tool that served his father before him.

## AMERICAN MUSIC HALL.

"Ma Gosse" and Other Features in Exceedingly Well Balanced Bill.

By PHILIP HALE.

The bill at the American Music Hall this week furnishes much entertainment. Even Mr. Sing Fong Lee, violinist, is interesting, if only by reason of the unexpected and incredibly false intervals in his reading of the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" and other popular and supposedly well known tunes. The three chief attractions are "Ma Gosse," Willa Holt Wakefield, and the Royal Polo teams, but there are other features that deserve attention and praise.

"Ma Gosse," held over from last week, as is the Polo act, is supposed to show low life in Paris, and therefore should be encouraged by all those who now complain that vaudeville is not educational. It is a pity that the piece is not played to the end in a realistic spirit, for the revelation of the fact that the whole scene is an expensive joke on visiting English people is disconcerting and too apologetic. The realism is indisputable. The make-up of each character, Apache, gigolette, barman, landlord, is admirable.

The wooing of the "gosse" by Debert is vivid and the dance with its primitive steps and rude emotional quality, is worthy of all praise, although this dance has been softened a little to suit American taste, just as "Israel" and "The Lily" have been ruined that they might not shock our sensitive fellow-citizens and citizenesses. Mlle. Mollon is a fascinating gutter-bird, and M. Silvestre plays with real intensity. Again we regret the apologetic ending. The sight of one Apache killed by another would not be displeasing, and the "gosse" would easily be consoled.

Willa Holt Wakefield still has the knack of approaching the danger line of indecency in a graceful and innocent manner, and her songs of clocked stockings, maidens who are obliged to wear spectacles and those that are so foolish as to walk by the Platon building are to be preferred to her songs of a mawkishly sentimental nature with lowered lights. The Royal polo teams again did surprising feats, and were merciless in the goading of their bicycles to action. Nor should Kathryn Miley be passed over. Her songs about Kelly and Riley set the audience in good humor and awakened vocal endeavor in the galleries, but her rag time song was her crowning achievement. A wholesome hearty singer with an aplomb that inspires respect and is not unpleasantly aggressive.

Billy Inman and Arthur Van were delightful in the farcical portion of "Recognition," but the sentimental ending with the comparison of the miniatures of "m-m-mother" was incongruous and to be regretted. The piece in the main is so broadly farcical and amusing that it should remain so to the end. Estelle Woodette and Jules Kusell worked hard in "A Honeymoon in the Catskills," and their labor was rewarded by the applause of a kindly disposed audience. Ward and Raymond danced effectively, and Post and Russell not only danced well, but were funny in their chaff and repartee. All in all, an unusually good bill.

## 'NOT SUCH A BAD' 'QUEEN' AFTER ALL

BOSTON THEATRE—First production in Boston of "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," a musical comedy by Paul M. Potter, music by John T. Hall, lyrics by Vincent Bryan. Cast: Princess Rakovitzka.....Princess Rose Ponette.....Queen Helen Cullenan.....of the Moulin Rouge.....Sultan King of Orcania.....Charles Compton

Army of Orlon.....Dick Temple Madame St. Angelo.....Juliette Dika Van Gosling.....Reginald de Vuelle Baron St. Etienne.....Count T. de Vassey Botoche.....Mlle. Lichter

Did you ever sneak along a "midway" or a "pike" or the Bowery at Coney Island with your wife or the Punktown demon who wanted to see something naughty, until you heard the tum-tum-tum before the Streets of Cairo, where the "barker" with the megaphone let it be known to all that the wickedest thing in the whole place could be seen for 10 cents?

And did you ever slip in and look around furtively to see if any one present knew you? And, after the painted female person in cheap oriental gauze and plenty of clothes had done her innocent wriggle, did you ever slink out with your companion and murmur softly to yourself, "Stung"?

Well that's what happened on a huge scale to enough Bostonians last night to fill the Boston Theatre to suffocation with standing room at a premium. The tum-tum-tum had been cleverly sounded through protests and hearings at the mayor's office. The still small voice of the "barker" had megaphoned it through the town that the raciest sights of swift Paree were to be laid bare, and the response of the populace was immense. When it was all over the big crowd, mostly men and boys, went mournfully out and one knew that the sad word already quoted was on every tongue.

The piece is a fearsome succession of scenes in the under world of Paris, including the neighborhood of the notorious Red Mill, a gambling house, a resort of thieves and "Apaches," a police station and the roof of an art school. There is a slight and uninteresting story of the wooing of a princess who was an art student by the King of Orcania. The princess is over-shy. The king in a dreadful rage says he will paint the town red to get even with her. She swears she will go him one better and impersonates a Red Mill girl who had disappeared. With troupes of rouses, art students, grisettes, dancers and the whole crew of roysters and thieves who are supposed to inhabit Paris, they make a night of it, and, when day breaks, that is, when it's about time for the audience to take cabs and cars for home, the king and princess make up and the thing is ended.

There are several opportunities for startling situations, but they are not seized. One is when four girls, who are to be searched, are put in cells that are now dark and again lighted, while a police inspector sings a song, entitled "Take That Off, Too." Not even a hat is taken off. At another time the chief comedian takes the princess into "The Dead Rat" after calling for a private room. You see their shadows and that of a waiter on an upper window. They go through some comic eating and drinking. That's all.

The wickedest thing in the whole piece is when a girl is asked: "Are you going to the ball?" and she says: "No. I went last year and had my stocking picked."

The music is commonplace. Most of the acting is the same. Mr. Ryley is really comic, however, and raises many hearty laughs. Mr. Compton sings well and Miss Cullenan would also, if she would occasionally let you hear the words of her songs. Mr. Ryley and Mlle. Lichter do a tough dance in the thieves' resort that is the usual thing in hugging and slinging about, and they show considerable agility and physical endurance.

Mr. Temple tries so many different characters that he does none of them as well as he might two or three.

Miss Dika exhibits a good deal of an ample and shapely figure, and the chorus emulates her, but it is not a bit shocking.

## "LUCIA" AT BOSTON OPERA.

Mme. Lipkowska Scores Again Before Appreciative Audience.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," performed by the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell, director; M. Luzzatti conducted.

Edgar.....Florencio Constantino Henry Ashton.....Rodolfo Fornari Norman.....Roberto Vanni Raymond.....Giuseppe Perini Arthur.....Ernesto Giaccone Lucy.....Lydia Lipkowska Alice.....Virginia Pierce

Again a well satisfied audience followed with absorption the ill-starred Lucy through all the disappointments made so stirringly real by Mme. Lipkowska. One secret of her unquestioned dramatic power would seem to be that she not only plays, but sings, to her companions on the stage and not to the audience. Even in the mad scene with all its set pieces and the difficult demands of its florid music, Mme. Lipkowska makes her singing seem the inevitable outcome of her mental confusion. Adequate singing is not the least factor in the total excellence of her "Lucia," though one could wish her intonation might be uniformly as satisfactory as her gestures and expression.

Mr. Constantino was at his best, and an act of monologue for tenor such as the last act of "Lucia" is amply justified by his rendering. Raymond again successfully performed the only important office he is called to perform, namely, the sustaining and upholding of those who faint and fall during the stress of emotion.

Much enthusiasm was shown for all sides of this exceedingly well managed production; Mme. Lipkowska received many recalls after the mad scene.

The opera on Wednesday night will be the first performance of Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" at this opera house, with Mme. Lipkowska as the coquettish heroine.

## HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—

"The Travelling Salesman," a comedy in four acts, by James Forbes. The cast:

Mrs. Babbit.....Sarah McVicker Mrs. William Henry Dawson.....Maud B. Sinclair Bill Crabb, a baggageman.....R. C. Turner William Henry Dawson, Sr.....Robert Dudley

Perce Gill.....Richard Ogden Beth Elliot.....Gertrude Coghlan Franklin Royce.....Percival T. Moore Martin Drury.....William Beach A conductor.....Ike Lowenthal Bob Blake.....Frank J. McIntyre Ted Watts.....Arthur Shaw Julius.....H. D. Blakemore John Kimball.....Robert Dudley Ben Cobb.....Nicholas Burnham

## CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—

The John Craig stock company presents "Tom Moore," by Theodore Burt Sayre. The cast:

Tom Moore.....John Craig Prince of Wales.....Walter Walker Richard Brinsley Sheridan.....Donald Meek Beau Brummell.....Bert Young Sir Percival Lovelace.....George Hassell Lord Moria.....Wilfred Young Terence Farrell.....William Walsh Mr. McDermott.....George DeCarton Robert Dyke.....Frank Bertrand Buster.....Al Roberts A servant.....R. H. Wentworth Micky.....Marcia Williams Dicky.....Florence Shirley Patsy.....Sadie Tarrane Willie.....Margaret Fay Lizzie.....Grace Lathrop Winnie Farrell.....Gertrude Binley Mrs. Malone.....Mabel Colcord Mrs. FitzHerbert.....Eleanor Brownell Bessie Dyke.....Mary Young

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE: "East Lynne," a drama by Joseph King. The cast:

Lady Isabel.....Grace Welby Madame Vine.....Grace Welby Barbara Hare.....Roxie Lansing Miss Carlisle.....Miss Josie M. Vicker Joyce.....Clara Lane Archibald Carlisle.....Joseph Henley Sir Francis Levison.....William Lennox Lord Mount Severn.....Wilton Farnum Richard Hare.....Norman E. Bean Mr. Dill.....Al Evans

## KEITH'S.

Mrs. Fay and "The Foolish Factory" Hits of a Good Bill.

Ryan

The contribution of Mrs. Fay at Keith's this week is praised by the frank announcement that "she is not a spiritualistic medium," that "her endeavors are that of an entertainer



## MME. LIPKOWSKA AS ROSINA



and predicting immortality for many, if not all, of his operas, he smiled his ironical and baffling smile and answered: "I think 'The Barber of Seville' will live; perhaps the first two acts of 'William Tell' will be performed for some years after my death, and so will possibly the last act of my 'Othello'."

"William Tell" is still performed for the sake of a heroic tenor, though the performances grow fewer and fewer. "Othello" is seldom announced, although the last act has noble and pathetic pages. But "The Barber of Seville" is in the repertory of opera houses wherever opera is given, and it will be performed long after the younger generation, old and garrulous, prates about the famous singers of 1910 and pities those that were not born to hear them.

Messrs. Constantino, Fornari and Tavecchia were heard in this opera at the Majestic Theatre, when Miss Nielsen was the Rosina, and Messrs. Constantino and Fornari were heard in an act or two earlier in the same year at the Park Theatre, with Miss Nielsen. Mme. Lipkowska took the part of Rosina last night for the first time in this city and in the first performance of the opera at the Boston Opera House. She took the part in New York at the New Theatre, Dec. 15 of last year.

The performance last evening was one of general animation and excellence. We have all seen and heard more accomplished singers as Figaro, but Mr. Fornari, in his own hard and incisive manner, was appropriately voluble, nimble-witted, and sufficiently amusing. Mr. Tavecchia's Bartolo is admirable in every way. He does not turn Rosina's guardian into a doddering old fool, so that his pretensions to her hand are wholly preposterous. This Dr. Bartolo is a man of importance, one to be treated with consideration, except by reckless lovers and their knavish go-between. Mr. Tavecchia realizes that there is a boundary between character portrayal and caricature, and he does not cross it.

Mr. Mardones showed unexpected comic ability as the sardonic and greed Basilio. His business in the course of his famous aria was effective. He might have shown greater respect for Rossini's melodic lines, and still made his dramatic points; but it is the practice now for singers to disregard the long and classic lines for the sake of gaining, as they fondly but erroneously suppose, dramatic intensity.

Mr. Constantino is especially happy as the Count. The florid music is not a stumbling-block to him; he speaks the recitatives with rare and delightful

fluency and ease; he sings with true lyric charm—although last night he was not wholly in the vein when he attacked the entrance song; he acts with refreshing lightness and spontaneity.

Mme. Lipkowska was a charming apparition as Rosina. She was the young, coquettish girl, innocent yet sly, mocking yet sentimental. It has been said that many Rosinas forget that they are future countesses, that they lack "distinction." But the Rosina of "The Barber of Seville" is a very different woman from the countess in "The Marriage of Figaro," and it should be remembered that Mozart idealized by his music all the characters of Beaumarchais' cynical comedy.

Mme. Lipkowska had the distinction of beauty and grace. For once we saw a young woman acting as a young woman; not a world-famous singer endeavoring to shake off the apathy of middle age and be real kittenish for an evening, with much twirling of skirts and a liberal exhibition of lower and indisputable substance.

And for the most part Mme. Lipkowska sang brilliantly. She has yet a good deal to learn in vocalization, but she has this advantage over many of her sisters: she has many years before her. And she has certain natural gifts that are not to be acquired in the schools, gifts that excite at once the respect and the affection of an audience. The hearer, seeing her and hearing her voice, is willing to forgive an imperfect descending scale, a trill that is not faultless, and even an occasional falling below the true pitch. It should be said at once that her failings were little in evidence last night; that her merits were fully displayed; that she shone and fascinated.

In the scene of the music lesson she sang Allabyeff's "Nightingale" and an air of "The Queen of Night," from "The Magic Flute." The accompaniment of the former had been tastefully orchestrated by Mr. Raymond Roze, who introduced cadenzas for voice with replies from wood-wind instruments.

The audience was in holiday mood, and the evening was one of genuine enjoyment.

The opera on Friday evening will be "Tosca," with Miss Dereyne and Messrs. Constantino and Baklanoff as the chief singers.

disposed to reserve. The group of Harvard men to make the academic dramatics educational as well as entertaining.

Of the players last evening especially worthy of mention were Mr. Eliot as Peter Fabell, "The Merry Devil," Mr. Ohler as Brian, Mr. Haussermann as Blague and Mr. Benchley as Sir John, a priest.

The latter, especially, has cleverness as a comedian which will lead him high if he cares to go. Of the impersonators of women's parts Mr. Ernst as prioress of Cheston nunnery was the best.

The play is repeated this evening in Brattle Hall, on Thursday in Boston, at Copley Hall, and Saturday in "the Barn," at Wellesley.

Nov 16, 1910

## QUARTET CLOSES SEASON.

Hess-Schroeder Fifth Concert Numbers from Beethoven and Brahms.

The Hess-Schroeder quartet gave its fifth and last concert of the season last night in Jordan Hall. The assisting players were A. Gietzen, viola, and J. Keller, violoncello. The program consisted of Beethoven's string quartet in C-sharp minor, op. 131, and Brahms' sextet for strings in B-flat major, op. 18.

Rarely this season has this group of players exhibited their ability to better advantage than in the quartet played last night.

Notwithstanding the complexity and emancipation from accepted form noticeable in these latest works, this quartet as rendered last night had clearness of detail and intelligibility as a whole. Had Beethoven invoked a muse he could hardly have chosen a better one than the "pensive nun, devout and pure, sober, steadfast and demure." Counterparts of the ideas contained in all these adjectives greet one continually through the unfolding melodies of adagio, allegro and andante. Even the presto is full of the merest whispers and breaths of sound.

There is infinite variety and display for the separate instruments; the opening is austere contrapuntal; soon first violin and 'cello stand out against an accompaniment for the other two instruments, then all join in pulsating chords prior to a passage of elaborate melody for the first violin. From the restraint and repose of the opening there is throughout a continual increase of fervor, suggestive now of struggle, now of exaltation.

After the intensity of this music, the sextet by Brahms seemed very easy to listen to. Its strongly marked rhythms were most acceptable. The volume of sound seems to gain almost too much in depth from the addition of another 'cello and viola, so that there is at times almost an unbalanced effect.

An audience of good size gave much applause for both numbers and were apparently loath to see the last of the players.

Nov 17, 1910

## ROSSINI'S OPERA AT BOSTON HOUSE

"Barber of Seville" Presented, with Mme. Lipkowska as Rosina; Constantino Plays Part of Count Almaviva.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Rossini's "Barber of Seville," performed by the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell, director. Mr. Conti conducted.

Rosina ..... Mme. Lipkowska  
Bertha, Rosina's governess ..... Miss Kirrnes  
Count Almaviva ..... Mr. Constantino  
Figaro ..... Mr. Fornari  
Dr. Bartolo ..... Mr. Tavecchia  
Basilio ..... Mr. Mardones  
Florello ..... Mr. Pulcini  
L'Ufficiale ..... Mr. Giaccone

It was a pleasure to hear Rossini's music again. The opera is nearly 100 years old, and yet it is fresh and sparkling. Rossini himself knew its lue, and when some one was flatter- ing him in his late and lazy years

light. This is as it should be, for we remember witnessing the same "entertainment" at a local theatre some three years ago; nor is there scarcely a perceptible modification in the entire performance. Yet, for the uninitiated, her "Thaumaturgy" is interesting, to say the least, and one is left in perplexity at her powers to accomplish that which might result from mental telepathy.

Mrs. Fay is charming, physically; and there is a dreamy and hazy suggestiveness about her that completes the atmosphere of orientalism that surrounds her.

Head and shoulders above any act on the program was "The Foolish Factory," interpreted by George Hickman, Jimmie Lane, Charles Edwards, Fred Linton and the six O'Connor sisters. The sketch, a broad farce, is a scream even beyond what its title suggests, and there is plenty of action. The O'Connor sisters are a sextet that combine youth with beauty, and their rendering of Irish ballads brought forth repeated encores.

Stuart, "the male Patti," wore some stunning gowns, and revealed lines that many women might well envy. His simulation of femininity was carried out in nice detail.

Griff, "the jester juggler," was candid. He said "he was often classed by the reviewers with the moving pictures. Jack Wilson, assisted by Franklin Battie and Ada Lane, were seen in a merry travesty, "An Upheaval in Darktown." Mr. Battie has an excellent voice and an infectious manner, and Mr. Wilson's up-to-date-ness took the form of a "Chantecler" hat that gathered in the resources of the barnyard.

Hassan Ben Ali's Arabs gave a sensational exhibition of acrobatic work and pyramid building to the accompaniment of much noise. Mign-onette Kokin should have a better place on the bill. Her dancing was a surprise to many and the grace and agility she displayed in her "Impression" of Adeline Genée, Bessie McCoy and George Cohan were well received.

Galletti's Baboons, a troupe of jabbering Simians, gave an amusing exhibition.

### "The Merry Devil of Edmonton"

Presented for the First Time in This Country by College Society at Brattle Hall.

BRATTLE HALL, CAMBRIDGE—

First production in America of "The Merry Devil of Edmonton," an Elizabethan play, first presented at the Globe Theatre, London, in 1608. Presented by the Harvard chapter of Delta Upsilon. The cast:

Sir Arthur Clare.....G. S. Deming, '10  
Sir Richard Mouchensey.....W. R. Ohler, '10  
Sir Ralph Jerningham.....T. S. Kenyon, '11  
Harry Clare.....H. D. Barton, '11  
Raymond Mouchensey.....P. Snedeker, '11  
Frank Jerningham.....R. H. Holt, '11  
Peter Fabell.....F. M. Eliot, '11  
Coreb.....H. P. Fowler, '10  
Blague.....O. W. Haussermann, '12  
Sir John.....R. C. Benchley, '12  
Banks.....R. D. Whittemore, '13  
Smug the Smith.....H. W. Miller, '11  
Sexton.....K. McR. Clark, '11  
Bibo.....R. F. Duncan, '12  
Brian.....W. R. Ohler, '10  
Ralph.....P. Lieder, '10  
Friar Hildersham.....H. P. Fowler, '10  
Benedick.....B. Beaman, '13  
Chamberlain.....K. McR. Clark, '11  
Lady Doreas Clare.....P. H. Cooke, '10  
Millicent.....J. B. Munn, '12  
Prioress of Cheston nunnery.....C. Ernst, '10

This ancient comedy in five acts has not the high merit as a play which some plays rendered in former years by this group of Harvard players have had. To Ben Jonson and the people who first heard it, it was "a dear delight," and so its distinctively comedy part remains to this day, the parts of Blague, Sir John, Banks and Smug and Smith giving the players rare opportunity for antics and mouthings that provoke laughter.

But the romantic part of the play, with its conventional devices for bringing together Millicent Clare and Raymond Mouchensey, the childhood lovers, fails to make any moving appeal to an audience of today. Still it is a play worth seeing by all who wish to study the evolution of English comedy, or who want an evening of refined fun, or who are



# 118 FERRUCCIO BUSONI AT JORDAN HALL

By PHILIP HALE.

Ferruccio Busoni gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a large audience. The program was as follows: Beethoven, sonata, op. 111; Chopin, 24 preludes; Liszt, sonata in one movement.

Mr. Busoni is known in Germany as a "formidable" pianist. He makes formidable programs, and he has made them in Boston from the time he dwelt among us. The sonata by Beethoven is for the most part a weariness to the flesh and the spirit. To follow this by 24 preludes, one after the other, and then to add the sonata by Liszt is enough to strike terror to the stoutest soul. This program was announced some time ago, and yet the Watch and Ward Society did not stir a finger in behalf of the citizens and citizenesses.

The recital yesterday was interesting chiefly to those interested in mechanical proficiency, to students and admirers of technic. Mr. Busoni was reasonably impressive in the first movement of Beethoven's sonata and was as engrossing as the music itself allowed him to be. With all his great gifts and acquirements he has not yet mastered the art of singing a melody, and so the Arletta suffered. His clearness in polyphonic playing is admirable, his fleetness and his strength—when he does not abuse strength—are equally admirable, but he does not sing a melody. Under his fingers a melody is too often broken into bits or it is rigidly, austere conducted to its end. Nor has Mr. Busoni a fine sense of color.

When he came to the 24 preludes and played them all—I did not count them, for Mr. Busoni is an honest man and would not willingly deceive an audience—some no doubt wondered, "What a surprising feat!" It would have been still more surprising if he had played the 24 in 24 minutes by a stop watch. Or he might have thrown in the one dedicated to the Princess Czernicheff. It might be justly said that a performance of the 24 preludes, one after the other, is not in itself artistic; that it is not a tribute to the composer or to the audience. These little masterpieces are heard, one or two at a time, in connection with compositions of a different nature. Mr. Busoni's reading of the preludes was at times too carefully sought after; in his wish to avoid the commonplace and the obvious he was sometimes bizarre and ineffective.

As a whole, the more brilliant preludes were better played than those of tender or graceful sentiment or of an intimately emotional nature. The melodic line was frequently chopped into bits; the rubato was without the spontaneity of the improvisatore. There was occasionally a delightful moment, as the performance of the 23d prelude in F major.

Encouraged by the hearty applause of the audience, applause that was enthusiastic, Mr. Busoni gave a thunder and lightning performance of the Polonaise in A flat major, which would have certainly astonished the composer.

Mr. Busoni is an executant of the first class. As an interpreter he lacks color, emotion, the human feeling that is contagious and irresistible; and, therefore, it might be said that, after all, he is not an interpreter.

send and 50 Members of Boston Opera Company Orchestra

By PHILIP HALE.

The Cecilia Society, Wallace Goodrich conductor, gave the third and last concert of its 34th season last night in Jordan Hall. The society was assisted by Miss Viola Davenport, soprano; Stephen Townsend, baritone, and 50 members of the orchestra of the Boston Opera Company, Pierre Hennotte concert master. The tenor solos in Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha's Departure" were sung by H. Lambert Murphy. There was an audience of good size.

The concert began with a performance of Brahms' noble "Song of Fate," for which the composer, unwilling to leave the hearer meditating the gloomy closing lines of Hoelderlin's poem, wrote a consolatory and purely instrumental epilogue. Brahms took great pains with this epilogue, and it is said that he regarded it as the most important portion of the work and rehearsed it with especial care whenever he conducted his work. Last night the epilogue would have been more effective had it been taken at a slower pace and in more sustained and more euphonious mood. The beautiful prelude was better played and the choral portion was sung according to the best traditions of the Cecilia.

Miss Davenport sang Ophelia's last scene in Ambrose Thomas' "Hamlet." The choice was an ambitious one, for this music is only for great mistresses of florid song, and it is beyond Miss Davenport's present ability. Her intonation was not always pure; her technic was not secure, and she forced tone at times till it had a hard quality. She was warmly applauded by the audience.

The performance of Coleridge-Taylor's cantata, "Hiawatha's Departure," showed the lack of thorough rehearsal. There is much more in this cantata than was brought out by the chorus and the orchestra. At its best the performance was only respectable, and on the whole it fell below the standard of the society, for it was not conspicuous for effective contrasts or color, and the vitality and warmth of the music were not brought out.

That the Cecilia Society persists in the mispronunciation of "Hiawatha" is a matter of secondary moment. Miss Davenport sang prettily the second soprano solo. Her first solo, "Spring has Come with all its Splendor," was not well rhythmized and it lacked verve and brilliance. Mr. Murphy, with a good voice, was matter-of-fact and he made little of the passage beginning "Then the Black Robe Chief, the Prophet." I remember the thrilling effect made by Mr. Devoll when the cantata was first performed here. Mr. Townsend was always interesting and at times imaginative. He did not hesitate to change the composer's music to suit his own requirements.

Coleridge-Taylor has written a great deal of music—too much—since he leaped into fame with his "Hiawatha" trilogy, and it is highly probable that in the end he will be known only by this trilogy. The fact that he is a mulatto gave a fictitious interest to his music for a time, and his eulogists found that rhythm and color were his birthright. Choral societies in America were eager to sing his cantatas, but when he visited us they were not at all disposed to let him conduct them, simply because he was a mulatto. Only in the United States, where many good men went under about 50 years ago that the Union might be preserved, that the negro might be free, that there might be no slave in the republic, are these delicate distinctions now made. Fortunately Mr. Coleridge-Taylor found a singing society made up of negro singers before he returned to England, so he could say that he had appeared in America as a conductor, and not only as a pianist and composer.

Mme. Sembrich was the soloist

Mr. Strube's new comedy overture "Puck" was performed for the first time. The overture has no program. The Puck is not necessarily Shakespeare's Hobgoblin, who fights maidens of the village, misleads night wanderers, and offends the dignity of the wisest aunt telling the saddest tale. Mr. Strube wished to portray in tones a sylvan frolic. His themes are fresh and full of character. They are skillfully developed. The harmonic treatment is ultra-modern, but charming and effective, not merely bizarre. The instrumentation is masterly throughout. The episodes in the exposition are effectively contrasted, and the prevailing mood is one of rustic gaiety relieved by a passage of true and delicate sentiment. The overture was warmly received by the audience and Mr. Strube was obliged to bow his acknowledgment from his seat among the first violins. The performance of this overture was the chief feature of the concert.

For it cannot be said truthfully that Mr. Fiedler's reading of Strauss' Symphonie Domestica which followed was highly poetic or objectively effective; nor was the performance technically worthy of the orchestra's high reputation. The reading was episodic. There was no real continuity of thought. The choice of tempo was not always fortunate. The beautiful "Love Scene" was hurried and the calm happiness of the wedding was turned into nervous eroticism. The brass was forced till there was no pure quality of tone, and the performance was often ragged. The other orchestral selection was Mozart's overture to "The Magic Flute," which was performed in orthodox fashion.

Mme. Sembrich, who is now engaged in the painful task of bidding her American admirers a long, last, lingering, sad farewell, sang Susanna's aria, "Deh Vieni," with the preceding recitative from "The Magic Flute"; a portion of the aria, "Lo, the Heaven-Descended Prophet," from Graun's "Death of Jesus," and these songs with piano accompaniment: Brahms' "Nightingale," Schumann's "Dedication," Mr. Fiedler's "Cradle Song" and Strauss' "Serenade." Mme. Sembrich was applauded heartily by those who remembered her past glory. They that heard her for the first time must have wondered at her reputation. She sang Mozart's aria carefully and with a discretion that forbade any emotional expression. Nor was she able to sustain tones without a quavering and a sagging from the true pitch.

She sang only the first section of Graun's florid air, and she labored in bravura. She was more her former self in Schumann's "Dedication" and in Mr. Fiedler's pretty little song. More noteworthy than her singing were the accompaniments of Mr. Frank La Forge. The audience, remembering gratefully the singer of past years, applauded her at the end, so that she added to the program these songs: Schumann's "Fruchlingsnacht," Michael Arne's "The Lass with the Delicate Air" and the inevitable Polish song with her own accompaniment.

The program of the concerts April 1 and 2 will be as follows: Beethoven, "Pastoral" symphony; Tchaikowsky, "Francesca da Rimini"; Sibelius, "Elegy and Musette" of the suite arranged from the incidental music to "King Christian II" and Valse Triste (first time in Boston); Dvorak, "Carnaval" overture.

The announcement is made that Mme. Sembrich will sing at the next Pension Fund concert of the orchestra.

## "TOSCA" AT OPERA HOUSE.

Miss Dereyne Appears as Tosca; Constantino as Cavaradossi.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Puccini's "Tosca," performed by the Boston Opera Co., Henry Russell director. Mr. Conti conducted. The cast: Tosca, Miss Dereyne; Cavaradossi, Mr. Constantino; Scarpia, Mr. Baklanoff; Angelotti, Mr. Perini; Sacristan, Mr. Tavecchia; Spoletta, Mr. Glaccone; Sciarrone, Mr. Pulcini; Jailer, Mr. Stroesco; a shepherd, Miss Leveroni.

The general performance was one of unusual smoothness and animation; both singing and action were fluent, and for once the reproach cannot be made that their progress was retarded by encores. The audi-

ence, large and enthusiastic, expressed its pleasure warmly, but the injurious applause after certain solos was quelled by those who most truly appreciated the excellence of the performance.

Miss Dereyne's impersonation was engrossing, largely on account of the potent personal charm that was felt across the footlights. She emphasized the delicacy and the womanly grace of the character, and seemed admirably consistent in the

inspiration that moved her to kill Scarpia, and in the pious impulse with which she arranged the candles and the crucifix. Her voice was agreeable in song, and eloquent in dramatic moments.

Mr. Constantino again moved the audience by the beauty of his voice, and he, too, showed great dramatic force in the climaxes, as when he defied Scarpia before his exit in Act 2. More than once his action, as well as his singing, evoked a spontaneous burst of applause.

Mr. Baklanoff's performance was not dramatically so well sustained as other parts with which he is more familiar, but he was a striking figure, and, whether legitimately or not, endowed Scarpia with qualities that did not seem wholly despicable. His sonorous voice made one rejoice in an opera that furnishes a baritone role of dramatic as well as musical appeal.

## Men and Things

Now that the local opera season is drawing to a close it may be remarked that the season has been conspicuous if only for two things: the performances have begun promptly at the appointed hour and only a very few announcements of a singer's indisposition or a change in the cast have been made from the stage or by printed slip. The punctuality is the more surprising because both the chief conductor and the accomplished general stage manager are Italians, and the Italians are in this respect easy-going, as all those who have heard opera in an Italian city will bear witness. When Mr. Mascagni was in Boston, the delay in beginning a performance was exasperating and it had something to do with the lack of public interest after the first night; nor could Mr. Mascagni be made to understand that in America 8 P. M. is not the same thing as 8:30 P. M. or 8:45 P. M., although of course in eternity there is no appreciable difference.

Mr. Mascagni's adventures in America were unfortunate and he embarked swearing never to revisit us. Now he purposes to return with a new opera based on the story of Lady Godiva and her celebrated equestrian act. Let not the Watch and Ward Society be disturbed! The ride will be told in an orchestral intermezzo, and we are informed that no pleasing picture will be thrown upon the screen, and there will not be any living model. Inasmuch as Miss Bessie Abbott will take the part of Lady Godiva, this information is especially reassuring.

A Londoner wrote recently to the Pall Mall Gazette complaining because there was no illusion of reality in the theatres. He illustrated his point by referring to a new version of the tale of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde now playing in London. "The curtain falls on a gruesome realistic murder scene, only to rise again and allow the murderer and his victim standing peacefully side by side to receive the plaudits of the spectators. \* \* \* So, too, in the last scene, Hyde dies in agony in the arms of the blind and weeping wife of Jekyll, who thinks she is embracing her husband. But after passing through his mortal agony, the monster again steps before the curtain to bow to the hand-clapping crowd. Now, sir!—mark the Jonsonian "sir"—is it not clear that these sudden and repeated resurrections of the dead must destroy the illusion of reality which the actor has striven so hard to achieve?"

It might also be said that applause is always disturbing, either in the playhouse, in opera house, or in concert hall. An oration, of course, should be punctuated with applause to spur the orator to still higher flights or a more complete nailing of a campaign lie. And orators themselves, sending to the newspapers carefully typewritten copies of a speech before delivery, are so thoughtful as to insert liberally in parentheses, "(Great applause)".

When an opera is performed in an ideal manner, the singers do not appear before the curtain until the end of the opera, nor when opera is performed in an ideal manner is the first entrance of the leading tenor applauded by friends placed judiciously in the gallery.

## CECILIA CLOSES CONCERT SEASON

Society Assisted by Miss Viola Davenport, Stephen Town-

## SYMPHONY GIVES STRUBE'S "PUCK"

By PHILIP HALE.

The 19th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall



But audiences are more at fault in this destruction of illusions. They delight in what may be called actor-baiting. They applaud at the end of an act the comedian, whether he be named Wyndham or Cohan, until the poor wretch is forced to say a few words. The actor's speech is usually rambling, and it is often foolish. It is hard to forget it when the curtain rises for the next act.

Sir William Willcocks has determined the exact geographical location of the Garden of Eden. According to his measurements, Eden was situated in the Harliah district, about 250 kilometres north of Bagdad.

The Assyrian inscriptions fixed the garden in Babylonia, but the people of Orange county, Vermont, insist that the garden lay between Tunbridge and Chelsea. Mr. Joe Cone is of the opinion that the garden was the spot in New London, Ct., now known as Gungawamp.

There is a regularly recurring story in which a man or a woman loses a large sum of money, and when the wad or wallet or handbag is returned, the honest finder is rewarded with only a ridiculously small sum. Suppose the sum lost is \$10,000; the finder receives at the utmost \$5. An honest iceman not far from Boston finding \$1800 and restoring it received a five-cent cigar of "a popular brand." Whether the cigar were named after a statesman, actress or poet was not stated. A few days ago there was a pleasing variation on the old theme. A waiter in a New York restaurant picked up a wallet containing \$2000 in bills. The owner returned in apologetic excitement. "My wallet. Did you find it?" "Here," answered Jean, "on the floor." The owner counted the bills. "Young man, let this be a lesson to you; you're too honest. You should have stolen this wallet."

Suppose the amount recovered be \$5000. What should the finder receive as a token of gratitude? \$500? \$2500? You would infer that the latter sum would be only fair, if you consider seriously the indignation of the immediately unconcerned against the "meanness" of the owner. There should be a scale fixed and determined by law for these cases, just as there should be a fixed scale for tips at country houses according to the length of the visit and the location of the guest room. Of course if the guest has a private bath annexed to the room the tip should be greater in proportion. The number of towels used by the guest, and the nature of his boots, russet or vic, should also enter into the adjudication.

Parat, an apothecary of Paris, jealous of his wife, compelled her under fear of death to run needles through a wax image of the suspected lover. Thus was there a continuance of an old practice known to Sicilians in the days of Theocritus. Thus are we reminded of Rossetti's "Sister Helen" and a tragic scene in "The Return of the Native." We read not long ago that this spell of the wax image was still practised in counties of England. Was it ever practised in New England? Are such dolls now made in this country, and melted so that with it a rival or an enemy may waste away?

There was a decision of a curious point brought up in the court of appeals in London under the workmen's compensation act. A young woman under 20 years of age, working for the respondents, a laundry company, met with an accident which seriously injured her hand. Liability was admitted on the footing of the applicant's wages at seven shillings a week, which were paid by the respondent; but the young woman was a pianist who had supplemented her earnings by giving lessons to children at a fee of three shillings a week. The county court judge made an award of only the seven shillings. Having heard the appeal, the master of the rolls said he was far from saying that a teacher or nursery governess might not come within the provisions of the act, but he did not think that a music master who gave lessons in his own house or in the home of a pupil could be said to be a "workman" within the meaning of the act, and he dismissed the appeal.

## VIOLETTA SUNG BY MISS NIELSEN

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "La Traviata," performed by Boston opera company, Henry Russell director. Mr. Conti conducted.

Violetta.....L. W.....Miss Nielsen  
Flora.....Miss Pierce  
Amlina.....Miss Pierce  
Alfred Germont.....Mr. Bourrillon  
Giorgio Germont.....Mr. Blanchard  
Gastone.....Mr. Giaccone  
Baron Douphol.....Mr. Pulcini  
Marquis d'Obigny.....Mr. Vanni  
Doctor Greuville.....Mr. Perini  
Joseph.....Mr. Stroesco

A large and appreciative audience was present at the repetition of "La Traviata" yesterday afternoon.

Miss Nielsen, as is her wont, sang the florid music with rare flexibility, indisputable grace and beauty of tone. Her impersonation of Violetta is a deeply interesting one.

She is primarily the woman of the world, seductive, sure of her fascination, careless of the admiration lavished upon her. Alfred's love at first only amuses her and she is slow to respond. Had there been no interference it is easy to imagine Alfred as being merely an episode in the career of a "grande amoureuse."

Mr. Bourrillon sang delightfully and dignified with manliness a puerile role.

The rasping lower tones and persistent tremolo of Mr. Blanchard were quite in keeping with his part of parental dragon. So intense were his looks of solicitude and commiseration and so impassioned were the kisses imprinted on the lady's resisting hands, that one wondered if, his daughter safely married, and Alfred out of harm's way, he might not return and offer further consolation in the shape of his own benevolent person.

Miss Pierce sang pleasingly, but acted indifferently. She should endeavor to free herself from self-consciousness.

The loudness of the orchestra was in places extremely detrimental to the singers. The intonation was at times faulty, and Mr. Conti's reading of the score did not have its accustomed smoothness.

The opera Monday evening will be Verdi's "Rigoletto," with Mmes. Nielsen and Leveroni and Messrs. Constantino, Baklanoff and Nivette.

### "LOHENGRIN" PERFORMED.

Boston Company Gives Its First Production of This Opera. C. C.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: "Lohengrin" was performed last night in Italian by the Boston opera company. Mr. Goodrich conducted. This was the first performance of the opera at this opera house.

Elsa.....Fely Dereyne  
Ortrud.....Maria Claessens  
Lohengrin.....Christian Hansen  
Telramund.....Ramon Blanchard  
Koenig Heinrich.....Jose Mardones  
Herald.....Attilio Pulcini

Considering that the Boston Opera Company has neither conductor nor many singers schooled to the peculiar demands of German opera, last night's performance was creditable. Stage settings and pictures were of the first order and the difficult mechanical requirements of the swan boat were met without any element of the ludicrous. There was considerable groping and uncertainty on the part of the singers arising largely from the fact that Mr. Goodrich failed to make the orchestra the dominant and leading element it should be in such music drama. Mr. Hansen, who has appeared infrequently in Italian opera here and has hitherto made little impression, was a dignified Lohengrin; at times his singing had lyric beauty as at his entrance and his reproof to Elsa.

## WORKS OF WILDE PRINTED IN FULL

By PHILIP HALE.

The authorized and complete edition of Oscar Wilde's works in prose and poetry, published in 14 volumes by John W. Luce & Co., Boston, contains much that is of interest to students and amateurs of the drama besides the plays themselves. The edition is a handsome one typographically, and the binding is simple and in good taste. For lovers of sumptuously appointed books an edition is preparing which will be sold by subscription through the Edinburgh Society of this city. This edition will include hitherto unpublished portraits, sketches and facsimile manuscripts.

The plays are in five volumes: "Salome," in the original French, and in the English version of Lord Alfred Douglas; "A Florentine Tragedy," with the opening scene written by T. Sturge Moore for the

"Vera," the four admirable comedies, "Lady Windermere's Fan," "The Importance of Being Earnest," "A Woman of No Importance," "An Ideal Husband," "The Duchess of Padua"; and the superb fragment, "La Sainte Courtisane; or, the Woman Covered with Jewels."

It is to be regretted that the list of players who took part in the first performance of "The Duchess of Padua," "Vera," "A Florentine Tragedy" and "Salome" are not here given.

"The Duchess of Padua" is dedicated by Robert Ross to "A. S." Miss Adela Schuster, "one from whom he (Wilde) had received such infinite kindness and to whom he was under obligations no flattering dedication could repay. When Wilde was a dying man he regretted that he had never dedicated any of his works to her. 'There is nothing,' he said, 'but 'The Duchess of Padua' and it is unworthy of her and unworthy of me.' But in his last years Wilde was pleased to look on his plays with disdain, although he planned others, as 'La Sainte Courtisane,' which was nearly completed. It was entrusted in 1897 to a woman who went to Paris on purpose to give it to the author. Wilde left the manuscript in a cab, and afterward, speaking of the loss, said that a cab was a very proper place for it.

Mr. Ross, in a note to "The Duchess of Padua," states that the tragedy was produced "in New York on Nov. 14, 1891, at Hammerstein's Opera House."

There was no such opera house in New York in 1891. Oscar Hammerstein built the Harlem Opera House, and it was opened on Sept. 30, 1889. Wilde's play was performed there on Nov. 14, 1891; but this was not the first performance.

"The Duchess of Padua" was produced at the Broadway Theatre, New York, under the name of "Guido Ferranti" on Jan. 26, 1891. Lawrence Barrett took the part of Guido; F. Vroom impersonated Simone Gesso, the duke; J. A. Lane impersonated Count Moranzone, and Minna K. Gale took the part of Beatrice, Duchess of Padua.

The first regular "dramatic" performance of "Salome" in America was at the Astor Theatre, New York, Nov. 15 or 16, 1906. Salome, Mercedes Leigh; Herodias, Hulda Englund; the Tetrarch, William McVay; John the Baptist, Harry Leighton. But the play was produced by the Progressive Stage Society in New York on Nov. 14, 1905, when Miss Leigh took the part of Salome.

There was a performance of the English version in London May 10, 1905, but a more effective one was that given by the Literary Theatre Club June 18, 1906, with "A Florentine Tragedy." At the second performance Miss Darragh took the part of Salome and Robert Farquharson that of Herod. The drama has been played in English in San Francisco.

The first performance of the original version in French was at the Nouveau Theatre, Paris, Oct. 28, 1896, when Mme. Lina Munte took the part of Salome. Lugne-Poe played Herod. A translation into French of "Lady Windermere's Fan," "La Passante," preceded it. It has often been said that Wilde wrote "Salome" for Sarah Bernhardt. He denied this in a letter to the Times (March 2, 1893): "The fact that the greatest tragic actress of any stage now living saw in my play such beauty that she was anxious to produce it, to take herself the part of the heroine, to lend to the entire poem the glamor of her personality, and to my prose the music of her flute-like voice—this was naturally and always will be a source of pride and pleasure to me, and I look forward with delight to seeing Mme. Bernhardt present my play in Paris, that vivid centre of art, where religious dramas are often performed. But my play was in no sense of the words written for this great actress. I have never written a play for any actor or actress, nor shall I ever do so. Such work is for the artisan in literature—not for the artist." Aubrey Beardsley's Salome being put into a powder box coffin on the last page of the tragedy was surely intended to picture Mme. Bernhardt.

"Salome" is in the repertory of certain German theatres. It was performed in Berlin as early as November, 1902 (Nov. 22), with Gertrud Eysoldt as the heroine, and at Vienna, Dec. 12, 1903. It has been played in German in New York at the Irving Place Theatre, and Dr. Ludwig Wuellner, the distinguished reciter of songs, played Herod at the New Ger-

man Theatre, New York, March 23, 1909, when Hedwig Reicher played Salome.

"Vera" was written in 1881. The original text was privately printed in New York in 1882, and printed editions have been printed from the prompt books. The first performance was at the Union Square Theatre, New York, Aug. 19, 1883. Marie Prescott took the part of the beautiful Nihilist; Lewis

Morrison played Alexis. Lewis Mann is named in the cast as a page.

The play failed dismally and was withdrawn at the end of the week. The critics were severe. One wrote that the play was "long-drawn romantic rot, a series of disconnected essays and sickening rant." Another declared it to be a "foolish, highly peppered story of love, intrigue and politics, with Russian accessories of fur and dark lanterns, and overlaid with bantam gabble about freedom and the people. It was little better than fizzle."

George Augustus Sala, commenting in the London Daily Telegraph on these extracts from the Herald and Tribune, thought that Wilde—"who, for all his eccentricities, is a great deal more clever than unthinking persons imagine him to be," would have acted more wisely had he produced "Vera" in London instead of New York. "English theatrical audiences like 'a highly peppered story of love, intrigue and politics.' They like, in particular, 'Russian accessories' in the way of fur and dark lanterns, and especially are they passionately fond of fervid utterances about freedom and the people. With handsome dresses, glittering scenery and general 'staging' regardless of expense, 'Vera' might have achieved in London a brilliant success."

But Wilde was right in disliking "Vera" and "The Duchess of Padua." The former is crude and tawdry; the latter is the work of a young poet remembering the thunderous speech of the Elizabethans. There are lines in "The Duchess of Padua" that recall the strange tragedies of Beddoes, who would fain have been an Elizabethan, and more than once the reader is reminded of the Victor Hugo of "Angelo, Tyrant of Padua." Mr. Alexander purposes to bring out soon "The Duchess of Padua," and thus he shows his courage.

When "Salome" was first played in England the critics had much to say about the influence of Maeterlinck over Wilde. This proved conclusively that they knew little about Maeterlinck's drama. The oriental colors dear to Wilde and his love of the sonorous phrase and of a word for the sake of its sound are far removed from the quietness and the simplicity of Maeterlinck.

Wilde in writing "Salome" was influenced by Gustave Flaubert and by the song of Solomon. And if he knew Flaubert's "Herodias" he also knew that master's "Temptation of St. Anthony."

In his love of jewels for literary purposes Wilde was an oriental. The two or three remarkable pages descriptive of Dorian Gray's study of jewels, and his delight in discovering wonderful stories about them, are only equalled by Herod's rhapsody about his marvellous jewels, his opals "that burn always, with a flame that is cold as ice, opals that make sad men's minds, and are afraid of the shadows," and his onyxes "like the eyeballs of a dead woman."

For this he has been called a decadent. The same reproach might have been brought against Henry Ward Beecher, who carried unsot precious stones in his pocket. "And the foundations of the walls of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones." (I quote the spelling of 1611.) "The first foundation was Jasper, the second Saphir, the third a Chaledony, the fourth an Emerald, the fifth Sardonyx, the sixth Sardius, the seventh Chrysolite, the eighth Beryl, the ninth a Topas, the tenth a Chrysoprasus, the eleventh a Iacinet, the twelfth an Amethyst. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls, every several gate was of one pearly, and the streete of the city was pure golde, as it were transparent glasse." And was John on the Isle of Patmos a decadent?

It is a pity that "La Sainte Courtisane" was lost. The passages reprinted are from odd leaves of a first draft. Mr. Ross in the introduction to the "Miscellanies" says that the play expanded Wilde's "favorite the-



try that when you convert some one to an idea, you lose your faith in it." The hero, Honorius, in this play falls in love with Myrrhina, a courtesan, who has come to tempt him, and he reveals to her the secret of the Love of God. "She immediately becomes a Christian and is murdered by robbers; Honorius goes back to Alexandria to pursue a life of pleasure."

What is this motive but the one that Mr. Anatole France uses with consummate skill in "Thais." And "Thais," it should be noted, was published in 1890. The conversion of Thais is an old story; it is told in "The Golden Legend; or, the Lives of the Saints," but the monk there dies in the odor of sanctity. The bitterly ironical ending is the invention of France.

The Myrrhina of Wilde is a more magnificent creature than Thais, even when Thais is impersonated by the ingenious and audacious Mary Garden. Hear her extolling herself before Honorius: "When the Emperor of Byzantium heard of me he left his porphyry chamber and set sail in his galleys. His slaves bare no torches that none might know of his coming. When the King of Cyprus heard of me he sent me ambassadors. The two Kings of Lybia, who are brothers, brought me gifts of amber. \* \* \* The King of Hierapolis, who is a priest and a robber, set carpets for me to walk on."

If this recalls strange soliloquies in "The Temptation of Saint Anthony" there is a reminder of Marcel Schwob: "I go to the little taverns where the sailors lie all day long drinking black wine and playing with dice and I sit down with them."

Wilde planned two other plays of this nature: "Ahab and Isabel" and "Pharaoh," but he never wrote them down.

I have said nothing about the comedies, for they are well known. It has been said that only in one of them, "Lady Windemere's Fan," did he show traces of constructive capacity, and that he owed the central idea to Mr. Haddon Chambers; that his characters sit about as in a negro minstrel row and talk paradoxes. This is hardly just. "The Importance of Being Earnest" is admirably constructed until in the third act the action loiters for the sake of amplifying a whimsical idea. It is true that the ending of the third act of "Lady Windemere's Fan" is a purely theatrical device and one that had been employed before; but what a fresh and effective use Wilde made of this trick!

It has also been said that in his plays there is no true psychology. The ending of "A Florentine Tragedy" is brought forward as a proof of this. When Simone, the merchant husband, kills the noble youth named Guido Bardi, and turns to dispose of his wife Bianca, whom he suspects of infidelity, she comes forward as one dazed with wonder and with outstretched arms.

Bianca—Why did you not tell me you were so strong?

Simone—Why did you not tell me you were beautiful? (He kisses her on the mouth.)

This ending, they say, is absurd, wholly theatrical. But it is in keeping with the character of Bianca as developed in this tragedy, which is terrible in its intensity, in its irony, in its utterly consciousness.

For incessant wit in dialogue there is nothing to be compared with Wilde's comedies in English, except "The School for Scandal" and Congreve's plays that are now read, not seen. Congreve's plays have dropped out of the repertory, and, although "The Way of the World" was revived in 1914, the performance excited curiosity, not interest. Henley said of Congreve's comedies that they are marked "by such a deliberate and intelligible baseness of morality as makes them impossible to man." This is not the chief reason for their disappearance from the stage. They are purely literary. They lack action and humanity, qualities that are found in the comedies of Wilde. His men and women may talk in paradoxes; they are nevertheless, human beings, and when the spectators see themselves thus the brilliance of conversation.

Nor has time dulled this brilliance. When Wilde, who was a subject for caricature rather than for a prison, was publicly disgraced, managers in England withdrew his comedies,

though one or two contented themselves with striking his name from the play bill and continued to make money out of them. These comedies now fill theatres in England, and when the 20th anniversary of Mr. George Alexander's management of one or two theatres in London, was celebrated on the first of last month, a copy of "The Importance of Being Earnest" was presented to each member of the audience. Thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges.

Wilde, in his "De Profundis," summing up, in no vainglorious spirit, his natural gifts and achievements, said: "I took the drama, the most objective form known to art, and made it as personal a mode of expression as the lyric or sonnet; at the same time, I widened its range and enriched its characterization." The author of "Salome," the fragment "A Florentine Tragedy" and the comedies could well afford to say this.

"The Truth of Masks" is Wilde's most elaborate essay about the theatre, and this essay on Shakespeare's attitude toward costume is known to all readers of "Intentions," for it is the last essay in that surprising book. In it he called attention to the fact that even small details of dress were in Shakespeare's hands points of actual dramatic importance.

"One of the finest effects I have ever seen on the stage was Salvini, in the last act of 'Lear' tearing the plume from Kent's cap and applying it to Cordelia's lips when he came to the line, 'This feather stirs; she lives!' Mr. Booth, whose Lear had many noble qualities of passion, plucked, I remember, some fur from his archaeological incorrect ermine for the same business; but Salvini's was the finer effect of the two, as well as the truer."

Wilde pointed out that archaeology was one of the special characteristics of Shakespeare's age. He pointed out many things that the advocates of "true Shakesperian productions" cannot answer successfully. Shakespeare himself rebelled against the stage mounting of his period. Why should we continue the imperfections? There is no more reason "than that we should have Juliet played by a young man."

In the first volume of the engrossing "Miscellanies" (vol. XII. of this new edition), is a short article "Shakespeare on Scenery" republished from the Dramatic Review. There is a plea for the scene painter, an artist who should not be built over by the property man or hammered to death by the carpenter. "As a rule the stage is overcrowded with enormous properties, which are not merely far more expensive and cumbersome than scene paintings, but far less beautiful, and far less true. Properties kill perspective. A painted door is more like a real door than a real door is itself, for the proper conditions of light and shade can be given to it."

Of the same year is the review of "Hamlet" at the Lyceum, in which Wilde wished that the dramatic college would take up the education of spectators, for he objected to the hurling of a bouquet at Irving when he was engaged in portraying the agony of Hamlet's death. It depressed him, he said, to hear a passionate passage recited instead of being acted. Nor did he admit that perfect pronunciation is necessarily dramatic. "When the words are wild and whirling the expression of them must be wild and whirling, too. Ophelia is a more difficult part than Hamlet, for she has less material by which to produce her effects. Guiderstern and Rosencrantz are the only characters Shakespeare did not care to individualize. The First Player should always act very badly, 'after the manner of a provincial tragedian.' If he does not act badly, where is the point of Hamlet's advice to the players?"

In "Henry the Fourth at Oxford" Wilde combatted the idea that Shakespeare was more for the study than the stage. There is a charming review of Wilde's "Olivia," "a very exquisite work of art." There is a graceful compliment to the actors in the notice of "As You Like It" at Coombe House—"Those of them who were amateurs were too artistic to be stagey, and those who were actors too experienced to be artificial." Nor was Lady Archibald Campbell's Orlando too melancholy, for Orlando was lovesick; nor was it too dreamy, for Orlando was a poet. The low music of her voice and the strange beauty of her movements and ges-

tures consoled the critic for the possible absence of robustness.

Seeing "Twelfth Night," Wilde was reminded that if Shakespeare's tragedies were made for a single star, the comedies were made for a galaxy of constellations. Mr. Bourchier as Festa sang, and "to act singing is quite as great in art as to sing," which might serve as Dr. Ludwig Wuellner's apology. Viola must not be bolsterous or modern. "Where there is violence there is Viola, where there is no illusion there is no Illyria and where there is no style there is no Shakespeare." "On the stage"—this is apropos of the scenery—"literature returns to life and archaeology becomes art."

There are reviews of "The Cenci" and "Helen in Troas" as performed, and in the final volume of the edition is the article on Mrs. Langtry as Isester Grazebrook in Sam Taylor's "An Unequal Match," which was published in the New York World in 1882, and here again Wilde quarreled with modern scene painting. "A scene is primarily a decorative background for the actors and should always be kept subordinate, first to the players, their dress, gesture and action; and secondly to the fundamental principle of decorative art, which is not to imitate but to suggest nature."

In a letter sent to the Daily Telegraph, Wilde refers to a performance by puppets in Paris of "The Tempest." He points out the advantages in puppets. "They never argue. They have no erudite views about art. They have no private lives. We are never bothered by accounts of their virtues, or bored by recitals of their vices; and when they are out of an engagement they never do good in public or save people from drowning, nor do they speak more than is set down for them." And in like manner Mr. Anatole France moralized, seeing the same puppets of Maurice Boucher, and moralized at the expense of the comedians, especially the actresses, of the Comedie Francaise.

Even the little letter to the St. James Gazette, in which Wilde explained about an alleged change in "Lady Windemere's Fan," is delightful. Saying that after the play on the night of the first performance he invited a few friends to sup with him, he added: "As none of them was older than myself, I, naturally, listened to their artistic views with attention and pleasure. The opinions of the old on matters of art are, of course, of no value whatever. The artistic instincts of the young are invariably fascinating."

## STRAUSS PORTRAYS A NEW "ELEKTRA"

BY PHILIP HALE.

When Thomas de Quincey saw his Eumenides at his bed feet and staring in upon him through the curtains, there sat by him his Elektra, watching by his pillow, or defrauding herself of sleep to bear him company through the heavy watches of the night.

"For thou, beloved M., dear companion of my later years, thou wast my Elektra! and neither nobility of mind nor in long-suffering affliction wouldst permit that a Grecian sister should excel an English wife \* \* \* Nor even when thy own peaceful slumbers had by long sympathy become infected with the spectacle of my dread contest with phantoms and shadowy enemies, that oftentimes bade me 'sleep no more!' Not even then didst thou utter a complaint or any murmur, nor withdraw thy angelic smiles, nor shrink from thy service of love, more than Elektra did of old. For she, too, though she was a Grecian woman, and the daughter of the King of men, yet wept sometimes, and hid her face in her robe."

How far was this Elektra from the heroine of von Hofmannsthal's tragedy which inspired the music of Richard Strauss, music that will be heard in the Boston Theatre a week from tomorrow night!

According to the old legend, Agamemnon returning from Troy with his concubine Cassandra was slain by Aegisthus, who had seduced his

wife Clytemnestra during the absence of "the king of men." Clytemnestra aided Aegisthus in the butchery and with her own hand slew Cassandra. The boy Orestes, the only male offspring of Agamemnon, was stolen away by his nurse. Grown to manhood, Orestes returned and avenged his father by killing Aegisthus. He recovered the kingdom. For this revenge he was praised by Homer, and in the old legend there is nothing about remorse, no mention of the pursuing and awful Eumenides; nor is there any suggestion of the murder of Clytemnestra by Orestes, with or without encouragement of Elektra, who is mentioned only as Laodice. The Homer story is one of a blood feud, of a Corsican vendetta, or of a long continued and murderous family quarrel in a Kentucky village or on the mountains of Tennessee.

Then, came the later poets and turned their backs on Homer. They no longer extolled the deed of Orestes as one of unexampled glory; they dwelt on his remorse; they invented tales about his sisters Iphigeneia and Elektra; they made Pylades the bosom friend of Orestes; they married Elektra now to a peasant, now to Pylades.

Dr. Gilbert Murray has pointed out in a masterly article the curious changes in the attitude of men toward the gods in the development of this legend.

Homer merely told the story in his simple, grand, heroic way. He made no reflections on the conduct of the gods.

Sophocles, "although by his time Elektra and Clytemnestra had become leading figures in the story and the mother-murder its essential climax, preserves a very similar atmosphere." Orestes seems to be a healthy minded person, not brooding, not conscience stricken.

Aeschylus treated the subject in "The Choephoroi." A god commended the mother-murder. This mother-murder, though, commanded by a god, it was a duty, was also a sin, a sin that was unavoidable. This sin was to be expiated only by great and long suffering.

Euripides, not believing in acts of revenge, looked on the mother-murder as a sin and also as peculiarly horrible. It should never have been committed; it should never have been commanded. The god was to blame. "He is no god of light; he is only a demon of old superstition, acting, among other influences, upon a sore-beset man, and driving him toward a mis-called duty, the horror of which, when done, will unseat his reason." And Euripides was the first to make the brother and sister creatures of flesh and blood. His Orestes is a long exiled, kingdomless man, cherishing hatred, encouraged by the oracle; a creature of impulses, "very young" and "swept away by his sister's intense nature."

This description of Euripides' Elektra may aid in the study of von Hofmannsthal's: "A woman shattered in childhood by the shock of an experience too terrible for a girl to bear; a poisoned and a haunted woman, eating her heart in ceaseless broodings of hate and love, alike unsatisfied—hate against her mother and stepfather, love for her dead father and her brother in exile; a woman who

has known luxury and state and cares much for them; who is intolerant of poverty and who feels her youth passing away."

Euripides was the first of the dramatists to foresee the modern woman, nervous, complex; for his Elektra, as his Medea, is a woman of today rather than of his own period. Mr. Ernest Hutcheson, in his little Baedeker or guide through Strauss' "Elektra," dismisses the play of Euripides with the remark that "the action is wearisome, the development inartistic." Let us examine the gentleman's bumps.

The Elektra of Euripides is much nearer than the Elektra of Sophocles to the woman of the German dramatist.

Mr. Hutcheson wisely says that Elektra's ceremonial dance and death are not alluded to by any of the Greek dramatists. He might have added this outburst of Euripides' Elektra after the murder of her mother:

And I? What crime shall hold  
My evil, or roof it above?  
I cried for dancing of old,  
I cried in my heart for love;  
What dancing walteth me now?  
What love that shall kiss my brow?  
Nor blench at the brand thereof?





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Mme. Mazarin.

Mme. Mazarin as Elektra and Mme. Alice Baron as Chrysothemis.  
(Copyright by Mishkin Studio.)



scores of talismans with which she is bedizened fail to ward off the demons which haunt her. Elektra's glances send shivers through her nerve-racked body. Klytemnestra seeks to ingratiate herself with her daughter. A victim must be found, a sacrifice made to the gods to banish these phantoms. She would counsel with Elektra.

"When the right blood shall leap from beneath the hatchet," says Elektra, "all thy dreams shall die."

"This interview is interrupted when false news is brought to the queen of the death of the banished Orestes. Elektra decides that she and Chrysothemis must themselves slay their mother and Aegisthus. Chrysothemis shudders at the thought when Elektra tells her the act must be performed with the axe with which their father's blood was drawn and which she has kept buried in the courtyard. Elektra appeals to Chrysothemis to aid her in the work; the younger sister refuses, and at last escapes into the house.

"I hate thee!" exclaims Elektra, "I'll do the work alone."

"She is creeping along the walls to the threshold of the door when a stranger enters. It is only after some parley that Orestes reveals himself and learns that she is his sister in the most beautiful episode of the drama. He has come to give the lie to the reports of his death and accomplish the vengeance. Orestes and his foster-father who has accompanied him, enter the palace, leaving Elektra waiting outside.

"Suddenly from within is heard a

piercing cry of Klytemnestra. 'Strike! Strike again!' shrieks Elektra in maniacal glee. Aegisthus returning from the hunt enters through the door of the court. Elektra seizes a torch and bows ironically before him to light him in. He enters the palace. First silence follows, then a noise; then Aegisthus appears at the window shouting 'Help! Murder! Does no one hear me?' Elektra, raising herself, cries back: 'Agamemnon hears thee!' Again Aegisthus' face appears at the window and again he is dragged away. There is tumult within and cries of 'Orestes!' Aegisthus, like Klytemnestra, has met his fate, and the drama concludes with Elektra expiring exhausted by her sacred dance expressive of her delirious ecstasy at the accomplishment of her revenge and the propitiation of the shade of Agamemnon."

An English version by Arthur Symms of this tragedy was produced in New York at the Garden Theatre, Feb. 11, 1908. The chief parts were taken as follows: Klytemnestra, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree; Elektra, Mrs. Pat-

rick Campbell; Chrysothemis, Miss Stella Patrick Campbell; Aegisthus, Charles Dalton; Orestes, Ben Webster.

The critic of the New York Tribune was greatly shocked by the tragedy; but he went prepared, probably hoping to be shocked—for the sake of his article. To him Elektra was forever prating about her personal misfortunes; "an elderly spinster, morosely self-conscious, and possessed of 'the gift o' gab werry gallopin'." And then the critic hit all Greek tragedy a "nasty swipe." "Those Greek tragedies, for the most part, reek with gore and smolder in horrors—a hideous blemish, for which the great beauty of the original language has always been vaunted as redeeming grace. Particular examination of them discovers that the passions exposed in them are, chiefly, lust and hate, impelling to actions of carnality and ferocity." (These words might be applied to "Othello.") "It occurs to the weary mind (as Byron calls it), that it would like, occasionally, to repose on something a little more conducive to peace than a spectacle of the depraved operations of human conduct when that conduct is swayed and governed by the animal propensities of human nature."

And thus Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides with all their works were sent forever to the huge garbage heap of time.

Strauss' music to "Elektra" is said to be "a close network of leading motives which supply a continuous commentary on the text." Mr. Hutcherson divides the music into the following scenes:

Introduction—Group of maids drawing water. 1—Elektra's monologue. 2—Chrysothemis and Elektra. 3—Klytemnestra and Elektra (at first with attendants, afterwards the two alone). 4—Chrysothemis and Elektra (momentarily interrupted by two men-servants.) 5—Elektra and Orestes. 6—The vengeance. Elektra alone, then with Chrysothemis and maids, afterwards Elektra and Aegisthus. 7—The triumph. Elektra, Chrysothemis, maids, chorus behind the scenes.

Mr. Hutcherson in his Bacdeker publishes over 40 of these typical themes and all those who find pleasure at a performance in identification of themes should at once study these illustrations in musical notation and if possible commit them to memory, so that they can jog a neighbor's elbow and say: "There, that shows 'Elektra digging,'" or "That represents 'the real mission of Orestes.'"

It is enough to remind the reader that Strauss' "Elektra" is universally admitted to be a most remarkable



Von Hofmannsthal's tragedy is in one act. The plot has thus been told: "Ten years before the action of the play Agamemnon on his return from the Trojan war was slain in his palace by his wife Klytemnestra and Aegisthus. The queen mother has banished Orestes, the son, and subjected the daughters Elektra and Chrysothemis to servile indignities which, while they accentuated Chrysothemis' womanhood, drive Elektra to the verge of insanity, the dominating note of which is revenge upon her mother and her paramour for the murder of Agamemnon.

"Such is the situation when the curtain rises on the rear courtyard of Agamemnon's palace. The serving women grouped around the well discuss Elektra and await her appearance made daily at that hour. She

comes on the scene, wild-eyed, tiger-like. As is her wont she calls aloud on the spirit of her father, rehearses the story of his fate and predicts the time when his shade shall be propitiated by the death of the Queen and Aegisthus, and she, his child, shall 'dance the royal dances at his tomb.' Chrysothemis entering tells her that Klytemnestra and Aegisthus are plotting to throw them into a dungeon. Elektra seeks to awaken in Chrysothemis the spirit of revenge that possesses her, but the younger sister's thought is of life, love and motherhood. Her attitude excites Elektra's contempt. Suddenly a noise is heard outside. It is the procession of beasts being sent to the sacrifice by Klytemnestra who presently comes from the palace. She is pursued by evil phantoms and horrid dreams. Even the



work. X may like it, Y may dislike it; Z may like it in spots. The three admit that the opera is an extraordinary achievement.

The Daily Telegraph, London, commented (Feb. 28) on the fact that Covent Garden was sold out at three performances, and that at least five more were announced to meet the demand of would-be seetholders. Appreciation grew with each performance. "Of far greater beauty than before seemed Elektra's apostrophe to her dead father, and that choking feeling that only occurs in moments when real greatness is present could not but be felt at the representation of the meeting of Elektra and Orestes—the supreme moment of beauty in this fearful and wonderful work. Elektra has been received here by the critics with an almost complete unanimity of blame, or at least it has been damned with faint praise. And yet on any full-grown frequenter of Covent Garden recall to memory such scenes as those that have been witnessed there at each performance on the fall of the curtain? On the first occasion the huge 'house' sat spellbound by the space of some minutes ere it burst into a roar of approval. On Saturday it lost no time, but roared its approval from the moment the last chord—which anti-Straussites may like to know is a chord of C major—was struck. \* \* \* Now has Covent Garden been peopled by semi-polite lunatics on these occasions? Is all the world mad save the few elect who have beaten this walnut tree so lustily? 'Elektra' may be unutterably, unspeakably and detestably bad as music, as drama, as art. But it is magnificent, then, in its madness, and it is contemporarily unique as Gluck's 'Iphigenia' was unique 160 years or so ago, when it was beaten in precisely similar manner, yet now is reserved for students in their early operatic career."

It is also admitted by all who have seen the performance at the Manhattan Opera House that the opera is engrossing, thrilling; that the impersonation of Elektra by Mme. Mazarin is supremely tragic, one of the greatest histrionic triumphs on the operatic stage within the memory of men now living.

#### MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

**MONDAY**—Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. "Rigoletto," Mmes. Nielsen, Leveroni, Messrs. Constantino, Baklanoff, Nivette.  
**TUESDAY**—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Last concert of the Kneisel Quartet. Mozart, quartet in B flat major; Cesar Franck, trio in F sharp minor, op. 1; Schumann, quartet in F major. George Proctor, pianist.  
Boston Opera House, 8:15 P. M. Scene from Rachmaninoff's "The Miser Trilby," Mr. Baklanoff; to be followed by "Pagliacci"; Mme. Deryne; Messrs. Constantino and Baklanoff.  
Franklin Union, 8 P. M. Music debut of the city of Boston, William Guillard, conductor. Orchestral pieces: Haydn, overture to "Semiramide"; of G. "Erklarung" from string quartet Op. 50; Schoene Muellerlin"; Grieg, three movements from "Peer Gynt" suite; Massenet, gavotte from "Mignon"; Debussy, "Danse Cinqcentenne." Albert J. Orcutt, tenor, will sing Buzzi-Pecora's "Gloria"; and Tracy's "Come Love to Me." Louis E. Dalbeck, cellist, will play Schubert's "Berceuse" and Debussy's gavotte. Louis C. Elson will conduct.

**WEDNESDAY**—Boston Opera House, 2 P. M. Puccini's "La Boheme." Mmes. Deryne, Deryne; Messrs. Jadow-Boulogne, Mardones, Pulcini.  
Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. "Tosca," by H. Puccini; Messrs. Bourrillon and H. Puccini.

**THURSDAY**—Boston Opera House, 7:45 P. M. Bolto's "Medistofele." Mmes. Nielsen, Deryne, Leveroni, Claessens; Messrs. Constantino, Mardones.  
**FRIDAY**—Church of the Higher Life, 585 Boylston street, 8 P. M. American String Quartet. Beethoven, quartet op. 13, No. 4 two movements from Debussy's quartet; Ippolitoff-Ivanoff, quartet op. 13.

**SATURDAY**—Hotel Tulleries, 3 P. M. Mrs. Am. Grant's lecture recital on Puccini's "Elektra." An analysis of the music and a talk on the scenes of the play, following which Mrs. Grant recites the entire text, accompanied by an arrangement of the piano score. Mrs. Elizabeth Ruggles, pianist.

#### CONCERT NOTES.

The fourth and last of the formal recitals at the Elliot Church, will be given next Thursday at 8 o'clock by Miss Jessie Adam of Yonkers, N. Y. The program includes, Miss Adam will play Gullmanti, Debner, Bach, Hollins, Wille.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, assisted by Mrs. Lafayette Goodbar, soprano, and Mrs. Helen A. Hunt, contralto, will give a piano recital in Tremont Temple for the Boston Teachers' Club, Wednesday evening, March 30.

Miss Laura Van Kuran, soprano, and Charles Anthony, pianist, will give a concert in Jordan Hall, Thursday afternoon, April 14.

Mrs. Mary Colton Murphy will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall Wednesday evening, April 13, assisted by Ellsabeth Wallace, soprano, and J. T. Whelan, pianist.

The Misses Nathalie and Marjorie Patten (violin and cello) will give a recital Friday, April 15, in Steinert Hall. John Beach, pianist, and Mrs. Mary E. Patten will be the accompanist.

The People's Choral Union, Mr. Wodell conductor, is preparing Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and "Spring" from Haydn's "Seasons" for its 13th annual concert.

The Symphony orchestra leaves tonight on its fifth and last Southern trip. The usual concerts will be given in Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, New York and Brooklyn, and on Monday night, the 28th, the annual concert will be given in Waterbury, Ct. Mme. Sembrich will be the soloist in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Thursday evening in New York, and Mr. Hess the soloist in Washington, Brooklyn and Saturday afternoon in New York. In Waterbury the soloist will be Corinne Rider-Kelsey. Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica" will be played in Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

The board of directors of the pension fund institution of the Boston Symphony orchestra announces that the second and last concert for the benefit of the fund will be given in Symphony Hall on Sunday evening, April 17. It is planned to give a Wagner concert.

Prof. W. R. Spalding of Harvard University will lecture on Wednesday evening on "The Music of Strauss and Reger" in the lecture room of Fogg Museum. Cambridge. Earl Cartwright, baritone, and Charles Anthony, pianist, will assist. This lecture was announced for last Wednesday, but it was unavoidably postponed.

Pupils of the Fox-Buonamichi school will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on Thursday evening, March 31.

## MARCH 22 1910 "HARVEST MOON"

By PHILIP HALE.

**COLONIAL THEATRE:** First performance in Boston of "The Harvest Moon," a play in four acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced by Charles Frohman.

Cornelia Fullerton.....Margaret Sayres  
Dora Fullerton.....Adelaide Nowak  
Professor Fullerton.....Stephen Wright  
Mr. Holcomb.....John Stokes  
Mrs. Winthrop.....Jennie A. Eustace  
Graham Winthrop.....Thomas Russell  
Judge Elliott.....John Saville  
Henri.....Harry L. Lang  
Monsieur Vavin.....George Nash  
Maid.....Jane Lothlan

This play is episodic and loosely put together. The third act is a digression, in which the playwright airs old theories concerning the influence of colors on a human being's mood, and airs them with the flourish of a triumphant discoverer who thinks that he thus gives importance to a year, if not to a century. It is said that this act was elaborated from a sketch prepared originally for the Lambs' Club of New York, a society of deep thinkers.

Mr. Thomas' views concerning the effect of continued suggestion on the character and of colors on mood are expressed through the mouth of Monsieur Vavin, an amiable Frenchman, playwright, novelist, member of the Academy, and friend of Dr. Charcot. Dora is a young, impressionable thing, slightly neurotic, who, wishing to go on the stage has fallen in love with the author of the piece in which she is to appear.

Her supposed father and a peculiarly disagreeable aunt continually remind her of the fact that she is vain and erratic, just like her mother, who ran away from her husband to study singing in Immoral Paris, and they hold up hands in horror at the thought of the daughter becoming an actress and marrying a playwright. She backs and fills; threatens to abandon her part because at rehearsal

she played a love scene in a manner that struck the gifted author as vulgar; is persuaded by Vavin to return; is sure that under the influence of the harvest moon she loves the playwright; is downcast when she learns from her aunt that her mother and her French father were not married, but regains confidence when Vavin in a fine rhetorical burst with liberal quotations from the French code assures her that he is her father and that he was married to her mother.

He makes this explanation in the presence of relations and friends, who make feeble remarks, and he then intimates that he and the young dramatist, Holcomb, will write plays that will fill men and women with courage, consolation and hope—the ending that should cheer the downcast members of the Twentieth Century Club who at present are inclined to think poorly of the contemporaneous drama.

The first act is the best in point of construction, in portraiture of character and in dialogue that reveals character, and is both witty and humorous. It is true that the act is full of talk, as the negro minstrel complained that his shoes were full of feet, but the talk is worth while and it bears on the play. In the second act the ingenious Frenchman lectures on suggestion, and there is a comedy scene for the judge and Mrs. Winthrop.

In the third act, which is wholly extraneous, the Frenchman lectures on the influence of color with practical and pleasing illustrations. The last act is theatrical and deliberately an applause trap.

While this drama is not a good play, while it is far inferior to "The Witching Hour," it is nevertheless entertaining, for it has a certain human interest outside of the pseudo-psychology and the superficial scientific lore, and the dialogue is often amusing, and almost always natural.

Mr. Saville was capital as the Judge. Mr. Stokes was a simple and manly lover. Let us hope that he wrote plays after his marriage without the assistance of M. Vavin, the friend of Charcot, and a member of the Academy. Miss Nowak was girlish as the heroine, and sufficiently vacillating and neurotic, but she has yet to learn how to speak as a normal woman of her surroundings and education. She was throaty when she would be impressive. Mr. Wright as the Harvard professor in his finest moments reminded one of a Roman gladiator at bay. The enunciation of nearly all the members of the company was often indistinct.

Mr. Nash took the part of Vavin, a Frenchman of the species known only to the stage, a Frenchman inclined toward oratory. He made of this strange being a sympathetic figure, and he often played with finesse and personal force. But this Frenchman is as preposterous a figure as any Englishman or American introduced in a Parisian revue.

There was a large audience that was evidently highly pleased. Mr. Nash made a modest speech in answer to the applause.

#### AMERICAN MUSIC HALL.

Well Balanced Bill Topped by Unusual Dancing Act.

K.W.

Those among the audience most fastidious and exacting with regard to the dressing, or rather the undressing, of dancers must have been satisfied last evening in the appearance of Miss Boyer as "A Princess of Israel" at the American Music Hall. She was in herself a vision of exotic beauty, and there was in her costume not the hardness of jeweled nakedness, but the charm of subtly veiled loveliness. There was in her dancing both the passionate abandon of the oriental and the languorous sensuousness. She was captivating, alluring, thrilling. Mr. Franck was in the picture, and the setting was sumptuous.

As Mirlam, Miss Boyer seeks to show Solomon, her future lord, a revelation of her charms in varied moods by dancing. From the intricate postures of the Mosaic Dance she passes to the sensuous appeal of the Fascination Dance, thence to the wild passion of the Dagger Dance, and ends with the veritable frenzy of the Cymhal Dance. Small wonder that the monarch is enthralled and, seizing her, bears her triumphantly within the palace.

The performance of "The Star Bout" was exciting from start to finish. The players acted with spirit, and the cl-

max in the fight and victory of "The Goslin" was well led up to.

Hathaway's monkeys gave evidence of being excellent examples of the Darwinian theory, and carried out with amazing astuteness and diabolical similarity to man the various feats required of them.

Mr. McKay gave pleasure by his clever cartoons, and the other numbers on the program, the Dorla opera trio, Farley and Clarke, and Caine and Odum, were applauded by a large audience.

Miss Booth and her supporters were irresistibly amusing in "The Little Blonde Lady," a satire on journalistic life. It is hardly possible that the voices of all dramatic critics are not hoarse with persistent and unseemly yelling at the office boy, nor is physical violence to the aforesaid mental necessarily one of their distinguishing attributes.

#### KEITH'S.

"High Life in Jail" One of the Hits of an Excellent Bill.

"High Life in Jail," a travesty on jail life as it may some day be seen, shares top-notch position on this week's Keith bill with Mrs. Eva Fay in her familiar demonstration of the occult.

"High Life in Jail" is presented by Simons and Shields, from the pen of the latter. It is full of possibilities which have, however, been as yet only partially realized. It is unnecessary to say that millionaires and high-up bank and corporation officials, garbed in prison stripes, are the characters. The fact that they are serving jail sentences for the robbing of widows and orphans, or for other financial offences against society, does not prevent them from enjoying the liberties and luxuries afforded at a hotel de luxe. For diversions they have billiards and poker, with plenty of refreshments with the latter, while an occasional golf game is but one form of their outdoor recreation.

Every little while the jailer drops in upon his "guests" apologetically, takes a drink with the crowd and promises to see that any petty annoyances or grievances (like poor coffee), of which they complain, are speedily remedied. William H. Sloan and Bill Mack have the principal parts and try hard to make it go with a snap.

The real big laugh of the bill, and in many respects the best thing on it, comes with the appearance of the Three Ernests, who have an eccentric acrobatic act that received a well-merited curtain call, even though the act closes the bill. A bounding mat helps out the funny work a lot and, in addition, the gymnasts are genuinely clever in difficult horizontal bar work.

In the answering of questions from the audience, Mrs. Eva Fay is not alone this week, for Auolotti is there with his mind-reading dog "Fllu." He throws down figures as called for by the audience, tells by the same means the ages of people and otherwise correctly answers mathematical propositions as asked for by the audience and repeated by Auolotti.

Another good thing on the bill is furnished by Johnny Stanley and Eilda Morris. They are new to Keith's, but they won instant favor. Miss Morris by her singing and Mr. Stanley by his clever impersonations of several conspicuous members of the profession. Jesse L. Lasky has out a new musical novelty, "The New Piano Phields," in which five grand pianos and as many pretty girls play an important part. Joseph Hearn and Matt Rutter executed some new steps in wooden and soft shoes, and Orth and Fern offered "Sign That Book."

**MAJESTIC THEATRE**—First production on any stage of "A Certain Party," a farce in three acts by Edward W. Townsend and Frank Ward.

O'Malley. Cast: K. P.

Homer Caldwell.....George Farren  
George Caldwell.....Dudley Hawley  
James Barrot.....Mike Donlin  
Jerry Fogarty.....John T. Kelly  
Sidney Finch.....W. C. Holden  
Danny Clark.....Thomas J. Kelly  
Roundsman Timothy Melaine.....

William Frederic.....Henry Hallam  
Thomas.....James A. Dickson  
Mrs. Lorimer.....Beatrice Moreland  
Grace Fairweather.....Madge Richardson  
Mrs. Jeremiah Fogarty.....Amy Ames  
Mary.....Nellie Fillmore  
Maybelle Carrington.....Viola Knott  
Lena Schoenhausen.....Jeanette Beldo  
Nora.....Mabel Hite



BOSTON OPERA HOUSE.

"Rigoletto" Artists Respond to Calls After Each Act.

K. L.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Rigoletto" by Boston opera company, Henry Russell director. Mr. Luzzatti conducted. Rigoletto, Mr. Baklanoff; Gilda, Miss Nielsen; the Duke, Mr. Constantino; Maddalena, Miss Leveroni; Sparafucile, Mr. Nivette.

The performance was an interesting one in many respects, but the animation was not sustained; there was at times a certain lack of fluency, although it cannot be said that the performance dragged. The audience was large, and expressed its enjoyment without boisterous interruption of the action. The impersonations are all familiar here. Mr. Baklanoff was the most noteworthy figure on the stage. His voice was eloquent in song and in declamation; his action was dramatic without exaggeration. Miss Nielsen made an appealing Gilda, and Mr. Constantino, as the Duke, showed himself master of song as well as of seduction. There was too much business in the scene between the Duke and Maddalena. The scenery and stage management of the last act were impressive. On the other hand, the stage was so light during the abduction scene that it made the jester's credulity absurd.

There were curtain calls after each act.

The operas tonight will be one scene of Rachmaninoff's "Miser Knight" and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." The chief singers will be Miss Dereyne and Messrs. Constantino and Baklanoff.

GLOBE THEATRE—Harry Beresford in "My Friend from Below," a comedy in three acts by Harry and Edward Paulston. The cast:

Ryan

Daniel Hake.....Mr. Harry Beresford  
Mr. Nicholls.....Mr. Joseph De Stefan  
Harry Harrison.....Mr. W. S. Lyons  
Jabez Vennamy.....Mr. H. H. Sleight  
Barth.....Mr. Milton Nobles, Jr.  
Deffner.....Mr. J. Donovan  
Meyrick.....Mr. H. F. Creighton  
Pay.....Miss Elene Foster  
Lila Hake.....Miss Betty B. Bancroft  
Judith Hake.....Miss Laurie M. Davidson  
Rosalie.....Miss Grayce Beebe  
Lucy Upton.....Miss Edith Wylie

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—First production of "Billy, the Boy Artist," built around the comic drawings of Ed Payne. The cast:

Rundall

Billy, the Boy Artist.....Frankie Grace  
Prof. O. Howe Wise.....Theo. V. Rennie  
Prof. I. B. Schmart.....Jack Cleary  
Clarence Chumpley.....William C. Sears  
Hen Perham.....William Grace  
Count De Chicane.....Ralph Shields  
Aunt Abby.....Gertrude Huntington  
Maud Goldington.....Maud Parker  
Pansy Blossom.....Ethel Nason  
Jane, from the country.....Marion Allen

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—The John Craig stock company in "The Marriage of Kitty," adapted from the French of Mme. F. de Gresac and M. F. de Croisset by Cosmo Gordon-Lennox. The cast:

Kendrick

Sir Reginald Belsize.....Donald Meek  
John Travers.....Walter Walker  
Norbury.....Bert Young  
Hampton.....William Walsh  
Mme. de Semiano.....Gertrude Binley  
Rosalie.....Florence Shirley  
Miss Katherine Silverton.....Mary Young

but even fresh "The Mar-

may 23. 10

# KNEISEL QUARTET ENDS 25TH SEASON

By PHILIP HALE.

The Kneisel quartet gave last evening in Chickering Hall the last concert of its 25th season. There was a large and warmly appreciative audience. Mr. George Proctor was the pianist. The program included Mozart's quartet in B flat major, of the series dedicated to Haydn; Cesar Franck's piano trio in F sharp minor, op. 1 No. 1; Schumann's quartet in F major, op. 41 No. 2.

The adagio of Mozart's quartet was beautifully played in all respects. In the other movements, although the phrasing was artistic and the structure of the work was finely displayed,

there was an absence of the sympathy which has for many years been characteristic of this quartet.

Franck's trio was composed in 1841, when he was still in the Paris Conservatory, and was only 19 years old. It was first played here at a Kneisel concert Jan. 3, 1898, and Mr. Proctor was then the pianist. Although chamber music by Franck had been played here before that date, the audiences were not familiar with it, and the composer was regarded by the great majority as a dangerous person—some went so far as to call him antichrist in music.

This trio was a remarkable work in 1841, and not only on account of the composer's age.

The form was unusual, for although there were hints of the cyclical form in compositions by Beethoven, this trio was probably the first serious work to be built out of two generative themes. The general plan of the work was unusual in other ways. It is true that Franck was influenced melodically somewhat by operatic writers of the 18th century and even by Meyerbeer; but there are both melodic and harmonic traces of the Franck that was to be; there is the favorite ascending progression in melody; there is also the repetition, the trick of false conclusions, the diffuseness, mannerisms that are at times irritating even in his best work.

This trio excited the admiration of Liszt and von Bülow. The latter played it in public in the fifties, and Liszt tried it with Laub and Cossmann, to his delight and that of his associates. But genuine as was von Bülow's admiration, he recommended the trio to his friends for performance with a certain reserve, for he knew that the music was far ahead of the period, and that it would be caviare to the general.

Today when Franck's music of the latter and glorious years is known throughout the world and the composer is reckoned among the immortals, this trio seems simple and in certain passages naive; yet it is interesting throughout, often fascinating, and at times singularly beautiful and impressive. We may smile indulgently on the Meyerbeerisms, on the conventional ending, which was characteristic of the time both in operatic aria and chorus, and in overtures; but there are pages of Franck's peculiar serenity, genial warmth and the mysticism that is neither cloudy nor austere.

The performance was admirable. Mr. Proctor played fluently and with delightful quality of tone. He showed an intimate acquaintance with Franck's moods and individuality. The ensemble was flawless. Messrs. Kneisel and Willeke were both in the vein, and their performance was full of life and poetic beauty.

Excellent, too, was the performance of the andante and variations, the scherzo and the finale of Schumann's quartet. What a pity it is that the first allegro is so dry, so evidently a task, the work of Schumann regardless of lyric charm and intimate appeal.

Applause was spontaneous and hearty, and the players were often recalled. The quartet announces its regular series of concerts here for the season of 1910-1911.

## TWO OPERAS PERFORMED.

"The Miser Knight" and "Pagliacci" by Boston Company.

K. W.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," performed by the Boston Opera Company. Henry Russell, director. Mr. Conti conducted. This was preceded by one act of Rachmaninoff's "Der Geizige Ritter," with Mr. Baklanoff in the title role.

Nedda.....Miss Dereyne  
Canio.....Mr. Constantino  
Tonio.....Mr. Baklanoff  
Silvio.....Mr. Fornari  
Beppe.....Mr. Balestrini  
I. Paesano.....Mr. Stroesco  
II. Paesano.....Mr. White

There was a delay of half an hour owing to the sudden disablement of an instrument necessary for the production of "The Miser Knight." This difficulty having been overcome, the performance of both operas was characterized by smoothness and general excellence.

The act from the Russian opera is in itself a symphonic poem, sombre

and tragic in color, not unlike thematically and in mood "The Island of the Dead." Mr. Baklanoff again displayed his excellence as singer and his dramatic force as actor.

There are some artists who fear to make themselves hideous to look upon lest their appearance create a fatal prejudice. Mr. Baklanoff is not one of these. His Tonio is hideous in the extreme. Red-haired, bleary-eyed, large-bellied, with flaming nose protruding from pallid cheeks, he is human, not ridiculous. He represents the village imbecile, gawky, sentimental, mawkish, loathsome in his passion for Nedda. His singing of the prologue was masterly, and his conception of the role admirably composed and rendered with his usual finish.

Mr. Constantino, a lurid vision in the strolling player's costume, sang and acted with admirable taste.

Miss Dereyne was a dramatic Nedda and was vocally at her best.

Mr. Fornari was a violently amorous Silvio. His tones in the love passages were singularly raucous.

The orchestra under Mr. Conti played with marked improvement the music of the Russian opera, but was at its best in "Pagliacci." There was a large and appreciative audience.

The opera this afternoon will be "La Boheme" with Mmes. Lipkowska and Bronskaja and Messrs. Jadlowker Boulogne, Mardones. This evening "Tosca" will be performed with Mme. Dereyne and Messrs. Bourillon, Blanchart and Perini.

may 24. 1910

# MME. LIPKOWSKA APPEARS AS MIMI

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Puccini's "La Boheme," performed by the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell director. Mr. Goodrich conducted. Mimi.....Mme. Lipkowska  
Musetta.....Mme. Bronskaja  
Rodolfo.....Mr. Jadlowker  
Marcello.....Mr. Boulogne  
Colline.....Mr. Mardones  
Schaunard.....Mr. Pulcinella  
Alcindoro.....Mr. Mardones  
Benoit.....Mr. Tave  
Un Dognaniere.....Mr. Tave  
Parpignol.....Mr. Str

The performance was an unusually effective one. Mme. Lipkowska took the part of Mimi for the first time in this city and Mr. Jadlowker of the Metropolitan opera company sang here for the second time. Mr. Jadlowker, who made a favorable impression in "Tosca," was admirable as Rodolfo, nor is it too much to say that as both actor and singer he was the best Rodolfo that has been seen here. Pandolfini, the first, was sympathetic, but his voice was light and he was not an experienced actor. Mr. Cremonini had a small voice of beautiful quality, and he was interested chiefly in his singing. De Marchi was mature and experienced, brilliant in more heroic roles. Mr. Bonci sang in exquisite taste, but he was hardly poetic or emotional as an actor. Mr. Sheehan sang earnestly. Mr. Constantino took the part as a member of the San Carlo company and the Manhattan opera company and his impersonation this season is familiar to all.

Mr. Jadlowker not only sang freely and with fine dramatic instinct and effect; he had the advantage of youth. His face was expressive, sympathetic, the face of a young lover, and "all mankind loves a lover." His gestures were significant. He has been well trained dramatically and vocally. He was not self-centred on the stage; he was not a tenor who obligingly took the part of Rodolfo; he was Rodolfo who happened to sing tenor. His composition of the part was careful and intelligent; but his impersonation was delightfully spontaneous, an example of the true realism that has the illusion of art. There was nothing conventional in his business, and at the same time there was nothing that was too evidently introduced for effect. In the final scene of the last act he was truly emotional; not by frenzy of declamation and action, but by a display of qualities that mark the true artist.

Nor can too much be said in praise of Mme. Lipkowska's Mimi. The versatility of this young singer is indisputable. In whatever part she takes she thinks for herself, escapes from

hide-bound traditions, shapes the character so that there is a creature of flesh and blood. Her impersonation of Mimi had pronounced individuality. It would be hard to say in which act she excelled. She was charming in her entrance scene, modest, girlish, shy, yet ready to love, craving affection. In the second act she was somewhat confused by the crowd and din, but she was reassured by Rodolfo until the entrance of Musetta, when she was abashed by the flamboyant airs and sumptuous dress of that light o' love. No doubt she commiserated Alcindoro, although she would not have sat at his table for the world. And how could any one quarrel with her lover, as Musetta had quarreled with Marcello? There was her Rodolfo, and the waiters of the Cafe Momus, hardened as they were, grew sentimental at the sight of this idyl in the noisy street. And then her curiosity when she knew Musetta and was allowed to touch her dress, as though this gorgeous creature could not be of the earth!

Mme. Lipkowska was a pathetic figure in the act that followed, pathetic by reason of expressive play of feature, the physical as well as mental hopelessness, the emotional coloring of tone in song. And her death scene was irresistibly moving. She died as simply as she had lived and loved, and Oh! the pity of it all! There was

no long-drawn-out agony on the bed, with a Camille cough. The scene in the chair, where, faint unto death, she looked on her lover, will long haunt the memory. Then her girlish joy in the muff that came too late!

And the wealth of naturalistic and emotional detail was spent in the presentation of a character, one that could not be misunderstood, about which there could be no dispute, and the presentation, at once accepted as true and inevitable, touched the heart of the most jaded spectator.

The others in the cast are known in their respective parts. Musetta's song, in the time of a slow waltz, was taken at so slow a pace that the melodic line was broken and the whole scene was sluggish. The tempo of this song was too slow under Mr. Conti's beat; it was still slower yesterday. With this exception, and possibly Mme. Bronskaja insisted on this ruinous tempo, Mr. Goodrich conducted with marked spirit, taste, authority. There was too much business at the gate in the third act, and the attention of the audience was thereby distracted from the leading characters.

## "TOSCA" AT OPERA HOUSE.

Puccini's Opera Presented Before Fair Sized Audience.

K. W.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Puccini's "Tosca," performed by the Boston Opera Company, Henry Russell, director. Mr. Conti, conductor.

Flora Tosca.....Miss Dereyne  
Mario Cavaradosi.....Mr. Bourillon  
Baron Scarpia.....Mr. Blanchart  
Cesare Angelotti.....Mr. Perini  
Il Sagrestano.....Mr. Mogan  
Spoleto.....Mr. Glaccone  
Sclaroni.....Mr. Pulcinella  
Un Pastore.....Miss Leveroni

There have been many and varied conceptions of the role of Tosca. Some have portrayed her as youthful, immature, coquettish; others as proud, haughty, worldly. Miss Dereyne's as Flora is primarily a primitive woman, passionate, jealous, tigerish in her hatred of Scarpia, tragic at the moment of self-destruction. Vocally at her best, Miss Dereyne sang with effective color and acted with dramatic fervor and intensity.

Mr. Bourillon, as Mario, sang and acted with distinction. His voice is admirably adapted to the role and his performance was characterized by breadth and dignity.

Mr. Blanchart sang his best, but his Scarpia lacks subtlety. His wildly rolling eyes, oily smile and staccato laugh are suggestive of the villain in melodrama, profuse with physical evidences of wickedness, but mentally unawakened.

Mr. Mogan was laboriously amusing as the Sacristan. Mr. Conti gave an admirable reading of the score and there was an audience of fair size.

The opera this evening will be Boito's "Mefistofele," with Mmes. Nielsen, Leveroni, Dereyne and Classens and Messrs. Constantino and Mardones.



Mch 25 1910

## THE FIRST OPERATIC SEASON.

The first season of the Boston Opera Company in the house which is justly a pride of the city came to an end last night. Mr. Jordan, to whose initiative force, civic interest and princely generosity the institution is due; the subscribers who had faith in the plan and gave generous support; Mr. Russell, whose responsibility was so great that it would have shaken the self-confidence of a less determined and enthusiastic man; Mr. Menotti, who has had the important task of putting the operas on the stage; they, and others who shared in the burden, may well rejoice in the result that has crowned their efforts.

There is now general, genuine and deep interest in opera as a form of art. This interest is not confined to boxholders and other subscribers; it is manifested throughout the city and in the suburbs. Nor will this interest fade with the end of the season, for the events of the season to come are eagerly anticipated. The people of Boston now have the habit of going to the opera.

The promises made by Mr. Russell and the directors have been amply fulfilled. Operas have been produced with regard to general excellence of ensemble, not merely for the glory of a star, whose brilliance is the more dazzling because of the surrounding darkness. They have been produced with a sumptuousness of scenic display and with an attention to appropriate detail that have commanded the respect and admiration of those at home in the leading opera houses of the world. Performances have naturally varied somewhat in merit as far as the singing and the dramatic force of the leading characters were concerned; but the average has been excellent, especially when the prices of admission are taken into consideration. Singers that have disappointed will no doubt be released from their contracts. For in every opera house there is necessarily a process of elimination for the sake of future strength.

There have been very few disappointments on account of changes in the announced bill or in substitution of singers at the last moment. From the opening night there has been extraordinary punctuality in beginning a performance. There has been the order, the clock-like regularity that characterizes the first opera houses in Germany, where the audiences are exacting in these matters.

When it was found that the people of Boston would not be satisfied with singers of an inferior rank, the directors did their best to please the public. The best singers of the company were used frequently, and singers were imported for this or that occasion. We all are now convinced that grand opera, given at prices that constantly are "popular," will please neither the boxholders, insisting on a high standard, nor those who, with a slender purse, think highly of the art and going seldom to the opera house wish the performances to be of the best. Capable singers and actors demand large salaries. Sumptuous scenery and stage pomp require large sums of money. A first-class orchestra is expensive.

It is, therefore, probably wise to raise the price of admission to certain parts of the opera house next season. There will still be ample room for those to whom opera is a luxury. The increase in price will enable the directors to present still stronger casts, and to produce operas that are not now in the repertory in a complete and superb manner without the haunting thought of a large deficit at the end of the season.

The close alliance with the Metropolitan Opera House will be beneficial, if the Boston Opera House will continue to be a local institution, controlled for the interests of Boston, an opera house proud and independent. The people of this city will be watchful and jealous of their interests. They will welcome the appearance of excellent members of the Metropolitan Opera Company. They will not be content if the Boston Opera House serves merely as a training ground for inferior singers who do not attract the New York public, and yet are under contract with the Metropolitan Opera House. When the prices of admission are high, a public demands the best. To provide the best is undoubtedly the intention of Mr. Russell and his associates.

BOITO'S OPERA  
CLOSES SEASON

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Boito's "Mefistofele," performed by the Boston opera company, Henry Russell director. Mr. Conti conducted.

Faust.....Mr. Constantino  
Mefistofele.....Mr. Mardones  
Nero.....Mr. Vanni  
Wagner.....Mr. Stroesco  
Marguerite.....Miss Nielsen  
Helen.....Miss Dereyne  
Pantalis.....Mme. Claessens  
Martha.....Miss Leveroni

This performance of Boito's singular and spectacular opera brought the end of the first season of the Boston Opera House. There was a brilliant audience, although it was not so large as the occasion warranted, and there were empty boxes as well as empty seats.

The performance deserved the applause that followed each act. Miss Nielsen was charming in the garden scene and emotional in the prison. Her singing of the air at the beginning of the latter scene had true dramatic significance. The florid passages were as the expression of delirious thoughts in the crazed brain, and not merely an opportunity for the display of vocal proficiency.

The haunting duet with Faust—one of the most original and beautiful pages in all opera—was sung delightfully and the death scene with its final burst of feeling against the seducer was acted without extravagance. All in all an admirable impersonation, one that should have met with still warmer appreciation.

Miss Dereyne as Helen of Troy probably possesses the 30 points of beauty that were attributed to her by a belated admirer. At least half of these points were in evidence, to the aesthetic joy of the beholder. She sang fluently and with tonal purity, but the ensemble demands a fuller and more resonant voice.

Mr. Constantino was in excellent condition, and he sang with fervor and intelligence. The part is a taxing one from the beginning to the profoundly emotional end, but Mr. Constantino was fully equal to it. Mr. Mardones has gained in dramatic force and in vocal intensity.

The sumptuous stage settings again excited the admiration of the audience.

After the fourth act the chief singers were often recalled. Messrs. Conti and Menotti soon joined them, and Mr. Russell, who was called for, made a short speech, in which he thanked Mr. Jordan, the directors and his own associates for their valuable co-operation. Mr. Russell referred to the fact that the subscribers had answered the call at the beginning of the season before the name of a singer or the title of an opera had been announced. He hoped that the management had fulfilled its promises, and he gave assurances for the coming season. There were then long-continued calls for Mr. Jordan, who at last appeared on the stage. He was most warmly applauded and, in response, he made a short speech of thanks in excellent taste.

Following the opera Mr. Russell was given an automobile, by members of the company and the staff of the opera house, the presentation being made on the stage by Business Manager W. R. McDonald.

A list of the operas performed this season may be of interest. This list includes the subscription performances, and those on extra, "debutante" and "popular" nights.

"Aida," 6; "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," 1; "La Boheme," 7; "Carmen," 6; "Cavalleria Rusticana," 6; "Don Pasquale," 4; "Faust," 5; "Der Geizige Ritter" (one scene), 2; "La Gioconda," 4; "The Huguenots," 2; "Lakme," 7; "Lohengrin," 1; "Lucia di Lammermoor," 4; "Madama Butterfly," 4; "Il Maestro di Capella," 1; "Mefistofele," 5; "Pagliacci," 5; "Rigoletto," 6; "Tosca," 4; "La Traviata," 5; "Il Trovatore," 4.

Twenty-one operas in all. "La Boheme" and "Lakme" led, each with seven performances. "Aida," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Carmen" and "Rigoletto" came next with six each.

Fifteen of the operas were by Italian composers: Boito, one; Donizetti, two; Leoncavallo, one; Mascagni, one; Paer, one; Ponchielli, one; Puccini, three; Rossini, one; Verdi, four.

Four were of the French school: "Carmen," "Faust," "Les Huguenots" and "Lakme."

The German school was represented by Wagner's "Lohengrin." A scene from Rachmaninoff's "Geizige Ritter" was performed for the first time in America.

Among the singers who were heard here for the first time were Mmes. Lipkowska, Boninsegna, Bronskaja, Gay, Meltschick, Lewicka, Alda, Hoffmann and Messrs. Jadlowker, Bourillon, Colombini, Cartica, Hansen, Idzowski, Giori, d'Alessandro, Lellva, Baklanoff, Boulogne, Nivette, Mardones, Formichl.

Mme. Loie Fuller and her Muses were seen in the "Ballet of Light."

A review of the season will be found on the editorial page of this issue of The Herald.

## RECITES OPERA "ELEKTRA."

Miss Amy Grant Gives Reading at Hotel Tulleries. C.C.

A lecture recital on the opera of "Elektra" was given yesterday afternoon at the Hotel Tulleries by Miss Amy Grant, reader, and C. L. Safford, pianist.

Though the program stated that Mr. Safford would give a preliminary talk on the music and call attention to the principal themes, there was little of coherence or helpful analysis in what he had to say, and the feature of the afternoon was Miss Grant's recitation.

She declaimed with much intensity the powerful blank verse translation of the book of the opera; if her voice at times was unpleasing, and her facial expression monotonous, she yet unquestionably pictured with effect the action, and differentiated clearly the characters and their passions—the consuming fear of Clytemnestra, the healthy revolt of Chrysothemis, the desperate, bloodthirsty resolution of Elektra.

As for having the piano score played at the same time, it is a combination of doubtful success. Mr. Safford played well, but it was irritating to stop to listen, for one would have to wrench one's mind away from its absorption in the play to see if Strauss was at that moment making a "microscopic reflection" in the music. But not enough idea of color can be given on the piano to make it evident that the orchestral score is the marvel of construction and fitness which it is reported to be.

The performance demonstrated clearly enough the beauty of certain passages which have already been much commented upon, as, for instance, the scene of recognition between Elektra and Orestes, and portions of the dance; also the power of the text and the fascination of its horrors.

## MEN AND THINGS

Having read again the old story that the blind find no pleasure in smoking tobacco, because they cannot see the smoke, we wrote to a prominent authority on the education of the blind and asked information. He answered courteously: "The theory which you suggest, that the blind do not enjoy smoking, is not at all borne out in our experience. In my opinion, which is based upon many years of work among the blind, they are great users of tobacco in one form or another and seem to find smoking a real solace for unoccupied hours. Indeed, Mr. Henry Fawcett, postmaster-general of England, was advised to take up smoking as a means of employment for leisure time which might otherwise hang heavy on his hands. Certainly the practice is a common one among blind men. I do not know, however, whether the enjoyment of a smoker is lessened through his loss of sight, for I have never happened to interrogate a man who had become blind as to that."

It was an old belief that smoking, or as they then said, drinking tobacco was good for the eyes. (See the book of Dr. Thorius Potologis, "an accurate piece couch'd in a strenuous heroic verse full of matter and continuing its strength from first to last." Alas, for Dr. Potologis! He and his heroic poem, with the Mervian kings, Pepin Bowlegged, Helen of Troy and Sam Patch are nearly all the pictures regarded gone; sunk—down, down with the tumult they made, to borrow Carlyle's phrase.)

James Howell wrote in 1646 in enumeration of the virtues of tobacco: "It is good to fortify and serve the sight, the smook being in round about the Balls of the Eyes once a week, and frees them from Rheumes, driving them back by way of repercussion."

It is not given, however, to every man to emit smoke through his eyes and ears. There are boys singularly gifted in this—at least they were when we youngsters smoked with a fearful joy at a safe distance from the parental eye. And so there were boys who could whistle on a two fingers, boys who could cast fine spray through their teeth, to admiration and envy of us dull mortals. In comparison with their accomplishments, what was standing at the head of the class a weekly report of perfect deportment!

And there were boys who could wag their ears or move them up and down—as could Hercules according to the testimony of eye-witnesses, Emperor Justinian, Crassot, the philosopher; the two gentlemen of Padua seen by Vesallus, the anatomist; a man who in the presence of St. Augustine not only moved his ears, pleasure, but also his hair. Note, this curious remark of Casaubon: "I have also been told by persons worthy of credit that the ears of certain men of learning were plainly seen to move, when, travelling the borders of Savoy, he found that he was in danger of being buried alive by the magistrate, on its being reported that he was flying into it from Toulouse because he had perpetrated a heinous crime."

But we digress—we wander—and wander is the miller's joy, as the poet assures us.

Mr. Gallaspy, when he smoked bacco, always blew two pipes once, one at each corner of his mouth and threw the smoke out at both nostrils. But neither he nor C. Hook is reported as emitting smoke through the eyes. Did the blind rate in Stevenson's tale enjoy smoking?

It may be questioned whether keener joy in pipe tobacco comes from the sense of smell, taste or sight. There was once a hideous face of pipe, a thing to be classed with the mustache cup, inscribed "darling"; with the embroidered neck holder that went around neck; with jewelry made from hair of Aunt Clarissa. This pipe was so arranged that when the smoker pulled, no smoke entered his mouth but by some ingenious contrivance assailed his nose and gave him desired sensation.

Is not a cigar or a pipe a comfort to many on a veranda of a sunny night, even when there is no moon? Or is the comfort only imaginary, due to an association of ideas?

The theory that no one should smoke because tobacco is not mentioned in the Bible, Shakespeare, the Thousand Nights and a Night does not seem to us wholly reasonable.

As a matter of fact, tobacco mentioned once in The Thousand Nights and a Night, in the story of Abu Kfir the Dyer and Abu Sir Barber: "Whereupon Abu Kfir would carry the cloth to the market stall and sell it, and with its price buy meat and vegetables and tobacco and fruit and what not else needed." It is believed by the scholars that the word tobacco—"Dzhan," literally "smoke"—was first introduced into the east before the end of the 16th century; but says about 100 years after coffee.

The French artist, painter, musician, poet, whatever he may be, not yet outgrown the desire to smoke the bourgeois sit up. Even Baudelaire was not free from this obsession. Did he not ask a sober-minded man of authority whether he had ever eaten a dish of baby's brains? "Try it; it reminds you of green walnuts and I assure you it is excellent." And it is told of him that in the dining room of a restaurant frequented by provincials, he began a story at the top of his lungs: "Alas! I had killed my poor father—"

There is now a group of French painters, founders of a new school called "Excessivism." They wish to burn all false masterpieces, nearly all the pictures regarded the world as great. Here is a quotation from their manifesto:



"Son" said that excess in anything is a fault. But we proclaim that excess is everything is a force and the only force. The sun is never too hot, the sky is never too green, the sea is never too red, the horizons are never too black, just as heroes are never too daring or the scent of flowers too strong. Let us sack—yes, sack—the absurd museums, trample the infamous ruts of routine, and leap with a nimble and sure foot towards the better becoming. Sursum palettes, sursum paint brushes, sursum valuc; long live scarlet and purple and coruscating gems, and all the whirling and super-imposed tones which are the true reflection of the solar prism. Let us not be cast down by the howls of the skinned polecats yelling in their death agony." These polecats are

the artists who are not sufficiently excessive."

But some time ago an Italian, one Marinetti, was at the head of the "Futurists," who wished to break all the statues and burn all the pictures in the museums—for "the past is a dead thing and the future alone is interesting."

This is better than artistic self-complacency, smug stagnation, unquestioning belief in great names, or genteel omphalic contemplation.

Rye bread is a favorite in the House of Commons. It was long thought in England that Congress water was drunk chiefly by members of Congress at Washington, D. C. Rye is not abhorrent in a more condensed form to congressmen. There was a time when a great deal of rye bread was eaten in New England, but was there ever a liking for "maslin," bread made of wheat, barley and rye, or of wheat and rye? On English farms 50 or 60 years ago the maslin was only for the master's table. The Westminster Gazette said recently that "maslin, variously spelled, seems obviously the short for 'miscellaneous.'" This is too easy. Wright's English Dialect Dictionary refers the word to the middle Dutch "mesteluun," a mixture of wheat and rye in equal proportions. The New English Dictionary gives also the derivation from the old French "mesleillon." Certain forms of "meslin"—for there are many spellings—are associated with "mash"; others to "learned pseudo-etymology."

## MME. TETRAZZINI WILL PLAY MARIE

Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment" Part of Double Bill at the Boston Theatre Thursday Night.

By PHILIP HALE.

The double bill at the Boston Theatre on Thursday night is one of unusual interest, for Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment" has not been performed here for some time. Tetrazzini is said to be vivacious and delightful as Marie. Mr. Glibert's sulphur has already been applauded in Boston. And much is expected of Mr. John McCormack, the Irish tenor. Last season Mme. Gerville-Reaché gave an unusually strong performance of Anita in Massenet's "La Navarraise," an opera that rivals in its intensity the works of the ultra-modern Italian school and at the same time has a finer artistic flavor.

Donizetti's opera was produced at the Opera-Comique, Paris, Feb. 11, 1840. It soon became enormously popular in the Italian version. If you should look over the music that was sung and played by our mothers and aunts in the Fifties you would find in a heavily bound volume "France, I adore thee," and on the title page a picture of Jenny Lind or Sontag waving a flag or beating a drum. The song came, perhaps, between "Love pot, ye hapless sons of clay," (with words by the Hon. Mrs. Norton) and the "Wrecker's Daughter Quickstep," or, perhaps, "Gen. Persifer F. Smith's March."

The part of Marie was created by Mme. Borghese, who in 1840 was receiving for her services at the Opera Comique \$4000 for the season. Henri, who created the part of Sulrice, received only \$2000. Mme. Boulanger created the part of La Marquise, and the tenor Marie that of Tonio. Mme. Boulanger was receiving \$2000 a season, Marie \$4000.

There is little said about Mme. Borghese in the biographical compilations of the Forties. It seems that Donizetti chose her to create Marie and she was severely criticized by the

Parisian critics. Nor did the public care for her. The opera itself was not at first appreciated in Paris. It was only until it had given great pleasure in cities of Italy and Germany, in London and even in towns of America that this opera, revived in Paris, was esteemed at its full value by Parisian audiences.

One of the most venomous of the compilations is "L'Indiscret des Coulistes," published in 1841. It is practically the same as "Au Rideau," published the year before. The author thus disposed of M. Henri or Henry: "Henry believes that he sings bass because he has a big voice. For at least 10 years he has cherished this illusion at the expense of the public, and I am sure that it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to convince him of his error. Habit is a second nature." On the other hand his ability was praised highly in "Theatres, Acteurs et Actrices de Paris" (1842). Nor did the anonymous author of the malignant little pamphlet spare Marie or Mme. Boulanger. He said of the latter: "The Opera Comique is the theatre of her ancient exploits, and it seems to her that she does not grow old there, but she does grow old. Her voice is now tremulous and her action is heavier. Since she has wholly failed in several roles she should accept their warning. She has been a charming actress, but this is now a matter of history. We speak of the present only from fear of the future."

The first woman to take the part of Marie in America was Julie Rose Thomasse Calve, who, born at Rennes in 1816, was awarded the first prize for singing at the Paris Conservatory in 1834. She was the daughter of an army officer, and her mother, poor, put her at a boarding school in Toulouse where Rossini heard her sing and became interested in her. Mme. Calve arrived in New Orleans with a French company in November, 1840. The vessel was 60 days at sea. She at once became a great favorite in New Orleans and in northern cities, as New York and Philadelphia, which she visited. It is stated that she sang in Boston in the Forties, but I have found no record of her visit. It was said by her contemporaries that her eyes were remarkably beautiful; and that her hair was black and most abundant; that she was excessively nervous, so that she was given to fainting; that her voice was of exquisite quality; that she gave her mind and soul to every part, whether it were important or inconsiderable.

She married Charles Boudousquie of New Orleans in 1842 and died in that city deeply mourned Dec. 30, 1898.

Calve sang in New York at Niblo's Garden in 1843, with the New Orleans Company, and she was then described as "a very delightful cantatrice and a bewitching actress." She shone in "L'Amazonsadrice," "Les Diamans de la Couronne," "La Fille du Regiment," "Le Domino Noir," "Anna Bolena," "Polichinelle," "L'Eclair," and "Acteon," when she was in Philadelphia that year. "She was equally charming as vocalist and actress. She was a graceful and light soprano, and was a great favorite," wrote a Philadelphian.

But Albani, the contralto, who tried during her career to sing tenor, baritone, and soprano parts, was the first to make "The Daughter of the Regiment" the talk of the town in this country. She first came to America in 1852. Parepa was coquettish in elephantine fashion as Marie in Boston, Jan. 15, 1872, with Tom Karl and Aynsley Cook. The year before, Marie Leon Duval sang the part and her associates were Brignoli and Ronconi. Marlino was the Marie in 1879, with Runcio and Del Puente. Zelic de Lussan beat the drum in 1888. In 1889 the three leading characters were taken by Louise Natalie, Castle and Knight (March 7) and by Pauline L'Allemand, Baxter and W. H. Clark (Jan. 11).

The Metropolitan Opera company gave an excellent performance at the Boston Theatre, March 23, 1902. The singers were Mmes. Sembrich and Van Cauteren, and Messrs. Salignac,

Gilibert and Dufriche. Mr. Flon conducted. The performance, I say, was excellent, but the opera itself was squeezed down as by a duck press into a Donizettian essence for the use of a soprano.

Francis S. Saltus, who wrote much poetry—his "Honey and Gall" shows the influence of Baudelaire—was passionately fond of Donizetti's music. He worked for years on a life of

the composer. I have been told that he completed it, but that its extreme length discouraged publishers.

He told the story of "The Daughter of the Regiment" in these lines:

Marle's a sweet and charming vivandiere,  
Whose cognac slays more soldiers than the foe;  
She warbles rataplans that hit the do,  
And wears a kepi on her yaller hair—  
A quaint old marquise comes and doth declare

That she's her aunty, and forces her to go

And live with her in a remote chateau,  
While millions fall to Marlette's share.  
She pines away until her lover comes.  
And all the regiment with fife and drums.

And Marle's fate is altered in a trice.  
She marries happily and all goes well.  
The curtain falls on a triumphant yell,  
And half the audience makes a dive for spice.

"La Navarraise" has not been performed here often. It was produced at Mechanics' building, Feb. 25, 1895, by the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau Company, when the singers were Mme. Emma Calve, and Messrs. Plancon, Castlemary, Lubert, Maugulere and de Vries. Mr. Bevnigani conducted. It was not performed again until April 8, 1909, when Mr. Hammerstein brought it out at the Boston Theatre with Miss Gerville-Reaché—for she was not then married—Messrs. Valles, Dufranne, Vieuille, Crabbe, Gnanoli-Galletti.

John McCormack, the Irish tenor, will sing with Mme. Tetrazzini, and he will make his first appearance in Boston next Tuesday night as Edgardo in "Lucia di Lammermoor."

Mr. McCormack was born in the parish of St. Mary's, in Athlone, county Westmeath, Ireland, in June, 1884, and it was within a stone's throw of the "Bawn" that Leo Casey wrote:

O! then tell me Shaun O'Farrell  
Where the gathering is to be;  
In the old spot by the river,  
That's well known to you and me.

Mr. McCormack told a reporter of the Irish-American Advocate that this song, learned at his mother's knee, was his first inspiration. "Back of the house is 'Sweet Auburn,' the loveliest village of the plain, of which Oliver Goldsmith wrote, interpreting it as 'the beauty of Westmeath.'" And Mr. McCormack added that he used to play football in the field where P. S. Gilmore "learned the clarinet," and organized a band among the village lads. The young tenor entered the competition at the Feiscoll, May 14, 1903, in the Ancient concert rooms, Dublin, and took the prize. He studied singing at Milan from 1904 to 1906. On March 1, 1907, he made his appearance in London at a ballad concert and made a sensation. He appeared at Covent Garden in opera and on Nov. 10, 1909, he made his first appearance at the Manhattan Opera House New York, in "La Traviata." His success was instantaneous.

When he was 12 years old he entered Summer Hill College, county Sligo, where he stood high as a student.

Bossi's "Paradise Lost" will be performed tonight by the Handel and Haydn Society for the first time in America. The composer is known here to organists by his pieces for the organ and to the general public by his "Goldonian Intermezzi" performed at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra Dec. 21, 1907.

Bossi was born at Salo, on the Lake of Garda, April 25, 1861. He now lives at Bologna as director of the Liceo Musicale. He studied at this school and at the Milan Conservatory where one of his teachers in composition was Ponchielli. He soon became famous as an organist and writer of church music. In 1881 he was organist and chapel master at the Como Cathedral. In 1890 he was appointed professor of organ and harmony at the Naples Conservatory. In 1895 he was named director of the Liceo Musicale Benedetto Marcello at Venice and in 1902 he went to Bologna. He has travelled extensively as an organ virtuoso, and he has received many honors in Italy and other countries. He has long been interested in the reformation of church music.

Among his compositions are three or four operas, "The Song of Songs," which made him famous in Germany, much chamber music, a great many pieces for the organ as a solo instrument and in combination with other instruments, church music, orchestral pieces, etc.

"Il Paradiso perduto" (Paradise Lost), with the Italian text based by Luigi Alberto Villanis on Milton's

poem, was first produced with a German text at Augsburg, Dec. 6, 1903. It is a symphonic poem in a prologue and three parts, solo voices, chorus, orchestra and organ.

Mr. Villanis, the librettist, wrote this explanatory note: "In undertaking this work I have chiefly borne in mind the requirements of the music and the wishes of the composer, therefore the translation into Italian after Milton is necessarily very free, especially in the prologue and third part, and but little remains of the original text, though the conception of the poet has in all cases been carefully preserved."

The characters are: Adam, baritone, Eve, soprano; Satan, baritone; Moloch, bass; Bellal and Uriel, contralto; the Voice of the Father, chorus; the Voice of the Son, chorus tenors.

Prologue. Short instrumental introduction. The chorus sings of the empty and black earth amid chaos and of the creation. A small chorus in the distance sings a prophecy of the beauties of earth, and the full chorus sings in praise of the Creator.

Part I. Hell. The orchestra depicts the revolt of the lost angels. Satan urges on his hosts. Bellal can see no future for them, no solace but oblivion, but Satan is sure that man may be tempted and thus revenge be obtained. There are descriptive orchestral interludes in this part as in the parts that follow.

Part II. Paradise. After a prelude the angels sing in praise of the birth of day. Adam and Eve sing the first prayer. Uriel warns the Lord of Satan's plan. The Father and the Son are heard, and the Son announces His willingness to be born of a woman that He may by His cross and passion save the race. There is a chorus "Hosanna," and there is an orchestral postlude.

Part III. Earth. Again a choral introduction. There are choruses of delight in nature. Adam and Eve inspired by Satan, whose voice, however, is not heard in this part, sing amorously to each other and they fall through untamed passion, according to the interpretation of the tree of life by certain fathers of the church, and by the remarkable Hadrian Beverland, whose book "De Peccato Originali," was condemned to be burnt in 1678. The Lord declares that the innocence of the two is lost forever. The Son gives words of comfort. Adam and Eve bewail their fate. The cherubim tell them that hope will comfort and prayer save them. And the chorus has the last word:

O! wondrous blessing that in prayer God giveth!  
By faith that shall forever stand unshaken,  
Out of thy sorrows, thy despair, thy weeping

A fairer Paradise for thee shall waken.

The English text, adapted from the German, is by Florence Hoare.

"Paradise Lost" presents many and great difficulties for orchestra and voices. Mr. Mollenhauer's ability is well known, and it is also known that any work he conducts has been thoroughly and intelligently rehearsed.

Mme. Jomelli is a soprano of the first rank and is a favorite here. Mme. Alice Lakin will sing here for the first time. She has studied in Dresden and Paris, and has sung in important concerts in England. Mr. Sydney Biden, baritone, a native of St. Louis, sang here Jan. 30, 1902, in a song recital with Mr. George Hamlin. He spent some years studying in Munich and Berlin, and has sung in New York this season. Messrs. Townsend and Flint are well known here.

### MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. The Handel and Haydn Society, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, will give the first performance in America of Bossi's "Paradise Lost." Solo singers: Mmes. Jomelli and Lakin, Messrs. Biden, Townsend and Flint. Enlarged orchestra. Mr. Tucker, organist. For an account of the work itself see special article.

MONDAY—Boston Theatre, 8 P. M. First performance in Boston of Strauss' "Elektra" by the Manhattan Opera Company, Oscar Hammerstein, director. Mmes. Mazarin, Dorla, Baron, Messrs. Huberdeau and Devries. Mr. De la Fuente, conductor.

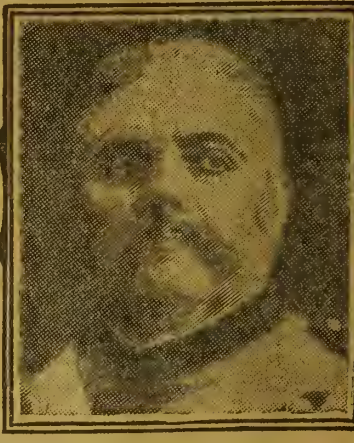
Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. Metropolitan Opera Company, Giulio Gatti-Casazza, manager. "Aida." Mmes. Destinn, Homer, Sparkes, Messrs. Caruso, Rossi, de Segurrola, Amato, Bada. Mr. Toscanini conductor.



Mary Garden of the Manhattan.  
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Emmy Destinn of the Metropolitan.  
(Copyright by A. Dupont.)

John McCormack, the Irish Tenor of  
the Manhattan.  
(Copyright by E. F. Foley.)



Geraldine Farrar of the Metropolitan.

Mme. Tetrazzini in "The Daughter of Gili-  
bert as Sergeant Sulpice in "The  
the Regiment," with the Manhattan.  
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ESDAY—Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. "Madama Butterfly," Mmes. Farrar, Fornia, Mapleson, Messrs. Martin, Scotti, Bada, Gnanoli-Galletti, Wulman, Bourgeois, Reschiglian.

Boston Theatre, 8 P. M. "Lucia di Lammermoor," Mme. Tetrazzini, Messrs. McCormack and Polese. Mr. Anselmi, conductor.

WEDNESDAY—Boston Theatre, 2 P. M. Massenet's "Jongleur de Notre Dame." Miss Garden, Messrs. Renaud, Huberdeau, Crabbe. Mr. de la Fuente, conductor.

Boston Opera House, 2 P. M. "Marta," Mmes. de Hidalgo and Homer, Messrs. Bonci, Didur and Gnanoli-Galletti. To be followed by Delibes' ballet, "Coppelia," when Mme. Pavlowa and Mr. Mordkine, Russian dancers, will make their first appearance in Boston. Mr. Podesti conductor.

Boston Theatre, 8 P. M. First performance in Boston of Massenet's "Griseldis," Miss Garden, Messrs. Dalmores, Dufranne and Huberdeau. Mr. de la Fuente, conductor.

Boston Opera House, 8 P. M. Puccini's "La Boheme," Mmes. Alda and Alten, Messrs. Caruso, Rossi, Ananlian, Teuchi, Gilly, de Segurula, Gnanoli-Galletti. Mr. Podesti, conductor.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. Concert by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, pianist and composer, assisted by Mrs. Lafayette Goodar, soprano; Mrs. Helen A. Hunt, contralto, and Carl Faellen, pianist, for the benefit of the Boston Teachers' Club. All the piano pieces and songs will be by Mrs. Beach.

THURSDAY—Boston Theatre, 2 P. M. Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," Mmes. Trentini, Duchene, Gentle, Dubois, Messrs. Devries, Renaud, Gilbert, Crabbe.

Boston Theatre, 8 P. M., double bill. Massenet's "La Navarraise," Mme. Gerville-Reache, Messrs. Dalmores, Dufranne, Huberdeau, Crabbe, Nicolay. Mr. de la Fuente, conductor. "Daughter of the Regiment," Mmes. Tetrazzini, Duchene, Messrs. McCormack, Gilbert, Nicolay. Mr. Anselmi, conductor.

Chapman school, East Boston, 8 P. M. Music department, city of Boston. Orchestral pieces, William Howard, conductor. Mozart, overture to "Don Giovanni"; Ganturo, "Berceuse"; Mascagni, selection from "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Brahms, Hungarian dance No. 7; Dvorak, Slavonic dance in C major. Miss Celestine Ober, soprano, will sing Chaminade's "Summer" and Del Riego's "O Dry Those Tears." Mr. Howard, violinist, will play Nachez's "Gypsy Dance." Louis C. Elson will lecture.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Beethoven, symphony "Pastoral"; Tchaikowsky, symphonic poem, "Francesca da Rimini"; Sibelius, elegiac and musing from suite "King Christian II." and Valse Triste (first time in Boston); Dvorak, overture, "Carnival."

Boston Theatre, 8 P. M. Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande," Miss Garden and Mme. Gerville-Reache, Messrs. Dalmores, Dufranne, Huberdeau and Crabbe. Mr. de la Fuente, conductor. Dances from his school, 8 P. M. Music department, city of Boston. Orchestral pieces, William Howard, conductor. Weber, overture to "Oberon"; Raff, Movement from "Die Leier des Herkules"; Wagner, selection from "Lohengrin"; and procession of the women from "Lohengrin", Delibes, Dance "Cassepate." Mrs. Alice B. Rice, will sing an aria from "Linda."

Talio March, cornetist, will play a selection on themes from "Torquato Tasso." Louis C. Elson will lecture. John N. Hall, 8 P. M. Llanely Royal Prize Chori. See notice elsewhere.

SATURDAY—Boston Theatre, 2 P. M. "La Traviata," Mme. Tetrazzini, Messrs. McCormack, Polese. Mr. Anselmi, conductor.

Boston Opera House, 2 P. M. "Tosca," Mmes. Farrar, Wickham, Messrs. Martin, Scotti, Ananlian, Gnanoli-Galletti, Devaux. Mr. Tango, conductor.

Boston Opera House, 7:30 P. M. "Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg," Mmes. Gadske, Wickham, Messrs. Slezak, Sommer, Goritz, Blass, Muehlmann, Hall, Bayer, Otto, Koch, Rehkopf, Triebner, Reiner, Gunther, Reiss, Ananlian. Mr. Toscanini, conductor.

Boston Theatre, 8 P. M. Massenet's "Thais," Mmes. Garden, Trentini, Duchene, Renaud, Devries, Scott, Nicolay. Mr. de la Fuente, conductor.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.

#### CONCERT NOTES.

Ferruccio Busoni will give his second piano recital in Jordan Hall Monday afternoon, April 11.

The date of the concert of Miss Laura Van Kuran, soprano, and Charles Anthony, pianist, in Jordan Hall, is Wednesday afternoon, April 13, instead of the 14th, as previously announced.

The song recital of Mr. and Mrs. Gaines in Steinert Hall will take place on Thursday afternoon, April 21.

Mme. Marie von Unschuld, the Austrian pianist, will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on Tuesday afternoon, April 12. She will play Beethoven's sonata, op. 27, Schumann's "Scenes from Childhood," and other pieces.

Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" will be given by the choir of the Elliot Church, Newton, this afternoon at 4 o'clock. Miss Josephine Knight, Miss Adelaide Griggs, J. Garfield Stone and Leverett B. Merrill will form the quartet. Everett E. Truette will be organist and choirmaster, with a chorus of 45 voices. The public is cordially invited.

The seventh and last but one of the Symphony concerts in Cambridge will be given in Sanders Theatre next Thursday evening. The soloist will be Sylvain Noack, the second concert master of the orchestra, who will play Saint-Saens' concerto for violin No. 3. The program will include Schumann's "Spring" symphony, Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, "The Isle of the Dead," Strauss' "On the Shore of Sorrento," and Berlioz's "Roman Carni-

val" overture.

The Woman's Municipal League will give its 6th concert at Franklin Union Hall, corner of Berkeley and Appleton streets, tomorrow night at 8 o'clock. It will be in the nature of a piano recital by George Copeland, Jr.

## MANSFIELD ONCE DRAMATIC CRITIC

Served in That Capacity on the  
Defunct Boston News; Prop-  
aganda Plays Fail to Correct  
Abuses; Paris' Two Thrillers.

### BERLIN ACTRESSES WANT PERMISSION TO MARRY

By PHILIP HALE.

The Herald has received the following interesting letter:

March 23, 1910.

Editor of The Herald:

As lives of the late Richard Mansfield accumulate the unanimity with which his biographers refrain from even mentioning the actor's former connection with newspaper work in Boston becomes remarkable. His violent antipathy to newspaper criticism and his contempt for newspaper critics is freely advertised in Mr. William Winter's most interesting memoir of the actor, recently published, but Mr. Winter nowhere even so much as hints that the subject of his entertaining pages once served a now defunct Boston newspaper, probably with the same distinction that he afterward demonstrated in other fields, in the precise capacity that later in life it was his unfortunate habit to condemn.

At the time that he served the drama in this fashion Mr. Mansfield was employed by Jordan, Marsh & Co. to write and place their advertisements, and in this way probably attracted the notice of the late Elihu P. Marvin, D. D., the proprietor of

the Boston Daily News. The News was published in the interests of prohibition, and up to the time of Mr. Mansfield's appointment to the position of its dramatic critic, had not published the advertisements of any of the theatres, or devoted any of its space to theatrical matters, thus consistently avoiding all stimulants.

Mr. Mansfield went upon the staff of this paper shortly after its offices were removed from Province court to No. 142 Washington street—about the summer of 1874—and served it certainly not longer than one year. It may be that the death of Marvin, which put the paper into the hands of Ezra D. Winslow, who, in the fall of 1875, merged it with the Post, brought about his retirement in connection with other changes. Mr. Winslow's own retirement from this and other connections in this city was widely noticed in the public prints of that period. The dramatic criticism of Mr. Mansfield, himself so hard to please in this particular, must have been of peculiar interest and value. It is only recalled by a former colleague of his who, as night editor of the paper, was obliged to see it, as having been rather diffuse, and as having been the subject of more or less editorial surgery.

In the course of the extended work, that still omits all mention of the above matter, Mr. Winter more than once takes up Mr. Mansfield's old grievance against the "critics" and voices it with something like the actor's own vigor. In one place he speaks of "the spiteful tone of that contemptible paragraph" in the Boston Home Journal, in which was set forth as a matter of general interest something that many excellent people then, as now, supposed to be a fact—a stipulation made by Mr. Mansfield in regard to a detail of a play originally intended by its author, Archibald C. Ganter, for Mr. Mansfield, but later rejected by him and then offered to others. To one of these heirs of Mansfield's cast-off plays, who refused a large salary to play the part on the now obsolete ground that the play was "punk," it was explained that an objectionable detail of the first act, at the close of which the protagonist was required by the action to make his entrance in a bathing suit, had been expressly stipu-



lated for by Mr. M. M. M. The character was that of an English lord who had been purchased by an American papa as a husband for his daughter.

GAYLORD QUEN.

[We are informed that a file of the Boston Daily News is in the Boston Athenaeum.—Ed.]

Mr. Vavin, in the "Harvest Moon," is enthusiastic over the mission of the drama; how it should chastise evil, cheer the faint-hearted, shed beneficence, etc., etc. The propaganda play may have a temporary influence. See how England was recently stirred to a high and amusing pitch of excitement by Du Maurier's dramatic prophecy of a German invasion and shooting down of honest English squires and family butlers. But has "The Third Degree" done away with a most objectionable police practice? Will "A Fool There Was" prevent men on an ocean voyage from scraping acquaintance with socially inclined blondes or brunettes? Has "Drink" brought about any reform in the abuse of strong waters? And before "Drink" there was "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room."

A propaganda play, as a propaganda novel, is always a zealous tract, seldom if ever a work of art. Compare, for instance, "The Cloister and the Hearth" or "Peg Woffington" with "Put Yourself in His Place" or "It is Never Too Late to Mend," or any other one of Reade's attacks on abuses. It is true that there are immortal characters in the novels written by Dickens to attack an abuse; but no one of these novels is so artistic as "Great Expectations," in spite of the "happy ending" which Dickens wrote, against his conscience and on the advice of his publisher, or even as "Our Mutual Friend."

The Era, in commenting on Galsworthy's "Justice," which is, after all, a tract, recalled George Almar's adaptation of "Oliver Twist" produced at the Surrey Theatre, London, in 1838, and quoted the dialogue that brought down the curtain:

"Mr. Brownlow: And what is now wanted to complete the happiness of Oliver Twist? Oliver: First that you will erect a small white tablet in the church near which my poor mother died, and on it grave the name of Agnes. There might be no coffin in that tomb; but if the spirits of the dead ever come back to earth to visit spots hallowed by their love, I do believe that the shade of my poor mother will often hover about this solemn nook, though it is a church, and she was weak and erring. Mr. Brownlow: The next request I will make for you, dear Oliver, myself, and will make it here—to you. (To audience.) Our hero is but young; but if his simple progress has beguiled you of a smile, or his sorrows of a tear, forgive the errors of the orphan boy, Oliver Twist."

Not even the audience of the dramatic club in Hockanook Centre would stand for dialogue of this nature to-day.

There was "A Harvest Moon" before Mr. Thomas. Mme. Janauschek played in a drama thus entitled at the Windsor Theatre, New York, in May, 1892.

A parliament of actresses was held recently in Berlin. Miss Huebner of the New Theatre said that the expenses of actresses were out of all proportion to their emoluments. The great majority of theatres are second or third class, and the salaries paid during six or seven months of the season are from \$105 a year for subordinate players to \$500 for leading actresses. Out of these sums the actress pays agency fees, travelling and other expenses, and she provides all her dresses. Sometimes in the course of a month she is obliged to provide 10 separate costumes.

Miss Galle, a young actress, said that success went to the candidates with the handsomest dresses. "If an actress has no pretty dresses she is kept back, and if she has them people ask who her protector is. If she marries she is at once dismissed."

Emanuel Reicher, a prominent actor, over 60 years old, has ideals. He begged his colleagues to unite in shielding the women of the profession from the dangers that encompassed them. "The life of the artist is necessarily a martyrdom. If you eliminate privation from the conditions of the actor's life you will undermine his art, for it is only through affliction that one can mature to a great artist." The reporter states that his Spartan sentiment did not awaken a cordial echo. The parliament closed with an adoption of a

resolution demanding laws to compel managers to furnish costumes and allow actresses to marry.

What a favored land America is! Here many actresses are marrying at frequent intervals.

An opera "A Basso Porto," founded on a drama by Cognetti, with music by Spinelli, was brought out in 1894 and performed in New York early in 1900. The play itself was performed by the Sicilians in London, March 4. The story is a cruel one: A wife, deserted for another woman a few hours after marriage, denounces her rival as a spy and has her put into prison. Then she marries another man and is for years a happy wife and mother. Husband No. 1 turns up and to revenge himself makes a felon of the son and tries to debauch the daughter. The girl, ignorant of her real relation to the man, thinks her mother is jealous of her. The father is now a government spy masquerading as one of the Cammoristi. He is detected and his own son, ignorant of the relationship, is chosen to kill him. The mother promises to save the wretch if he will no longer molest the children. He refuses and says that the soldiers are waiting his signal to arrest the Cammoristi. He tries to give this signal and the wife stabs him to death. One scene in which the villain whips a cripple across the stage was too much for even the admirers of the Sicilians, and the whipping was accompanied with hisses.

They have been applauding pleasant plays in Paris. At the Grand Guignol there were two new and ingenious thrillers. The first scene of "In the Coal Bunkers" shows the stokehole of a warship. A war has broken out and the ship is to sail into action. Some of the stokers bemoan their fate; others are eager to do their duty. One of the men exclaims: "Why argue? The ship won't sail." He is an Anarchist, and he has put a dynamite cartridge into one of the bunkers. The chief engineer and a lieutenant come down and order full speed. The stokers object and explain what the Anarchist has done. He will not tell where the dynamite is, so the furnace doors are opened, and he is shoved in feet first, into the red Bengal fire "and flickering wisps of red paper." The Anarchist screams, and women in the audience start up and leave the house. At last the man confesses; the fires are stoked; and off the ship goes. In the second scene, after the fight, a court-martial is held. The captain commends the engineer for having done his duty. The Anarchist is sentenced to death, and propped on his maimed feet against a turret is shot. The order "Man the ship" is heard, and the sailors stand along the rails. The admiral's flagship is going down the line.

In the other play, "The Splash," a lawyer, Cernolle, has prosecuted for the first time in a criminal charge. The prisoner, sentenced to death, is guillotined. Cernolle's young wife broods over the execution and cannot sleep. Her husband enters. She starts: "There is a splash of blood on your shirt front." He goes out to change his shirt and returns. "The spot is still there!" and the wife goes mad. The second scene is in the mad house. The wife is now cured and her husband comes to take her away. She looks at him: "Yes, there is no spot. I am cured." He embraces her, but suddenly he thrusts her away. "You lie. The spot is still here!" He tears off his clothes and points to it on his skin. Now that she is cured, he has gone mad.

Yet this play by Victor Marguerite, produced at the Comedie Francaise Feb. 21, would be to some the most repulsive of the three. Jacques, a bachelor, and Dr. Vigneul are neighbors. Jacques is the lover of the doctor's wife Denise. She goes to see him one night, throws herself into his arms and falls dead. Quelle surprise! Jacques, frightened, sends for Helene, a young widow and great friend of Denise. The doctor enters, for he had returned home earlier than he was expected, and his wife's absence made him suspicious. Now that he sees her dead he is sure. He had not loved her deeply, but he is shocked by the discovery. Helene, a good woman, suddenly knows that she loves the doctor, and in order to comfort him declares that she is Jacques' mistress and that she had asked Denise to accompany her, for she, Helene, wished to break off the affair. Jacques cannot stand this sacrifice and tells the truth. And then the doctor is happy, for now he can marry Helene. "The end did not please the audience, especially as the

final scene was treated in a needlessly brutal fashion."

Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" was played by the Ben Greet company in New York on March 18. "This presentation of the play is said to have been the first ever given on a professional stage of this country."

The play was performed in this country by undergraduates of Princeton in New York several years ago, as it was in London by the Eliza-

bethan Stage Society in 1896 and 1904. In the latter performance "The Holy Feast of St. Peter" was retained.

On the 7th of this month Slimrock's version of the old German puppet-play, "The Prodigious and Lamentable History of Dr. Johannes Faust" was performed in Clifford's Inn Hall, London, with great success and to a crowded house.

Who wrote the "Faustus" performed in 1828 at the Park Theatre, New York? In the "Faustus" performed at the Bowery Theatre in 1854 the characters were Faust, Mephistopheles, Count di Casanova, Count Orsini, Brevide, Wagner, Lucette, Rosolio.

The London Times made mock of "The Climax" when it was produced in London at the Comedy Theatre Feb. 27. "The play serves up just that kind of homely, obvious humor, saccharine sentiment, and cheap science which you find in so many American plays and in every popular American magazine. Incidentally, it dwells on the contrast between some half-baked, unsophisticated, Puritanical Azalea, O., and the aesthetic-intellectual emancipation of New York—which is not perhaps quite so far ahead of Azalea as it fondly supposes. \* \* \* On the whole it is artless to puerility; in short, Azalea, the best that can be said for it is that it is preferable to an American football play. Somehow American plays do not export so well as American apples. Probably that is because Newtown pippins are hard and the plays soft. 'The Climax' is soft with the sticky softness of soft-soap. \* \* \* Oh that uncle with his dressing gown, his coffee pot and washing-up fun, his accent, his 'enraged musician' humors, his sentimentalizing over his dead wife—he is exasperatingly Azalean! \* \* \* Rather than allow the girl of his heart to go on the stage—in other words, to perdition—the doctor plots to save her by spoiling her voice. Or rather, he deprives the girl temporarily of her voice by persuading her, through 'mental suggestion,' that she has lost it. (This is the cheap science of the play—like the 'color suggestion' in Mr. Augustus Thomas' 'Harvest Moon.'")

Nor did the Pall Mall Gazette take Granville Barker's "The Madras House" seriously. The comedy was produced at the Repertory Theatre, March 9. "The characters talk, talk, talk, on all sorts of questions. \* \* \* Middle class ideals are set up in a distorted form to be promptly knocked down by the triumphant audacity of Emancipated Youth. Polyandry and polygamy are discussed with conscientious enthusiasm. The consequences of the sleeping-in system in 'emporiums' are chatted over, among them the possibility that now and then a girl, thus pent, will have her fling and find it fun, and the diverse temptations which assail shop assistants in Peckham and in Bond street. The advantages of living as 'a Mohammedan gentleman' on the banks of the Euphrates are duly set forth. The dullness of a home in which, thanks partly to their own silliness and partly to the narrow-mindedness of their parents, five daughters are gradually becoming old maids, is laboriously exhibited. And one general conclusion of it all is that 'perhaps a reason why people are well behaved is the fact that they are not very well educated.' And over it all is sprinkled a sort of rather devastating Suburban Culture. The London Symphony concerts are referred to more than once; Byron and Shelley are quoted; so

also, of course, is the unavoidable Nietzsche; and in the last act, when one of the characters whistled, the phrase sounded uncommonly like a bar or two of the C minor (No. 5). And it went on, and on, and on, act after act, hour after hour, leading no whither, either as story or as talk. \* \* \* Our own feeling concerning it is mainly one of regret that a dramatist who has shown that he can compose a play, a work in which, 'all as in some piece of art is toil co-operant to an end,' should have spent so much of his time and lavished so much of his cleverness

on a picture of life which is heartily always cock-eyed, often needlessly cruel, and more than once offensive by reason of its apparently gratuitous bad taste."

Mr. J. T. Brein, lecturing at Manchester, Eng., declared that the mission of the theatre was not to amuse or to entertain, but to edify. He proposed that \$2500 should be guaranteed to cover the cost of production by a Manchester independent theatre of five plays of universal literary interest, and offered to contribute one-tenth of the sum if the rest were forthcoming.

When Mr. Henri Bataille was younger he invented a way of escaping the dramatic censor. "His manuscript was returned to him, with heavy blue pencil marks scored opposite to a passage in which, as it seemed to the censor, he had transgressed the boundaries of circumspection. Mr. Bataille first rubbed the marks out. Then, with his own blue pencil, he made similar marks opposite to a colorless passage on another page, and proceeded to make a number of absolutely unimportant alterations in that. The censor, perceiving that amendments had been made and that the amended lines read decorously, concluded that his suggestions had been adopted and duly passed the play."

The question is raised in Paris apropos of Mr. Bataille's "La Vierge Folle," whether a woman wishing to kill herself chooses a pistol. "It is surely the rarest case; strychnine, drowning, other forms of death, but not shooting. Even suffragettes would admit probably that marksmanship is not the strong point of her sex. When Diane places the firearm to her temple, she might so easily hit—her lover."

The two heroes in two prominent plays in Paris are men of 40 years. One of the characters says in another drama: "Gray hairs do not frighten women; on the contrary, they inspire them."

In "Une Femme Passa" Mme. Brandes explains the psychology of women: "When a woman has no child, she comes to regard her husband as a mother would, with maternal affection."

It is said that the third act of "Chantecler" where the birds are at the guinea fowl's reception is regarded by the audience as ridiculous. "It is generally felt that Rostand has been unwise in his choice of form. Animals are only to be used as medium for simple philosophical or symbolical expression in the manner of La Fontaine, not as the instruments of the wit of the boulevard. Rostand's extreme verbal facility has caused him to be compared with Gabriele d'Annunzio. The Hymn to the Sun is probably the immortal part of 'Chantecler.'"

The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the "Vic"—"Queen Victoria's Own Theatre," as it used to be called—led a London journalist to reminiscence. "Time was when an occasional visit to the 'Vic' was as essential a pleasure of the high-spirited West-ender as a visit to Greenwich, with dinner at the Old Ship and a drive home 'under the silent stars.' In those days melodrama and Shakespeare were the staple fare. The melodrama was generally gory, and the bard received very popular handling indeed. 'Hamlet,' with a middle-aged actress embodying the prince, was a great attraction at one time, and the ghost never failed to get a round of cheers on his first entrance. In those days the enormous gallery used to be packed at threepence, and by way of material refreshment, as a complement to the intellectual refectory being provided from the stage, fried fish used to be sold at a halfpenny a slice, neatly supplied on a piece of nice white paper. And it was the playful way of the galleryites, when they had eaten the flesh of the succulent heartener, to fling the bones down at the people in the boxes and stalls. All of which things, together with the blare of the orchestra, the roaring of the pit and the vagaries of the scenery, made a visit to the house in those robust days an event to be remembered cheerfully for the rest of one's life."



# "PARADISE LOST" PERFORMED HERE

Handel and Haydn Society Sings  
Bossi's Choral Work for First  
Time in America; Last Con-  
cert of 95th Season Given.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Handel and Haydn Society, at the last concert of its 95th season (the 770th concert), in Symphony Hall last evening, performed Enrico Bossi's "Paradise Lost" for the first time in America. Mr. Mollenhauer conducted. Mr. Tucker was the organist. The solo signers were Mme. Jomelli, soprano; Mme. Alice Lakin, contralto; Sydney Biden, baritone; Stephen Townsend, baritone; Willard Flint, bass. The Boston Festival Orchestra, with W. H. Capron, concert master, assisted.

There has been much talk of late years in Germany about Bossi's two chief choral works, "Paradise Lost" and "The Song of Songs." "Paradise Lost" has been performed in Europe nearly 25 times, and as it is now nine years old those curious about new works wondered why it had not been brought out in this country. Conductors might well fear the task, for the "symphonic poem," as Bossi calls it, is difficult for chorus, solo singers and orchestra. Furthermore, as is the case with "Joan of Arc" among operas, no "Paradise Lost" has won enduring fame. Rubinstein's oratorio was performed in 1892 at a Worcester Festival and it proved to be dull and boring. The "Paradise Lost" by Dubois is an operetta-like work, with a few graceful tunes and certain choruses that should be accompanied by a ballet. It is in this operetta that Adam, like a gallant Frenchman, assures the Lord that he himself was wholly to blame, for he tempted Eve. Then there is the "Eve" of Massenet, an erotic piece, in which Eve is represented as the sister of Thais, Esclaronde and other noble dames dear to the composer. Its eroticism is well-nigh pornographic.

Villanis' libretto to which Bossi wrote music is said to be "after Milton," but it is a long way after the epic poem. Villanis frankly admits that his translation is very free, and only a little of the original text is preserved. A synopsis of the libretto was published in The Herald yesterday. It is enough to say that there is a prologue followed by three parts: Hell, Paradise, Earth. The Father is represented by a chorus. The Son is represented by a chorus of tenors.

The symphonic poem is episodic, and necessarily so. This is not the most serious objection to the music. The Prologue is by far the finest portion of the work, in structure, in musical invention, in imaginative flight, in treatment of the voices, in continuous interest and in a skillfully prepared and overwhelming climax. The finale of this prologue, "All hail! Great God!" is one of the most effective choruses that have been written for many years. It is massive yet animated; dramatic, but not theatrical. As it was performed last night it will long haunt the memory of the hearer. Unfortunately this prologue apparently exhausted the spontaneity and drained the imagination of the composer. The greater part of the music that follows is toll and trouble.

The trouble begins with the entrance of Satan. Lord Thurlo said of Milton's Satan that he was a fine fellow and should have succeeded. Satan in oratorio is usually a tiresome person rendered comparatively harmless by the fact that he is obliged to stick closely to his notes, for the intervals given him are generally difficult. Portions of the text

in this work are expressed by Bossi in long orchestral interludes. Thus in "Hell" the hosts of Satan proclaiming war are represented orchestrally. And so the scene in which Adam and Eve give way with knowledge to unrestrained passion is portrayed in music that is anything but passionate.

It may be said in general of the music after the prologue that it is for the most part melodically weak and does not express the sentiment of the text; that after the tremendous chorus in the prologue, the following choruses, when they should be sonorous and effective, sound tame and almost insignificant; that the orchestral interludes are seldom dramatic. The composer is restless, ever shifting his tonalities, seeking strange modulations, and, in his fear of the commonplace, torturing phrases and sweating great drops in his desire to be original. Adam and Eve sing a long love duet, but there is no sensuousness in it. On the other hand, the choruses of the Lord's voice are not impressive, nor is the voice of the Son mystical or infinitely compassionate.

The orchestration is more effective and more interesting than the vocal writing. There are some surprising combinations of timbres and ingenious employments of instruments, but here again is observed the composer's intention to be original at any cost. Nor is his taste always to be commended. The prayer of Adam and Eve, one of the most truly melodic pages of the work, is marred by the impertinence of the Glockenspiel, and this instrument is used in the garden of Eden till it becomes a nuisance.

On the whole, this "Paradise Lost" is a disappointment. The greater part of the music is too evidently contrived, manufactured, and the composer is seen cudgelling his brains.

The performance, in view of the difficulties, was excellent. The chorus sang accurately, vigorously, and with an imposing volume of tone when the occasion demanded, and as a rule it observed the indications for nuances. The orchestra was for the most part adequate. The solo singers, who had an unusually thankless task, sang intelligently and with a fervor worthy of more poetic or dramatic music.

There was a large audience that applauded enthusiastically after the prologue.

## "ELEKTRA" GIVEN CLOSE ATTENTION

Strauss' Music Drama Opens  
Hammerstein's Opera Season  
at Boston Theatre, with Mme.  
Mazarin as the Heroine.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON THEATRE—"Elektra," a music drama in one act, libretto by Hugo von Hoffmansthal (French version by Henri Gauthier-Villars); music by Richard Strauss, was performed last night for the first time in Boston by the Manhattan Grand Opera Company, Oscar Hammerstein, director; Henriquez de la Fuente conducted.

Elektra.....Mme. Mariette Mazarin  
Chrysothemis.....Miss Alice Baron  
Klytemnestra.....Mme. Augusta Doria  
Aegisthus.....Mr. Devries  
Orestes.....Mr. Huberdeau  
Preceptor of Orestes.....Mr. Nicolay  
A young servant.....Mr. Venturini  
An old servant.....Mr. Scott  
The confidant.....Miss Alice Desmond  
Overseer of the servants.....Miss Carew  
Trainbearer.....Miss Johnston  
First serving woman.....Miss Alice Gentile  
Second serving woman.....Miss Severina  
Third serving woman.....Miss Vicarino  
Fourth serving woman.....Miss Walter-Villa  
Fifth serving woman.....Mme. Duchene

Mr. Hammerstein began his season of one week by producing Strauss' "Elektra," which is still the most discussed operatic work in the musical world. The audience, while it did not wholly fill the theatre, was large and an unusually brilliant one. It listened with the utmost attention, and



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MME. MAZARIN.

after the fall of the curtain there was a scene of enthusiasm such as has not been witnessed in an opera house in this city for many years. The great audience stood and applauded and shouted its appreciation for several minutes.

It is hardly worth while to answer the charges that have been brought against the libretto. It has been called unpleasant; it is unpleasant by the very nature of the subject, but so is "Oedipus Rex," so is the Aeschylean trilogy, so is "Othello," so is "Measure for Measure," and a long list of "unpleasant" plays might easily be drawn up without coming down to Mr. Shaw and "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Any play in which a daughter plots the murder of her mother, or in which a son kills his mother and her paramour is at least sombre.

Hamlet, for that matter, is only a dilatory parricide. But in the old legend Orestes was thought to accomplish a pious and reverential deed; he avenged his father.

It is also said that in Strauss' opera the death of Elektra is horrible. It is profoundly tragic, but not horrible in the cheap meaning of the word. The sight of Elektra, whose nerves have finally given way, whose brain is fired with the ecstasy of revenge, whose physical strength is well nigh exhausted, dancing herself to her death is not repulsive; there is a strange fascination in this dance; it has a character of sacred exultation.

The shade of mighty Agamemnon is finally at peace. His murder and the insult to his bed are avenged. In the old story, it was a god that commanded Orestes to do the bloody deed. Why should the joy of the sister be considered as unholy? Some of the more sensitive insist that Elektra was a pervert—they like to use this word without agreement as to its precise meaning.

Is it true that Hoffmansthal has degraded the character of Elektra? Even the three great masters of Greek tragedy did not put on the stage the same Elektra. Euripides represented her as married to a farmer, and peevish, and ungrateful to him for his consideration, that would seem to the multitude incomprehensible and quixotic. The Elektra of the dramatists was in each instance a creature of individual invention. In the old legend Elektra had nothing to do with the murder of her mother.

Hoffmansthal's drama is not only powerful in its concise intensity and its demoniacal expression of the great passion revenge; it is one that admits readily of musical treatment.

Strauss has written again an extraordinary symphonic poem in which the voices of men and women on the stage are merely numbered among the instruments. The voices are used to gain certain effects. It is admitted that in music drama men and women may sing or shout their feelings and emotions without appearing grotesque. It is immaterial whether they sing in aria form, or in irregular recitative, or in a heightened speech that may be unmelodic and may not necessarily be in intimate harmonic rela-

tion with the orchestral flow of comment, illustration, italicization.

In "Elektra" Strauss had one thing chiefly to impress on the hearer: Elektra's desire, or rather lust, for revenge, which consumed her. There is no opportunity for sensuous strains, for flights of delicate fancy. There is an elemental passion to be expressed. The question is, "Did Strauss succeed in the expression?" Not whether his use of discords is to be commended or censured; not whether it is as blasphemy to superpose one tonality upon another.

The enormous technical facility of this composer is universally acknowledged. His daring instrumentation, with its splendor, its bizarre effects, its brutality, its cruelty, its noble clothing of inspired thoughts—as the subject demands—this, too, is known to all.

Revenge, the desire to kill a mother because a father was killed, with the delirious death of the long abused, brooding, half-crazed daughter, demands music that must be wildly passionate, often violent in its force, rhapsodic to the verge of madness.

And the dominating mood of revenge is maintained musically for nearly two hours. It must be confessed that before the recognition of Orestes by his sister, while there are most impressive moments, a great portion of the music is not effective to the average hearer, unless he has the drama itself at his tongue's end, and unless he has acquainted himself with Strauss' musical gloss or commentary.

But with the beginning of this scene of recognition, which must be classed among the very finest pages in musical literature, the music is of marvellous power and sombre or sinister beauty. There are melodic lines that must rank among the composer's proudest inventions; there is an eloquence in rhetoric and a gorgeousness of orchestral expression that are unsurpassed even in the superb "Salome."

At first the music is perhaps too slavish in illustration of the text, yet there are typical motives in various metamorphoses and with various developments that stir or chill the blood; but there is not apparently any flowing stream of musical thought that suggests an inevitable and crowning end, however long this end may be deferred, until Orestes comes on the stage.

The contrast is therefore the greater, and the episodic character of much that has gone before, episodic in distracted thoughts and wild ravings, in sullen despair and hideous imprecations, in bitter irony with flashes of prophecy, as in the scene with Clytemnestra, this may well depict the Elektra of the German dramatist.

Only impressions should be recorded after the first hearing of this extraordinary, this master work. The pity of it is that we are not to be permitted to hear this music frequently, to know more intimately the plan and the purpose of the composer, to appreciate fully the unsurpassable skill, the bold imagination, the amazing wealth of picturesque or stirring detail.

The difficulties in the production of this opera are great, probably unequalled. The performance last night was engrossing. Mr. De la Fuente, who conducted here for the first time, may well be proud of his orchestra, and he led with vigor, elasticity, dramatic instinct, and as with a personal conviction of the surpassing value of the music.

Elektra is naturally the dominating figure on the stage. The part is a most exacting one, physically tiring, mentally exhausting, and I am tempted to add, dangerous, if not ruinous to vocal expression. Mme. Mazarin sang and acted with consummate art.

Her impersonation, which will long be remembered in this city as among the triumphs of the few great lyric tragedians that have visited us in the course of the last 25 years, was remarkable for its intensity and its subtlety; its use of tone; its facial play; its bodily significance.

It is easy to imagine a more baleful Clytemnestra, a more evil apparition, one more sensual, vindictive, remorseful, superstitious, than that of Mme. Doria, but she sang effectively, and, although she was melodramatic rather than tragic, she was consistent in the interpretation of the character as she saw and felt it.

Miss Baron was a sympathetic Chrysothemis, and Mr. Huberdeau a classic Orestes, who found himself confronted by an Elektra not of his period. The minor parts were well



taken, the stage setting was impressive, and the details of the stage business were creditable to Mr. Colnli.

The opera tonight will be "Lucia," with Mme. Tetrazzini, Mr. Polese and Mr. McCormack, who, as Edgardo, will make his first appearance in this city.

## CARUSO SINGS IN OPERA "AIDA"

Appears with Metropolitan Company in Performance at the Boston Opera House; Emmy Destinn in Role of Aida.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Metropolitan Opera Company opened its season of one week by presenting "Aida" with the following cast:

Il Re.....Giulio Rossi  
Amneris.....Louise Homer  
Aida.....Emmy Destinn  
Radames.....Enrico Caruso  
Ramfis.....Andrea de Segurula  
Amonasro.....Pasquale Amato  
Un Messaggiero.....Angelo Bada  
Una Sacerdotessa.....Lenora Sparkes

In spite of the two rows of boxes, presenting wide gaps where there might have been groups of handsomely dressed people, the audience was of good size. The orchestra was nearly filled and the balconies and upper boxes were crowded. It was plain that the spectators had come, not because it was the fashion to be present but because they cared for the opera. Here and there in the orchestra were foreign faces, chiefly Italian and in the upper regions the Italians were conspicuous.

Throughout the performance the audience lent absorbed interest. There was considerable enthusiasm. The principals were called out again and again and Conductor Toscanini was persuaded to appear. He deserved the honor. His management of the orchestra and his co-operation with the singers were both significant. Moreover, his work was ably sustained by the stage management.



(Copyright by A. Dupont.)  
EMMY DESTINN.

The opera moved easily and without mishap. Even the heavy and elaborate spectacular scenes, calling for large numbers of supernumeraries, showed the perfection of drilling. As for the scenery and accessories, they were, as Henry James says, "of a splendor." The backgrounds were all beautifully devised. The accessories were well managed.

Among the singers, Caruso, as Radames, naturally was the centre of interest. He was in superb voice and sang with exquisite beauty of tone. In his more dramatic scenes, his passionate fervor. Toward the end of the opera, as he was repeated-

ly called, he fell into his characteristic tricks of grimacing and clowning. These were amusing so long as they were kept out of the character of Radames; but when the caricaturing was introduced into the hero's departure to his death, the situation was damaged and Madame Homes was placed in an undignified position. However, audiences will stand anything from Caruso.

As Aida, Mme. Emmy Destinn won an emphatic success. Her work in the earlier scenes was conventional and her voice did not appear to be at its best. But as she went on she gained both in freedom of action and in quality and breadth of tone. On the whole, she gave a masterly interpretation. It seemed a pity that she should wear costumes so unsuited to her style of beauty and to her somewhat robust physique.

The Amneris of Mme. Homer was brilliant from every point of view. She really impersonated the character, she looked beautiful, and she used her noble contralto voice with fine effect. Sig. Amato made a powerful Amonasro, both in bearing and in the dramatic use of his voice, and Miss Sparkes sang exquisitely the music of the Sacerdotessa.

Altogether an inspiring presentation! If the Metropolitan company can maintain such a standard, the Opera House ought to be crowded at every performance, in spite of rivalry.

## "MRS. DOT" DROLL PLAY AT HOLLIS

Billie Burke, as the Widow, as

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Mrs. Dot," a comedy in three acts by Somerset Maugham. Cast:

Mrs. Worthley, "Mrs. Dot".....Billie Burke  
Freddie Perkins.....Basil Hallam  
Miss Eliza MacGregor.....Kate Meek  
Gerald Halstane.....Julian L'Estrange  
James Blenkinsop.....Fred Kerr  
Lady Sellenger.....Annie Esmond  
Nellie Schlenger.....Anne Meredith  
Charles.....A. Lionel Hogarth  
Mr. Wright.....C. Wedgewood  
Mr. Rixon.....Ernest Cossart  
George.....P. E. McCoy  
Farren.....Jean Gilbralth

Billie Burke as Mrs. Dot found an easy vehicle for her mischievous spirits in another of Somerset Maugham's patchwork plays, the comedy of that name. And the characters with all the precision of puppets hung for their every action and cue on the whim of the vivacious and wilful widow.

The audience enthusiastically applauded the manoeuvrings of the little widow who keeps her promise and "lands the man," but the lack of character in the cast and the colorlessness of her leading man made the sprightly interpretations drag. Good support and a little less "dominance" on the part of Miss Burke would have saved some dull moments.

The digressions were perhaps the most interesting portions of the play. The scenes between girl and boy in the second act were well carried off and thoroughly amusing. The give and take between James Blenkinsop and Miss Burke in the third act, when the widow has persuaded the cynical bachelor to help out her plans by his artificial love-making, is drollery itself.

Fred Kerr, in this role, was infectious with his cynicisms, and Basil Hallam, as Freddie Perkins, the boy secretary, was a consummate representation of the young Oxford "man" whose self satisfaction and college mannerisms are his chief attractions. These two, with Miss Burke, carried off a second rate comedy.

Julian L'Estrange, leading man, could not avoid a smirk, even in the most desperate "corners," and suffered equally from a lack of good lines. Lady Sellenger looked the part of the scheming gentlewoman, but often degenerated to the level of horseplay. Annie Meredith carried off the marriageable "bud's" part with naivete and due modesty.

The climax in each act came with the suddenness of an electric shock, but failed to thrill in every case because the action was an old one, long current and outworn. The denouement, whereby all obstacles are removed, and the lover, whose dullness

has somehow entranced the bewitching woman, comes into his own, is dull-witted, to say the least.

Fritz Sheff will come to the Hollis Street Theatre April 11, in "The Prima Donna," by Bionson and Herbert.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Lew Fields

in "Old Dutch"; music by Victor Herbert; book by Edgar Smith, and lyrics by George V. Hobart. In the cast:

Ludwig Treusand.....Lew Fields  
Liza Treusand.....Miss Alice Dovey  
Leopold Mueller.....John E. Henshaw  
Alma Villanyi.....Miss Ada Lewis  
Joseph Cusnier.....Charles Judels  
Franz von Bomberg.....John Bunny  
Rosa von Bomberg.....Miss Eva Davenport

Alfred von Bomberg.....George Leon Moore  
Hon. Algernon Clymber.....Vernon Castle

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—George D. Baker's dramatization of "Graustark," a novel by George Barr McCutcheon. The cast:

Grenfell Lorry.....Francis J. Gillen  
Harry Angulsh.....Frederick McGuirk  
Baron Dangloss.....Atkins Lawrence  
Gabriel.....Louis J. Epsteln  
Bolaroz.....Dick Barrows  
Prince Lorenz.....George Lannon  
Sitsky.....Richard Barrows  
Countess Yvonne.....Mariel Bishop  
Countess Dagmar.....Margaret Siegel  
Yette.....Eda von Luke

### KEITH'S.

Mrs. LaSalle Corbell Pickett Tells of  
Gettysburg Charge.

Mrs. LaSalle Corbell Pickett, widow of Maj.-Gen. George E. Pickett, whose charge at Gettysburg will long live in martial history, made her first appearance in vaudeville at Keith's yesterday, and in a delightful 20-minute talk gave a most delightful and effective picture of the charge in which something over 5000 Confederate soldiers, with Gen. Pickett at their head, made their famous march through shot and shell, exhibiting a courage and pluck that was the marvel of the Union soldiers.

Before Mrs. Pickett appeared several pictures of Maj.-Gen. Pickett were thrown upon a screen, one of which showed Maj.-Gen. Pickett and his "young bride of the confederacy." Judging from Mrs. Pickett's appearance today she must have been an extremely young girl when Gettysburg was fought. She has a strong, elastic step, and hair that is of the gray of a middle-aged person. It seemed hardly possible, as she bowed her acknowledgment of the enthusiastic reception accorded her, that she could remember back to the days of the civil war and of Gettysburg. At last night's performance several baskets and massive bunches of roses and other flowers were passed across the footlights.

Theodore Friebus, well known to Boston theatregoers, likewise made his vaudeville debut yesterday, selecting a realistic little sketch, "The Fight in the Lighthouse," with which to again show in Boston his dramatic ability. "The Fight in the Lighthouse" serves admirably its purpose. Mr. Friebus, the moment he appeared, was enthusiastically applauded. It was more than a mere welcome; it was a demonstration that lasted for several minutes before Mr. Friebus was permitted to proceed with his act.

In somewhat different vein is the act of Harry Williams and Robert Van Alstyne, whose only stock in trade is a piano, two capital voices and many catchy songs of their own composition. "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark," "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree," "Navajo" and a host of others are of their composition, but last night they confined themselves to newer songs, some of which promise to become as popular as their earlier efforts at song writing.

Charlie Case, the black-face monologist, tells a lot of stories about his father, all of them funny and many of them new additions to his collection. He still remains true, however, to the girl of seven with "her red merino dress," of whom he tells in song.

Mrs. Gardner Crane & Co. have a little rural comedy in "Pixley's Prodigal Parents" that is extremely good, as are also Ruby Raymond and her little company, presenting "Street Urehins at the Amateur Contest," in which they introduce some unusually good grotesque and acrobatic dancing. The Alpha troupe of Hoop experts, Sam Dody, dialect comedian, and the Five Musical MacLarens complete the week's bill.

### AMERICAN MUSIC HALL.

Adeline Boyer and the "Star Bout"  
Start Second Week.

There are two acts on the bill at the American Music Hall that hold over from last week—Adeline Boyer, in her dancing act, and Taylor Granville and his big company, in the noisome and exciting "Star Bout."

That delightful and homely caricature of the Past Side Hebrew, Abraham Levy, in the hands of Alex. Carr, was the feature of this week's newcomers, in the now familiar playlet, "Tobbitsky, or the End of the World." Mr. Carr repeated his former success, made a neat little speech and added an imitation of Harry Lauder singing "When I Come Back to Bonnie Scotland." His performance concluded with "Rosa Rosetta." He was assisted by Willard Francis and Dorothy Tureak.

Edward Keough and Helen Nelson appeared in a sketch that served the purpose of introducing the advances of Polydor to Parthenia, from "Ingo-mar." Attention was given the mounting of the act, though Mr. Keough was at times rasping and incoherent, decidedly melodramatic and there was altogether too much noise. He was better as the bad actor, Thaddeus Augustus Cramer, where his ranting inclinations served him in good stead under the guise of burlesque.

A. Laura Tolman, cellist, was heard in a varied program of selections that won her a round of applause.

Hy Greenway, comedy juggler and cartoonist, succeeded in a remarkable manner as the juggler rather than as the comedian.

Alfred K. Hall gave a dancing act that was no mean exhibition of agility and endurance.

The Lombards are a team of equilibrists with an act that is new and away from conventional lines, and the Ameriscope closed with "The Dance of the Hours."

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## GERALDINE FARRAR IN MME. BUTTERFLY

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," performed by the Metropolitan Opera House Company.

Cio-Cio-San.....Miss Farrar  
Sazuki.....Mme. Fornia  
Kate Pinkerton.....Mme. Mapleson  
B. F. Pinkerton.....Mr. Martin  
Sharpless.....Mr. Scotti  
Goro.....Mr. Bada  
Yamadori.....Mr. Gianoli-Galletti  
Lo zio Bonzo.....Mr. Wulman  
Yakuside.....Mr. Bourgeois  
Il Commissario Imperiale.....Mr. Reschiglian

Mr. Toscanini was announced some weeks ago as the conductor of this opera, and he was advertised to conduct even as late as last Sunday; but Mr. Podestl led the opera last night. In the first act he gave an animated reading of the score. He had little consideration for the singers, and the orchestra was often unnecessarily bolsterous. He conducted with a little more discretion in the second act, but again the orchestra was too prominent in passages demanding delicacy, refinement, poetic expression.

There was a large audience and there was much applause for Miss Farrar and her associates after the second act, especially for Miss Farrar, who was called out several times.

The performance was an interesting one. The stage settings were beautiful and the stage management was excellent.

Miss Farrar has been seen here in several parts. The two that, on the whole, made the deepest impression were her Cio-Cio-San and her Nedda. She took the part of the Japanese girl at the Boston Theatre three years ago, and her impersonation then was engrossing by reason of its direct appeal, its frankness of emotion, its genuine pathos. Puccini's music in this opera is sophisticated. The orches-



tration is ingenious, masterly, but the musical thought and the melodic expression are seldom spontaneous.

Miss Farrar's Cio-Cio-San was not sophisticated, and although this singularly gifted young woman has elaborated the part she is still free from mannerisms that come from frequent repetition. The impersonation, while it is now more artistic and perhaps more objectively effective, still has the appearance of spontaneity, and there is no thought of routine, no suggestion of anything perfunctory.

It is not easy to separate the singer from the actress, for her song is the fitting dramatic action and her movements have melody and rhythm. There are some that go to an opera chiefly to study the tone-production, or as some prefer, the tone-emission of a singer, and when others are profoundly moved, they whisper to a neighbor pedagogic disapproval of the manner in which a particular note was taken. These lovers of music might have found fault in the first act with a few tones in the upper register, and called them weak or impure; but they could have found little fault with Miss Farrar's singing in the acts that followed. It is true that the peculiar beauty and charm of her voice are in the middle and lower registers; but last night in moments of exultation or despair her upper tones had intense dramatic force.

Miss Farrar's conception of the part cannot be too highly praised. It is poetic and it is realistic with the realism that is not baldly naturalistic. We have seen Butterflies who played the first act in Yum-Yum vein, and were sadly disconcerted when in the acts that followed they were called on to portray deep emotion. Miss Farrar was girlish, coquettish with the inherent coquetry of youth and beauty, but the woman of the third act was revealed in the light-hearted girl when there was an allusion to the knife that served her father.

The curtain rose on an older woman when the second act began, an older woman who was a girl again when Pinkerton's vessel entered the harbor. In all the scenes there was a wealth of facial and bodily expression that was used simply in the expression of the text and the situation, not merely from restlessness, from the desire to be "acting," for there is no repose more eloquent than that of Miss Farrar. Add the entrancing beauty of the voice, the significance of the phrasing, the soul that gives meaning and vitality. Vocal expression and histrionic action were constantly blended with irresistible results.

Mr. Martin was not an impetuous lover; he was not romantic; but he has a fine and commanding voice, and he sang freely and at times brilliantly. Mr. Scotti made much of a secondary part. His Sharpless is a manly, sympathetic fellow, human, a marked contrast to Pinkerton of the United States navy. The other parts were well taken and for once the marriage broker, a Sir Pongarus of Nagasaki, was not caricatured.

The opera this afternoon will be "Marta" with Mmes. de Pasquall and Homer and Messrs. Bonci and Dldur. Mme. Pavlowa and Mr. Mordkin, the famous Russian dancers, will be seen in the ballet, "Coppelia."

This evening the opera will be Puccini's "Boheme" with Mmes. Gluck and Sparkes and Messrs. Caruso, Rossi, Pini-Corsi, Tecchi, Gilly and De Seguroia.

## M'CORMACK MAKES BIG HIT IN "LUCIA"

BOSTON THEATRE—"Lucia di Lammermoor," an opera in three acts by Donizetti, was performed last night by the Manhattan Grand Opera Company, Oscar Hammerstein, director, Oscar Anselmi conducted.

Lucia ..... Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini  
Alfred ..... Mme. Severina  
Edgar ..... John McCormack  
Antonio ..... Giovanni Polese  
Raimondo ..... Mr. Venturini  
Don Rodrigo ..... Mr. De Grazia

Familiar as is the tune of "Lucia" and frequent as have been great performances of it in its long past, it is entirely within bounds to say that the one of last night was memorable. It was made so by the all-around ex-

cellence of the cast, by the general enthusiasm of the audience that filled nearly all the seats of the big playhouse, by the tremendous demonstrations over Mme. Tetrazzini's singing and by the extreme warmth of the welcome given to Mr. McCormack, the new tenor.

It had been noised abroad that Mr. McCormack was from Ireland, and it was evident that a large proportion of the audience was aware of this fact, and was proud of him, for the approbation showered upon him in applause and shouts was marked with Celtic heartiness and fervor. And there was good reason for both the approval and the pride, for Mr. McCormack proved himself to be a singer and actor of the first rank.

Handsome and of graceful bearing, he appeared as a real flesh and blood lover with the fire of youth in his veins, and not the mere milk and water poser that is so often seen in grand opera. His voice is resonant, clear, vibrant with emotion, of a sweet and winning quality, and a flexibility that at all times is under skilled, artistic control.

He was altogether pleasing in his first scene with Lucia, bore his part with entire success in the sextet, and was particularly effective in the final death scene, which was enacted with a simplicity, directness, good taste and force that are rarely equalled.

Mme. Tetrazzini has not been seen here to better advantage than last night. She gave new zest to the old arias, put new life into the good old vocal curlicues and in the sugary sweet, tuneful passages made you forget by the real warmth of the emotion she instilled into her song the incongruity of breaking her heart to a lively waltz measure or going mad over a love tragedy in a light and airy musical gymnastic contest with the first flute in the orchestra.

It is rare, indeed, that the trills and extreme high notes in Lucia's arias and particularly the elaborate soarings, sudden downward swoops and lofty flights of the mad scene are given with such pure and limpid sweetness of tone and perfect ease and grace as was done by Mme. Tetrazzini. She brought the audience to its feet again and again and at the close of several of her scenes it seemed as if the people could not leave off applauding.

The singer was plainly pleased and inspired by the warmth of her reception, and after the first scene with Ashton in the second act the players ventured so far forward in bowing acknowledgments that the heavy curtain fell between Mr. Polese and Mme. Tetrazzini, striking her on the arm. The blow gave evident pain, but it in no wise interfered with her work through the rest of the opera.

The other singers were fully equal to their parts, while Mr. Polese, with his splendidly sonorous voice and forceful acting, aided largely in the success of the performance.

Nov 31 1910

## MISS MARY GARDEN SINGS GRISELIDIS

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON THEATRE—First performance in Boston of Massenet's "Griselidis," a lyric tale in prologue and three acts, by the Manhattan Opera Company. Mr. de la Fuente conducted.

Griselidis ..... Miss Mary Garden  
Flaminius ..... Mme. Walter-Villa  
Bertrade ..... Mme. Duchene  
The Marquis ..... Mr. Dufranne  
Alain ..... Mr. Devries  
The Devil ..... Mr. Huberdeau  
The Prior ..... Mr. Villa  
Gondebaud ..... Mr. Scott

The public of Boston owes a heavy debt of gratitude to Mr. Hammerstein. He has made them acquainted with "Elektra," "Pelléas and Mélisande," "Louise," "Thais," "Tales of Hoffmann," "Our Lady's Juggler," and it is not his fault that the beauty and splendor of "Salome" have not been revealed to this public. Last night he produced "Griselidis," and a small audience witnessed the performance.

The story of this opera has been told at length in The Herald. In the old tale the chastity of Griselidis was never tempted. Even Boccaccio spared her this proof. French librettists meditating the story were assailed by evil thoughts, as were the saints in



Mary Garden as Griselidis.

the desert who wrote hymns as prayers against possible disturbance of holy nights. Massenet welcomed the new version of the story, for when he wrote the music he could not have endured the thought of a heroine untempted or not tempting.

And in the new version the devil is introduced, a devil with comic songs, a devil with a wife whom he secretly fears. This, perhaps, gives mediaeval color to the story.

Whatever we may think of the corruption of the old and cruel tale, we may easily admit that the libretto has a certain interest; that it appeals to the composer, the scene painter and the stage machinist.

The music was written hurriedly, it is said, and Massenet is in the habit of writing hurriedly. The opera shows it.

The prologue is charming from beginning to end. There is beautiful musical thought. There is true atmosphere; there is poetic expression. Here Massenet is revealed in his happiest vein, and there is no denying the facility, the fluency of the man, his mastery of orchestral effects, his sensuous melody, his intimate knowledge of stage effects. He was born for the theatre.

Unfortunately, the music of the acts that follow the prologue is only theatrical when it is effective, and, what is worse, it is often dull. There is little in the first that is interesting. There is no musical delineation of character here or later. There is no true emotion in this first act. The two salient features are the bustle that attends the departure of the marquis and the final tableau of Griselidis and the child at the window. The effect is not musical, it is only one of situation.

The Devil's song of a man's happiness when his wife is far from home

has an agreeable operetta character and it is cleverly orchestrated. But what idle chatter between the Devil and his wife! How paltry the music when they enter disguised as orientals! All this inspires yawning.

Relief comes with the incantation

scene, and here the scene itself, with the veiled spirits and the effects of light and darkness, is more than the music. There is little true passion in the duet between Griselidis and Alain, as there was no true feeling in the preceding act, when the Marquis farewelled his wife and child. There is the old familiar use of the violoncellos caterwauling in sensuousness, there are the old familiar formulas, but there is no warmth in the music for the voices.

The act is saved by the final scene when the Devil carries off the child, who unwittingly saved his mother's honor, but this whole scene is rankly theatrical, as theatrical as any in "Belphegor the Mountebank" or "The Span of Life." In this second act the most genuine musical effects are those gained by the use of unseen choruses, of voices replying to the Devil, or of voices heard in prayer.

The third act is again theatrical, and the last effect is an ingenious stage trick. All in all, "Griselidis" is the weakest opera of Massenet that we have heard. There is the same unerring instinct in orchestration; there is the same knowledge of the stage, but the melodic vein is thin, and the music is seldom emotional or the portrayal of tender sentiment.

The opera was beautifully staged and finely acted. Miss Garden no longer was fatigued by her work in afternoon, for in sustained song tones were usually pale and thin, excitative, or when she actually





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Bernice de Pasquali as Lady Henrietta.

spoke, her voice had the old subtle and irresistible charm. She acted the part with a sweet dignity and in the melodrama of the second act she showed an intensity that moved the audience.

Mr. Dufranne's noble voice and admirable vocal art were displayed in the part of the Marquis. Mr. Huberdeau sang impressively in the incantation scene, but he was a dry and phlegmatic Devil, not the merry fellow of the librettists. The minor parts were well taken. Mr. Devries sang with true expression in the prologue and with much fervor in the love scene. Mr. de la Fuente conducted with fine appreciation of the score, but the exposed orchestra was bolsterous at times.

"Griseidids" will be remembered here chiefly as a beautiful production. The audience was enthusiastic after the prologue and the second act.

The opera this afternoon will be Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," with Mmes. Trentini, Duchene, Gentile, Dubols and Messrs. Devries, Renaud and Glibert as the chief singers.

The operas tonight will be "La Navarraise," with Mme. Gerville Reache and Messrs. Dalmores, Dufranne and Huberdeau as the chief singers, and "The Daughter of the Regiment," with Mme. Tetrassini and Messrs. McCormack and Glibert.

## RUSSIAN DANCERS MAKE HIT.

Performance of "Marta" Unworthy of Metropolitan Opera Company.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE — FLOTOW'S "Marta," performed yesterday afternoon by the Metropolitan Opera Company. Mr. Podesti conducted.

Lady Enrichetta....Mme. de Pasquali  
Nancy.....Mme. Homer  
Lionello.....Mr. Boncl  
Plunketto.....Mr. Didur  
Sir Tristan.....Mr. Glanoli-Galletti  
Lo Sceriffo.....Mr. Wulman

The performance was unworthy of the reputation of the Metropolitan Opera Company, unworthy of the large audience. Even Mr. Boncl, a master of bel canto, was not at his best, and he too often sacrificed quality of tone in the endeavor to make effects by sheer volume. He was applauded enthusiastically after his singing of the romance.

Mme. de Pasquali sang here in opera for the first time. She was born in Boston, in Dorchester, I am told. It would be a pleasure to praise her singing and her action, but regard for the truth forbids. She was in no way adequate. Her tones were tremulous and many of them were acid; her sustained singing was without sympathetic quality, and her singing of florid passages was ineffective and often faulty. Her acting was without charm or distinction.

Mme. Homer was not in the vein.

Mr. Didur was a robust and throaty Plunketto. The pretty little quartets were sung roughly and as though they had not been rehearsed. Mr. Podesti led a coarse orchestral performance.

Delibes' "Coppella" followed, and Mr. Podesti disregarded the many beauties of the music and led in a most perfunctory and ordinary manner.

Swanilda.....Anna Pavlova  
Frantz.....Michael Mordkin  
Une Poupée.....Lucette de Lievin  
Coppelius.....Lodivico Saracco  
Le Bourgmestre.....Luigi Morandi

Anna Pavlova of St. Petersburg and Mr. Mordkin of Moscow were seen here for the first time, and they cannot be seen too often. A male dancer in the ballet is generally stupid and vain. Mr. Mordkin is the personification of manly grace. He is sculptural, yet lightness itself. It is a pleasure to see him in repose or in action, for it is soothing to the pride of the male and confirms the theory of Schopenhauer.

Anna Pavlova of St. Petersburg and of the symbolic school. Her technic is remarkable, and especially in this: feats that other fine dancers accomplish are evidently tasks, but Anna Pavlova never allows the spectator to realize the difficulties over which she triumphs. Nothing more beautiful has been seen here for years than her flight from a front corner of the stage diagonally to the rear—a line that was as melodic as it was rhythmic. Never was there an ungraceful attitude, and that which was inherently academic became romantic.

Her pantomime is as remarkable as her dancing. Her personality is most engaging. She and Mr. Mordkin were frequently and most heartily applauded. The ballet as a whole gave much pleasure, in spite of Mr. Podesti's cruel treatment of the music.

The performance which began at 1:45 was not over until 6:30. An act or two of "Marta" might well have been omitted.

## 'LA BOHEME' GIVEN AT OPERA HOUSE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE — The

Metropolitan opera company produced last night "La Boheme," an opera in four acts, by Giacomo Puccini. Mr. Podesti conducted. Cast:

Rodolfo.....Enrico Caruso  
Schaunard.....Antonio Pini-Corsi  
Mimi.....Alma Gluck  
Parpignol.....Giuseppe Techi  
Marcello.....Dinah Gilly  
Colline.....Andrea de Segurora  
Benolt, Alcindoro.....F. Glanoli-Galletti  
Musetta.....Lenora Sparkes  
Sergente.....Edoardo Missiano  
Doganliere.....Giulio Maresi

A picture of a side of beef hanging in an Amsterdam butcher shop painted by an old Dutch master may be worth a king's ransom today. When one sees the originals of Hogarth's "Rake's Progress" in the National Gallery in London one understands why they are there and are priceless. In each case it is not the subject, but the marvellous work of the artist in drawing, in technique and in coloring that creates the value.

In somewhat similar fashion the photographic pictures of the grisettes and students of the Latin Quarter, set to music by Puccini, are made worth the labor and expense of an opera house representation, when the movement and color and singing are furnished by a group of artists like those who appeared last night. On this occasion the hearty and frequent applause of the large and sumptuously arrayed assemblage was justified.

There were two singers new to Boston in the cast, Miss Gluck and Mr. Gilly. Miss Gluck is a young New York girl, and this is her first season in the Metropolitan Company. With a pleasing personality, an extremely clear and fluent voice of sufficient power for last night's demands, with an intelligent grasp of the character and with marked ability in presenting her conception of it, she was a natural, simple-minded, loyal and unfortunate Mimi and won richly deserved plaudits. Her death scene was remarkable for its naturalness and good taste.

Mr. Gilly is an Arabian. Last night he was a young French would-be painter of the Latin Quarter, full of quips and cranks and more or less wanton wiles, droll when drollery was fitting, boyish always, with overflowing zest in life and with genuine human pathos, when he lost his Musetta or her saw Mimi's sufferings. His performance throughout was marked with the subtlety and the agility, both physical and mental, that is associated with the Arab. Besides he could sing and did.

Caruso and the others whose work in the opera is familiar here joined in producing a picture that was a work of art, because it was apparently entirely human and alive.

The orchestra under Mr. Podesti's leadership and the chorus, when it swarmed about the Cafe Momos or blew its fingers at the Paris gate,

helped to make the performance complete.

## "OUR LADY'S JUGGLER."

Miss Garden and Mr. Renaud Received with Appreciation.

BOSTON THEATRE — Massenet's operatic miracle play, "Our Lady's Juggler," performed by the Manhattan Grand Opera Company, Oscar Hammerstein, director; Mr. de la Fuente conductor.

Jean the Juggler.....Miss Mary Garden  
Boniface.....Mr. Maurice Renaud  
The Prior.....Mr. Huberdeau  
The Poet Monk.....Mr. Lucas  
The Musician Monk.....Mr. Crabbe  
The Painter Monk.....Mr. Laskin  
The Sculptor Monk.....Mr. Scott

The extreme enthusiasm evinced yesterday afternoon doubtless somewhat compensated the performers for an audience deplorably small. Much appreciation for Miss Garden and Mr. Renaud was shown by applause and acclamation, and there were many curtain calls.

Massenet might easily have fallen into musical commonplace by drawing as largely as he does upon the

ecclesiastical and folksong forms naturally invited by his subject; through his skill in instrumentation he has lifted the familiar rhythms of a shepherd's dance or the strains of an obvious pastoral to music which has the charm of real individuality, yet retains fitting simplicity. The music is, in fact, striking in its suitability, and at times has real beauty or pathos, until the last act, where the juggler so trustingly offers his service to the virgin. Massenet has here given out considerable musical trumpery, and his effects are gained by melodic and instrumental cheapness.

The directness and pathos of the quaint story would carry this opera were it not so well played and sung as yesterday. It was an idea new in this age and essential to the pro-

servance of consistent medievalism to have only male voices for the chief parts. To change the part of the Juggler for a soprano makes the appeal to the listener very different from what it should be. The presentation becomes a curious kind of freakish device by which Miss Garden tests her powers. Probably she would not wish to succeed in giving an illusion of masculinity. Yet without that the opera certainly suffers. The incongruity of the high voice is not so apparent in the first act, but very disturbing in the second.

Notwithstanding the reported improvement in Miss Garden's singing, her voice discloses the old faults of shrillness and lack of quality in anything more than the declamatory portions of her part. That she is an actress of unusual ability is evident here, as in all her impersonations; there is constant significance of face and gesture, but she is too much a figure of grace and charm.

Mr. Renaud gave a most satisfying portrayal of the humorous, kindly and wise Boniface. Mr. Huberdeau was an impressive Prior, and of the company of monks, Mr. Lucas, as the poet, was by far the best. Mr. de la Fuente conducted with entire success.

## "TALES OF HOFFMANN."

Offenbach's Opera Performed by the Manhattan Company.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON THEATRE — Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," performed yesterday afternoon by the Manhattan Grand Opera Company. Oscar Hammerstein, director. Mr. de la Fuente conducted.

Antonia.....Miss Trentini  
Olympia.....Miss Trentini  
Giulietta.....Mme. Duchene  
Nicklausse.....Miss Gentile  
A Voice.....Mme. Dubols  
Hoffmann.....Mr. Devries  
Dappertutto, Coppelius, Miracle.....Mr. Renaud  
Spalanzini, Crespel.....Mr. Glibert  
Lindorf, Schlemihl.....Mr. Crabbe  
Cochenille, Pitichibaccio, Franz.....Mr. Leroux

Hermann.....Mr. Venturini  
Luther.....Mr. Zuro

The opera and the performance deserved a crowded house. The small audience was enthusiastic. There was stormy applause in the course of the performance, and after each act there were many curtain calls.

Miss Trentini was an excellent puppet, although the music given to Olympia calls for a singer of more vocal ability; in fact, the music as written demands a coloratura singer of high proficiency. This part and that of Antonia tempted Mme. Sembrich, and she made more than one endeavor to persuade the Metropolitan Opera House company to produce the opera. Miss Trentini was a "cunning doll," and she acted with true comic spirit and without extravagance, and even her singing of florid passages, while it might not have excited the approbation of those who are sticklers for tone production and flawless coloratura, had a charm of its own and might justly be considered as appropriate to the automaton. Miss Trentini sang the music of Antonia with the charm of simplicity and with girlish emotion. Her Antonia was a pathetic figure, one that touched the heart. Mme. Duchene was an effective Giulietta. For the first time in Boston the music given to Nicklausse was heard, for Mme. Doria, the Nicklausse of last season, was then indisposed and her music was omitted.

Mr. Devries was a boyish Hoffmann. He acted gracefully and was a plausible lover. He sang with much taste. Mr. Renaud's skill in make-up and his superb acting were revealed in the widely different parts of Coppelius, the automaton maker, who in Hoffman's ghastly story, "The Sandman," put human eyes in his dolls; of Dappertutto, the polished and sinister ruffian; of Dr. Miracle, one of the most appalling figures in all opera, fantastical and terrible. His intonation was at times a little faulty in the extreme upper register, but his performance was so admirable, histrionically and vocally, that the few instances of falling below the true pitch were quickly forgotten. Mr. Glibert was a capital Spalanzini, an



as Crespel played and sang with marked intensity. The other parts were well taken.

The chorus did excellent work and Mr. de la Fuente conducted with authority and an appreciation of the composer's various moods. The baritone solo was encoired. The scenery was well devised, and that of the act in Venice with the effective grouping was beautiful.

And what a wealth of melody there is in this opera! What sparkling humor and tender sentiment; in Crespel's room what dramatic fire, imaginative force, rare pathos!

## GERVILLE-REACHE IN TRAGIC ACTING

Manhattan Opera Company  
Gives "La Navarraise" and  
"Daughter of the Regiment";  
Tetrazzini in Fine Voice.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON THEATRE: Double bill presented by Manhattan Grand Opera Company. Massenet's "La Navarraise," Mr. de la Fuente conducted.

Anita.....Mme. Gerville-Reache  
Araquil.....Mr. Lucas  
Garrito.....Mr. Dufrenne  
Remigio.....Mr. Huberdeau  
Ramon.....Mr. Crabbe  
Bastamente.....Mr. Nicolay

No doubt the success of Cavalleria Rusticana excited Massenet to the composition of "La Navarraise." No doubt he wished to show that he, too, could write a short and intensely tragic music drama, without lapsing into sentimentalism, or without painting of character in miniature.

His success was complete. Not only is there in the music the shock and fury of battle; not only is there a representation of war with its brutality; not only is there music for the accentuation of elemental passions; there is also an artistic grasp, a sense of proportion, there are sharp contrasts as in the exquisite orchestral nocturne with its atmosphere and romance; there is the rough gaiety of Bastamente's song; there is the suggestion of the Jota with its haunting rhythm when Anita and Araquil talk of how they first met and loved. This little opera is a masterpiece.

It was produced with the perfection of detail which is associated with the name of Mr. Hammerstein as operatic manager. Nothing could have been more stirring and dramatic than the "business" of the return of the defeated troops, and throughout the performance there was the evidence of rare intelligence and experience in preparation.

Mme. Gerville-Reache's Anita was raised enthusiastically last season. Her impersonation is now even more engrossing and tragic. It is superb in every way; in the use of a remarkably rich voice, now sombre, now darkly brilliant, for dramatic effect; in the intensity of action; in the harrowing final scene, where Anita goes mad and laughs that never to be forgotten laugh.

Mr. Lucas acted with much spirit and for the most part sang effectively. The others were excellent, and a feature of the performance was Bastamente's song with the chorus. Mr. de la Fuente conducted with the appropriate fire and gave a most poetic reading of the nocturne.

The audience, which was a very large one, was deeply interested and excited and there was a scene of enthusiasm.

Donizetti's gay and delightful "Daughter of the Regiment" followed and the audience that had been chilled was at once in holiday mood. Anselmi conducted. The cast was as follows:

Maria.....Mme. Tetrazzini  
Maurice of Ferrara.....Mme. Dufrenne  
Maurice.....Mr. McCormack  
Maurice.....Mr. Gerville  
Maurice.....Mr. Nicolay

Mme. Tetrazzini was in fine voice and a perfect spirit. And how she sang! Her song was of inimitable purity of tone, not with cold and crystalline beauty, but with warmth and vitality. It was a rare gem that she offered



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Mme. Tetrazzini in Title Role at Boston Theatre.

singers too evidently technical tasks. Her audacity in coloratura is as marked as it was last season, and in sustained song she has improved. Her phrasing now has more significance; the melodic line is longer and richer; there is more emotional quality. And how vivacious she was: not foolishly or grotesquely kittenish, but bubbling over with merriment that was contagious.

At the end she interpolated the waltz from Gounod's "Mireille." No wonder the audience, in the course of the performance and at the end, applauded her to the echo. As long as such singers grace the stage we need not bewail the "decay in the art of song," a subject that serves writers of educational articles today, as it did Tosi and Mancini in the 18th century,

for they too, looked back and shook their heads and wrote wisely and mournfully about the golden age of song.

The audience was enthusiastic over Mr. McCormack, and justly. Seldom does a tenor of his youth, personal charm and present accomplishments come before a public; seldom is there a tenor who gives such promise for the future. Mr. McCormack is a lyric tenor. His voice is of the finest quality, pure and sympathetic throughout. He uses this voice with uncommon skill.

He has learned many things, as the art of swelling and diminishing a tone without apparent effort and without change in tonal quality. Nor does he abuse any one of his accomplishments. He does not try to act; he is simple, modest, natural, and thus he makes effects that are denied more reckless and self-conscious souls. If tenors have souls, for some have been led to separate tenors from other human beings. He respects his audience, as he respects his associates on the stage. Last night he gave pleasure by the lightness and fleetness of his recitative; by the purity and compelling charm of his singing; by his manly, unaffected bearing.

Mr. Gilbert's Sulpice was applauded here when the opera was performed with Mme. Sembrich as Marie. It is a capital impersonation, rich in humor, without extravagance, soldierly, very human.

All in all a night long to be remembered. Seldom are the tragic and the comic in musical art so effectively presented.

The opera this evening will be Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande." The singers will be Miss Garden, Mme. Gerville-Reache, Miss Trentini, Messrs. Devries, Dufrenne, Huberdeau and Crabbe.

Mr. Hammerstein makes the announcement that the name of Mme. Gerville-Reache should be added to the list of singers who will appear at the Sunday night concert.

### TWO DRAMAS PRESENTED.

"Jeanne d'Arc at Vaucouleurs" and  
"The Horse Thieves."

At Union Hall, last night, the Twentieth Century Club drama committee presented two plays—"The Horse Thieves," by Hermann Hagedorn, Jr., and "Jeanne d'Arc at Vaucouleurs," by Will Hutchins. The casts:

"The Horse Thieves," played by the Neighborhood Club of West Medford: Al Bartlett, W. C. Willson; Mrs. Eliza Bartlett, Mrs. R. C. Sargent; Laura, Miss Ida C. Keay; Burt Haskell, S. B. Dudley; Ollie Morrill, F. A. Chilton; the Rev. James Clinch, A. W. Horne.

"Jeanne d'Arc at Vaucouleurs," played by the Deerfield Players: Robert de Baudricourt, Arthur Fuller; Jean Fournier, William Allen; Jean de Metz, Harold Flower; Bertrand de Poulangy, Philip Hall; Durand Las-sols, Will Hutchins; Henri le Royer, Paul Hawks; Catherine le Royer, Miss Julia Brown; a maidservant, Miss Mabel Brown; Jeanne d'Arc, Miss Kelsey Black.

"The Horse Thieves" is a good piece of work, with crudely picturesque American pioneer life for background, well characterized figures, an ingenious plot, combining melodrama and comedy, and with pleasing dialogue. It was fairly well played, in spite of moving at too slow a pace. W. C. Willson distinguished himself by a remarkably expert performance

of the chief character, the sheriff of Rio Blanco County.

In "Jeanne d'Arc at Vaucouleurs" Mr. Hutchins presented episodes in the life of the Maid just before leaving home. The piece showed literary skill, but no dramatic force. It was played with distressing slowness.

Miss Kelsey Black, as Jeanne, made a beautiful and appealing figure. She also gave signs of possessing undeveloped talent.

The acting, as a whole, suggested insufficient rehearsing. Only a few discerning persons discovered that the drama was in blank verse. They spread the report, but it evidently did not reach the stage.

In both plays the actors, with a few exceptions, spoke with indistinctness. Most of them obviously had no knowledge of the way to project speech into an auditorium.

April 2, 1910

### SIBELIUS' MUSIC PLAYED.

Symphony Orchestra Gives Twentieth  
Public Rehearsal.

The program of the 20th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Beethoven  
"Francesca da Rimini"....Tschalkowsky  
Elegie and Musette from the suite  
taken from incidental music to  
Paul's "King Christian II."

Sibelius  
Valse triste from the music to  
"Kuolema".....Sibelius  
Overture "Carnival".....Dvorak

The symphony was well played, and Mr. Fiedler's reading was effective, although exceptions might be taken to his turning the allegretto into an allegro. The "jolly gathering of country folk" did not cross in the bounds of respectability.

Tschalkowsky's "Francesca da Rimini" is profoundly emotional and dramatic. Mr. Fiedler took the allegro, the musical picture of the hellish storm, which never rests and leads the spirits with its sweep, at so fast a pace that even the accomplished virtuosos of the orchestra were hardly able to play the notes, much less give expression to them. Mr. Fiedler of late has shown a singular tendency to rush his allegros so that the result is confusion and tumult. It is true that this allegro of Tschalkowsky is an "allegro vivo," but it is not an unreasonable one. The section which depicts Francesca with her pathetic story was played poetically.

Three short pieces by Sibelius were performed here for the first time. The Elegie and Musette are from a suite made out of the incidental music to Adolf Paul's tragedy, "King Christian II." The Elegie is a romance for strings, and it has tender sentiment, but it is the tenderness of strength, far removed from sentimentalism or mere prettiness. The Musette, for clarinets, bassoons and strings, is a delightful little piece, not too archaic, yet with decided character. The Valse triste, for small orchestra, is also taken from the music to a drama, Jaernfelt's "Death." On the stage a woman, dying, hears in delirium waltz music and sees the shapes of dancers. She rises from her bed and would fain dance with them. They seem to avoid her. The dance grows wilder. There is a knocking at the door. The music ceases and the shapes vanish. The door opens. Death enters. Played in concert, without any reference to the stage, this strange and mournful waltz makes an effect. Little pieces like these, yet they are the work of a true master, and as they were played yesterday they made a marked impression. A very fast performance of Dvorak's "Carnival" overture brought the end.

## MISS GARDEN SEEN IN DEBUSSY OPERA

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON THEATRE—Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande" performed by the Manhattan Grand Opera Company. Oscar Hammerstein, director. Mr. de la Fuente conducted.





(Photo by Davis & Eckemeyer.)

Melisande.....Miss Mary Garden  
Genevieve.....Mme. Gerville-Reache  
Little Ynold.....Miss Trentini  
Pelleas.....Mr. Devries  
Golaud.....Mr. Dufranne  
Arkel.....Mr. Huberdeau  
The Doctor.....Mr. Crabbe

Debussy's music to Maeterlinck's play is no longer to the modern Athenians foolishness, nor a stumbling block to the musician. It is now recognized as a marvellous accompaniment to the drama, music that Maeterlinck might have dreamed were it not for the fact that he is wholly ignorant of the art, and it is said that he dislikes music, except when his wife, Georgette Leblanc, sings it. Now also it is recognized that "Pelleas and Melisande" is not an opera in the conventional meaning of the word, not a music-drama as that species of art is understood by devoted disciples of Wagner. "Pelleas and Melisande" is rather a species of melodrama.

Maeterlinck's play should not have been treated otherwise. These men and women, who, to use Bruneau's phrase, move in an atmosphere of crape, enigmatical, remote, in a land unknown to the geographer and the statistician, a stranger land than any visited by an Arabian prince in search of his loved bride, who flew away in her winged dress; these men and women who live where there is apparently no sense of time, resigned to a mysterious fate, vaguely oppressed or cruelly treated, are not designed for arias, for cut-and-dried recitative, or even for the Wagnerian phrases.

Musically accompanied, they are seen to suffer and be sad as in a dream within a dream, and the music often recalls the words of Pater: "A dream that lingers a moment \* \* \* a breath, a flame in the doorway, a feather in the wind." To attempt to explain this music would be as futile as it would be to explain the drama, to name the family and birthplace of Melisande, to draw up an examination paper on the symbolism of the text and action.

This music is not for Mr. Gradgrind who insists on facts. It is vaporous, illusive. It is of the air, the sun, the night. It has the restlessness of the imaginative. It is akin to the poetry of Vaughan, Poe, Verlaine. It is the heightened prose of Maeterlinck.

And this music is the one thing expression, as though it were shaped only for this drama of sad shadows. Such treatment for a robust subject would be absurd. It remains to be seen whether Debussy will evolve another form of musical expression for another opera.

And so "Pelleas and Melisande" is a thing in art unique, incomparable.

The performance last night was in a few respects less effective than those of last season, but on the whole it was engrossing, poetical. Mr. de la Fuente, an admirable conductor, gave a thoughtful reading of the score that would have been impressive had we not remembered that of Mr. Campanini, who preserved a more continuous orchestral flow, whose nuances were more delicate. Mr. de la Fuente's was the more objective, and in certain passages more dramatic. Mr. Campanini's was more subtle and ethereal.

Mr. Devries took the part of Pelleas for the first time, and when the difficulties of the impersonation are considered his performance was creditable to him. He is more in the part than was Mr. Dalmores, who seemed a sturdy man of today thrown by accident among the dwellers in the strange castle. The true Pelleas was that of Mr. Perier, who created the part and was seen in New York.

Mr. Dufranne's Golaud is a superb creation in its diction, action, authority. Mr. Huberdeau was an excellent Arkel, and Mme. Gerville-

Reache, Miss Trentini and Mr. Crabbe were again ideal in their respective characterizations.

Miss Garden is still the Melisande of Maeterlinck, the mysterious, adorable, pathetic figure. It is hard to think of any other woman in the part, yet others have taken it with some success. But have others the face, the bearing, the voice of this Melisande? To those who have seen her all others must be as masqueraders in her dress, and if they have an original conception, it would seem as though they could not be the woman imagined by the Belgian and the vision seen and heard by Debussy.

"Pelleas and Melisande" is not a work to be easily staged. Mr. Colni's ability is recognized by all. Last night he was hampered by lack of room on the stage, so that in one instance the entrance did not fill the

time necessary for a change of scene. By some blunder the scene of the vaults was spoiled, and a lowering of the curtain was necessary until Golaud and Pelleas could again appear.

There was a large and deeply interested audience. There were curtain calls, but the drama and the music are so beautiful that bolsterous applause would be impertinent. The highest tribute to the beautiful is silence.

The opera this afternoon will be "La Traviata," with Mme. Tetrzzini and Messrs. McCormack and Polese. The opera this evening will be "Thais," with Mmes. Garden, Trentini, Duchene and Messrs. Renaud, Devries, Scott and Nicolay. The season will end tonight.

## SLEZAK'S ABSENCE AGAIN DISAPPOINTS

"Mastersingers of Nuremburg,"

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Wagner's "Mastersingers of Nuremburg," performed by the Metropolitan opera company. Mr. Toscanini conducted. Sachs.....Walter Soomer  
Pogner.....Robert Blass  
Beckmesser.....Otto Goritz  
Kothner.....Adolf Muehlmann  
Walter von Stolzing.....Carl Joern  
David.....Albert Reiss  
Eva.....Johanna Gadske  
Magdalene.....Florence Wickham

A large audience was greatly disappointed last night because Mr. Slezak, the tenor, did not sing. The programs contained a slip which spoke of "sudden indisposition." Twice has the announcement been made by the Metropolitan opera company that Mr. Slezak would sing in Boston. Twice has the public been disappointed.

Mr. Joern was inadequate as Walter. He showed nearly all of the faults of the hardened German tenor, and as Walter is a lyric, not a heroic, part, the mastersingers were not to be blamed for rejecting him when proposed for their body, and Beckmesser for once appeared as a Daniel come to judgment. Mr. Soomer sang here for the first time. He has a light and agreeable voice, too light for Hans Sachs. He used his voice with considerable skill, but his Sachs was not strongly characterized, the nature of the cobbler-poet was not brought out; in a word, the central figure of the composition was weakly drawn and pale in color.

Mr. Reiss' David is familiar to our operagoers. Mr. Goritz gave a carefully composed impersonation of Beckmesser, which was excellent in many ways. This Beckmesser was neither an Iago nor a buffoon. He was a respected citizen, pigheaded, fanatical, who, after the manner of other composers, took material for his own song where he could find it and, after the manner of some composers, did not improve on the original.

Mme. Gadske's Eva was mannered, artificial, without true girlishness, without charm. The other parts were respectably filled, though Mr. Muehlmann was unfortunate as Kothner.

The opera was finely put on the stage, and the stage management was admirable. Nothing has been seen here for a long time that surpassed the setting of the second act or the business of the crowd in the finale with the apparition of frightened or angry faces at the windows.

The music of this opera has been better sung here many times; in fact, the vocal performance, so far as the chief singers were concerned, was mediocre, unworthy of the Metropolitan Opera House. The consolation was in the way in which the opera was mounted and in the wonderful interpretation of the score by Mr. Toscanini.

The orchestral music of this opera was heard last night in its infinite beauty and richness for the first time. Even Mr. Seidl's interpretation seemed pedestrian in comparison. The song last night was in the orchestra.

Never have we heard from an operatic conductor a reading so elastic, so shot through with beauty, so varied in appropriate expression, so ravishing, eloquent, compelling, except from Mr. Toscanini when he conducted "Tristan und Isolde."

GEO. SO

## MISS FARRAR KISSES MARTIN

Shows Her Appreciation of Her Fellow-Artist in "Tosca."

Yesterday afternoon the Metropolitan opera company presented "Tosca" with the following cast:

Flora Tosca.....Geraldine Farrar  
Mario Cavaradosi.....Riccardo Martin  
Il Barone Scarpia.....Antonio Scotti  
Cesare Angelotti.....Paul Anselmi  
Il Sagrestano.....F. Giamoli-Galletti  
Spoletta.....Leo Devaux  
Sciarrone.....Bernard Begue  
Un Carceriere.....Edoardo Missiano  
Un Pastore.....Lilla Snelling

The audience was of good size, though the boxes were mainly conspicuous for their emptiness. The performance was of notable merit. Both Miss Farrar and Mr. Martin were in brilliant voice and both of them gave a superb performance. Their singing in the last act roused the audience to enthusiasm. Again and again they were called out and Miss Farrar showed her appreciation of her fellow-artist by kissing him on the lips. Mr. Martin evidently relished the salutation and the audience expressed warm sympathy. Mr. Scotti, though not in his best voice, won admiration for his effective impersonation of Scarpia.

## VERDI'S "LA TRAVIATA."

Tetrzzini Shares with McCormack Applause of Big Audience.

BOSTON THEATRE—Verdi's "La Traviata," performed yesterday afternoon by the Manhattan Grand Opera Company, Oscar Hammerstein, director. Mr. Anselmi conducted.

Violetta.....Mme. Tetrzzini  
Flora Bervox.....Miss Gentle  
Alfredo.....Mr. McCormack  
Germont.....Mr. Polese  
Gaston.....Mr. Venturini  
Baron Duphol.....Mr. Fossetta  
Dr. Grenville.....Mr. de Grazia

While the world has the good fortune to possess singers like Mme. Tetrzzini and Mr. McCormack, audiences will crowd, push, battle, even as did that of yesterday afternoon, for a few hours of genuine pleasure.

Few singers have had the multiplicity of gifts that make Mme. Tetrzzini's art a delight, in regard to which one can have no mental reservations. All these gifts—her amazing range, her absolute assurance in coloratura, her glowing and appealing beauty of tone, above all, her inimitable ease—were in the ascendant yesterday. Moreover, her acting was as sympathetic as her voice, and she gave so successfully the illusion of illness in the last act that there was the real pathos and moving quality always inherent in the music, but sometimes obscured by the absurdities latent in the action.

Mr. McCormack has already awakened the liveliest enthusiasm in two parts. As Alfredo he had larger opportunities to display his powers, both of song and action, which he utilized with unqualified success. A large share of the frantic applause was for him, as was made evident by shouts and calls; after the third act he was presented an enormous floral harp—politely and aptly suggestive of that which once "through Tara's halls"; and Mme. Tetrzzini doubtless was pleased to be able to beautify with it as she did that "poor chamber" of the fourth act, in which she lay in lace cap and ermine coverlet.

The other parts were well taken; it is not all Germont's fault if he is a bore. Mr. Anselmi conducted with Italian fire and lost no chance of bringing out the salient points of the score. The ballet was not equal to the rest of the performance, but the settings were particularly good. The garden scene of the second act was unusually attractive.

It will be a matter for deep regret if Boston has not the luck to hear Mme. Tetrzzini and Mr. McCormack next year.

## MARY GARDEN IN "THAIS."

Star Called Before Curtain Repeatedly by Enthusiastic Audience.

BOSTON THEATRE—Massenet's "Thais," an opera in three acts, produced last night by the Manhattan Grand Opera Company, closed the



season of Mr. Hammerstein's organization. Mr. de la Fuente conducted. Thais.....Miss Mary Garden  
Croyla.....Mlle. Trentini  
Myrtale.....Mme. Duchene  
Albine.....Mme. Duchene  
Athaniel.....Maurice Renaud  
Niclas.....Mr. Lucas  
Païemon.....Mr. Scott  
A servant.....Mr. Nicolay

Beholding Mary Garden in the full undress of an Alexandrine beauty weaving her spell of sensuous witchery about the poor monk from the desert who had come to town to convert her, it was natural for the sympathy of every man in the big audience to go out to that monk. The wonder was that he did not yield on the spot instead of withstanding the fearful temptation till the last act. But that would have spoiled the story.

Mr. Renaud made it plain with extreme realism that the ordeal was terrific, but he carried it through bravely to the end, and only succumbed when it was too late, and his bewitching convert had become not only the bride of the church, but of death.

It is difficult to imagine a more convincing embodiment of Thais at the height of her sway in Alexandria than Miss Garden, and she was never more potent in her physical allurements than she was last night.

After her conversion the illusion of newly acquired spirituality was not so complete as it might be, but it was sufficient to prevent serious marring of the performance, and in both aspects of the character the singer aroused hearty enthusiasm. In the lighter, more delicate and tenderer passages her singing was exquisite. She and Mr. Renaud were called before the curtain repeatedly at the close of each scene.

The work of the principals, of the orchestra and the chorus left little to be desired in giving a well-balanced production of the opera. After the second act the so-called "Meditation" was given by the orchestra, with Mr. Riesenfeld playing the leading violin part and the audience compelled a repetition of it.

## COLONNE VISITED BOSTON TWICE

Conductor Who Died Last Week  
Came Here First in 1868 as  
Concert Master of Opera  
Bouffe Company.

### CAREER OF ANTON WITEK, NEW SYMPHONY LEADER

By PHILIP HALE.

Edouard Colonne, the distinguished conductor, who died last week, visited Boston twice in the course of his long and honorable career.

He first came to America in 1868-9 as concert master of an opera bouffe company managed by Col. James Fisk, Jr. In the company were Irma-Marie, who was Colonne's first wife, Miss Foster, Miss Duclos, Miss Hamilton, Aujac, Duchesne, Leduc, Leyriffard. The engagement at the Boston Theatre began Feb. 8, 1869. The operettas were all by Offenbach. "Barbe Bleue," "La Perle Chinoise" (first time), "La Grande Duchesse," "La Belle Helene," "Orpheus aux Enfers," and these three little pieces performed here for the first time "Lisichen et Fritzchen," "La Chanson de Fortunio," "M. Choufchou." At the performance on Feb. 20, 1869, Colonne played a violin solo.

The second and last visit to Boston was in 1894. He was invited in 1903 to conduct the concerts of the Philharmonic Society of New York on Nov. 12-14, and he was again invited in 1904.

He conducted a performance in Boston of "The Damnation of Faust" by the Cecilia Society at its winter concert on Dec. 12, 1904. For one reason or other he did not con-

duct at the subscription concert on Dec. 13, to the regret of many. Obligated to go back to New York the night of the wage earners' concert, he sent a telegram saying that on account of a storm there was no assurance that he could return to Boston in time. It was said, however, that he was greatly disappointed at the small size of the orchestra engaged by the Cecilia. In Paris he was accustomed to an orchestra of at least 121 players when he conducted "The Damnation of Faust."

Colonne's first name was Judas and he was born at Bordeaux, July 23, 1838. The family was originally Italian, and its home was Nice. Colonne changed his baptismal name to Jules, and later to Edouard. In 1858 he took the first prize for harmony at the Paris Conservatory and in 1863 the first prize for violin playing. He began his career as first violinist of the Opera orchestra and he remained there until 1867. He joined Pasdeloup's orchestra in 1861 and he was a member of Lamoureux's string quartet. After he returned from his first visit to America he conducted for his sister-in-law, Galli-Marie, who afterward became famous as the first Carmen.

In 1873 the organization with which his name will be associated was founded in Paris. The society was first known as the Concert National; then the Association Artistique. Hartmann, the publisher, was at the head of it. When the first concert of 1874-75 was given there was only \$45 in the treasury. The prices of admission were so low that the receipts of a concert could not go over \$500. Mme. Erard contributed \$1200 that ends might meet, but Hartmann hesitated to go on. Colonne then took full charge, and the concerts were given at the Chatelet Theatre, instead of the Odeon.

When the 30th anniversary was celebrated, March 1, 1903, 809 concerts had been given, 267 composers had been represented, 1731 different works had been performed.

Colonne was appointed conductor of the Paris Opera in 1891. He made his debut with "Lohengrin." On May 12, 1893, he conducted the first performance of "The Valkyrie" in Paris, and on June 30, 1893, he conducted the Opera for the last time. He told a London reporter in 1896 that he left the Opera because he found the work too hard.

His second wife, Eugenie Elise Vergin, whom he married in 1886, was an opera singer and afterward a singing teacher.

As a program maker Colonne was most catholic in taste and a true friend to the young French composer. He was zealous in bringing forward the works of Franck, Lalo, Godard, Holmes, Widor, Dubois, Debussy, Charpentier, Lefebvre, Lacombe, Bernard, and he interested himself in Tchaikowsky.

He was especially successful in conducting the works of Berlioz. He that has not heard Colonne conduct "The Damnation of Faust" in Paris does not know the work.

His conducting was famous for dash, brilliance, striking effects. It was said of him that he led his forces with vigor to the assault, but that he first examined patiently the battleground; he knew the forces at his disposal and prefaced his success by the most judicious employment of his resources. Hartmann, who died before him, described him as a man that would have been successful in any calling; "he would have been a victorious general, a wealthy merchant." Malherbe said of him: "He has movement, flame, the waving plume—as it was called in the days of romanticism. His performance is lyrical, if the expression may be allowed."

A student in Paris, I heard the concerts led by Colonne and by Lamoureux. Lamoureux's performances had greater finish; there was a finer sense of proportion in minute details; but they usually left the hearer cold. Colonne stirred the blood.

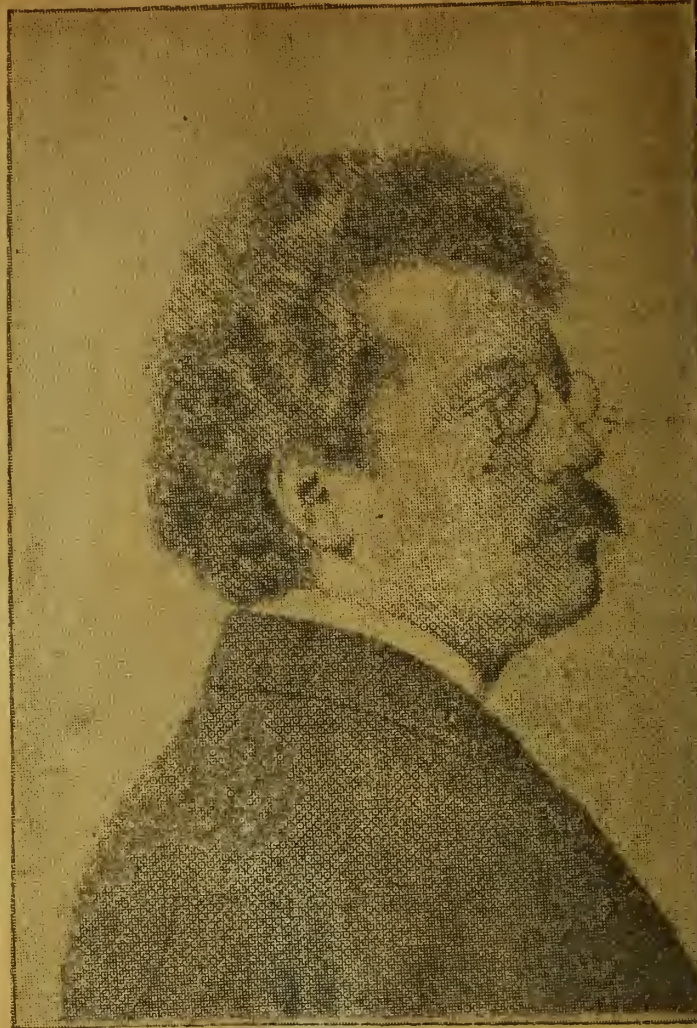
When Saint-Saens was asked which one of the two he preferred, he answered: "Both. Lamoureux is more precise; he is colder. Colonne is more elastic, more inspired."

Colonne and his orchestra were known all over Europe. They had been applauded in cities of Germany, Austria, Russia, Italy, Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands, Denmark, England.

He was a great man in his day and generation, and his influence made for musical righteousness.

The Herald publishes today a por-

## SYMPHONY'S NEW CONCERT MASTER



Anton Witek.

trait of Mr. Anton Witek, who will succeed Mr. Willy Hess as concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Witek was born at Saz, Bohemia, Jan. 7, 1872, and he

studied under Bennewitz, at Prague. In 1894 he was appointed concert master of the Philharmonic orchestra of Berlin. It is said of him as a violinist that he plays as a serious, solid, thoroughly grounded musician, and not as a virtuoso; that he is an excellent interpreter of the classic masters, and has a wide acquaintance with the modern repertory. He has travelled with success as a soloist in Scandinavia.

Many will mourn the decision of Mr. Hess to leave Boston, for he is an unsurpassable concert master, a violinist of many fine qualities, enthusiastic and indefatigable in his work, a genial, high-minded, honorable man. No one is more appreciative of worthy colleagues; no one is more generously disposed toward men of humbler attainments.

The inducements offered Mr. Hess to go to Berlin are many and flattering, and he is undoubtedly wise in accepting the offers. And Mr. Hess has the gypsy's love for wandering. Born at Mannheim in 1859, he played in Boston in 1869. He left America for Holland. He has lived in Heidelberg, Berlin, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Rotterdam, Manchester, Cologne, London. The good wishes of the public will go with him to Berlin.

A rumor has been spread that Mr. Andre Maquarre, the admirable first flute of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will leave Boston at the end of this season to accept a position with the Philharmonic Society of New York. The truth of this report is authoritatively denied. This is welcome news, for Mr. Maquarre's place could not be easily filled.

It has also been rumored that Mr. Alwin Schroeder, the violoncellist, will return to the orchestra, and this rumor is not denied.

Miss Muriel Terry, who appeared last September at the Boston Theatre as Volunteer Cadet Marosi in "The Gay Hussars," took the part of Carmen at Covent Garden, March 18, in the course of the Beecham opera season. The Pall Mall Gazette said: "Her reading of the character lacks distinction in its general aspect, although there were some clever touches in the acting, especially in the second act. The singing was rather uneven. It must be confessed, and not marked by any special feeling for style or

play of vocal color; allowance, however, should be made for the fact that Miss Terry had not previously sung the part in an English version, and particularly so this because her enunciation was so good. In this latter respect Miss Ruth Vincent was also admirable, while her singing of Micaela's music was always beautifully clear and pleasing." Miss Vincent, it may be remembered, was seen here in "Veronique."

Frances Rose, an American singer at the Berlin Royal Opera House, took the part of Chrysothemis in "Elektra" at the Covent Garden. Chrysothemis was willing to forget past horrors in love and marriage, and Strauss gave her a motive, "Desire of motherhood." "I am a woman," she exclaimed, "and wish a woman's fate."

It is a pleasure to learn that Miss Rose was recently married in London to one Conrad, a Berlin merchant. But she will not give up singing. She purposes to return to London to take the part of Salome in Strauss' opera when it is given there.

Miss Rose on March 14 took the part of Carmen at Covent Garden. Again I quote from the Pall Mall Gazette: "She has unusual histrionic ability, and her reading of the character is as mature as it is individual. It is only marred, to our thinking, by the neglect of vocal considerations. Miss Rose apparently preferring to express herself through her voice (and doing it very well, too), without sufficient regard to the music. One would like more dramatic expression by means of pure vocal color; particularly is this so, because nearly every note written for Carmen to sing is of high quality in itself, and is further capable of the modulation desired. Too often did she narrow the tone almost down to the point of actual speech, and regret was felt the more when at other times she was singing with such real charm." The Micaela on this occasion was Miss Gertrude Rennyson, who lived in Boston as a student and was known here as a singer in Mr. Savage's English Grand Opera Company.

Strauss' new and comic opera "Ochls von Lerchenau," for which he has received about \$62,500, will be "a costume play, with a rococo setting, of the patch and powder period introducing gaily-animated scenes in taverns and dancing halls."

Franz Lehar, the composer of "The Merry Widow," is at work on a serious lyric drama in one act, "Soldat enliebe."



# WYNDHAM STRIKES AT STAGE FETISH

New Book Presents Amusing  
Reflections on Some Modern  
Propensities to Worship at  
Feet of Stars.

SAYS ENGLISH AUTHORS  
TEND TO SNOBBISHNESS

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Horace Wyndham has written an entertaining little book, "The Magnificent Mummer: Some Reflections on the Twentieth Century Stage: Its Status and Pretensions." This book is published by F. V. White & Co., Limited, London.

There are actors who no doubt will object to the word "mummer" as derogatory. Yet it is a good old word, just as fiddler is for violinist. George Moore, who has been strangely silent of late, is fond of it, and his "Mummer's Wife" is by no means the weakest of his novels, although it shows the influence of Zola, the Zola of microscopic detail, and of the cataloguer's industry, not the Zola of epic pages.

Mummer meant originally one who mutters or murmurs. It afterward was the name for an actor in a dumb show, and long afterward, after three centuries and some years, for a play actor. Thus Carlyle exclaimed: "I, for one, will not call the man a hypocrite! Hypocrite, mummer, the life of him a mere theatricality." One of the tribe said to Henry Mayhew: "They talk of strolling actors living so jollily and well, but I never knew it fall to my share. What we call a mummer's feed is potatoes and herring"; and J. L. Toole used to tell a story of his early life as an actor: how he once took lodgings in a house and when he left the proprietor shook his hand warmly and said how delighted he should be to see him again, even though he were a mummer; for "the last mummers took away the chairs and tables."

Mr. Wyndham does not go into the history of the word itself. He begins his attack at once in the opening chapter: "The Cult of the Actor."

"I was talking the other day about the scope of this little book to one of our leading scene shifters. 'See here, guv'nor,' he remarked, in a burst of beery candor, 'I'll give you a straight tip. If you're writing anything about actors and actresses don't butter them up too much.' This was Wisdom speaking with the voice of Experience."

Reading theatrical reviews, novels, biographies, pamphlets, a man is almost persuaded that "everybody connected (no matter how remotely) with the art, profession or trade—call it what you will—carried on in the theatre is great, and good, and gifted, and a mighty fine fellow to boot. They are all 'stars' nowadays." Mr. Wyndham finds an utter lack of proportion. What would he say if he were to live in this country, where every little chattering and ebullient miss is described as a star of the first magnitude, where Mr. Raymond Hitchcock is advertised as "America's greatest comedian"—it was only a short time ago that Messrs. Wise and Fairbanks were advertised as "America's two leading comedians"—where Mr. George M. Cohan is treated seriously as a dramatist by many newspapers and by great audiences; where Mr. Augustus Thomas is considered as a deep thinking scientist who wishes through benevolent motives to communicate his knowledge to the gaping eager public through the medium of plays.

What wonder if these twinkling stars and eminent comedians take themselves seriously! "For myself," says Mr. Wyndham, "I am constrained to think that far too much importance attaches in the eyes of the general public to this art of what—when all is said and done—amounts to not very much more than painting one's face and pretending to be somebody else."

The Berlin correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph writes: "The revival of 'The Prophet' at the Royal Opera House here is due to the personal taste and initiative of Emperor William, rather than to any spontaneous demand on the part of the public. The work was originally produced in Berlin in 1850, and it was given 300 times in all before it was dropped out of the repertoire seven years ago. So pleased was the Emperor with the recent revival of 'The Huguenots,' that he decided to have 'The Prophet' put on with the same close attention to historic detail and scenic effects. His majesty personally attended rehearsals and ordered a number of alterations in the performance. Both text and score have been liberally modernized. One interesting change has been the expurgation of a number of sentiments of a rather revolutionary and even irreverent character. Practically the entire imperial family were present at the revival. The opera was warmly applauded, but it is quite certain that the new presentation will not live to experience its 300th performance."

Marie Brema will give six performances of Gluck's "Orpheus" in English this month at His Majesty's Theatre, London.

It is much to be regretted that the Metropolitan Opera House Company did not vouchsafe to let Boston see its revival of "Orpheus" with Mme. Homer in the leading part. The repertory of last week was a shabby one, and this city deserved better treatment.

Debussy's "Prodigal Son" was never intended for the Opera House and it is a slight affair. The Pall Mall Gazette said of the performance at Covent Garden, Feb. 23: "The 'Enfant Prodigue' forms a pretty little prelude to 'Haensel und Gretel,' whatever else there is to be said about it. Debussy's 'Scene Lyrique,' in one act, was first heard in England at the Sheffield Festival two years ago, for which occasion the composer revised the orchestration, for, as doubtless

every one knows, it dates from his student days. As an opera, the little work, of course, has a very slender thread of dramatic interest, though there may be enough for effect in a concert performance. Naturally, when one sees people on a stage one looks for action. However, it is so short and simple that the objection may pass in so far as the pleasure some of the music can be said to give is concerned. All that happens is that the mother laments the loss of her son, the son returns exhausted and falls unconscious outside the paternal door, presently to be recognized by the mother and forgiven by the father, with rejoicings all round. The mother's song, 'Azael! Azael! Pourquoi m'as-tu quitte?' is occasionally to be seen in concert programs, and there is another equally effective aria for the son; but otherwise the music is rather characterless, and fails to make much individual impression. It is interesting, however, to trace the beginnings of the genuine Debussy as we now know him, for there are present a few indications of the peculiar melodic curves and harmonies which he was subsequently to develop with such skill and originality. The scoring, presumably, has been considerably altered; it is in any case of undoubted beauty and effect. Last night's production at Covent Garden was marked by the real charm of coloring of the mounting (the dresses of the chorus are exceedingly picturesque), while the performance under Mr. Percy Pitt's direction was thoroughly smooth and sound. Miss Perceval Allen took the part of Lia, the mother, singing in her usual artistic style, and Mr. Maurice D'Oisly and Mr. Alfred Kaufmann appeared with success as Azael and Simeon respectively."

In "Haensel und Gretel," the parts of the two children were taken by Muriel Terry and Ruth Vincent.

There were no dreary intervals at a pianoforte recital given in London a few days ago. For when the pianist was resting from his labors in the artists' room, his audience had an opportunity of reading some of the fine things written about him in the course of an antipodean tour. And some very entertaining moments were passed in their perusal. It was refreshing, for instance, to find Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue and Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata described as "these two magni opi," while convincing testimony to the pianist's powers was furnished by the assurance that "he has the down-

right, straightforward, and altogether sane English and Teutonic way of going about his work." Furthermore, "such playing as his will do much to kill the idea that Chopin is a sickly, dreamy sentimentalist." One hopes that Melburne's opinion of Chopin will go on improving. In Sydney, it seems the pianist excelled himself, for his program, according to the critic of the "Bulletin," was "a cultured debauch in musical gems." We conscientiously recommend this phrase to all musical critics anxious to avoid clichés. But it is one to be used with caution—Daily Telegraph, London.

The London Times of March 11 published this note:

"'Eros Vainqueur,' a lyric drama in three acts and four scenes, set by Pierre de Breville to a text by Jean Lorrain, has just been performed for the first time, and warmly welcomed, at the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels. Pierre de Breville, a distinguished pupil of Cesar Franck (whose unfinished 'Ghiselle' he helped to complete), has been recognized for some time as a composer of attractive songs and of dignified church music; his connection with the stage has so far been limited to the writing of overtures and incidental music to Maeterlinck's two plays, 'Princesse Maleine' and 'Les Sept Princesses.' The ordinary theatrical libretto has had no attractions for him, and the story provided for him by the novelist and poet Jean Lorrain is far removed from the types in vogue. It turns on the attempt of Eros to capture three princesses who are jealously guarded in a castle. He enters the orchard disguised as a vagabond and succeeds in winning two of the three; the third is shut up by her father in one of the towers. As she lies dying of a broken heart, Eros returns to storm the castle. He is mortally struck, and his wound proves also her death; but at the last moment there is an apotheosis, in which Eros appears triumphant, drawing to his side the soul of the dead princess. Mme. Crolza created the title role, and both sang and acted with great distinction, bringing out to the full the lyrical beauties of the score, and the pictorial side of the opera was illustrated with as striking effects as have recently been seen at the Monnaie."

Mr. Fritz Kreisler, who will be the soloist in the Symphony concerts this week, is reported as saying: "In Germany they like an artist better if he does not dress well. The slightest individuality, perhaps even a slight swaying as the artist plays, is enough to cause his condemnation, no matter what his musical abilities may be. He must efface himself. If he appears in a coat of the latest cut, wears attractive cravats, makes himself personally pleasing, he creates a sentiment that is adverse. A badly cut coat goes a long way toward creating a favorable and sympathetic attitude in Germany."

The following paragraph is from the Daily Telegraph, London:

"Roswell, Chaves county, N. M., 's a city with a population of some 2500, and among them is at least one critic who can rise superior to the commonplace of the ordinary journalistic vocabulary when a musical event of real importance demands his attention. A concert given in that enlightened city not long since by Mme. Sembrich afforded him his opportunity. And he took it. Thus, of the prima donna, after a few genial references to her face, figure and age, he wrote: 'She lingers not long on the higher passages. She flirts merely with the trills and birdlike notes. Yet the matchless magic of the royal voice is there still, and in the central octaves her power is greater than ever, for life has given her a real understanding of expression that lights up even those strange-tongued selections. Sembrich alone was worth the three per.' But there were others, as will be seen. For instance, 'Francis Rogers, a tall young man, with sure enough organ pipes, was given the glad hand also. The people liked his English selections best, and he wasn't grouchy with them.' Furthermore, 'the whole concert was a solo engagement, with one exception, when Sembrich and Rogers sang a duet of mixed stuff, and this duet, perhaps, appealed most to the higher-graded musicians present.' But the accompanist also came in for warm praise. 'He cuts out the foolishness of t-

verage professional. His work is as smooth as velvet, with all the technical timbre and other such junk as a man of his grade ought to have, and seldom has. Usually a mixed audience like that yawns when the pianist is sparring for wind, and that is the best tribute to the genius of La Forge that they didn't with him.' Only accompanists who do not 'spar for wind' need hope for a welcome in Roswell."

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Boston Theatre, 8 P. M. Concert by members and orchestra of Manhattan grand opera company, Oscar Hammerstein, director. See special notice.

Colonial Theatre, 8 P. M. Creature and his band. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Fourth concert of the Apollo Club. Emil Mollenhauer, conductor. The club will sing these part songs: MacDowell, "The Crusaders"; Barnby, "Annie Lee"; Schumann, "The Dreamy Lake"; Kremsner, "Where True Lovers Are"; Gernsheim, "Salamis" (baritone solo by Robert C. Whitten); Abt, serenade; Dregert, "We Two Had Left Each Other" (contralto obligato, Miss Ormond); Nentwich, "The Brownies"; Krug, "From Every Zone"; Miss Lilla Ormond will sing these songs: Augusta Holmes, "L'Heure Rose"; "L'Heure de Pourpre"; Beach, "I Send by Heart Up to Thee"; Old Scotch, "Bonnie Wee Thing"; Rachmaninoff, "Spring Song."

THURSDAY—Chickering Hall, 8 P. M. Shepard's "Black Warblers."

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 21st public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Converse, "Endymion," romance for orchestra; Tchaikowsky, Concerto for violin (Fritz Kreisler, violinist); Elgar, variations on an original theme.

Franklin Union, 8 P. M. Music department, city of Boston, William Howard, conductor. Orchestral pieces: Herold, overture to "Zampa"; Rubinstein, "Song of the Spheres," from string quartet op. 17; Mozart, first movement from the symphony in G minor; Sala, Mazurka; Mendelssohn, Wedding March; Charles F. Hackett, tenor, will sing Meyerbeer's "O Paradis" and Allitsen's Song of Thanksgiving, Frank H. Eaton, flutist, will play Demersseman's fantasia on a melody by Chopin. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.

## CONCERT NOTES.

Mr. Fiedler has mapped out the chief features of the remaining concerts of the present Symphony season. Next week's program will include Converse's "Endymion's Narrative," Tchaikowsky's concerto for violin and Elgar's "Variations of an Original Theme," with Fritz Kreisler as soloist. The following week Mr. Fiedler purposes to give Liszt's "Faust" symphony with the choral finale, and with the aid of the Apollo Club. For the 23d concert on April 22 and 23, Mr. Fiedler has chosen "Don Quixote." The last program will include Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with the chorus of the Cecelia Society and Mrs. Mary Hissem de Moss, Miss Margaret Keyes, Berrick von Nordan, and Frederick Weld. The program will also include Beethoven's First Symphony.

Mr. Busoni will give his second piano recital in Jordan Hall, Monday afternoon, April 11, at 3 o'clock, when he will play pieces by Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Chopin.

Myron W. Whitney, Jr., will give a song recital in Chickering Hall, Tuesday afternoon, April 12.

The Helen Reynolds trio, assisted by Louis Schalk, baritone, will give a concert in Chickering Hall on Wednesday evening, April 13.

The program of Mme. Marie von Unschuld, the Austrian pianist, in Steinert Hall, Tuesday afternoon, April 12, will include Beethoven's sonata, op. 27, Schumann's "Scenes from Childhood," pieces by Chopin, Liszt and MacDowell.

Next Wednesday evening, April 6, the last formal pianola recital of the season will be given in Steinert Hall. Mrs. Laura Comstock Littlefield, soprano, and Claude Fisher, violinist, will be the soloists.

Carlo Buonamici on Tuesday evening, April 12, will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall, and play pieces by Haydn, Liszt, G. Faure, Scott, Debussy, Moszkowski, Chopin and Balakireff.

John Beach, pianist, will assist at the concert of the Misses Patten in Steinert Hall on Friday evening, April 15. Mrs. Mary E. Patten will play the accompaniments.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaines will give a song recital in Steinert Hall on Thursday afternoon, April 21.



is an enormous demand for in London, and the magnificence of the theatrical industry in London is hardly grasped by those who are not connected with it. "Lessees and proprietors are not philanthropists. Whatever they may tell reverent newspaper reporters to the contrary, they are in the business first and foremost to make money; as the Americans say, 'they are in it for the grease!' It is as good a reason as any other. There is nothing about it of which to be ashamed." But theatre-going does not exhaust the popularity of the theatre. There are clubs whose sole reason for existence is 'to advance' the cause of the actor's art in this country and generally render first aid to the drama. There are countless amateur dramatic clubs. There are papers and magazines devoted entirely to the interests of plays and players.

The development of histrionomania has been astonishing.

"Nowadays nobody pays the slightest attention to Schiller's dictum, 'twine no wreath for the actor.' We give him 'benefits' and 'testimonial dinners' instead. The cult of the actor and actress has become a fetish, pandered to by the press, pulpit and public alike. Photographers, painters and journalists vie with one another in this sorry campaign of booming and elevating, in season and out of season, the player above the audience whose 'faithful servant' he used to be. Biographies, or rather laudobiographies, of 'Stars of the Stage,' jostle one another on the shelves of every little circulating library in the Kingdom, and the 'Lewis Waller Birthday Book,' is reported to be in preparation. A fresh picture postcard of Mr. Seymour Hicks comes out every day in the week all the year round, and Miss Phyllis Dare (at the advanced age of 16) has written her 'reminiscences.' Mr. Wyndham reads in the Daily Mirror that at Streatham there is already a firmly established society of young women, who meet together once a week for tea and talk about Mr. Lewis Waller. "On admission to its closely guarded ranks, each fair member of this select band is entitled to wear a badge containing a photograph of the object of her adoration, and inscribed with the mystic letters, K. O. W. These initials are said to stand for 'Keen on Waller.'"

It was Mr. Mario Borsa who remarked with reference to morbid curiosity about the stage: "The pas-

sion displayed by girls for the theatre, with its inevitable accompaniment of secret infatuations for actors, and of languors and excitements, has developed of late years into a real hysterical malady, studied by physicians, psychologists and sociologists with great diversity of diagnosis and from different points of view."

Chapters that follow, "The Actor Manager," "Actors on Acting," "The Art of Acting," are equally entertaining and pungent. Here are a few quotations:

"The actor, whatever his position in the histrionic firmament—whether he carries a pantomime banner at Drury Lane, or is in management for himself somewhere else—is continually discussing his art. It is a little weakness of his, and one is really getting rather tired of it.

"Before he has been on the stage five minutes almost, the average individual there regards himself as an expert, and accordingly as being fully qualified to discuss with anybody who will listen to him the whole subject of acting and all that in it is. He is also equally certain that his talents are not properly appreciated, and that he ought to be playing leading parts instead of subordinate ones."

There is no one so fond of talking about his work as the average actor. When he is not talking about it he is writing about it either in 'popular' magazines or in dull, but well intentioned, reviews. Naturally, the one subject on which he prefers to dilate is that of his own performances. The general public is always being let into the secrets of the histrion's art through this convenient medium.

"It takes a man of ability to become an actor. This is why there are so many people on the stage, and so little acting."

"When they take pen in hand, nine actors out of ten are apt to become more platitudinous and long-winded than when they are speechmaking. And they are saying a good deal."

"In the enlightening pages of the Sketch, I read that much interest has been aroused over the appearance of Mr. — on the music hall stage. Personally I decline to believe the statement unless supported by the sworn testimony of two respectable householders."

"The histrion whose triumphs are limited to Belgravian tea tables will seldom achieve others on the stage. He may be the darling of a dozen drawing rooms, but this will count for nothing when he strikes a poor play. His erstwhile admirers then will not even ask him to sign picture postcards for them. Truly, this is a bitter Nemesis!"

There is much good sense in the chapter on the art of acting. Mr. Wyndham holds that only a very small section of the drama's patrons care twopence about anything that appeals to the intellect. Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Sudermann and Ibsen are little but mere names to a public "that almost tumbles over each other in its eagerness to book seats for some rubbishy musical comedy, or emasculated Parisian farce." When really great actors and actresses arrive in London from the continent they are confronted by "a fat and comfortable Philistinism."

The public is gullible, and in the theatrical world bounce goes further than brains. "The actor who belittles his own merits most lustily is the man for the public's money any day in the week. By boldly advertising that a particular play or a particular player is better and brighter and generally more worth seeing than any other one much profit will certainly accrue to the box office."

Acting is an art. It is a mighty, important one? Art implies something creative, but the work of the actor is within the capabilities of any one. Acting requires physical rather than mental gifts, and there is little that is individual about acting, for "it is quite possible to find a dozen people able to give a sound performance of the same role."

The art of the playwright must rank infinitely higher than that of the player, for it is essentially creative; thus we have had any number of Hamlets, but only one person who has written it. "Yet you will never get an actor to admit this self-evident proposition. The mere mention of it, indeed, is construed into an attack."

Acting, more than any other employment, makes for egotism. A play is always considered on the stage as a part. This part is "the particular one with which the actor in question happens to be entrusted at the moment. The part is in his eyes, then, greater than the whole, Euclid to the contrary."

The average actor is neither overworked or underpaid. "When all is said and done the typical actor scarcely works two hours a day. After the play is launched he has an easy time. Unless he is a leading light he will not probably spend more than half an hour on the stage throughout the whole evening. "For the rest of the time he can sit in his dressing room and read the sporting papers, or otherwise improve his mind."

And how about this strain on physical and mental powers? "Whenever I have asked an actor to instruct me on the subject (and I am always doing so), he tells me in a more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger sort of voice to go to the theatre and observe myself. When I follow this counsel, however, all that I see is the not particularly edifying spectacle of an able-bodied man with a painted face masquerading in a character for which nature has not intended him." He speaks words written for him. He moves as he has been instructed.

According to Mr. Wyndham, the average English dramatist delights in snobbery; he dearly loves a lord; he tills his cast with titled personages; first, because he thinks that people with handles to their names are more interesting than people without; also "because actors and actresses are never so happy as when they are pretending to be dukes and duchesses or, at any rate, peers and peeresses."

The English dramatist has a theme on which changes are constantly rung—two women and one passion, or two passions and one woman. "The lady with a 'past' ought to be given an old-age pension."

There has been a marked improvement in simplicity of language; yet Mr. Pinero is a slave to dictionary

English. His Letty says to "a couple of shopgirl friends: "To my imperfect intelligence, it seems that the first essential is to be capable of resigning oneself to a scheme of things which ordains that some women shall spend their lives in perpetual fag, while others—our more fortunate sisters, as they are styled—enjoy freedom and luxury galore." And Mr. Pinero runs away from the consequences, avoids the natural denouement, shirks the logical conclusion in his endeavor to write for art's sake with one eye on the box office. Yet his worst is a great deal better than most playwrights' best.

Mr. H. A. Jones has changed his faith too often. He has not been content to be Mr. Jones. When he is Jones, he is "a dramatist of good intentions, plus a saving grace of humor, and a pronounced sense of character." His strong point is comedy.

Mr. Barrie is a man of ideas and of original view: "His ideas and outlook are instinct with a freshness and grace that no other writer for the stage can reproduce, even faintly." He is a dramatist of the light hand and the light heart.

Mr. Bernard Shaw is the enfant terrible of the theatre. "You never know what he will be saying next; but you are always exceedingly anxious to find out." He is actuated by a definite purpose, but unfortunately his comedies lack humanity. He appeals to the reasoning powers of an audience, quite forgetting that three parts of the audience put these away in the cloakroom with their overcoats." Now people are creatures of passion, rather than of reason. Candida is Mr. Shaw's nearest approach to a being who may be seen outside of the playhouse. The comedies make better reading than witnessing, if only for the delightful stage directions.

At the 'curtain' to 'Candida,' for instance, he calmly instructs us that 'they embrace, but they do not know the secret in the poet's heart.' This reminds me of a less eminent dramatist, who, lacking Mr. Shaw's sense of humor, prefaced his maiden effort with the important injunction, 'Enter Jane after drinking a cup of tea!'

The case of Mr. Sutro is full of possibilities. He wrote for years without pecuniary success, but the early plays were good and his technique was of a high order. They "lacked a knowledge of stage requirement—that is to say, he put real life instead of the playgoer's stereotyped conception of it into his works." Then he won great success with "The Walls of Jericho," a piece that is frankly theatrical, absurd, untrue to art or nature. "It could no more have failed than could have 'East Lynne' or 'The Sign of the Cross.'"

The younger dramatists are discussed. Mr. Esmond's bad work is in excess of the good and of late he has written with molasses instead of ink. Mr. Davies has a nice sense of proportion in mixing his salads. Mr. Granville Barker has the most brains, but he lacks this sense of proportion and he too often comes dangerously near being a bore. Mr. Galsworthy has cunning and sureness of touch. Mr. Locke's "Morals of Marcus" and "The Beloved Vagabond" had such intrinsic merit that they triumphed over the bad acting at the time of production. There are some pleasant words for Mr. Maugham and then this flippant close, for the victim will call it flippant: "In reading this chapter over, I find I have not said a word about Mr. Hall Caine."

The chapter on "Musical Comedy" is worthy of a long review. The chapter on "Theatrical Journalism" is a roasting of the Era. This weekly paper is admittedly a trade journal and Mr. Wyndham's attack on its reviews and the silliness of its advertisement columns is well deserved, but there might be a recognition of the Era's value as a chronicler of news. Nor in the chapter on "Theatrical Novelists" does Mr. Wyndham have a word to say, except by indirection, and that word unpleasant, about Mr. Leonard Merrick's capital stories of theatrical life. He merely admits the existence of Mr. Merrick.

As the reader nears the end he finds Mr. Wyndham repeating himself. The chapter on "Critics and Criticism" contains repetitions of earlier flings, but in a less stinging form. Mr. Wyndham, however, does not believe in the theory, which is so dear to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, that a critic should simply report the production of a play and the manner in which it is received by any special feeling.

the audience. The enthusiasm or the condemnation of a first night is often misleading.

Six critics in London "working on the same common denominator will frequently contrive to find six entirely different results. For example, one judge whose personal taste in matters dramatic inclines toward the obdetric, will proclaim from the housetops that a certain play is a 'masterpiece'; a second tones this down to 'clever'; a third is frank enough to call it 'rubbish'; a fourth timidly hedges, with a cryptic observation that it 'shows promise'; a fifth (who keeps one eye permanently glued on the box office advertisement) dubs it 'remarkable'; and a sixth says that it is something else."

It seems that there is no fixed standard of dramatic criticism in London. Perhaps the readers of the symphony weeklies fare the best. "At any rate they get far more in the way of definite opinions, cultured allusions to the classics, and choice poetical quotations than do the subscribers to the penny papers." Attention is paid by Mr. Wyndham to Mr. Walkley and to Mr. Archer, and they are treated with a show of respect. In the concluding chapter, "Some Theatrical Problems," the author mourns over the lack of good plays; condemns the tinkering of French plays for English use; cannot see the use of a subsidized theatre; thinks that not only should dramatic critics write plays, but they

should be compelled to write them. It characterizes the out cry against the censorship as rather ridiculous.

## MEN AND THINGS

One of the most thrilling effects in Strauss' "Elektra," as produced at the Boston Theatre last Monday night, was not one made by emotional voice, surging orchestra or maniacal dance. It was the sight of Mme. Mazarin when she first came out of the palace, gazed wildly at the maids drawing water, and then sprang back "like an animal to its lair." The threatening silence and the face that had looked on horror and would not rejoice until final horror brought peace and consolation to the tortured soul, were more tragically eloquent than typical theme of Agamemnon, blow of hatchet or Elektra's hate proclaimed by brass or furious strings.

When Miss Mary Garden was rehearsing the part of Salome, considerate Mr. Hammerstein thought to relieve her and therefore asked Miss Cavaleri if she would be willing to take the part of Thais in Massenet's opera, a part which Miss Garden thought to be peculiarly her own, although it was written for Sibyl Sanderson and first played by her. The explosion of Miss Garden in print may be remembered by those interested in operatic art and by those who have recently been taught to believe that opera is educational. Mr. Hammerstein, hearing the raging of Miss Garden and seeing it, said to himself: "What if she should refuse to appear in 'Salome'?" A nimble-witted man, he recalled the fact that "Salome" had been performed at Brussels. He learned on inquiry that a Mme. Mazarin had there been highly praised. He cabled to her. But Miss Garden could not think of another in the part, and peace was made. And so Mme. Mazarin did not come to New York until this season.

Mr. Hammerstein is a man of his word, yet it is to be hoped that I will visit Boston again with his company, and often. The public believes in him and respects him. His operatic productions in this city have been of the highest order. He has had the courage to produce several unfamiliar works of great importance. The productions have been most artistic, both in the matter of singers and orchestra, and in the stage settings. When Mr. Hammerstein visits Boston he gives us his best. As he will not go to Philadelphia another year without a guarantee, so he will not come here unless there is a reasonable assurance.

They that have wondered why Mr. Hammerstein came last week when the Metropolitan Opera Company gave performances are not acquainted with the facts. Mr. Hammerstein made his arrangements a year ago for his two weeks at the Boston Theatre. The announcement that the Metropolitan company would give opera here this season was not published until October. And what was the result of this foolish strife, encouraged by Mr. Dippel and not by



The able and sensible Mr. Carlo-Casazza, who believes in combining labor and expense to performances in the Metropolitan Opera House? There was an operatic debauch after a long and interesting season of local opera. Both houses suffered. There was a performance of "Martha" that would have been discreditable to any wandering English opera company—a performance that was pitchforked on the stage of the Boston Opera House without preparation or pretence of preparation. The Metropolitan opera company produced here no new or comparatively unfamiliar opera. "Tosca," which was performed by this company in January, was again announced, as though there could not be too much "Tosca," with the adventurous Miss Farrar perfecting herself as Floria. The Metropolitan opera company sent over Mr. Caruso, who apparently in "La Bohème" considered the trip as a joke and was inclined to skylark in the part. It is true that Miss Destinn, a great artist, was permitted to sing here once, but we were obliged to listen to Mme. de Pasquali as Lady Henrietta and to see a young and inexperienced singer, Miss Gluck, as Mimi.

The Boston public may now well ask whether next season it will be forced to put up with Mmes. Alda, de Pasquale, Noria and other singers who are under contract for some reason or other with the Metropolitan opera company, but are not box office magnets in New York. We do not believe that Mr. Russell will allow the Boston Opera House with raised prices of admission to become a house of refuge for the weaker members of the Metropolitan opera company.

A farmer in New Mexico, angered because a reckless chauffeur frightened his mules, threw a wrench at him which killed the owner of the automobile. The mistake was deplorable.

We know a man living in Commonwealth avenue who purposes to have a pleasant summer. He will not go to his camp in the Chain-of-Ponds district. He has bought an air gun, and in the evening, from a window of his dark, cool drawing room, he will pop at chauffeurs that are driving at an unreasonable rate of speed. After a triumph of marksmanship—he is an unerring shot—he will take a cooling drink, only lightly alcoholic, for the sake of sure aim—and wait for the next offender. And there will be no black flies, no need of rocking ointment.

We have received an invaluable pamphlet, "Don't Forget; a Little Book of Memoranda for Travellers." The man going afishing is advised to take 24 or 25 articles, from an Inverness coat to kodak and films, but two all important things are omitted, bait and a flask.

It appears from this book that cloth spiral puttees are indispensable on many occasions. We have been too busy this season to go into society, and the word "puttee" was unfamiliar to us, until we looked it up in a dictionary. We see now that no one should go anywhere without puttees; that the puttee is an article of dress and not associated with "putter," as lessee with lessor. The word comes from the Hindi "patti," a bandage or band—see the Sanscrit "patta." We are also informed that the puttee is wound round the leg, not the belly. Ah, the advantage of education!

## NEW TENOR DISPELS GLOOM.

Three of Hammerstein Stars Were Unable to Appear.

The concert last night of the Manhattan opera company opened gloomily. When the musicians took their places for the overture the auditorium was half empty. After the overture Oscar Hammerstein's representative appeared. He courteously informed the audience that, owing to colds, three singers announced on the program could not appear. Mesdames Carmen, Mells, Augusta Doria and Mariette Mazarin. The news was received with hissing, followed later by sympathetic applause.

Soon the disappointment was forgotten in the success of Orville Harrold, the new tenor, of Mme. Gerville-Reache, of Charles Glibert and of the brilliant work done by the orchestra, notably in Tchaikowsky's "Overture 1812."

Orville Harrold, the vaudeville singer discovered by Mr. Hammerstein and introduced to grand opera, proved to be a young man of about 32, with a fairly agreeable stage appearance, in spite of a tendency to embopoint. He revealed a pure tenor voice of good quality and remarkable range, but imperfectly managed. Jean de Reszke, whom he is to study with

this spring and summer, will doubtless correct some of his bad singing habits.

Mme. Greville-Reache sang Gounod's "Queen of Sheba" with stunning effect. As she was about to give an encore a voice from one of the balconies cried out: "Oh, Mme. Reache, won't you please sing the 'Flower Song' from 'Samson and Delilah'?" The singer laughed, shrugged her shoulders, looked appealingly at the orchestra leader, who signified that he did not have the music, and then she threw out both hands in a gesture of despair. The orchestra began the accompaniment to the "Tarantella" from "Carmen." Again Mme. Greville-Reache distinguished herself. The audience was so enchanted that she had to give the song again. Charles Glibert followed her with the "Tambour Major" aria from "The Cid," which he sang with great beauty of tone and of expression and with extraordinary facial emotion.

On the whole, a curious evening and highly enjoyable.

### CREATORE AT COLONIAL.

Creatore and his band of 50 pieces gave a concert before a large audience at the Colonial Theatre last night. He showed that he had lost none of his old-time vigor, and his players responded to his every demand throughout the varied program and numerous encores. One of the features of the program was the "Irish Caprice," an entirely new composition by Creatore, which combines the familiar strains of such melodies as "Garry Owen" and "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls" and other melodies and ditties are interwoven so as to bring out the full tonal strength of the band. Other favorite numbers were the "Ronde d'Amour," "The Dance of the Serpents" and the trombone solo by Sig. Rossi.

## 'FIGHTING HOPE' UNTRUE TO LIFE

Blanche Bates Makes Most of

BY PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—"The Fighting Hope," a play in three acts by William J. Hurlbut; produced for the first time in Boston by David Belasco.

Burton Temple.....Milton Sills  
Marshfield Craven.....John W. Cope  
Robert Granger.....Wedgwood Nowell  
Anna.....Blanche Bates  
Mrs. Mason.....Loretta Wells

The program stated that the company which supported Miss Bates last night was the "same which played with her during the long run in New York city." When this play was produced at the Stuyvesant Theatre, New York, Sept. 22, 1908, the part of Temple was taken by Charles Richmond and that of Granger by Howell Hansel.

Miss Bates deserves a better play. The piece is described as "an American play of today." It is a melodrama, untrue to life and nature, wholly preposterous, which, except for the slang expressions of Craven, might relate to any country; a melodrama that with the omission of the telephone and of references to an automobile might be dated 1830 or 1840.

The story is a simple one. A cashier has been sent to prison, and his wife, believing him innocent, enters, as a stenographer, the service of the president of the trust company in the hope of finding evidence to convict the president and free her husband. She learns of a letter that incriminates her husband, takes it from the safe—her employer, by the way, has forgotten the combination and cannot open the safe—and burns the letter, for the sake of her two boys. She has learned to love the president, and when he offers her his hand she tells him her name and what she has done. He is staggered at first, for he has been indicted; but he soon re-

covers himself, pats her head, and says he is sorry that she has had so much trouble.

The convict enters, remarks that he has been pardoned, and becomes highly excited when his wife announces her intention of telling the jury what she has done. He pleads with her: he stole only for her sake, and for the two boys that they might



BLANCHE BATES.

go to college. She believes him, but she is called on to dictate a letter, while he is concealed. From this letter she learns that her husband spent money on a lady who lives in Forty-third street, New York, and that he treated this siren in a shabby manner. The husband admits that he owes his wife an apology, then adopts the "Tu quoque" line of argument and comments in a disagreeable manner on his wife living in the house of the president.

Detectives are after the husband, for he has not been pardoned, he has escaped. As he runs across the lawns, or the vegetable garden, or the tennis court—for this scene unfortunately, is left to the imagination—he is neatly popped, and that is the end of him. The stage is in darkness. The wife says something about her two boys, and the president amiably answers: "We'll look after them," or in words to that effect.

The story is told in a singularly naive manner, crudely, roughly put together, with an Olympian indifference toward common sense. There are a few scenes that give Miss Bates an opportunity for the display of her emotional nature. There are a few scenes that may impress a good-natured audience, as when the letter is destroyed, the ending of the second act, the scene between husband and wife, but they are extravagantly theatrical. The piece is absurd from beginning to end, and the dialogue abounds in sounding platitudes and tawdry sentimentalism.

Miss Bates, who has indisputable ability, makes the most of her part. The support is fair, and Mr. Cope is amusing as the lawyer Craven, amusing by his dry, sententious delivery of lines that show contempt for womanhood.

The scene is Temple's library, and it is set with much taste. The library however is not furnished with a bell, electric or of the old fashioned sort, so that when anything is needed or a message is to be given, one of the characters goes to a door and shouts.

An audience of fair size was kindly disposed.

BOSTON THEATRE—"The Yankee Prince, a musical play in three acts, by George M. Cohan. The principals of the cast:

Franklin Fielding.....Jack Raffael  
Percy Springer.....Charles King  
Whitely Webster.....Purnell B. Pratt  
Earl of Weymouth.....Frank Hollins  
Steve Daly.....Tom Lewis  
John Fagan.....Sherman Wade  
De Vrie.....J. Jiquel Lanoe  
Duke of Dollsford.....R. Emmett Lennon  
Mrs. Fielding.....Lola Hoffman  
Evelyn Fielding.....Lila Rhodes  
Lillian Lloyd.....Mildred Elaine  
Gertrude Spivans.....Elsie Artz  
Rev. H. Irvin Dodge.....James Cody

GLOBE THEATRE—"The Man of the Hour," a play in four acts, by George Broadhurst. Cast:

Alwyn Bennett.....John S. Robertson  
Charles Wainwright.....Thomas Irwin  
Scott R. Gibbs.....Homer Barton  
Richard Harrigan.....J. A. Marcus  
James Phelan.....John G. Sparks  
Perry Carter Wainwright.....Tom Hall  
Henry Thompson.....Bernard Cavanaugh  
William Ingram.....E. H. Felt  
Dallas Wainwright.....Ida Stanhope  
Cynthia Garrison.....Virginia Irwin  
Mrs. Bennett.....Julia Hanchett

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The three-act musical farce comedy, "McFadden's Flats." The cast:

Timothy D. McFadden.....Arthur E. Connelly  
Jacob Bumgardener.....Eddie Dale  
Terrence McSwatt.....Harry W. Robinson  
Widow Murphy.....Lottie West Symonds

Mary Ellen Murphy.....Mattie Boorunn  
Kittie McFadden.....Rose Gilden  
Weary Williams.....Jack Lloyd  
Casey Blotzengoofer.....Will B. Sheridan  
Thirst Harrigan.....Howard Tozler  
Ludwig Dooley.....Thomas Dwyer  
Dr. Careham.....Billy Marshall  
Alex.....Curtis Speck

### KEITH'S THEATRE.

Mlle. Dazie Presents "L'Amour de l'Artiste" as Headliner.

Mlle. Dazie, famous as a danseuse, is appearing at Keith's this week in her pantomime, "L'Amour de l'Artiste," which she first presented on the same stage a little less than a year ago. That was Mlle. Dazie's debut in pantomime, and, while her performance then was excellent, she seems now to have grasped even more firmly the pantomime idea. It is a rather dramatic incident that has been portrayed, in which Marchel Prateaux, a noted artist, falls in love with Nina Mignon, a flower girl of Paris' Latin quarter. In her subsequent visit to Marchel's studio she is discovered by Martha Clairin, in love with the artist.

A skirmish between the two women follows, Nina Mignon is hit in the breast by a wine bottle and Marchel Prateaux in turn chokes Martha to seeming death. And thereupon the curtain falls. Mlle. Dazie's dancing is, of course, two-thirds of the act, and into it she throws her entire feeling. Mlle. Dazie was called before the curtain last night and an immense basket of roses was passed over the footlights to her. As she smiled her appreciation, she gracefully plucked a rose and passed it to the leader of the orchestra.

Sharing with Mlle. Dazie the stellar place upon the bill is Mrs. La Salle Corbell Pickett, widow of Gen. Pickett of Pickett's charge fame. Mrs. Pickett last week told of Pickett's charge. This week she speaks of "The Friends of Yesterday," in which she tells, in a 20-minute talk, of her personal reminiscences and experiences with Abraham Lincoln, Gen. Grant, Gen. Lee, Jefferson Davis and other great men of civil war fame.

W. C. Fields, eccentric juggler, is paying one of his semi-occasional visits to Keith's, carrying his famous hat tricks and several new achievements in the juggling line. Dolan and Lenharr in "Nearly a Mind Reader," have an amusing sketch, as have George M. Carson and Jake Williams, German comedians, who journey to Egypt, but fail to be duly impressed with either the sphinx or the mummies.

The program is rounded out by Harry Breen, a monologue song man; the Six Musical Nosses in an idyl, "A Gala Day in Old Seville"; Uno, a mind reading dog, who includes the reading of music among his accomplishments; the Amoros sisters, in a Parisian novelty act, and Tony Wilso and Heloise, who combined horizontal bar and bounding mat work.

### AMERICAN MUSIC HALL.

A Vaudeville Bill with Some Good Points and Some Others.

There are some good points in the bill at the American Music Hall and some not so bright.

Rinaldo, wandering violinist of the corduroy trousers and the remarkably durable fiddle, may be labelled top-liner because he is much out of the usual and really can play. It is too bad he doesn't more. He wins popular approval mainly by his "Rinaldo Rag," which is a catchy tune skillfully made to sound like a reveler's early morning song to the milkman and the lamp-post. It is full of crooks and quavers, weird slides and wailing double stopping that is always just falling off the key, but never does quite. The performance is novel, amusing and an exhibition of finished technique, though it does not sound so.

"The Operator" is a stirring one-act melodrama telling about a telegrapher in a lonely station who, after 70 hours of duty (this fact is pressed home often so no one will forget it), sends a train to the wrong siding, and is about to kill himself, his wife and the baby, because there is going to be a wreck. Lyster Chadwick plays the operator intensely, with plenty of real swear words. Alice Weeks is good as the wife, and contributes a



chrick that is pretty nearly the best thing in the sketch. The dialogue is lacking in force, and, at times, is mawkish, but the play goes with snap.

Carmell and Harris bring back their amusing "Nearly an Actress," brim- ming with good nature and containing Mr. Carmell's well done "Dance of the Dope Fiend." Miss Harris dances prettily.

William Wolff and his company present "The Head of the House," a small comedy with interludes of song. Mr. Wolff bursts into melody often. Ada Mitchell aids and abets him in this. The accessory is more successful than the prime mover. The house last evening was immensely pleased.

A sidewalk conversation full of practical jokes which a shrewd drummer plays upon two other characters in "The General Salesman," done by Searl Allen and company. It is good for a great many laughs.

La Petite Mignon is called "the dainty little queen of mimicry." She works hard and her liveliness and earnest endeavor to please gain for her much handclapping. Mosher, Hayes and Mosher are comedy cyclists. The Four Nightons pose acceptably and do smoothly some tumbling stunts. William Dick fiercely attacks a guitar to the accompaniment of song.

**CASTLE SQUARE**—Three-act comedy, "The Boys of Company B," by Rida Johnson-Young. The cast:

Tony Allen.....John Craig  
C. Holbrook Allen.....George Hassell  
Maj. MacLane.....Walter Walker  
James MacLane.....Wilfred Young  
Chuck Sewell.....Donald Meek  
Babe Carruthers.....Bert Young  
George Bright, "Beauty".....  
Doctor Stuart.....D. H. Wentworth  
Henry Stabler.....George DeCarroll  
Arthur Stabler.....William Walsh  
Mrs. MacLane.....Mabel Colcord  
Eileen MacLane.....Gertrude Binley  
Florence Henderson.....Florence Shirley  
Madge Blake.....Mary Young

About the only thing military to "The Boys of Company B," which is this week's attraction at the Castle Square Theatre, is the pretty farmer's daughter, who lives near the camp, with whom every soldier falls in love, and the awkward squad, which brings unpleasant reminiscences of the past to soldiers who remember all too well how clumsy they felt in their first drill. While these are but incidents of the play they form links in one of the prettiest little stories of love and comedy that has been seen at the Castle Square this season.

Company B is made up of New Yorkers who gather at the home of Maj. MacLane for a jollification before going to camp. The major's daughter is deeply in love with Tony Allen, but an ambitious mother seeks the marriage of her daughter to Henry Stabler, who has a "barrel of money." Tony is captain of company B, and a poor but jolly young lawyer, while Stabler is an acknowledged cad. When not permitted to make love to Miss Eileen MacLane, Tony takes the unconventional method of proposing through the speaking tube.

Then the company goes to camp and of course the girls follow. It is at camp that Madge Blake, who loves all the boys who wear khaki suits, causes trouble in the love affair of Eileen and Capt. Allen. There is a kiss and a love note, both of which Miss Blake receives, causing a lot of trouble. On return from camp it is all settled, and the clever little comedy ends happily.

Miss Binley was winsome and convincing in her portrayal of the girl who takes affairs of the heart very seriously, and Miss Young was captivated by the camp flirt, who lisps and kisses with equal charm. John Craig is excellent as the fun loving, easy going Tony Allen, and George Hassell is very good as the awkward private. The rest of the cast was competent.

## BOSTON OPERA HAS 32 STARS ENGAGED

The Boston Opera Company yesterday announced its second season of grand opera under the direction of Henry Russell. The season will last three weeks, during which time there will be 30 subscription performances on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings and on Saturday afternoons.

The following list of singers has been secured:

Sopranos—Frances Alda, Emmy Destinn, Fely Dereyne, Geraldine Farrar, Rita Fornia, Lydia Lipkowska, Carmen Melis, Alice Nielsen, Lillian Nordica, Marguerita Sylva.  
Mezzo-sopranos—Maria Claessens, Maria Gay, Louise Homer, Irene Vardadi.  
Tenors—Enrico Caruso, Florencio Constantino, Leo Devaux, Hermann Jadowker, Leo Slezak, Giovanni Zenatello.  
Baritones—Pasquale Amato, George Baklanoff, Ramon Blanchard, Hector Dufranne, R. Angelini-Fornari, Carmine Moltella, Antonio Scotti.  
Basses—Henry Giront, Jose Mar-dones, Andre Peros, Antonio Pini-Corsi, Luigi Tavecchia.

No Metropolitan Season.

## "JEANNE D'ARC" PRESENTED.

Notre Dame des Victoires Church Gives Play at Opera House.

The Boston Opera House was crowded last night with an enthusiastic audience at the presentation of Barbier's dramatization of "Jeanne d'Arc," set to Gounod's music, under the auspices of the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires.

The undertaking was in charge of Fr. LaChapelle and Fr. Perennes. The proceeds are to be devoted to paying off the debt of the church. Members of the parish of Notre Dame de Pitié of Cambridge assisted in the presentation.

The play had five acts in verse, and was carried off with a vim and perfection of arrangements. The diction was in French.

Mme. Emma Darmand played the leading role, and was seconded by Edmond Deslouis, J. L. P. St. Couer and Victor Darmand. The scenes with Jeanne's parents, following the successes in battle, and the last act wherein Jeanne proves true to herself, were well done. The orchestra was under the leadership of Wallace Goodrich.

## APOLLO CLUB CONCERT.

Fourth Musical of Season Pleases Jordan Hall Audience.

The Apollo Club, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave the fourth concert of its 39th season last night in Jordan Hall. Miss Lilla Ormond, contralto, and Carl Lamson, pianist, assisted.

The part songs were as follows: MacDowell, "The Crusaders"; Barnby, "Annie Lee"; Schumann, "The Dreamy Lake"; Kremser, "Where True Lovers Vie"; Gernsheim, "Salamis" (with organ and piano); baritone solo by Robert C. Whitten; Abt, Serenade; Dregert, "We Two Had Left Each Other" (contralto obligato); Miss Ormond; Nentwich, "The Brownies"; Krug, "From Every Zone" (with organ and piano).

Mr. Lamson played a ballade by Chopin. Miss Ormond sang these songs: Holmes, "L'heure rose" and "L'heure de pourpre"; Beach, "Send My Heart up to Thee"; Old Scotch, "Bonnie Wee Thing"; Rachmaninoff, "Spring Song."

Did not the appearance of some of the members delude it, one would think the members believe it, one would suppose that the personnel of the club had remained unchanged since its foundation in 1871, so much nicety and finish, so much concerted responsiveness to its conductor was there in the work of last night.

There was unusual and pleasing variety in the choral selections. One or two, notably "The Crusaders" by MacDowell, and "Salamis" by Gernsheim had really some claim to musical interest. The club had its chance for taking effects in sustained and staccato pianissimo and blithe rhythms in "The Dreamy Lake" and "Where True Lovers Arc." Repetitions of both were given in response to clamorous applause.

In "The Brownies" one's fancy was at a loss to know whether this were a number out of a musical comedy in which the chorus girls had donned male attire, or whether one were participating at some graduation exercise.

Miss Ormond's captivating personality contributed to a total impression of much charm. For a voice not by nature over-pleasing in quality and with defective intonation upon high tones, her's is very well man-

aged. She sings in excellent style and with much regard for the import of the words; her enunciation is particularly good. From the standpoint solely of singing, she was most successful in "Bonnie Wee Thing" and Chadwick's "Danza," which she added.

Mr. Lamson played acceptably and added MacDowell's "Scotch Poem." The audience filled the hall and was generous in applause.

## "Nathan der Weise." Lessing's Dramatic Poem. Interestingly Given at Shubert Theatre by New York Organization.

Lessing's dramatic poem, "Nathan der Weise," was performed yesterday afternoon at the Shubert Theatre by the Irving Place Theatre company of New York before a large and appreciative audience.

The performance of the well known classic was doubtless of high educational value, but the didactic nature of the piece renders it dramatically ponderous, and there were those in the audience whose sordid souls longed for relief in the high cerebral tension, and who would have welcomed even a Greek chorus with views of battle, murder or sudden death. Nor was it an easy matter for the players to hold the attention of the spectators—but the company was adequate to its task.

Mr. Schmidt's impersonation of Nathan was interesting. His work was characterized by eloquence of gesture and facial expression, and by general excellence in his reading of the lines, notably the scene in which the Jew relates to the Sultan the story of the ring.

Director Burgarth bore himself manfully as the Knight Templar and his performance was admirable in every respect.

Mr. Heilmann was a regal but pre-occupied Sultan. His faulty emphasis of words made his reading of the lines rough and at times somewhat unintelligible.

Miss Speier as Recha was apt in her portrayal of girlish infatuation, and Miss Seidel was charming as Siltah—Miss Brehne as Daja, Mr. Baron as the Dervish, Mr. Kraft as the Monk, and Mr. Mueller-Teske as the Patriarch were amusing and gave momentary relief to the general seriousness.

## LYRIC 'ENDYMION'S NARRATIVE' GIVEN

Boston Symphony Orchestra's 21st Public Rehearsal Is Eloquent Production of Converse's Romance.

FRITZ KREISLER'S VIOLIN PLAYING IS REMARKABLE

By PHILIP HALE.

The 21st public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday at Vernooy in Symphony Hall. Mr. Fiedler conducted. Fritz Kreisler, violinist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

"Endymion's Narrative".....Converse  
Concerto for violin.....Tschai-kowsky  
Variations on an original theme.....Elgar

Mr. Converse has said that he wished this romance and the other work founded on episodes in Keats' "Endymion"—"The Festal of Pan"—to be judged according to their musical merits or demerits; that he had no desire and did not attempt to follow slavishly the text. His aim was to give a general reflection of emotional phases. He also said that the idea of

"Endymion's Narrative" was derived from the scene where Endymion, in melancholy mood, reveals the cause of his sorrow to his sister Peona. The music pictures him despondent, harassed by visions of the ideal, which at last comes out victorious and leaves behind it affection and other confining conditions.

In other words, Mr. Converse wishes this romance to be judged first of all as music without a program. But there is the disturbing title. They that insist on knowing what music "means" will listen to the Romance as though it were an interlinear translation of Keats' text. How many yesterday could have told offhand the nature of Endymion's narrative or the name of the person to whom it was addressed. Is the poem familiar to the younger generation? The first line is now a stale quotation and some may remember the roundelay and the verse which serves as motto to Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native." But how many could tell who Peona was? Mr. Converse wrote this romance in 1901. Today he would probably take any other of the more famous poems of Keats, as later he was moved to composition by "La Belle Dame Sans Merci."

The question comes up, would any hearer find greater depth or finer quality of beauty in this music by being familiar with Keats' poem? Mr. Ernest Newman would probably say "Yes"; and, if Mr. Converse should maintain that the music is not program music, Mr. Newman would reply: "But there's your title. As I associate the story of Coriolanus with one of Beethoven's overtures because Beethoven gave it the name of the hero, so I am forced by you to associate Endymion's outpouring of soul with your music."

To him that cares not for Endymion or Peona, the music itself will give pleasure. He will recognize the expression of moods; he will hear festal music that is, however, secondary; he will hear the struggle of a noble idea with opposing forces and he will find in the jubilant close the triumph of this idea. The music will please him emotionally, for it is first of all emotional. The melodies will appeal to him, and so will rich harmonies and delicately effective or sumptuous instrumentation. This Romance is one of the most spontaneous of Mr. Converse's works.

In these days of young Napoleons of finance, railroads, etc., it is an atrocious crime to be over 40, and the age of 30—Mr. Converse composed "Endymion's Narrative" when he was of that age—is considered one of apathy if not of decrepitude. This music is full of youthful hopes and dreams and aspirations, but the expression is not callow—not so callow as many pages of Keats' poem. On the other hand, the music is not painfully searched after; there is not the too-evident wish to avoid the commonplace; there is no fanatical bowing down to strange harmonic gods. If there is any influence revealed it is that of the composer of "Tristan and Isolde," not of the ultra-modern French and Germans, but this Wagnerian influence is slight and more in an infrequent use of formula than in melodic or harmonic reminiscence.

"Endymion's Narrative" was first played here seven years ago. During these years we have heard strange things in music and listened to strange doctrines. The strangeness in the best of these works is now recognized as beautiful invention. The strangeness in many of them, impotent striving, caused them to disappear and be forgotten. Mr. Converse's romance is still fresh and modern. Its modernity is that of true beauty that abideth, of high thoughts that do not easily die.

The orchestra gave an eloquent performance and Mr. Converse was obliged twice to bow in acknowledgment of the hearty and long continued applause.

The performance of Tschai-kowsky's concerto by Mr. Kreisler must be ranked among the most memorable musical events of the recent years in this city. It was memorable not only by reason of technical display, fine taste, brilliance, emotional quality; it was also memorable because the violinist in a certain way recreated the work and gave dignity and charm to pages that heretofore have appeared indifferent, trivial or even vulgar.

Seldom has any performance at a Public Rehearsal aroused as great an enthusiasm. It would not be easy to describe Mr. Kreisler's playing to them that were not present. The perfor-







"Comin' Thro' the Rye," Louis C. Elson will lecture.

Wednesday, Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Concert by Miss Laura Van Kuran, soprano, and George Proctor, pianist. Airs de Voto, accompanist. Songs: "Ah! prends pitié," Bellini; "C'est par me sereno" from "La Sonnambula," Debussy, air of Lia from "The Pied gai," Delibes; "Dans la nuit" from "Lakmé," Leroux; "Le Nocturne," Massenet, Gavotte from "Manon"; "Sous le longin"; La Forge; "To a Violet"; Spross; "Will o' the Wisp." Piano pieces; Schubert, Impromptu in B flat; Debussy, Toccata; Sjorgren, Erotikon; Schumann, Night piece; Moszkowski, Spanish Caprice.

Concerting Hall, 8 P. M. Chamber concert by the Helen Reynolds trio (Helen Reynolds, violin; Katherine Holliday, cello; Margaret Gorham, piano), assisted by Louis Schalk, baritone. Haydn's trio, C major, No. 3; Wolf, "Bittero"; Rezer, "Waldeinsamkeit"; Sinding, "Viel Traume"; Wolf-Ferrari trio, F sharp major, op. 7; Chadwick, "Dear Love"; Foote, "In Plaidie"; Old Irish, "Love Song"; Schumann, three movements from trio in D minor, op. 63.

Girls' Latin School, 8 P. M. City of Boston music department. William Howard, conductor. Orchestral pieces: Weber, overture to "Der Freischuetz"; Cericola, "The Last Hope"; Bizet, selection from "Carmen"; Wagner, "An Alchimist"; Delibes, Danse Circassienne. Miss Alice M. Hagerty, soprano, will sing a recitative and aria from Haydn's "Creation" and Manney's "I Love and the World Is Mine." Frank H. Eaton, flutist will play Demersmann's Fantasia on a melody by Chopin. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

Thursday, Roxbury High School, 8 P. M. City of Boston music department. William Howard, conductor. Orchestral pieces: Herold, overture to "Zampa"; Raff, "Erklaerung," from "Die Schoene Muellerin"; Schubert, first movement from the symphony in B minor; Pierne, Serenade, Bohm, "Un Petit Rien"; Halvorsen, Entrance March of the Boyards. Mrs. Wilhelmina Wright Calvert, soprano, will sing Sappho's Stanzas by Gounod and Massenet's Elegie. Jacques Benavente, saxophonist, will play Leonard's variations on "Comin' Thro' the Rye." Louis C. Elson will lecture.

Friday—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Twenty-second Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Max Fiedler conductor. Richard Strauss, "Don Quixote"; Roger-Ducasse, Suite Francaise (first time here).

Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Recital by the Misses Nathalie and Marjorie Patten (violin and cello), assisted by John Beach, pianist, and Mrs. Mary E. Patten, accompanist. Mendelssohn, Allegro agitato from Trio in D minor; ar eutemps, Fantasia, Appassionata for violin; Saint-Saens, concerto, A minor for cello; piano pieces—G. Faure, Barcarole, Schumann, Fantasiestueck; Arensky, Caprice. Violin pieces—Sulzer, Sarabande, Beethoven, Menuett, Heine, "Schmetterling"; Cello pieces—Mozart, Andante; Popper, Papillon; Tchaikovsky, Smetana, Finale from trio in G minor.

Saturday, Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Twenty-second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.

## REPERTORY OF NEW THEATRE COMPANY

F. PHILIP HALE.

The engagement of the New Theatre company of New York at the Strand Theatre beginning Monday, April 1, is eagerly anticipated by many whose souls are not fully satisfied with musical comedy, or with plays obviously written to suit the stage, and with French plays "adapted" and ruined "to suit the taste of the American public."

The repertory of the first week will include Sheridan's "School for Scandal" which, in spite of sniffling remarks by those who would fain have an original and contemporaneous drama descend upon us like the New Jerusalem from the sky, is a play of considerable merit, Galsworthy's "Strife," which deals with a subject of modern interest, Sheldon's "The Mitter," which is worthy, it is whispered, of a better title; Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" and "The Winter's Tale" and Ben Jonson's "Don" and Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice," which will be played as a double bill.

Let us consider for a moment the last two plays.

Mr. Paul H. Potter is the author of a Greek pastoral drama, "The Virgin Goddess," which was produced by the New Theatre company in 1909 and of a draw-

ing room tragedy, "Olive Latimer's Husband," in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell took the leading part when the play was produced at the Vaudeville, London, Jan. 19, 1909.

"Don," a play in three acts, was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, Oct. 12, 1909. It is a comedy of character. The hero, named Don, after Don Quixote, is the son of a country clergyman, who, according to Mr. Besier, although not yet 30 years old, is "famous as a poet and thinker wherever English is read." The correspondent of the Glasgow Herald described him as "an incarnation of Christianity covered by a casual manner and a delightful want of common sense." Stephen Bonington, for that is his name, "delights in strikes, and takes in the Daily News." He is a friend of all weils, strange, unrecognized, superfluous persons, not as a theorist with much talk, but always ready to help those in distress. He recognizes the cruelty of social conditions toward women.

Stephen is betrothed to a girl, Anne Sinclair, "the daughter of a conventional general, and a mother who is perpetually laughing—being unable to help taking a humorous view of every circumstance which she is forced to confront." One day he sees a pretty, delicate waitress in a tea shop, the lady-like Elizabeth Ellison, insulted. He wallops the insult and persuades his own mother to take the girl as a companion.

Elizabeth marries a brute, a roaring Evangelist, "who is prepared to beat her for the greater glory of God." She is Mrs. Albert Thompson. Stephen, unable to bear the thought that she is abused, takes her away from her husband, spends a night by her bed in a hotel, where he nurses her, and then puts her in his father's house. The innocent Stephen is ready to be named as co-respondent, provided Elizabeth will then be freed of her husband. Stephen is even willing to be shot by the Evangelist. Mrs. Bonington stands by her son; so does his betrothed, whose parents are wild with anger. Elizabeth is fond of Stephen, but when she learns that he is betrothed to another she decides to return to her husband, who, "after a talk with our Don Quixote, which includes the presentation of a pistol at his head, discovers that there is more goodness in the world than he ever supposed, and is prepared to re-embark on the waves of matrimony with a better and more tolerant mind." Stephen will have his Anne, and perhaps Elizabeth will be happy with her husband, who exclaimed: "Fallin' in love with 'er was like bein' saved over again. It was the dazzle o' Gawd in me eyes!"

When "Don" was produced in London the cast was as follows: Stephen, Charles Quatermaine; Elizabeth, Christine Silver; Anne, Ellen O'Malley; Mrs. Bonington, Francis Ivor; Canon Bonington, James Hearn; Thompson, Norman McKinnel; Gen. Sinclair, Dawson Milward; Mrs. Sinclair, Miss Granville.

"Don" was produced at the New Theatre, New York, Dec. 30, 1909. Stephen, Mathison Lang; Anne, Leah Bateman-Hunter; Elizabeth, Thais Lawton; Thompson, E. M. Holland; Gen. Sinclair, William McVay; Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Dellenbaugh.

Maeterlinck's "Soeur Beatrice," a miracle in three acts, was written in 1901. It is said that the author went to the original Dutch version of the old legend, but the story is known to many through John Davidson's "Ballet of the Nun" and Adelaide Anne Proctor's "Legend of Provence." In Maeterlinck's version the action is in the 14th century in a convent near Louvain.

The story was told also by Villiers de l'Isle Adam, who entitled it "Soeur Natalia" and put the convent in Andalusia. Natalia, however, loved only one man, and when she was deserted by him before the end of the year in which she left her cell, she clothed herself as a penitent and made her way back to the chapel that she might say farewell forever to the Madonna. And in this story Natalia does not die. "Under this veil," said the Blessed Virgin, "I have fulfilled all the duties you vowed. No one of you sisters has remarked your absence. Take back, then, what you entrusted to me. Return to your cell and—do not leave it again." This story is to be found in "Nouveaux Contes Cruels," collected and published in 1895, but it is of an earlier date.

Sister Beatrice loves Prince Bellidor. She was a child when she entered the convent four years before. She has heard that it is permitted a woman to love her husband, and the prince has promised her that a hermit with miraculous powers will marry

them. Men are deceitful, but he is very different. He used to visit her father's garden when she was little, and he and she played together. She pours out her doubts to the statue of the Virgin. Bellidor comes, entreates Beatrice, who asks for a sign from the Virgin. There is no sign. Bellidor kisses her on the mouth and she goes with him.

The statue of the Virgin descends from its pedestal and in flesh and blood the Virgin takes up the duties of Sister Beatrice, for whom she is mistaken by the nuns. They think that Beatrice has donned the Virgin's dress. The poor visit the convent and the Virgin clothes them with gorgeous raiment. The abbess notes the disappearance of the statue. The nuns lead the supposed Beatrice away to fog her for sacrilege, but their whips are turned to flowers, divine fire dazzles them; they declare that Beatrice is a saint; the abbess, kneeling at the feet of the priest, says: "My father, I have sinned; Sister Beatrice is holy"; and the priest kneels and in turn makes his confession.

Twenty-five years go by and the Virgin has constantly taken the place of Beatrice, who at last returns in rags, gray-haired, thin, livid, hopeless. The image goes back to the pedestal. The nuns believe in another miracle; they cannot understand the self-accusations of Beatrice and her self-abasement. Beatrice cannot understand why they worship her. Wearied with life, crushed with shame, she wishes to sleep forever. She dies, having lived in a world where hatred and wickedness passed her comprehension; she dies in a world where surrounding kindness and love are to her as inexplicable.

"Sister Beatrice," in a translation by Bernard Miall of Maeterlinck's exquisite prose, was played at the Court Theatre, London, March 28, 1909, with music by Hubert Bath. The part of the Blessed Virgin and Beatrice was taken by Margaret Damer; that of Prince Bellidor by A. S. Homewood, and that of the abbess by Frances Wetherall.

The play was acted in Berlin early in 1904 with music by Max Marschalk. Liadoff, the Russian composer, wrote music for it in 1906.

The play was produced at the New Theatre, New York, March 14, 1910, with Edith Wynne Mathison, Mrs. Dellenbaugh, Pedro de Cordoba and Ben Johnson in the chief parts.

In John Davidson's ballad, the nun has not known a Prince Bellidor. For 10 years in the convent her patient knees "engraved the stones." She had conquered every earthly lust, yet there was the revolt of the flesh. Nature tempted her.

Sometimes it was a wandering wind,  
Sometimes the fragrance of the pine,  
Sometimes the thought how others sinned,  
That turned her sweet blood into wine.

Sometimes she heard a serenade  
Complaining sweetly far away:  
She said "A young man woos a maid,"  
And dreamt of love till break of day.

It was in vain she plied her knotted scourge. At last in winter, in the carnival, she tore into strips her fillets and veil, and cast aside the ring and bracelet worn as Christ's betrothed, ran with bleeding feet o'er ice and gave herself to "a grave youth nobly dressed."

"I care not for my broken vow;  
Though God should come in thunder soon,  
I am sister to the mountains now,  
And sister to the sun and moon."

And she was long famous in all the towns of Belmarie. Some thought her from fairyland, or a heathen goddess born again. Some declared she was a ghoul. But the hour came of her last caress and she went back to the nunnery.

She said between her chattering jaws,  
"Deep peace is mine, I cease to strive;  
Oh, comfortable convent laws,  
That bury foolish nuns alive!"

"A trowl for my passing-bell,  
A little bell within the wall,  
A coverlet of stones; how well  
I there shall keep the Carnival!"

And lo, the wardress raised her tenderly,  
"God sent me down to fill your place;  
I am the Virgin Mary now."

"You are sister to the mountains now,  
And sister to the day and night;  
Sister to God." And on the brow  
She kissed her thrice, and left her

While dreaming in her study bed,  
Far in the crimson orient land,  
On many a mountain's happy head  
Dawn lightly laid her rosy hand.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, lecturing on "Shakespeare and the Modern Stage," mentioned performances of Shakespeare's plays in which it was "next to impossible to tell even that the actors were speaking blank verse," and he spoke of the "want of training." But there are managers in London who wish that the dialogue should sound as unlike verse as possible. They cry: "Break it up! Make it sound natural!" The Pall Mall Gazette judiciously says: "That instructions so lacking in respect for the work of the poet and the intelligence and culture of the audience should be attributable to any theatrical manager in Shakespeare's own country is, of course, fairly surprising, but the fact is pretty well known. The poet wrote part of the dialogue in nearly every one of his plays in verse and part in prose, and, obviously, if he had intended the whole of it to be spoken as prose he would not have written any of it in verse."

Would "The Follies" make a hit in this country? A London critic remarks: "Popular members of this company have now attained to that height of public esteem at which they have only to say, 'Pass the mustard!' and the audience roars its ribs out." A burlesque of "Hamlet" has been revived. A fat Hamlet spends a good deal of one scene in trying to force his way into a drinkery and part of another in taking immoderate quantities of whiskey and soda. Another character in the burlesque provokes noisy squeals of joy by addressing the prince as "Omlette." Some may remember George L. Fox's burlesque of "Hamlet" which was indescribably funny. Edwin Booth saw it and even he not only smiled, but laughed.

Let us add to our list of pleasant plays. At the Tivoli, London, a Russian wordless drama, "She Pays the Penalty," has been produced. A Russian general is old and his wife is young and beautiful. A lieutenant has been wooing her and she has kept his love letters, which are found by her husband. A duel follows in the lieutenant's room, whither the wife has gone. The general is killed. The wife, who has been hidden in the next room, dances gaily in. Seeing her husband's body she goes mad. The lover kills himself. The widow goes to a window and is struck by lightning.

This is the story of Felix Salten's

"Life's Importance." Dr. Hopfner, a coarse and prosperous physician, calls on his brother-in-law, a worthless young fellow. The doctor had been his tutor, and owed his start in life to the lad's family; naturally he hated him. The lad asks him to examine his lungs. He wishes to know the truth. The physician tells him he will die in six months. The boy grovels on the floor in his fear. The physician preaches at him and rebukes his cowardice. Then the boy points a pistol at him and swears that he will shoot when the clock strikes. The doctor proves to be equally cowardly. When the shot is due he falls in a faint.

Another play of Felix Salten is more amusing. Count Max Festenberg, married for six months, entertains his wife's uncle, a feeble old aristocrat. The count's son, who had been in love with Festenberg's wife as a girl, has found out that his rival is only a waiter masquerading under a false name, and he has informed the police. Max admits that he has been a waiter, but insists that he is a real aristocrat except by the accident of birth, and that he is better than any of them. He had made enough money to live like a count and his manners were flawless. The police come in and the wife will not believe her husband's arguments.

In Thackeray's "Miss Shum's Husband," Mr. Frederick Altamont turned out to be the man that swept the crossing from the Bank to Cornhill. But his Mary loved him after the discovery. He sold his place for £3000; he had saved two more, and his house and furniture brought him another thousand. Mr. Yellowplush, of course, left his service. "I met him, a few years after, at Badden-Badden, where he and Mrs. A. were much respected, and pass for pipples of propaty."

Miss Ellen Terry, who will sail for this country in October to give a series of lectures on the heroines of



Shakespeare said to a London letter: "I am looking forward to my visit with the greatest delight, for I have many friends on the other side of the Atlantic. I am just going to talk about some of Shakespeare's characters for an hour and a quarter, and, if you will forgive my presumption, I think I have one or two new things to say about them. For instance, you have doubtless noted that the poet's heroines are usually spoken of as being so essentially feminine. Well, they weren't. Take Rosalind, take Portia, take Viola, for example. Consider how ready they all were to adopt the manner and the costume of men, and how they contrived to deceive even their own lovers by their masculine bearing! And, please, will you kindly make it known that rumor is all wrong in asserting that this is to be my last tour? I sincerely hope it will be nothing of the sort. As a matter of fact, I am at present negotiating—but I forgot, that is a secret which must be kept inviolate for the time being. How long shall I be away? Well, perhaps 10, perhaps 20 weeks. I really can't tell until I discover how much or how little they like my conferences over there."

Louette, the illusionist, who calls himself "the great," produced some pleasing sketches at the Coliseum. Here is a description of "The Negro Problem." "A negro has committed a brutal murder. He is borne to the laboratory of the famous doctor, who, following the French plan, has offered to make a 'reconstitution' of the crime. The negro seems to see the face of his victim, and her alternate expressions of appeal and horror in a gong. Spirits confront him on every hand till, exhausted by his efforts to elude them, he falls to the floor. The doctor then unveils heaven and hell to his victim, revealing to him in vivid form the nature of his punishment. Finally the crime is brought home to the guilty party, and the doctor triumphs."

To go back to Miss Terry. She said recently to a reporter of the Daily Telegraph: "Nothing would ever induce me to appear on the music hall stage. It has, I know, been publicly stated more than once that I was thinking of doing so. But I give you my word that I never shall, never." Miss Terry has a very settled conviction that actors do not show to advantage in a variety theatre. "They cannot entertain visitors as some of the to-the-manner-born music hall do. To be sandwiched in between past masters of the art of music hall entertaining really shows off an actor to ill advantage. Music hall artists are as out of place in a theatre as actors are in a music hall—at least, that is my opinion." Miss Terry's views, added the writer, are to some extent confirmed by a criticism just to hand relating to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, now appearing in vaudeville in the United States. The paragraph runs as follows: "Mrs. Patrick Campbell met with a chilly reception at Philadelphia at Keith's Theatre. But some performing collie dogs were received with the most demonstrative enthusiasm."

Beebohm Tree will impersonate characters of Shakespeare and Moliere next season, and he will produce a new historical drama written for him by Louis Napoleon Parker.

## MEN AND THINGS

When the well favored young man that hailed from Bagdad rebuked the barber, as is related in the Thousand Nights and a Night, for his sorry prattle, the barber, "swart of face, white of head, and hoar of eyebrows, lop-eared and proboscis-nosed," vaunted his accomplishments: "Allah hath bounteously bestowed on thee a barber, who is an astrologer, one learned in alchemy and white magic; syntax, grammar and lexicology; the arts of logic, rhetoric and elocution; mathematics, arithmetic and algebra; astronomy, astronomy and geometry; theology. The Traditions of the Apostle and the Commentaries on the Koran. Furthermore, I have read books galore and digested them and have had experience of affairs and comprehended them. In short I have learned the theorick and the practice of all the arts and sciences; I know everything of them by rote and I am past master 'in tota re scibili.'"

Thus as a full and rounded man, this barber stood by the side of the ideal architect as described by Vitruvius and the ideal dancer according to Lucian.

In Illinois there is a state board of examiners who decide the fitness of the ambitious who would fain be

barbers. Not only are applicants obliged to show their skill on patients and marked as they work, with this table of percentages given for perfection: Haircutting, 15 per cent.; shaving, 15 per cent.; honing and time taken up, each 15 per cent.; general appearance, 10 per cent.; and deportment, 5 per cent.—which makes a total of 75 per cent.; but questions are submitted to them, and accuracy in answering is valued at 25 per cent. Here are two of the questions: "What is necessary to be a good practical barber?" "What is an antiseptic? Name three antiseptics practical for barber's use."

One applicant answered the first: "Cleansing good tools and practist"; and the second: "Lisow, pyroxidee, listrenne."

Another question: "What benefits are to be derived from facial massage?" was answered, "Blackheads, rinkles and cleaning the skin thurley."

It is fair to infer that "deportment" covers the use of onions and "eating tobacco," whether it be plug or fine cut. Discreet conversation is probably not barred. The barber has for centuries been accused of garrulity. In our experience, the chatterer is usually the patient. The barber cuts his conversation according to the man under his razor or shears. The most secretive women are said to be incredibly confidential with their dentist, and we have heard men in a barber's shop talking as they would hesitate to talk in the club or at the breakfast table.

And many barbers are by nature melancholy. They sigh when at work, or they breathe hard, as with suppressed emotion. Their feet often trouble them. They seem to catch cold easily. There is a long established tradition that cobblers are born politicians and inclined toward atheism. A prudent barber is like Dorothea's father, of miscellaneous opinions and uncertain vote. Has he a private life? Does the Human Ostrich at home disdain a joint and vegetables, custards and pie? Sociologists, in spite of their clamor for public recognition and gratitude, have done little to appease curiosity. "The Home Life of the Borneo Head Hunters" is a step; but the world is impatient for Mr. Herkimer Johnson's colossal work. Has any one seen Mr. Johnson recently? Letters addressed to him at Clamport are unanswered. Is it possible that he embarked with Mr. Pinchot? That he is even now with the Shaker of Nations, the Peripatetic Arranger of Dynasties and Destiny?

Letter writing is said to be a lost art. Not so long as Mrs. Lillian Marie Brown Smith has access to pen and ink. Mr. Smith had the ingenious idea and the daring to call her, his first wife, to testify for him in a separation suit which his third wife brought against him. (Wife No. 2 by the way, was divorced from him.) After he married No. 3 he found out one day that the divorce decree which freed him from No. 1 was not genuine. Seventeen years had gone by when he made this discovery, but he at once advertised for Lillian Marie. In the mean time she had not been idle. She had married, and she had been divorced. But she well remembered Smith. We quote from letters that should be published in full, in a volume to go with the Letters of a Portuguese Nun and the Letters of Heloise to Abelard:

"I have been courted by many since we separated and am at present something of a connoisseur in love making, so you see if we should meet again, we might not feel toward each other as we did in 1888.

"How long ago it seems! You—strong and handsome! I—young, pretty; pretty and petite.

"I am tired tonight, and something—the wind maybe or the rain, or the cry of a bird in the copse outside—has brought back the past and its pain. I feel as I sit here thinking that the hand of a dead past has reached out to take hold of my heart's loose strings and is drawing them up in tune.

"I am tired tonight. I miss you and I long for your love through my tears. It seems but today that I saw you go—you who have been gone so many years. I seem to be newly lonely—I, who am so much alone."

Headline: "Maud Allan's trunks seized." Impossible. She does not wear any.

This reminds us that at the exhibition of "The Modern Society of Portrait Painters" in London last February there was a picture entitled, "And She Brought It to Her Mother." Salome was fully and opaquely clothed. She wore a princess gown with an overdress with badly arranged folds. A woman wrote of these folds: "They bag abominably round her ankles, just where a clever dressmaker swishes them up to give an appearance of tapering slenderness and grace. This is no Salome, by her nice though amateurish dress, and her composed and dignified manner. We know her for what she is, the 'Princess X' disguised in a jasmine wreath."

This critic wrote that in the whole exhibition there was only one dress with the slightest claim to distinction—and the sleeve of that was all wrong. Only one hat was put on becomingly or correctly. As for the gloves—not even a left one fitted, and the majority of the coiffures "reminiscent of nothing so much as nests made in a hurry by agitated and inexperienced birds."

Is the name of Theodora Gerard, an American, familiar in all Boston households? Paris, we read, is enthusiastic over her beauty, "graceful terpsichoreanism" and decided dramatic ability. She has disturbed the landscape for a Russian grand duke, who has given to her a priceless "Cinnamon" diamond—there are only two remaining, even for Mr. J. P. Morgan. "Around her swarm not only those of title and money, but the members of the Academy." And so Miss Gerard may make these Academicians truly famous, and their names may go sounding down the corridors of Time. In Villiers de l'Isle Adam's pleasing story *Aspasia* confessed to Alcibiades that she cut off the tail of his little dog that the glory of Alcibiades might never fade.

## MISS HOFFMANN IN IMITATIONS

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Gertrude Hoffmann is at Keith's Theatre this week, and for this week only, with her new review, a series of imitations. She was here with "The Mimic World," a dimsy show, early in October, 1903, and she then danced Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" with a buoyancy and a grace and a girlish innocence that no dancer since has equalled or even approached in the "interpretation" of this song without words. She also danced "The Vision of Salome."

This season her review is long and elaborate. She gives imitations of Eddie Foy, Ethel Barrymore, George M. Cohan, Eva Tanguay, Ruth St. Denis, Anna Held, Isadora Duncan, Harry Lauder, Valeska Suratt, Alice Lloyd, Harry Watson, Jr., Annette Kellermann and Eddie Leonard.

Miss Hoffmann does more than catch some mannerism, echo some trick of voice, ape some favorite gesture or posture. She gives at the same time a sketch of photographic realism and an impressionistic portrait. Her imitations are not malicious; they are not caricatures; they are in a way impersonal. She holds the mirror up that her subjects, not her victims, may see themselves.

Eddie Foy is himself a burlesque. It is not necessary for him to sing or speak on the stage to awaken laughter. Miss Hoffmann presents a Foy that does not depend on vocal imitation. She immediately passes from him to speak in the sepulchral tones of Miss Barrymore, and in a moment, as young Mr. Cohan, she is as loose as ashes.

Her imitations of Ruth St. Denis and Anna Held were remarkably vivid. In the snake charming scene, she not only reproduced the facial expression and the gestures; she gave the illusion of the atmosphere that surrounded Miss St. Denis. To this scene the Chinese troupe aided in giving an exotic flavor. The imitation of Anna Held was even still more realistic. Miss Held seeing it would be enamored with herself.

As Miss Duncan, Miss Hoffmann revealed her exquisite figure and her lightness in the dance, and as Alice Lloyd she again gave pleasure to eyes that have been surfeited this season with bare-legged dancers and pectoral revelations. The imitation of Miss Kellermann was one of grotesque burlesque, but the attendant splashers were young and shapely. This imitation and the one immediately preceding were accompanied by raucous and thumping music which, instead of inciting gayety, rasped the nerves and prevented calm enjoyment of the female form.

The versatility, the keen observation and the imagination shown by Miss Hoffmann in this review are extraordinary.

There are other good features on the bill. The Four Holloways did surprising feats on the tight wire with and without the bicycle. The coolness and the grace of the woman of the company were inimitable. Jarrold did some clever tricks, but his patter was not first class.

Nat Haynes and Will Vidocq had much to say, and much of it was amus-

ing. The Madden and Fitzpatrick company, in "The Turn of the Tide," described on the program as a "little play-let," introduced piano solos and a sentimental ending that evidently touched the heart of the audience. Others on the bill were the Bennett Trio, comedy acrobats and Ida Gramman, "singing comedienne."

## VERDI'S "AIDA" C.C. AT OPERA HOUSE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Aida," performed by the English Opera Company, Milton and Sargent Aborn, managing directors; Max Elchandler, conductor.

Aida.....Estelle Wentworth  
Amneris.....Louise Le Baron  
Priestess.....Florence Coughlan  
Rhodames.....Joseph Sheehan  
Ramfis.....H. L. Watrous  
Anonastro.....Otley Cranston  
King.....George W. Dunstan  
Messenger.....John De Pillis

Judging from the large and interested audience which greeted the Aborn company on their opening night, there is here a public quite ready to avail itself of the exceedingly worthy type of opera offered by this company. Provided too much violence is not done the music, there is every reason why the standard operas should find warm acceptance when they are put on in this way; for the usual accompaniments of sumptuous setting and rich costume can be dispensed with and the superiority of this entertainment over any other at the same price is evident.

The fact that the opera was sung in English would have added to its impressiveness could the English have been understood. As it was, partly because of the undue prominence of the orchestra and partly because of defective enunciation, only a word was intelligible now and then; for the most part, Italian might as well have been the medium of expression, except that, had that been the case, musical phrases would not have been marred as they were constantly in the translation. This injury to the melodic line was particularly noticeable in "Celeste Aida" and in the section beginning "Numi pietà," sung by Aida in the first act.

Orchestra and singers alike seemed unaccustomed to so large an auditorium, and the defects of disproportion arising from this will doubtless be improved in the rest of their season. Last night there was much predominance of brass in the orchestra, which forced the singers to strain their voices in order to be heard and prevented the chorus from making its tone sufficient for the large ensembles.

The singing of Miss Wentworth, Mr. Sheehan and Mr. Cranston was especially worthy of commendation. Particularly in the Nile scene Miss Wentworth's voice was fresh and pleasing, while her acting was consistent and effective, as was also that of her companions. This scene, with the pyramids in the distance across the Nile, merited the applause it received. The settings were uniformly adequate and in good taste, though of course they are of necessity simply done. Costumes and make-ups also showed the same qualities, though the darkness of the Ethiopians was somewhat too pronounced; the ballet especially took on the semblance of a minstrel show.

The scene of Rhodames' triumphal return presented an inspiring spectacle and in numbers and grouping would bear comparison with more lavish productions.

All in all, the performance was one of decided merit and demonstrates clearly that opera at such prices is worth while and entirely possible.

## 'DIVINE MYRMA' AT MUSIC HALL

"The Divine Myrma," billed as the "Furore of the French Watering Resorts," made her reappearance last evening at the American Music Hall. A young woman of statuesque form and of pleasing personality she splashes mermaid-like in a tank on the centre of the stage, amid appropriate woodland scenery. Wit



graceful poise and sure stroke she illustrated a back, front, porpoise and other dives, including the "Concy Island Flip," and "A Falling Statue," remarking in a careless aside that this was really the cleanest act in vaudeville.

John C. Rice and Sally Cohen were amusing in the farce, "Our Honey-moon," which portrayed the traditional postmatrimonial disturbances. Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Mingle, newly made man and wife, long for even a momentary respite from each other's society. Mr. Mingle plans to go to a prize fight, and Mrs. Mingle to a dance. He departs, ostensibly to a camp meeting. But his bride, overcome by his pious demeanor, is unwilling to deceive such a noble husband, and remains at home to await his return, prepare a Welsh rarebit and read the papers.

While indulging in the latter occupation she discovers the meetings were closed the evening before, and therefore she has herself been deceived. Tears follow, and shortly the entrance of the pious Ferdinand in a somewhat dubious condition brings matters to a climax. After the inevitable spat, calm returns and the usual reconciliation is effected.

Wilson Franklyn and company also gave much pleasure in the comedy, "My Wife Won't Let Me." With a nervous and henpecked cleric of uncertain age, his genteel wife and the sudden entrance upon the horizon of the Princess Valenno, a music hall artiste, through a cab accident, the funmaking elements are complete, and all the parts are well taken.

The Imperial Russian ballet was represented by the Orlicks, who gave a fine exhibition of their national dancing. Other numbers on the program were C. W. Littlefield, irresistibly droll in his imitations of animals and people; Mlle. Berthe, violinist, who played in dulcet tones Dvorak's "The Swanee River" with variations; Collins and Hart, two strong men, strong by reason of much padding; Genaro and Bailey, who gave "The Flirtation Dance," and Sophie Tucker, whose songs, although not strictly in coon style, delighted the hearers.

There was a large and appreciative audience.

## DISPLAY OF TECHNIQUE.

Ferruccio Busoni Gives Second Piano Recital in Jordan Hall.

Ferruccio Busoni gave his second piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows:

Beethoven sonata "Waldstein" op. 53; Brahms-Paganini, variations; Chopin, sonata, B minor; Schubert-Liszt, Erlking; Liszt, "Au Bord d'une Source"; Hungarian rhapsody No. 6 (edited by Busoni).

This program of unusual interest and of a taxing nature was aptly chosen to display to their limits the pianist's technique and power of endurance. Again Mr. Busoni showed himself to be rather a master craftsman than an interpreter. His purity of tone, variety of touch, brilliance of execution are admirable, but his playing lacks emotional quality. Of necessity, the compositions suffered musically. His astounding feats of agility in keyboard gymnastics held the audience spellbound, although rarely did he reflect the mood of the composer. But he played as one with authority.

His rendering of the Beethoven sonata was interesting, of a thoughtful and intellectual nature, slightly colored but relieved by charming moments of spontaneity in the Rondo. He was perhaps, at his best in the Variations, where little interpretative power is required, and where he displayed a masterly proficiency in delicate gradations. After his brilliant performance of the Chopin rhapsody he was enthusiastically received, and he played as encore the G major Etude, op. 25, No. 9, of the same composer, with rare fleetness and variety of touch. His most dramatic moments were reached in the "Erlking" and a wonderful performance of Liszt's Rhapsody concluded

the program. There was an audience of fair size, which gave enthusiastic evidence of its appreciation, and Mr. Busoni was obliged to add to the program.

GLOBE THEATRE—Hanlon's "New Superba," a spectacular pantomime in three acts. The cast:

Superba.....Hilda Carle  
Wallalla.....Pearl Charlton Seward  
Silvia.....Marie de Trace  
Leander.....Robert Hyman  
Pico.....Fred Hanlon  
Roxie.....Bess Rosa  
Blotz.....W. J. Hoyt  
Bandit Chief.....William Hanlon, II.  
Pico's Double.....William Hanlon, II.  
First Fairy.....Lillian Harrison  
Dame Durden.....Tom Mullens  
Cora Wanda.....Lee J. Klein  
Zazar.....M. G. Douglas  
Hagath.....Tom Mullens

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE — Fritz Scheff in "The Prima Donna," by Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert. Cast:

Col. Dutois.....Gilbert Clayton  
Capt. Bordenave.....William K. Harcourt  
Lieut. Armand.....Vernon Davidson  
Lieut. Fernand Drouillard.....Donald Hall  
Lieut. Gaston De Randal.....Martin Haydon  
Lieut. Prosper Rousseau.....F. Von Gottfried  
Lieut. Eugene De Beaumont.....Fred Killeen  
Mons. Beauvillage.....W. H. Fitzgerald  
Herr Max Gundelfinger.....John E. Hazzard  
Mlle. Athene.....Fritz Scheff  
Countess Helene.....Alice Russon  
Marquise De Perrifonds.....Katherine Stewart

COLONIAL THEATRE—"The Third Degree," a play in four acts, by Charles Klein. Principals in the cast:

Richard Brewster.....James Seeley  
Howard Jeffries.....Frazer Coulter  
Howard Jeffries, Jr.....Malcolm Duncan  
Capt. Clinton.....Ralph Delmore  
Robert Underwood.....Earl Williams  
Dr. Bernstein.....Walter Craven  
Mr. Bennington.....William Herbert  
Det. Sergt. Maloney.....Edward Leahy  
Annie Jeffries.....Helen Ware  
Mrs. Howard Jeffries.....Lida McMillan

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The White Sister," a play in four acts by F. Marion Crawford. A return engagement. Cast:

Monsignore Saracinesca.....James O'Neill  
Capt. Giovanni Severi.....William Farnum  
Lieut. Ugo Severi.....Dwight Dana  
Dr. Pieri.....Edwin Barbour  
Lieut. Basil.....Richie Ling  
Brescia.....Joseph Carducci  
Countess Chlaramonte.....Mihna Gale  
Mme. Bernard.....Panny Addison Pitt  
Portress.....Belle Chippendale Warner  
Sister Giovanna.....Miss Allen

BOSTON THEATRE—Anna Held, with Lawrence D'Orsay, in "Miss Innocence," a musical play in two acts. The principals of the cast:

Anna, "Miss Innocence".....Miss Held  
Miss Sniffins.....Miss Alice Hegeman  
Helene Legarde.....Miss Gene Lueska  
Claire.....Miss Frances Farr  
Ezra Pettingill.....William C. Powers  
Capt. the Hon. Roland Fitzmaurice  
Mountjoy.....Lawrence D'Orsay  
Pierre de Brissac.....John Reinhard  
The Duke of Pomerania.....Dudley Oatman

RAND OPERA HOUSE—The dramatization of Alexander Dumas' novel, "Monte Cristo," in five acts. The cast:

Count de Monte Cristo, Edmond  
Dantes.....Frederick Eckhart  
Danglars.....Donald Gregory  
Fernande.....Clarence Carvel  
Devilfort.....John Lefshman  
Albert.....Harry Joyner  
Dechellet.....Henry Dittelback  
Caderousse.....W. P. Nunn  
Abbe Farla.....James Gordon  
Carconte.....Miss Marie Kenzie  
Babbette.....Miss Mayme McGee  
Mercedes.....Miss Gretchen Sherman

This week at the Castle Square Theatre Mr. Craig's company puts on "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman," the play adapted by Eugene W. Presbrey from stories by E. W. Hornung.

Cast:  
Raffles.....John Craig  
Lord Amersteth.....Walter Walker  
Lady Melrose.....Mabel Colcord  
Lord Crowley.....Bert Young  
Lady Ethel.....Sadie Tarrane  
Capt. Bedford.....Donald Meek  
Merton.....William Walsh  
Harry Manders.....Wilfred Young  
Crawshaw.....George Hassell  
Mrs. Vidal.....Gertrude Binley  
Marie.....Florence Shirley  
Goldby.....Al. Roberts  
Bannacough.....R. H. Wentworth  
Gwendoline Connon.....Mary Young

## PLEASANT TOUCH IN PIANO RECITAL

Mme. Marie von Unschuld Shows Sentimental Tendencies in a Program Warmly Received in Steinert Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Marie von Unschuld gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Program:

Beethoven, sonata op. 27 No. 2; Schumann, "Scenes from Childhood"; MacDowell, Polonaise, E minor; Debussy, Reverie; Poldini, Marche Mignonne; Schubert-Liszt, Erlking; Paganini-Liszt, Echo study; Chopin, prelude, "The Tolling Bell"; etude, A-flat major; Delibes, Passepied from "Le Roi s'Amuse"; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 13.

Mme. Marie von Unschuld, an Austrian by birth, educated musically at Vienna and Weimar, now living in Washington, where she is at the head of a music school, played here for the first time. She has an agreeable touch and a respectable technical proficiency, although her mechanism yesterday was by no means flawless, as was shown in the finale of the sonata. Her chief fault in interpretation is sentimentalism with attendant dragging of tempo, breaking the continuity of a musical thought, and giving importance to passages of little inherent worth. Her tendency toward sentimentalism was shown at once in the first movement of the sonata, where her attack of chords was constantly delayed, and the halting soon became irritating. Her performance of the following allegretto was minute in detail as though a class stood by examining the dissection. The finale was not always well rhythmed; there was a tendency to hurry; there was occasionally a lack of clearness, and there were plenty of false notes.

The program contained the pianist's "Scenario" of Schumann's familiar "Scenes from Childhood." Mme. von Unschuld finds many strange things in these little pieces; for instance, in "The Poet Speaks" she sees the "mother standing before the little bed, imploring the Lord's blessing and protection for her baby" with a "fervent 'Amen'" at the end. It would have been more to the purpose if the pianist had given in a short note the story of the origin of these pieces.

Clara Wieck when she was betrothed to Schumann once wrote to her lover that often she appeared to him as a child. He answered her by saying that this remark had incited him to compose 30 or more little and droll pieces. He took about a dozen of them and gave them the title "Scenes from Childhood." He added that when she saw them she should forget that she was a virtuoso; that they were easy to play.

In her performance of these little pieces the pianist showed certain excellent qualities, but in the quieter compositions she was unduly sentimental and the sentiment of "Trauer-mel" was mawkish. The performance of Liszt's transcription of "Erlking" was rhythmically unsteady, so unrhythmical at times that there was not marked temporal division. She played the study of Liszt effectively. In the course of the concert she repeated the piece by Poldini and the Passepied from Delibes' music to Victor Hugo's tragedy. The performance of the latter was hurried and without the archaic elegance and quiet fleetness that characterize the music.

An audience of good size applauded often and warmly.

## VOICE SHOWS RESONANCE.

Myron W. Whitney, Jr., Gives Song Recital in Chickering Hall.

Myron W. Whitney, Jr., gave a

song recital yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. His accompanist was Miss Currie. Program:

Sjoegren, serenade; Brahms, "In Still Night"; Foots, "Requiem"; Debussy, "Chevelure"; Mozart, "Non piu andrai"; Busoni, "Bin ein fahrender Gessel"; Colburn, "From the Prison Windows"; Scontrino, "Voglio"; Hild-dach, "Volkslied"; Massenet, Chanson du Diable from "Griseldis"; Lehmann, "Annie Laurie"; Fairchild, "Serenade"; Tirindelli, "Amore Amor"; Humperdinck, "Berceuse"; Bath, "Evee"; Koehlin, "Le The"; Currie, "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes"; Valente, "Non canto per voi"; Hue, "J'ai pleure en reve"; Stanford, "Cutting Rushes"; Berhoz, serenade from "Damnation de Faust."

Among these songs were many to arouse the interest of the concertgoer who likes to keep in touch with the work of contemporary composers as yet comparatively little heard. Variety of language and variety of style gave ample opportunity to Mr. Whitney to display his admirable musicianship, perhaps the quality which most noticeably pervades his work.

Though he at times overdoes his use of nasal resonance, it is largely owing to his highly developed power of utilizing resonance that he is able to vary tonal color as he does so aptly; this ability was well illustrated often in songs following directly upon each other in his cleverly ordered program, as, for example, in "Requiem" contrasted with "Chevelure," or in "Le The" and then in "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes." That he is most successful in songs of marked simplicity, such as "Annie Laurie" or the little folksong by Hildach, proves the sympathetic and pleasing quality of his voice in its middle range, for art can rarely hide deficiencies of voice in such songs as these.

Mr. Colburn's setting for some verses by Frederick Peterson reproduces perfectly the sad and elusive spirit of the words, and in a song, of real distinction, as is also "J'ai pleure en reve," a setting by Hue for a remarkably good French version of Iliene's poem.

"Evee" is a spirited song to words by Fiona Macleod, expressing exultation in a curious and not altogether pleasing manner about the sea horses of the soul; it is somewhat

monotonous, particularly in rhythmic pattern. In "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes" Miss Currie has made a really charming setting of these much-set words. In every way the program owed much to Miss Currie, and not the least through her unusual and sensitive accompaniments.

Mr. Whitney had a deeply interested, if small, audience. He added "Spring Time Love," by Parker, and another song by Debussy, besides repeating a number of songs.

## BOSTON OPERA HOUSE.

Miss Lois Ewell Heard with the Aborn Company in "Aida."

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Aborn English grand opera company in Verdi's "Aida." Cast:

Aida.....Lois Ewell  
Amneris.....Louise Le Baron  
Priestess.....Florence Coughlan  
Rhadamenes.....Joseph Sheehan  
Ramfis.....H. L. Waterous  
Amonasro.....Otley Cranston  
King.....George W. Dunstan  
Messenger.....John De Pillis  
Max Fichandler conducted.

Miss Ewell made a pleasing impression. Her voice, especially good in the lower register, is adequate to the demands upon it and she uses it with skill. Her high notes are clear and true and she sings plaintive piano passages with marked effectiveness. An audience that pretty well filled the pit and lower boxes and sparsely populated the rest of the house saw a satisfactory presentation. Crudities here and there were overlooked and the performance was generously applauded, albeit sometimes at ill advised moments. The principals were called before the curtain many times.

## MISS VAN KURAN

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Laura Van Kuran gave a song recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. She was assisted by George Proctor, pianist, and Alfred de Voto, accompanist. There was a large au-



hence, and it was warmly appreciative. Miss Van Kuran sang these songs: Piccini, "Ah! prends pitié"; Bellini, "Come per me sereno"; Debussy, Lia's air from "The Prodigal Son"; Delibes, "Dans le forêt" from "Lakmé"; Leroux, "Le Nil"; Massenet, Gavotte from "Manon"; Sibellus, "Longing"; La Forge, "To a Violet"; Spross, "Will o' the Wisp."

Mr. Proctor played these pieces: Schubert, Impromptu in B flat major; Debussy, Toccata; Sjoegren, "Erotikon"; Schumann, Night piece in F major; Moszkowski, Spanish caprice.

Miss Van Kuran, born and reared in Omaha, studied singing in Boston and was known here as a church and concert singer. She went to Italy, where she continued her studies and appeared with success in opera. She went to Paris for further study and she returned to Boston last fall.

When she left this city her voice was light, pure and flexible, and it was distinguished by a peculiarly beautiful quality. Yesterday the voice had greater volume, but the peculiar quality was often missed; it was heard in its beauty in the French song that the singer added to the second group in response to warm applause, and this was the one song sung with true feeling.

The more important pieces on the program were operatic arias, and at least three of them called for a mistress of florid song. Only a most accomplished coloratura soprano can make much of the air from "La Sonnambula" and of Massenet's "Gavotte." Excellence of performance by a young singer not so gifted and accomplished is only comparative.

It may justly be said that Miss Van Kuran has gained greatly in fluency; that at times the florid passages were deftly sung, with clearness, dash, and reassuring confidence; that her intonation was on the whole delightfully pure in these days when applauded operatic singers are often below the pitch throughout a performance. On the other hand, her upper tones were often spread, not focussed, and there seemed to be an attempt to gain in resonance at the expense of quality. It was as though this singer with a lyric voice had been persuaded during her absence to study dramatic parts.

There was little individuality in Miss Van Kuran's singing, whether it were sustained or florid. There was no authoritative expression of sentiment. Neither tones nor phrases were colored for dramatic or quietly emotional effect. And in sustained singing phrases were sometimes not well dismissed. They were hastily relinquished, as though the singer felt her breath failing, or stopped as though she were advised or compelled to end the phrase. There is more in Leroux's "Nile" than was expressed yesterday. In the songs sung in English the enunciation was indistinct. On the whole, Miss Van Kuran's singing was fluent, often agreeable by reason of tonal purity, but it was generally colorless, without individuality, unemotional.

The singer was applauded heartily by a very friendly audience, and, recalled at the end, she added to the program.

Mr. Proctor played with beauty of tone, artistic sense of proportion and fine taste. The runs in Schubert's Impromptu were admirably clear, and the performance of the Spanish Caprice, brilliant without extravagance, justly won a recall. One of the most agreeable features of the concert was Mr. Proctor's playing of the poetic middle section of Sjoegren's "Erotikon."

### HELEN REYNOLDS TRIO.

Concert Program Given in Chickering Hall Last Night.

The Helen Reynolds Trio (Helen Reynolds, violin; Katherine Halliday, violoncello; Margaret Gorham, piano) gave a concert in the evening in Chickering Hall. The Trio played these pieces: Haydn, Trio, C major, No. 3; Wolf-Ferrari, Trio, op. 7; Schumann, three movements from Trio in D minor, op. 63. Louis Schalk, baritone, sang these songs: Wolf, "Bitterolf"; Reger, "Waldeinsamkeit"; Sinding, "Viel Traume"; Chadwick, "Dear Love"; Foote, "In Picardie"; old Irish, "Love Song."

The concert gave pleasure to an audience of fair size. Haydn's amia-

ble prattle served to show well-considered ensemble playing and the fine touch and technical neatness of Miss Gorham, the pianist. There are charming passages in Wolf-Ferrari's Trio, and the beginning of the first movement is decidedly original. The charming passages, however, are episodic. The movements of the Trio are not firmly knit, and there are pages that are little better than perfunctory student's work.

Mr. Schalk has an agreeable voice, and he sang expressively.

April 16, 1910

## MUSIC OF DUCASSE HEARD HERE FIRST

Suite Francaise, Played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Rehearsal, Has Been Given Nowhere Else in America.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 22d public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was Liszt's "Faust" Symphony and Ducasse's Suite Francaise. The orchestra was assisted in Liszt's Symphony by members of the Apollo Club and James H. Rattigan, tenor.

Roger Ducasse's Suite was played for the first time in America. It is said that he is a step-son of Gabriel Faure and some hint at a closer relationship. However this may be, as a pupil of Faure, he took the second "Prix de Rome" in 1902. Small pieces by him have been performed in Paris during the last six years, but he blossomed out in 1909 when his Variations on a Serious Theme for orchestra were performed at a Lamoureux concert in Paris, and this Suite was played twice at a Colonne concert. The Variations will be heard here next Tuesday at Mrs. Hall's concert. Choruses by him were produced last month at a Lamoureux concert. With Faure, Aubert, Caplet, Hure, Koehlin, Ravel, Schmitt and others, he has recently founded the "Societe Musicale Independante," a society that purposes to give five concerts this season, beginning April 20, in which compositions for orchestra and chamber music will be played without regard to style or school. These concerts are especially for the benefit of young composers, but interesting works of the past will not be excluded.

This Suite contains an overture, a bourree, a recitative and air, and a minuet. The music is not preten-

tious. It seems as though the composer had endeavored to modernize in an extreme degree the archaic suite. The overture, for instance, begins with a pompous theme after the manner of Handel, but in the development of the theme Ducasse is soon ultra-modern in harmonic progressions and general spirit. Nor has the Bourree the rough and stamping character of the old dance. The chief theme is rather delicate and the treatment and the instrumentation are carefully searched out. These two movements are the most distinguished of the four.

The recitative was played without marked expression by the first clarinet. The air, written preferably for an oboe d'amore, but given in the absence of this instrument to the English horn, is suave. The continuation of this air admits of more expressive treatment than it received. The finale, a minuet, has some pleasant pages, but as a whole it is too mannered, and the changes in tempo—15-8, 11-8, 7-4 and 5-4—do not add to the effect. The chief feature of this suite is its instrumentation. In the minuet there are singularly effective passages for trumpet.

The performance of Liszt's Symphony was seriously marred by the unruly behavior of the organ, which ciphered badly, once in the extraordinary passage which Wagner stole with both hands and without remorse. There was added irony in the fact that a workman was at the time in the organ to ensure a perfect performance.

The interruption and delay were annoying to the conductor and the audience, and the effect of the sym-

phony was impaired thereby. Nevertheless the music made a profound impression and the audience was demonstrative in appreciation.

The symphony was an extraordinary work at the time it was written, and it is still extraordinary in structure, in poetic thought, and in charm and brilliance of expression. It led the way to the ultra-modern symphony. It furnished thematic and harmonic material to many now held up as great, especially to Wagner. Not only are there reminiscences of Liszt's music in "The Valkyrie" and in "Parsifal," but the manner of Liszt—manner, not mannerisms—in-

fluenced Wagner profoundly, as it influenced Franck and Saint-Saens. The "Faust" symphony, misunderstood and neglected as it was for years, even today not fully appreciated by many and openly flouted by hide-bound conservatives, made possible the music of the present that is of real value.

Furthermore, in this "Faust" Symphony there is true characterization without a minute and impertinent program. The movement "Faust" is deeply thoughtful, philosophic, yet restless with the restlessness that cannot find satisfaction in this world. "Gretchen" is not only beautiful and pathetic as music; it typifies the qualities of womanhood that have made Goethe's heroine stand apart enskied from her sisters. In "Mephistopheles" there is no vulgar pantomime music, no music for a devil to appear through a trap door, no shrill whistling on the fingers and no Meyerbeerian pomp of brass as in Bolto's "Mephistofele"; but the metamorphoses of Faust's themes are the expression of the Spirit that denies the fiend's arch-

mock. Especially ironical is the transformation of Faust's triumphal motive that is given in its glory to the brass and afterward debased in the dust.

There is perhaps a time in the life of every concert-goer when he judges Liszt by music that has pseudo-grandeur, a species of sentimental religious feeling, and a naivete that is artificial. As years go by the concert-goer learns to differentiate between Liszt the virtuoso and Liszt the artist, as by reading the volumes of Liszt's correspondence that have been published lately he learns to respect and admire the man himself, eager for the welfare of others, unselfish, generous with time, influence and his purse. The years go by and the fame of Liszt grows more and more brilliant. Surely the composer of the "Faust" Symphony must be ranked beyond doubt and peradventure with the immortals.

The members of the Apollo Club gave excellent assistance in the final mystical chorus.

### MISSIS PATTEN'S CONCERT.

Chamber Music and Solos Please Steinert Hall Audience.

The Misses Nathalie and Marjorie Patten (violinist and cellist), assisted by John Beach, pianist, and Mrs. Mary E. Patten and Miss Gertrude Belcher, accompanists, gave a concert last night in Steinert Hall.

The program included excerpts from Mendelssohn's trio in D-minor and Smetana's trio in G minor, violin pieces by Vieuxtemps, Sulzer, Beethoven and Hubay, cello pieces by Saint-Saens, Molique and Popper, and piano pieces by Faure, Schumann and Arensky.

The Misses Patten are well and favorably known here as talented young girls. They have given pleasure in public and private concerts. Last night they appeared neither as infant phenomena nor as mature artists, but as girls still in the pupil's state, showing uncommon musical instinct and marked proficiency. It is their purpose to go to Europe for further study.

Again last night they showed their talent in no uncertain way. Further study will undoubtedly ripen them and develop their respective gifts. It is a pleasure to add that there was a highly appreciative audience, which enjoyed the concert and wished them godspeed.

## TWO SHAKESPEARE PLAYS THIS WEEK

By PHILIP HALE.

To some the chief performances given this week by the New Theatre company of New York at the Shubert Theatre will be those of "Twelfth Night" and "The Winter's Tale" on Saturday, the anniversary of the poet's death. The world was recently informed by a New York critic that Shakespeare's humor is pedestrian and coarse. Sir Toby does not amuse this critic, to whom Sir Andrew is dull in himself and in the exhibition of his dullness. We have also been assured recently by an amiable young gentleman—he has taken the trouble to write a little book—that Shakespeare the man never existed. Nevertheless two comedies by William Shakespeare will be performed here next Saturday.

In the performance of "Twelfth Night" the Countess Olivia will be represented as a girl in her teens instead of a mature woman. The part will be played by Miss Leah Bateman-Hunter, the grand-daughter of Kate Bateman, well known to older play-goers of this city. But how old was Olivia? How old was Ann? The management of the New Theatre argues as follows:

"Ordinarily Olivia is played by a woman of middle age, probably because most Shakesperian traditions were set by stock companies prior to the advent of the modern star system. In these companies the role of Viola has been given to the leading woman, and that of Olivia to the 'second lady,' always one well along in years. Viola made up as a boy is in appearance not over eighteen, and is probably not supposed to be more than that age. The effect of this casting is, therefore, to bring about a love affair between a mature woman and a mere lad in the first blush of youth. As Viola's brother, Sebastian, cannot look older than his sister, a marriage between him and Olivia not only seems incongruous but detracts from the charm of comedy. \* \* \* As Shakespeare's Viola must have been played by a boy young enough to appear as a woman, it was decided to make the Olivia of the New Theatre's production no older than Viola."

It is true that nothing is said in the play about the age of Olivia. That a mature woman should fall passionately in love with a "mere lad in the first blush of youth" is not a thing out of the common. History abounds in examples, nor is it necessary to step out of the parish to see instances today. Olivia's conversation is that of a woman of experience and observation. It is not so young as that of Viola. Nor would Sebastian have been squeamish about marrying a woman older than himself, for she was rich and well-favored.

As the oracle of the village store often remarks: "Much might be said on both sides."

Viola says to the captain when she announces her purpose to serve the duke:

For I can sing  
And speak to him in many sorts of music,  
That will allow me very worth his service.

Mr. Ames therefore argues that the song of the clown, "Come away, come away death," should be given to Viola, not to the clown. "Some stage manager, it is believed, and not Shakespeare, made the original assignment, probably because of some sudden misadventure, or possibly because the boy who took the part of Viola lacked a singing voice. When Shakespeare wrote the play, a boy undoubtedly took the part of Viola, and having a singing voice, was given the ballad. Later the boy impersonating Viola could not sing, and the clown, evidently the vocalist of the company, was substituted."

This is ingenious, hypothetical, and unnecessary.

The clown in "Twelfth Night" is famous for his singing. Sir Andrew envied him his accomplishment. "I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has." And after Feste has sung, "O mistress mine," he reaps his reward.



Sir And.—A melodious voice, as I true knight.

Sir To.—A contagious breath.

Sir And.—Very sweet and contagious, I faith.

Sir To.—To hear by the nose, it is sweet contagion.

The clown sings again in the second scene of act four. He has the final song as epilogue.

The duke says before the song that now given to Viola: "O fellow come, the song we had last night." Why should not the clown sing it? The fact that he is in the service of Olivia is not a fatal objection. He is brought into the duke's palace by Curio. Why is he brought in, if not to sing? The duke asks for the song at once, and as soon as he has sung he leaves, and Curio goes out immediately afterward. Furthermore, Feste was a privileged character. He is specifically termed "an allowed fool." Furthermore, as Douce remarks, it was part of the stage fool's office, in the Elizabethan period, "to introduce at his own discretion a great many songs, or, at least, the fragments of them."

"The Winter's Tale" will be presented on an Elizabethan stage, "because in the case of this play, especially, the absence of scenery to be shifted enables the producer to obtain more nearly the free poetic atmosphere and the effect of a rapid dramatic narrative which Shakespeare intended. In one respect this Elizabethan production will be novel. In the past scholars have assumed that the old stage was bare and the old productions crude. Recent investigations have disclosed that, although Shakespeare had no painted scenes, he used many beautiful 'properties' and the most elaborate effects of costume. As the dramatic aim of this production is rapidity of movement and effectiveness in telling the story, so the scenic aim is beauty. The New Theatre's reconstruction of the Elizabethan stage consists of four 'members,' only two of which are used in 'The Winter's Tale.' These are the main stage and the inner stage. This main stage is entered from two side doors. It is hung with tapestries. The inner stage is a sort of alcove set in the back wall. Historically the inner stage is the father of the modern picture stage, for it was used to create the illusion of real locality, at first by means of 'properties' and 'set pieces,' and then, after Shakespeare, by the gradual introduction of painted scenery. As the inner stage developed, it came forward, usurping the main stage, or rather reducing it to a mere 'apron.' In 'The Winter's Tale' the inner, or alcove, stage is used to represent the cave by the sea-coast, the shepherd's hut, a room in Leontes' palace, etc. One peculiarity in the ancient use of this inner stage was that as soon as it was disclosed by the drawing of its curtain it took possession, so to speak, of the main stage. When the inner stage is the cave, the main stage is the adjacent shore; when it is the shepherd's cottage, the main stage becomes the lawn where the shepherd's dances take place."

The Herald of last Sunday contained an account of Mr. Bester's "Don" and of Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice," which will be performed here for the first time by the New Theatre company.

John Galsworthy's "Strife" and Edward Sheldon's drama, "The Nigger," will also be played here for the first time. "Strife" deals with a contest between capital and labor, but the author lets the audience sit as judge. He holds no brief for either side. The scene of the action has been shifted from England to Ohio, so that the play may appeal strongly to American audiences.

John Anthony, president of the Ohio River Tin Plate Mills in southwestern Ohio, endeavors to end a strike of his employees by coercive means. He is opposed by David Roberts, chairman of the workmen's committee. Prior to the meeting of these two central figures in the play, a compromise had been drafted by those saving the welfare of the corporation and the laborers at heart, but neither Anthony nor Roberts will consider this compromise for a moment. Each is bent upon a fight to the death in the belief that the future of those most intimately concerned depends upon a complete victory. Anthony's son, Earl, and his daughter Edith under-

wood, sympathize with the strikers, but their influence avails them nothing, and matters progress from bad to worse until the strike leader's wife dies of starvation. Anthony and Roberts are broken men, and the stockholders, who have rebelled all along at their president's attitude, have suffered enormous financial loss. The final curtain shows the acceptance of the agreement which was originally drafted before the action of the play begins.

"The struggle is shown in a series of scenes. There is a meeting of the directors of the mills; the house of a workman; a turbulent mass meeting of the employees in the mill yard, and the final conference between the directors and the workmen's committee. The climax is reached with swift and intensity, and makes the play a dramatic model, quite apart from its message, which is that the enormous sufferings and financial waste involved in such conflicts between capital and labor can be avoided."

Mr. Sheldon's "Salvation Nell" has been played here. "The Nigger" was produced at the New Theatre Dec. 4, 1909. Before the production there were protests against the title by leading negroes of New York. Mr. Anderson, a collector of internal revenue, Dr. Johnson, a prominent negro physician, the Rev. Dr. Brooks, the pastor of St. Mark's, said openly that the title was a slur on the whole race, "and more particularly on the hard-working, educated members of it." Mr. Sheldon answered by saying he meant in no way to cast any reflection on the negro. "I wanted to get into the title of the play the attitude of the white race toward the black. It reflects on the whites, not on the blacks. When the play is seen, I am sure that the development of the character of 'The Nigger' will show how ironical the title was meant to be. There was no other word which would express so clearly as this one just what I meant to convey."

The word "nigger" was not first used in English literature by an American. Burns wrote in 1786: "How graceless Ham leugh at his Dad, Which made Canaan a nigger."

Byron said in 1811: "The rest of the world—niggers and what not." We find Hartley Coleridge writing in 1849, and without putting the word in quotation marks: "A similar error has turned Othello \* \* \* into a rank, woolly-pated, thick-lipped nigger."

The word is undoubtedly an alteration of "neger," which was an adaptation of the French "negre," which in turn was an adaptation of the Spanish "negro"; and "neger" was used in English as far back as 1537 without any contemptuous meaning. Capt. John Smith in 1624 wrote about "a dutch man of warre that sold vs twenty negars." In 1636, it was entered in the "Annals of Albany": "The court have ordered ye said neger Hercules to be whipt throw ye towne."

The story of "The Nigger" is as follows: "Morrow is a candidate for Governor in a southern state. His campaign manager is Clifton Noyes, his cousin, and president of the Noyes Distillery Works. Morrow is in love with Georgiana Byrd, a young southern woman, and expects to marry her at the close of the campaign. A negro employed by the candidate has committed a crime, for which he is pursued by lynchers to Morrow's estate, where he secretes himself. To turn the negro over to the mob would mean the political death of Morrow, but the candidate quickly decides that rather than betray his office he will forfeit his political ambition. At this moment Noyes delivers the fugitive into the hands of the mob and he is lynched. With the election won, Morrow is hrought face to face with another crisis. A prohibition bill has been passed by the Legislature, and he realizes that the measure is a just one and necessary to the welfare of the negroes of the state. He is about to sign this bill when Noyes, who would be ruined by such a measure, declares that if the Governor's signature is affixed to the statute he will expose him by publishing to the public that Morrow has a trace of negro blood in his veins, and proves the truth of his statement. Undeterred by these threats, however, Morrow signs the prohibition bill and releases his betrothed. As the curtain falls he resigns the governorship to take up his work again for the negro race."

## MRS. HALL FINDS UNFAMILIAR MUSIC

By PHILIP HALE.

Mrs. R. J. Hall, indefatigable in her desire to bring out orchestral compositions unfamiliar in this city, announces her second concert of the season. It will be given in Jordan Hall next Tuesday night and Mr. Longy will conduct.

Balakireff's overture on three Russian themes was composed as far back as 1858. One of the folk songs taken for a theme, "In the Fields Stood a Birch Tree," was used by Tschalkowsky as a chief motive in the finale of his fourth symphony.

Roger Ducasse, whose "Pleasant Variations on a Serious Theme" will be heard here for the first time, is a pupil of Gabriel Faure, and in 1902 he took a second prix de Rome. His Suite Française was played at the Symphony concerts here last week for the first time in America.

Leon Moreau has written a pastorelle for saxophone solo and orchestra. This pastorelle is in three movements: Chanson, idylle and danse. The composer was born at Brest, July 13, 1870, and in 1899 he took the second prix de Rome, as a pupil of Leneveu. Moreau visited Boston in the fall of 1901. He was a member of Emma Nevada's company, which gave a concert in the Colonial Theatre Nov. 26 of '01. Mme. Nevada then brought with her Heathe Gregory, a cheerful young baritone; Pablo Casals, now a most distinguished cellist; Daniel Maquarre, now the second flute of the Philharmonic Society of New York. Mr. Moreau played groups of piano pieces by Chopin, Schumann, Moreau and Liszt, and, as the accompanist, Mr. Garon, was indisposed, Mr. Moreau also played the accompaniments.

Sylvio Lazzari's "Effet de Nuit" deserves a paragraph to itself. Lazzari was born at Bozen in 1858, and he at first studied law. When he was made doctor of jurisprudence he left the profession and entered the Paris Conservatory. He studied with Guiraud and Cesar Franck. For some years he was the Paris representative of the Wagner Society. He has composed two operas. The more important one, "Armor," was produced at Prague in 1898, and the prelude to it has been performed by the Chicago orchestra. He has also written music for a pantomime, "Lulu"; a Spanish rhapsody, a symphonic poem, "Ophelia," and "Impressions," for orchestra; pieces for violin and piano with orchestra; chamber music, songs, piano pieces.

He is best known here as the composer of an octet for wind instruments, brought out by the Longy Club in 1901. The first movement of his violin sonata was performed here April 13, 1909, by Miss Collier and Mr. Anthony.

"Effet de Nuit" is an orchestra piece suggested by Paul Verlaine's grim poem of the same name published in his "Poems Saturniens." It is the fourth of the "Etchings" dedicated to Francois Coppee. The poem tells of a night with rain. The sky is wan and the towers and spires of a gothic town which stand out by day in silhouette are blotted in the far distance. On the plain is a gibbet full of crooked corpses of the hanged. They are shaken by the greedy beaks of crows and they dance in the air inimitable jigs while their feet feed the wolves. Here and there are thorns and prickly holly. Three livid prisoners march barefooted guarded by tall halberdiers, and the blades of the weapons glisten against the lances of the rain.

This impressionistic music was first performed at a Lamoureux concert, Paris, Jan. 30, 1898.

The beginning of this orchestral picture is sinister. Double basses hold a note, while a bass clarinet mourns, and its lamentation in the upper register is mingled with the voices of clarinets. A new theme with a broken rhythm suggests the flight of crows. There is a march in triple time, and then the bass clarinet again groans in the night and the rain. Mr. Pierre de Breville adds to this description, which I have abbreviated. He says with gentle irony that music

is not the prediction of words, and therefore some of the hearers did not follow exactly the concordance of themes and their developments with the lines of the poet. Mr. Lazzari is first of all a musician, and sometimes he forgets the poet in the effort to make music. It seems that Verlaine originally had the three prisoners guarded by 225 halberdiers, or partisans. (In the edition before me the poet speaks of "un gros de hauts pertuisaniers.") Mr. De Breville says that the 225, who should march without making a great noise at night, are multiplied in the music. "There are at least 225,000, to judge from the brilliance of their march and armor. Had he wished to depict them corruscating under the blazing sun, he would not have done otherwise. \* \* \* Some of the hearers did not 'see' the three prisoners marching barefoot; others in vain longed for the pretty, pictorial effect of the blades 'shining under the lances of the shower.' I know full well that music does not explain itself; but, having adopted a program, Mr. Lazzari gave the hearers the right of putting all these questions to him, and as he could not with notes reply satisfactorily to the majority of them, he will understand why a well disposed audience gave a rather doubtful welcome to his composition."

Mrs. Hall's program will also include Four Short Pieces by Cesar Franck and Lalo's Norwegian Rhapsody. Lalo wrote a suite for violin and orchestra, a Norwegian Fantasia, which Sarasate played with great success in Germany. Lalo afterward took for the Norwegian Rhapsody the first movement of this fantasia, and he transformed wholly the part for the violin solo. He added a highly colored allegro, in which the trumpets have a brilliant part, and he introduced as an

episode a theme taken from the andante of the Fantasia. The Rhapsody was performed for the first time at a concert of the National Society, Paris, April 20, 1879.

### Concerts of the Week.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Fiedler, conductor. See special article.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Mrs. R. J. Hall's orchestral concert. See special article.

WEDNESDAY—West Roxbury high school, 8 P. M. City of Boston, music department, William Howard, conductor. Orchestral pieces: Mozart, overture to "Don Giovanni"; Rubinstein, "Song of the Spheres," from string quartet, op. 17; Mozart, first movement from symphony in G minor; Wagner, procession from "Lohengrin"; Luigini, finale from Egyptian suite. William H. O'Brien, baritone, will sing an air from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba" and Phillips' "A Son of the Desert." Mr. Howard, violinist, will play Nachez' Gypsy Dance. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Mr. and Mrs. Gales. Duets: Beethoven, Lebens-Genuss; Loewe, "Zwist und Suehne"; songs, Mozart, An das Clavier; Schumann, Fruhlingsnacht; A. Mendelssohn, An Belinden; G. Faure, "Le Secret"; Fevrier, Priere pour Aimer, La Douleur (Mr. Gales); Weber, Reigen; Spohr, Verlust; Noren, Vom Kuessen; Jaques-Dalcroze, "La Pluie"; Massinet, gavotte from "Mignon" (Mrs. Gales); duet, Boyce, "Together Let Us Range the Fields"; old English, "Sweetest Love, I Do Not Go"; Loehr, "Youth Has a Happy Tread"; Bantock, "Love's Secret"; Andrews, "A Day of Spring" (Mr. Gales); Mallinson, "Snowflakes"; Gales, "A Charming Song"; C. Scott, "And So I Made a Villanelle"; "Sorrow"; Haydn Wood, "On a Spring Morning" (Mrs. Gales); duet, Gales, "Heigho, 'Tis Love!"

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 23d public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Halm, symphony in D minor for strings (first time in America); Strauss, "Don Quixote"; Mendelssohn, Overture, Notturmo, Scherzo and Wedding March from the music to "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Dorchester high school, 8 P. M. City of Boston, department of music, William Howard, conductor. Orchestral pieces: Nicolai, overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; Wagner, "An Album Leaf"; Mozart, first movement from symphony in G minor; Bolzon, Minuet; Luigini, Finale, from Egyptian suite. Clarence H. Wilson, baritone, will sing Handel's "Honor and Arms" and Strelzsk's "Dreams." Barthold Silberman, violinist, will play Vieuxtemps' theme and variations. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 3 P. M., 23d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.



THE NEW THEATRE COMPANY.

The New Theatre Company of New York will begin an engagement of a fortnight in this city tomorrow evening. This event is one of more than ordinary interest. The repertory is catholic, for it includes three classic plays, two of them by Shakespeare, a modern comedy of manners, a poetic drama of Maeterlinck, and two plays that deal with contemporaneous problems, one play by an Englishman, the other by an American. Neither its repertory nor the list of capable actors and actresses is after all the chief feature of the engagement. The New Theatre stands for an idea. Its purposes were openly derided by certain managers, actors, critics and theatregoers when the handsome playhouse was opened early in November of last year, but approximately 200,000 persons visited the theatre during the season, and the public support was more than the directors anticipated. Furthermore, "School for Scandal" and "Twelfth Night" drew as large audiences as the modern plays, if not larger ones.

It is often said that managers give the public what it wants. There is truth in the remark, but the public does not often have the opportunity of knowing what it wants; it may have lost the art of knowing what it wants. Men and women wish to be entertained, and they will put up with what is offered. They have grown suspicious of the various contemporaneous drama, which is often played by comedians of easily made reputation and of little schooling and art. Many managers and press agents have brought it about that the public interest seems to be in actors rather than in acting. French plays of high character are declined in the adaptation "to suit American taste," at they may have a "happy ending," never mind how illogical and contrary to life and nature this ending may be. The playgoers, on the other hand, know what to expect of musical comedies and farces. They go in shoals to theatres where these pieces are performed. But everywhere, even in New York, there are symptoms of revolt. Thus Mr. Charles Frohman has seen a great light and established a repertory theatre in London.

Sir Herbert Tree, speaking a few days ago about the establishment of a National Theatre in England, said that to start a national theatre with plays that people don't want to see, or with selection of Shakespearian plays presented in a manner calculated to make people stare, would be to render no service to the nation at large. If the national theatre ever hopes to fulfil its real mission it must be popular in the best sense of the word or it will not exist at all, and no one desires a mausoleum as a monument. The first and chief desideratum in all kinds of art is to be articulate, to express yourself that the public shall understand and appreciate at its true value what you are aiming at.

The New Theatre does not pretend to be a national theatre. It is conducted in a broad spirit and with artistic aims, not to serve a clique, but to labor for any specific reform. It welcomes the help of any school and any period that have vital interest and dramatic force or beauty. It presents an ensemble, not a "personality" with a subordinated "supporting company." Its purposes extend themselves to all who have a true love for drama and recognize the possibilities of its efficient influence.

MEN AND THINGS

Several reasons are given for the closing of the Cafe de l'Opera in New York, and all of them are of interest to the Earnest Student of Sociology. The kitchen was on the fourth floor and therefore the service was bad. "If a patron wanted some more butter, by the time the waiter returned with it the butter had melted." This angered the patron unless he wished melted butter for his codfish and potatoes mashed together in good old New England fashion. "The cafe was killed by the evening dress rule," said another. "The American's head is full of business and he is apt to be disagreeable upon the slightest provocation and to resent any attempt to suggest to him that he ought to do." It appears that the request for evening clothes as printed only on the invitation to attend the opening, but the impression prevailed that the request was for all evenings and was a rule. No free and independent citizen wishes to be instructed by a landlord as to his dress. The opera is a different thing; he expects to dress up to it, he sits in a box or on the floor, but even in Boston, where opera is educational, the management of the Boston Opera House does not command. "It is desired that patrons be in evening dress." And courteously advise the citizens and citizenesses added to this desire. Even the deep-

est thinker, naturally distraught, learned that a derby hat or bowler or a slouch should not be worn with a clawhammer coat, and that a plaid hat and a white cravat are not in harmony with a house coat, vulgarly known as a Tuxedo. Still there were painful sights, and toward the end of the season otherwise estimable persons were seen in clawhammer, fancy waistcoat, black "string tie" and a three-year-old derby.

Bravely, too, did matrons, spinsters and blushing damozels wear low cut bodices. This reminds us that a "society girl" in New York was awarded \$20,000 damages last week. Her automobile was overturned by a street car and she was so badly burned that she can no longer appear décolletée. So she won by a neck. But we wander, yes, we wander.

Another reason given for the closing of this cafe is that it had a reputation for high prices. This reason is not valid. There are many Americans who prefer to go to places of amusement where the prices are prohibitive to the moderately rich. They go not to eat or hear an opera or see a play on some special occasion, but to be seen. Thus they prove to the world that they have money in large quantity and should be admitted to the ranks of the untitled aristocracy.

Nor are we inclined to accept this reason: No free slippers were provided for male guests. When men wore leg boots and travelled by stagecoach, slippers, brought on the arrival of a guest at an old-fashioned inn, were no doubt a sweet boon, as the Tower of London was in the eyes of Artemus Ward. In the inns described by Dickens, and before him by sturdy Englishmen and by Washington Irving, who in some ways was more English than the English, there is the mention of slippers as a comfort to be named with a sea coal fire, a round of beef, a pint of ale or a glass of steaming—the precise nature of the drink varied, but the drink was piping hot. Yet those old inns, according to George Augustus Sala, were most uncomfortable. He once drew up a catalogue of horrors, from the first charge of three-and-six for a pair of wax candles in battered, plated candlesticks, to a vile gravy soup, a badly roasted fowl and vegetables swimming in water. He said nothing about consolatory slippers.

Here at last is a reason that will be accepted by all students of life and manners. We say this boldly without a word from Mr. Herkimer Johnson. The cafe had no bar, and as one interested in the establishment remarked: "It seems to me that American men love a bar where they rest their elbows and put up one foot."

These men are not stranded on the bar. They are in full possession of their faculties. They exercise judgment—as in the choice of drinks and the wisdom of taking one more. They are capable of motion, for they often shift the foot on the rail—and a bar without a rail is not a bar in its glory—it is no better than a blind tiger, or the little closet back of a village pool room where the proprietor says in a low voice: "Which'll it be? Whiskey or rum?" and points alternately to the flasks in his inside coat pockets.

A man of fine aesthetic taste is gratified in many ways in a well appointed bar-room. The display of glass is in itself a rare treat and leads to the reflection: "Why are not our tumblers, goblets, wine glasses at home as clean and resplendent?" Thus there is a spur to domestic improvement. The array of bottles, long, tapering, thick, squat, bottles with wriggling necks, with strange and often incomprehensible labels, incites to a study of geography and of the languages. But the observer's foot must be on the rail for acute observation. And what a place to study men and manners! The conversation may be a jumble enriched with scraps concerning politics, meteorological discussions, surprising anecdotes of travel, business propositions, awful disclosures of character, merry jests that led to slaughter among the cave dwellers, stupendous self-appreciations. When the room is quiet, there is an opportunity for improving conversation with the bar-keeper, unless he be by nature morose and suspicious. It is not advisable to be on too intimate terms with a barkeeper, even though he be the brother of the Only William. Treat him with respect; do not "Bill" or "Hank" him; let him introduce the subject of talk, the golden thought for the moment; great will be your reward. He will mix your cocktail as though it were for a visiting rajah studying occidental customs.

Then you may venture to ask him what he thinks of the "Specifications for Thoreau Punch," published recently in the Sun of New York, that true Bibulant's Companion, Guide, Miscellany: "Half pound granulated sugar, water to gumify, quantum suff.; juice of six lemons, 1 pint green tea, one

bottle rye whiskey, one bottle Jamaica rum, one bottle brandy, one quart dry champagne; stir briskly and drink lying down."

We hasten to add that this recipe is not to be found in Thoreau's "Walden" or in any volume of his journal. The Sun's correspondent, who lives in Pawtucket, refers it to Maj. Thoreau Soaker of Sousevill, I. T.

And the dispenser, blender and shaker may condescend to examine into the comparative strength of this punch and that of the "South Sea Bowl" mixed by the shrewd old uncle for the unmasking of the heroine in Sudermann's "Hohe Lied": a concoction of sherry, cognac, angostura bitters, the yolks of eggs and Chateau d'Yquem—"In case of emergency Moselle might be used."

For our own taste we prefer a punch thus brewed: A bottle of sparkling Lacrima Christi extra dry, a bottle of cheap California claret, and a bottle of old Medford rum, with a large cake of ice and a few cut-up lemons. No water, save that which comes from the ice—and then the brew should be continually strengthened. Above all no sugar, which goes to the head.

April 18 1910

Ovation to Sembrich.

Audience at Symphony Orchestra Concert Enthusiastic in Applause.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a concert at Symphony Hall last evening in aid of its pension fund. Mr. Fiedler conducted Mme. Sembrich, who had generously offered her services for the occasion, was the soloist.

The program was as follows: Wagner, Preludes to "The Mastersingers," "Lohengrin," "Parsifal," Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde," overture to "Tannhauser"; Verdi, aria, "Ernani Involamti," from "Ernani"; Loeffler, "The Devil's Villanelle" (organist, Mr. Marshall); songs with piano—Brahms, "Wie Melodien"; Schumann, "Auftrage"; Strauss, "Allerseelen"; Jacques-Dalcroze, "L'Oiseau Bleu"; La Forge, "To a Messenger." Mr. La Forge played the piano accompaniments.

The public, always generous in support of these concerts, had responded last evening in such numbers that the hall was crowded; for besides the interest in the orchestra and its pension fund, there was a general eagerness to hear Mme. Sembrich before she made her threatened final departure from our concert stage.

The program was so oddly arranged, beginning with the Wagner preludes and ending with the group of songs, that it gave the impression of two complete concerts of different natures. It was a happy circumstance, however, that Mme. Sembrich should have ended the concert by singing these songs—to which she added others—for her performance of them was wholly delightful and characteristic. Mr. La Forge played admirable accompaniments.

The occasion was not one that calls for critical comment, for it was a scene of enthusiasm that rose steadily to a climax. The greeting accorded the singer was full of grateful cordiality; a personal atmosphere was quickly established, and was intensified by the intimate nature of the group of songs and by the graceful informality of the singer. The scene at the end of the concert was an unusual one, for the final applause, usually perfunctory, was one of tumult and shouting.

Prudent suburban dwellers, in reckless oblivion of the last train, remained in their places and the singer was recalled again and again, and was prevailed upon to add several encore numbers. The orchestra joined its tribute to that of the audience, rising as Mme. Sembrich was recalled. The interchange of courtesy and good will may well have been gratifying to both singer and orchestra.

April 19, 1910

'FOLLIES OF 1909' AT THE BOSTON

BOSTON THEATRE—F. Ziegfeld, Jr.'s, revue, "Follies of 1909," in two acts and 17 scenes. Words and lyrics by Harry B. Smith; music by Maurice Levi; staged by Julian Mitchell. This entertainment, produced earlier in the year at the Tremont Thea-

tre, returned last evening with the original cast, with the exception of the principals of Annabel Whitford, her place is in the hands of Harriet Du Barry.

The other important characters were interpreted by Eva Tanguay, Will Philbrick, Billie Reeves, Arthur Deagon, Bessie Clayton, Helen M. Mahon, William Bonnell, William Schrode and Vera Maxwell.

DELLA FOX HEADS 49 BILL AT KEITH'S

This week's bill at Keith's is headed by Della Fox, who has not forgotten her first success, but retains in her repertoire her "Babbling Brook" song, which she uses as her closing number. Miss Fox, however, doesn't give the song quite the same interpretation as before. But it made a hit, beyond her "Bridget M'Shane" or any of her other offerings, and, in addition to responding to an encore, at last night's performance, she was the recipient of a floral offering of no mean proportions.

Somewhat different in nature is the act of Le Compte, another of the stars on this week's bill. Le Compte is impervious to fire and does a number of things that seem incredible. He chews melting sealing wax as though it were fresh fudge, explodes a large charge of dynamite on the exposed palm of his hand and pours molten lead, heated by a blow pipe into his mouth. But Le Compte's special achievement is biting in two an electric light carbon heated to incandescence. For this Le Compte uses a pair of green glasses to shade his eyes from the dazzling brilliancy of the carbon which hisses and sizzles when in an arc lamp. The temperature of the carbon, he asserts, is 60 degrees—anyway, it is amply warm.

A pretty little playlet, out of the ordinary, is the musical comedietta "Guardy," presented by Edwin Stevens and Miss Tina Marshall. Miss Stevens, as Reginald Dacapo, shows versatility and clever acting, while with Miss Marshall's assistance, she executes a dance that was twice encored.

George W. Cunningham and Hermon Marion, acrobats, appear delightfully impervious to bumps, pain, and throw themselves about the stage with utter abandon. Cunningham also indulges in a doubtful kick in which he drives his foot into two tambourines fully 10 feet into the air.

Goldsmith and Hoppe present a lot of comedy along Hebrew lines, between selections on a variety of instruments. Then there is the Petit Revue, introducing real faces and miniature bodies upon a tilted stage.

Others on the bill are Lavine and Leonard, who build fun around a cranky automobile; the Three Leatons in "A One Night Stand in Melodrama"; and "The Vital Question" presented by a cast of four.

THE SQUARE—"The Prisoner" a play in four acts and an afterpiece by Edward Rose, from Anna Hope's novel, "The Prisoner of Zenda."

CHARACTERS. Rudolph.....John Craig. Rudolf Rassendyll.....John Craig. Michael.....Walter Walker. Col. Sapt.....George Haseel. Capt. Hentzau.....Wilfred Young. Detchard.....George Brackett. Bertram Bertrand.....Donald Moss. Franz Teppich.....Al Roberts. Antoinette de Mauban.....Gertrude Bailey. Frau Teppich.....Eleanor Brownell. Princess Flavia.....Mary Young.





A. E. ANSON AS JOSEPH SURFACE AND ANNIE RUSSELL AS LADY TEAZLE.

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE: Sheridan's comedy, "The School for Scandal," played in eight scenes by the New Theatre Company of New York.

Lady Sneerwell.....Thais Lawton  
Snake.....Cecil Yapp  
Joseph Surface.....A. E. Anson  
Maria.....Olive Wyndham  
Mrs. Candour.....Rose Coghlan  
Sir Peter Teazle.....Louis Calvert  
Rowley.....Jacob Wendell, Jr.  
Lady Teazle.....Annie Russell  
Mr. Crabtree.....Albert Bruning  
Sir Benjamin Backbite.....

Ferdinand Gottschalk  
Sir Oliver Surface.....E. M. Holland  
Moses.....Lee Baker  
Tripp.....Oswald Yorke  
Charles Surface.....Henry Kolker  
Careless.....Henry Stanford  
Sir Harry Bumper.....Charles Balsar

The New Theatre Company of New York began an engagement of two weeks last evening. There was a brilliant audience. The management chose for the opening play a comedy that has traditions with regard to its performance, and the performance led to reminiscence and invited comparisons.

It has been said that inasmuch as "The School for Scandal" was a contemporaneous comedy of manners when it was first produced, it should be played in 1910 as a comedy of today. The logic of this conclusion is not inevitable. Other times, other manners. Human nature may at bottom be the same; foibles and vices may be the same, but the expression of them varies, as the speech of men and women changes with the centuries.

But this is an academic question which need not now be discussed, except as the answer bears on the performance of last night, a performance in which some of the company played according to the traditions, and others in the free and easy manner of the ultra-modern comedy. The result was in a measure disconcerting, but the performance thus had an added interest.

It is impossible to accept in either case the Lady Teazle of Miss Russell or the Sir Peter of Mr. Calvert.

Lady Teazle has been described as "a second rate character," and as a character not well made out by the author. Yet it may be said of her that she is a charming girl of natural gaiety and facile modesty, reared in a house whose head is turned for the time by the foolish indulgence of Sir

Peter and by the fulsome flattery of men who court her after marriage; that she assumes the graces and language of an artificial world and delights in artificial refinement. The part, whether it be played according to tradition or in an adventurously modern spirit, should be impersonated plausibly and with a certain show of authority.

Miss Russell acts the part as though it were planned for a soubrette. She takes the audience into her confidence. She smiles at it when she has the better of Sir Peter in dispute. She is never simple, and Lady Teazle was at heart a simple soul. Throughout the performance she showed a strange misconception of the character, she struck false notes. Her scene with Joseph in his library was perhaps the one most strikingly wrong in its artificiality, as in her behavior after she freed herself from him, leaving him her bluff.

In the scene in Lady Sneerwell's room she failed to give any insight into Lady Teazle's character, and here, as later, her diction—with the constant and unmeaning rising inflection, with sudden emphasis on unimportant words, with a delivery that often suggested singing—was irritating. In the quarrel scene there was no flash of temper, no girlish petulance, no anger, no wounded pride that might reasonably have led her to Joseph's library.

In the screen scene she was wholly inadequate. Surely there should have been a semblance of interest in Joseph. Lady Teazle was prepared to listen to him. His pompous compliments had flattered her pride. Miss Russell played with him openly in the sight of the audience. She was prepared to flout him when she entered. This was all wrong.

Mr. Calvert played the part of Sir Peter in low comedy vein. Sir Peter is choleric, but he has "the virility of middle age"; he is gallant, a man

of parts and distinction. Mr. Calvert's Sir Peter lacked distinction. He was easy-going, rather thick-witted, amorous with an old man's foolish protestations. Now if Sir Peter had been an old and dotting husband, without fine personal qualities, Joseph would have had an easier task, nor would Lady Teazle have gone back to Sir Peter.

Mr. Calvert had one or two good moments, notably after the discovery of his wife behind the screen, when he acted with simple dignity and was for a minute the true Sir Peter; also when he made his exit in the same

scene. On the whole Mr. Calvert's Sir Peter was more like a dull country squire than a gallant who had not married earlier because he was hard to please, and he might be put in the list of husbands who, according to Balzac's classification, are predestinated.

In spite of the fact that both the Lady Teazle and the Sir Peter were grievously disappointing, the general performance gave much pleasure. The manner in which the scenes were set, the taste and true elegance displayed, the management of the stage, the attention given to costumes and all details; these deserve the highest praise.

Mr. Kolker was the admirable Charles Surface, handsome, light-hearted, dashing, reckless and always a gentleman. His face is unusually expressive; his bearing is manly; his voice agreeable and his diction excellent. Admirable, too, was Mr. Wendell's Rowley in every way. The part was finely composed; the characterization was complete and impressive. Nor is it too much to say that this impersonation was on the whole the most striking feature of the performance.

Mr. Gottschalk's Sir Benjamin had character, and it was conceived on the line of sane tradition. Miss Lawton was effective as Lady Sneerwell, and Miss Wyndham was a natural Maria. Miss Coghlan's Mrs. Candour is not one of her more successful parts. It has not enough apparent good nature and sensitiveness; it was amusing, but in a hard, dry manner.

Mr. Holland was unduly colloquial and in his first scene he rushed dialogue. He was at his best in Charles' room, and this whole scene was capitally played. Even the song for once was endurable as sung. Mr. Stanford was inclined to overact as Careless.

Joseph Surface should not look the hypocrite. He's a fine fellow in his way, with a leg, with an air, with a carriage that is not unattractive to fluttering ladies. Mr. Anson played the part forcibly, but would that he had been more oily, more seductive! Crabtree is a dry, quiet, sneering nature; not the man represented by Mr. Bruning.

There were many curtain calls. The waits were short and the music provided was of an uncommonly good quality, chosen with taste and agreeably played.

This afternoon and evening Galsworthy's "Strife" will be performed for the first time in Boston.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—George Sidney in the two-act musical comedy, "The Joy Rider." The cast:

Busy Izzy Mark.....George Sidney  
Dip Whiffle.....Dick Hume  
Ebb Tootle.....Frank Milton  
Monte Coleman.....Hudson Freeborn  
Buddie.....William Newkirk  
Timmy.....Frank Honscomb  
Carry Cott.....John Warren  
Johnny Kayk.....Frank Hall  
Tom Ato.....Fred Malters  
Eddie Kett.....Guy Henderson  
Meri Lee.....Madge Lawrence  
Sarah Cutie.....Winnie Richards  
Tilly.....Lillian Daven  
Dolly Flip.....Lillie De Long

## "IL TROVATORE" SUNG IN ENGLISH

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Il Trovatore," performed by the Aborn English Grand Opera Company, Max Fichandler, conductor.

Leonora.....Lois Ewell  
Inez.....Florence Coughlan  
Azucena.....Louise Le Baron  
Manrico.....Joseph Sheehan  
Rulz.....C. Strocchio  
Count di Luna.....Ottley Cranston  
Ferrando.....H. L. Waterous  
A gypsy.....Robert Flynn

It was a thoroughly pleased and frequently enthusiastic audience that filled the Opera House last night. If there were present any unreasonable persons who were disappointed because the thrills of some of the arias were not given with the finish expected from Metropolitan stars they kept discreetly in the background.

Interest in the performance and appreciation of the excellent work of the singers pervaded the house, while specially effective moments were heartily applauded and the beautiful music of the tower scene was repeated in response to insistent demands.

Earnestness and sincerity marked the whole production. The chorus will

do better in future occasions in some places through greater familiarity with the score. The anvil chorus lacked precision and vigor, and yet it was so well done that it was a surprise that it was so little noticed by the audience. The chorus could hardly be better at other points, notably when singing unseen within the convent and in the "Miserere" accompanying Leonora and Manrico's tower duet.

Both the dramatic and vocal honors of the evening fell to Miss Le Baron. Her portrayal of the vengeful Azucena was vividly realistic and graphically intense. Her voice was true and musical as well as sufficiently strong in the fiercer moments and expressive of moving tenderness in the exquisite duet with Manrico in the prison scene.

Miss Ewell was fair to look upon as Leonora and at the last she developed considerable dramatic force when pleading for Manrico's life. Her voice made up in sweetness what it lacked in power and emotional intensity.

Mr. Cranston's voice was sonorous, melodious and well modulated. The general effect of his portrayal of the hard-hearted count was good, yet he was not consistently convincing.

Mr. Sheehan sang all of Manrico's music well, but his voice was at its best in the splendid melodies of the tower and prison scenes and in the serenade in the garden.

## April 20 1910 'STRIFE' PROVES A STRONG PLAY

First Production in Boston of Galsworthy's Drama; Both Sides Fairly Treated on the Strike Question.

(By PHILIP HALE.)

SHUBERT THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Strife," a play in three acts by John Galsworthy. The New Theatre Company of New York.

John Anthony.....Louis Calvert  
Edgar Anthony.....A. E. Anson  
Frederic H. Wilder.....Fred Gottschalk  
William Scantlebury.....William McVay  
Oliver Wanklin.....Jacob Wendell, Jr.  
Henry Tench.....Cecil Yapp  
Francis Underwood.....H. Stanford  
Simon Harness.....Robert E. Homans  
David Roberts.....Albert Bruning  
Henry Thomas.....Ben Johnson  
George Rous.....Lee Baker  
Enid Underwood.....Olive Wyndham  
Annie Roberts.....Beverly Stigreeves  
Madge Thomas.....Thais Lawton  
Mrs. Rous.....Mrs. Dellenbaugh

"Strife" was produced at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, March 9, 1909. In the original play John Anthony is the chairman of the Board of Directors of the Trenartha Tin Plate Works on the Welsh border. In the version played yesterday, he is president of the Ohio River tin plate mills, and the directors are at home in Pittsburg. It is not easy to say

why this change in locality was made. American directors of a company do not express approval by saying "Hear! hear!" at a meeting, and there are several lines in the dialogue that suggest unmistakably the English origin and reflect insular British views.

The drama deals with the strike question, but it is not a lecture, not a zealous tract, a partisan document; it is not even an insidious argument for capital or labor. Mr. Galsworthy lets the capitalists and the strikers in turn put in their case. He is neither advocate nor judge. His own coolness and sobriety are remarkable. His fairness is unimpeachable. Neither side can complain of evidence suppressed or of argument stifled.

There is no plot. There is hardly any more story than that of the needy knife grinder. There is a succession of scenes showing a strike in action.

The directors are in the factory town to meet representatives of the strikers. The company has lost money; its stock has gone down in the market. The strikers and their families are suffering cruelly. At the head of the board is John Anthony,



# ROBERTS' COTTAGE KITCHEN IN 'STRIFE'



Robert Bruning as David Roberts; Beverly Sitgreaves as Annie Roberts.

pride of the business which he has built up, a believer in justice, not in sentiment, firmly convinced that there is a gulf between master and man and it should not be bridged. Give way to the demands of the strikers and in a few years masters and men will all be in the mud. "No compromise," is his motto. There is no more fanatic than he except Roberts, the spokesman of the strikers. Roberts has a personal grievance. His invention brought him a few thousands; the company made half a million out of it. These directors are sharply characterized: Wilder, tonguey, all for business, cynical, impatient of delay; Scantlebury, fat, lethargic, uneasy because he does not wish to hear anything unpleasant, at heart a coward; young Anthony, a man of another generation, "soft" as his father is, inclined to sympathize with the strikers. The union is not supporting him. Its representative urges the directors to consider their own welfare and listen to the strikers. Roberts and a few others enter. They do not argue; they do not beg; they demand. Compromise is impossible. This act is a masterpiece. There are no lines for effect or rhetoric. Each director reveals himself in speech. The union's man and the strikers are not described; they, too, reveal themselves. As it was played yesterday afternoon, this act made a profound impression. There is a pitiable scene in Roberts' house, where his wife is dying of cold and hunger. Neighbors drop and shiver and are wretched to hear. I missed the little boy who should have sat near the dying man and played mournful tunes on a tin whistle. Madge Thomas, incarnation of revolt, screams against the cruelty of the men who stand in the strike. She practically

offers her body to her sweetheart as a bribe for him to desert Roberts. There is a meeting of the men outside the works. There are contrasting speakers: the representative of the union, old Thomas, the Welshman, who insists that you cannot go against nature and the Bible; others, among them Roberts, who in a long speech rallies the waverers to his side. At the moment of his triumph Madge rushes in to tell him his wife is dead. George Rous shouts: "His wife today, yours tomorrow!" There is to be an answer from the men late that afternoon, so that the directors can go home. Anthony's daughter fears for her father—for he is old, full blooded, and it is rumored that the directors will force him to resign. She begs her brother to act against his convictions and support her father in the meeting. The news of Mrs. Roberts' death disconcerts the directors, and they pass a resolution that compels old Anthony to resign after he has spoken sternly as a capitalist, and denounced his "soft" son. Roberts comes in to defy his foe in the name of the strikers, and then learns that they have deserted him. His home is ruined; he himself is half insane; Anthony is broken down and will surely have a stroke; there has been untold suffering in the village; there has been a great waste of material, human power, time. Lo and behold, the compromise is identically what was first proposed when the strike began and neither side would agree to it. "That's where the fun comes in," says the trades union official as the curtain falls. There are little episodes in this play that are as light as social problems. The two scenes between Madge and Enid are a bitter commentary on the attempts of the rich to help the poor when the latter think themselves oppressed. Houses are divided among capitalists as

among strikers. There is ironical inconsistency on each side. Is there justice on either side? Will the great question ever be settled? Mr. Galsworthy suggests no remedy. He is impassive without sentiment for this one or that one. He has simply written a drama of unusual force, one that should set employers and workmen a-thinking. Do the wives of the strikers perish? Roberts wishes that the cause is above the family. Anthony cannot blame himself. He says openly that the fight was not begun by him—he believes what he says. If he were the under dog, he would not howl. The performance was worthy of the play and there can be no higher praise. The men and women in this wretched business lived and suffered before the audience. It does not seem possible that old Anthony and Roberts could be better acted. Mr. Calvert was the inexorable capitalist, contending for a principle, grim of face and speech. He played with a quiet intensity, with an authority devoid of bluster, with an absence of humanity, as the word is used on the stump and in passionate leaders, that made this president of a tinplate company an epic character. Mr. Bruning had the fanatic's eyes, voice, bearing, gesture. This Roberts, tender of his wife in little ways, could not see that she was dying without complaint, rejoicing in her husband's strength, confident of his triumph. He and old Anthony were worthy foemen. At the last, when both were ruined, they understood each other. Nothing could have been finer than the expression of mutual appreciation at the last, except the heroic attempt of Roberts to continue his speech after hearing of his wife's death, except the silent determination expressed by old Anthony at the end of the first act, and his last endeavor to convince his colleagues of the wisdom and justice of his course. It would be a pleasure to speak at length of Mr. Gottschalk's glib, shrewd, heartless Wilder; of Mr. McVay's unforgettable impersonation of Scantlebury; of Mr. Homan's representation of the union's man and of Mr. Johnson's pious Welshman; of Miss Lawton's Madge, passionate, sensuous, revengeful, a Nihilist at heart; of Miss Sitgreaves' pathetic Annie; of the sweetness and dignity of Enid as portrayed by Miss Wyndham. There was not a part, trifling or important, that was not finely played. The stage settings were excellent, and the management of the crowd swayed by the different speakers of was worthy of the Meiningen Company in its famous days. The play this afternoon and evening will be Besier's "Don" and Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice," a double bill. among strikers. There is ironical inconsistency on each side. Is there justice on either side? Will the great question ever be settled? Mr. Galsworthy suggests no remedy. He is impassive without sentiment for this one or that one. He has simply written a drama of unusual force, one that should set employers and workmen a-thinking. Do the wives of the strikers perish? Roberts wishes that the cause is above the family. Anthony cannot blame himself. He says openly that the fight was not begun by him—he believes what he says. If he were the under dog, he would not howl. The performance was worthy of the play and there can be no higher praise. The men and women in this wretched business lived and suffered before the audience. It does not seem possible that old Anthony and Roberts could be better acted. Mr. Calvert was the inexorable capitalist, contending for a principle, grim of face and speech. He played with a quiet intensity, with an authority devoid of bluster, with an absence of humanity, as the word is used on the stump and in passionate leaders, that made this president of a tinplate company an epic character. Mr. Bruning had the fanatic's eyes, voice, bearing, gesture. 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## ORCHESTRAL CLUB CONCERT.

Unfamiliar Pieces by French Composers Given in Jordan Hall. P. 11 The Boston Orchestral Club, Mrs. Richard J. Hall president, Georges Longy conductor, gave its second concert of the season last night in Jordan Hall. There was an audience of fair size, which was warmly appreciative. The program included these pieces played for the first time: Balakireff's overture on three Russian themes, four short organ pieces by Cesar Franck orchestrated by Busser, Ducas's Pleasant Variations on a Serious Theme, Moreau's pastorelle for saxophone and orchestra dedicated to Mrs. Hall, and Lazzari's "Effet de Nuit." Lalo's Norwegian rhapsody brought the end. Lazzari's fantastic tone poem suggested by Verlaine's poem has passages that show fancy and also skill in tone color, but the poem is a flight above the music. Ducas's variations may be pleasant to him; to the audience at large they were wildly eccentric and the pleasure suggested was akin to pain. Balakireff's overture is simple in structure and without marked distinction. The pieces by Franck contain pages of contemplative charm. Moreau's Pastorelle in three movements is for the most part pretty, and it makes a direct appeal to the average audience. Mrs. Hall displaced a fine tone, taste in phrasing, and fluency in florid passages. She was most heartily applauded. The concert as a whole was more interesting than the earlier one this season, possibly because the performance was better.

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By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—Double bill, Besier's "Don," a play in three acts, and Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice," a miracle play in two acts, performed here for the first time by the New Theatre company of New York. The cast of "Don" was as follows: Mrs. Bonnington.....Mrs. Dellenhaugh Canon Bonnington.....E. M. Holland Mrs. Sinclair.....Miss Beverly Sitgreaves Ann Sinclair.....Miss Leah Bateman-Hunter Gen. Sinclair.....William McVay Fanny.....Margaret Farreligh Stephen Bonnington.....Henry Kolker Elizabeth Thompson.....Thlas Lawton Albert Thompson.....Louis Calvert Rudolf Besier's "Don" was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, Oct. 12, 1909. It is now a farce, now a comedy, and again a melodrama. It is a true comedy in that it has a touch of satire; but there are farcical scenes, and Mr. Thompson, with his pistol, is for the moment melodramatic. It has been called a comedy of characters, rather than of manners. This characterization is apt. Mr. Besier's hero is young Stephen, the poet, the peripatetic philanthropist, the defender of pretty waiter girls, quixotic—hence his nickname—always ready to be involved in a tragic farce. Because he loves his betrothed, he has learned to pity all unfortunate women, especially those that are married to men of gross clay, Plymouth brethren and others of that kidney. Wishing to save Elizabeth from bondage, he takes her away from her husband, compromises her and thereby insults his betrothed, injures his parents and makes a mess of it generally. Is Stephen a hero in Mr. Besier's eyes? As a matter of fact, is not Stephen a good deal of an ass, an amusing ass to a disinterested audience, but a thorn in the flesh of those nearest to him? The real hero of the play is Mr. Thompson, and he is by all odds the best drawn. Gen. Sinclair has appeared before in various disguises; Canon Bonnington is not an unfamiliar figure; Mrs. Sinclair has agreeable cynicism; Ann is adorable in the good old-fashioned way; but Mr. Thompson is a creation. The comedy is engrossing. The exposition is handled with uncommon skill, and let it be granted that Stephen would nurse Elizabeth at a public inn and bring her to his mother's house, the development is logical. Some of the London critics were shocked because Stephen did bring Thompson's wife to his mother's house. Would not Stephen have done precisely this thing? Elizabeth had been his mother's companion; nowhere could she stay in view of the circumstances with less scandal. Perhaps Stephen was an ass, but he was a good ass, and he was not without a certain shrewdness. Yet he was not shrewd enough to suspect Elizabeth's love for him. Is the sudden change of heart in Mr. Thompson unnatural? Rough as he was, big as he was, he had an emotional streak; he had seen visions; he was in matters of religion hysterical. He loved Elizabeth, but he was haunted by the suspicion of a too close relationship between her and Stephen. When she told her story he believed her at once. Gen. Sinclair and his wife would have thought her a liar. Even Canon Bonnington would have shaken his head. And so Thompson, with his lack of refinement, his narrow and disagreeable piety, his rough manners and his accordion trousers, turned out to be the best man of them all. Elizabeth no doubt went on loving Stephen to her death, but she could not help respecting her husband, especially when he proved his passion for her by promising to allow her to worship God in her own manner. This comedy, with admirable studies of character, with crisp and pointed dialogue that does not suffer from a desire to shine in epigram, with the contrasting views of representatives of various classes, with situations now farcical and now emotional, was acted with a skill that is seldom remarked on our stage. To particularize would be invidious, so excellent was the ensemble. For example, nothing could have been better than the little scene in the last act where Fanny, the serving maid, gave a message to the Canon. Mr. Calvert's impersonation of Thompson was a remarkably strong one. There was the Plymouth Brother in all his brutal strength

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EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON AS "SISTER BEATRICE."

and weakness, with his repulsive confidence in his own salvation, with the animal hatred toward him that would deprive him of his woman. The speech in which he told of his conversion and his first meeting with Elizabeth was rudely eloquent.

Mrs. Dellenbaugh was the doting, inconsequential mother to the life. Mr. McVay's blustering General is to be put by the side of his director in "Strife"; Mr. Kolker was appropriately fantastical as Stephen, yet plausible, reasonable, convincing, very human. Mr. Holland's Canon was a finished impersonation, and there is nothing but praise for Miss Bateman-Hunter, Miss Sitgreaves and Miss Lawton.

The chief parts in "Sister Beatrice" were taken as follows:

Sister Beatrice.....Miss Edith Wynne Matthison  
Prince Bellidor.....Pedro de Cordoba  
Allette.....Gladys Brooks  
The Abbess.....Mrs. Dellenbaugh  
Sister Clemency.....Elsie Kearns  
Sister Regina.....Beverly Sitgreaves  
Sister Felicity.....Margaret Fareleigh  
Sister Eglantine.....Olive Wyndham  
A Priest.....Ben Johnson

Maeterlinck's beautiful prose is not easily translated into English. This prose is too simple and limpid. The version used yesterday was adequate, and the poetic feeling of the original was generally retained. In one instance by a concession to prudery a line of the repentant Beatrice was omitted.

This play is for the reader or for a carefully chosen audience rather than for the great public, which is sophisticated, restless, eager for action. Yet the stage pictures must have interested even those who are wide awake only when there is a din on the stage and can see no significance in subtlety of expression, naivete and repose.

Miss Matthison was more effective in the second act than in the first, in which she read her lines with the painstaking zeal of an elocutionist. Mr. de Cordoba made little impression as Bellidor. Mrs. Dellenbaugh individualized the Abbess. All through the play there was too much reciting of set speeches. The stage effects were well managed. There was accompanying music by Max Marschalk which did not seriously interfere with the dialog or with the meditative mood of the spectators. The Holy Virgin did not sing her song at the beginning of the second scene (Maeterlinck's second act), but there was choral singing behind the scenes and it was not good.

The play tonight will be Sheldon's "Nigger," which will be performed here for the first time.

#### ACTORS' FUND BENEFIT.

Crowds at Boston Theatre Listen to Long Program.

The Boston Theatre was crowded yesterday afternoon with those wishing to contribute to that deserving

charity, the Actors' Fund of America, and also to see an entertainment of unusual length, variety and quality. Many stood behind the orchestra seats and in the balconies. Flower girls were selling their baskets to those entering the theatre. The stage was in charge of Lawrence McCarty, Lindsay Morison and Jay Hunt.

After the performance of the overture by the orchestra, led by Mr. L'Orange, the curtain rose on the first act. John Craig, Miss Young and members of the Castle Square stock company gave an act of "The Taming of the Shrew." The appearance of the actors was greeted enthusiastically, and there was great applause at the fall of the curtain. George Cunningham and Herman Marion, from Keith's, gave "An Acrobatic Talk-fest." The first act of "The Third Degree," given from the Colonial Theatre, was followed by Sterling and Chapman, "The Scotch Lad and Lassic," who appeared through the courtesy of G. E. Lothrop.

William Hodge from the Park appeared with Miss Madeline Louis and Miss Dot Clarendon in his own one-act comedy, "A Lesson in Bridge." The motive was a husband's idea of curing his wife of bridge whist, through the medium of the black hand.

Other features announced were as follows: Members of the New theatre company from the Shubert in the first scene from "The School for Scandal"; Reine Davies of the American Music Hall in "The Act and the Woman Beautiful"; Raymond Hitchcock in an act from "The Man Who Owns Broadway," at the Tremont; Viola Allen and William Farnum in the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet"; Fritz Scheff opera company cotette, and John E. Hazzard of "The Prima Donna" company, at the Hollis; Arthur Deagon of "Follies of 1908," at the Boston, and there were other features, among them the sale of a specially autographed photograph of President Taft.

The benefit was an indisputable success in every way.

#### GAINESSES GIVE RECITAL.

Instrumental and Vocal Concert is Given at Steinert Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaines gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Duets: Beethoven, "Lebens-Geduss"; Loewe, "Zwist und Suhne"; Boyce, "Together Let Us Range the Fields"; Gaines, "Heigho! 'Tis Love!"; Songs: Mozart, "Au das' Clavier"; Schumann, "Fruehlingsnacht"; A. Mendelssohn, "Au Belinden"; G. Faure, "Le Secret"; H. Fevrier, "Priere pour Aimer la Douleur"; old English, "Sweetest Love, I Do Not Go"; H. Lohr, "Youth Has a Happy Tread"; Bantock, "Love's Secret"; Andrews, "A Day of Spring" (Mr. Gaines); Von Weber, "Reigen"; Spohr, "Verlust"; Noren, "Vom Kussen"; Dalcroze, "La Pluie"; Massenet, Gavotte from "Manon"; Mallinson,

"Snowflakes"; Gaines, "A Charming Song"; Cyril Scott, "And So I Made a Violenelle"; "Sorrow"; Wood, "On a Spring Morning."

Mr. Gaines is a man of parts, for he not only sings, but also plays his own accompaniments and those of his wife. Indeed, his pianistic abilities must be considered as secondary only to his vocal accomplishments, and, in fact, they seriously rivalled the latter, notably in "Fruehlingsnacht." His voice is small, of naturally pleasing quality, but he should guard against a tendency to nasal delivery and avoid forcing his tone. His interpretations were for the most part colorless, save for a pervading sentimentalism.

Mrs. Gaines is a slender matron with an engaging stage presence. Her voice is agreeable, but when forced assumes a reed-like quality. Except for frequent slurring, she seemed technically at ease and sang with fluency. She was fortunate in varied and effective color. The songs by Cyril Scott, Granville Bantock and Jaques-Dalcroze were of especial interest and beauty.

There was a small but friendly audience, which gave evidence of its appreciation by hearty applause, and there was that personal note in the atmosphere pleasantly suggestive of a musical evening at home.

June 23/1910

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—"The Nigger," a play in three acts by Edward Sheldon, performed here by the New Theatre company for the first time. Simms.....Reginald Barlow  
Jinny.....Miss Beverly Sitgreaves  
Clifton Noyes.....Ben Johnson  
Georgiana Byrd.....Miss Annie Russell  
Phillip Morrow.....Guy Bates Post  
Purdy.....Robert E. Homans  
Mrs. Byrd.....Mrs. H. Otis Dellenbaugh

Joe White.....Oswald Yorke  
Jake Willis.....Pedro De Cordoba  
Barrington.....Jacob Wendell, Jr.  
Chief of Police Tilton.....Willfrid North  
Col. Knapp.....William McVay  
Senator Long.....Lee Baker

"The Nigger" was produced at the New Theatre, New York, Dec. 4, 1909. It is a melodrama with several strong situations in the first two acts. The third act shows that Mr. Sheldon hardly knew how to dispose of his characters. It opens with a long scene between Phillip Morrow, who finds out after he has been elected Governor that his grandmother was a mulatto, and Senator Long, in which the past, present and future of the negro is discussed as though by debating clubs of Harvard and Yale. This scene was made interesting chiefly by the admirable impersonation of the optimistic senator by Lee Baker.

The story of the play is a simple one. Phillip Morrow, a southerner with strong prejudices against the negro, wins Georgiana, who had been

courted by his cousin, Noyes, a well-to-do distiller and a prime lack-guard. Morrow attempts to save one of his hands, one of his kin unknown to him, from being lynched. He is elected Governor and in consequence of a race riot he closes the saloons and is prepared to sign the prohibition bill introduced by Senator Long.

Noyes has found out that Morrow's grandfather had a child by a mulatto, whom he afterward, and thoughtfully, sold so that she would make no trouble for him. This son was Morrow's father, and the secret was known to the mulatto's sister, now an old servant in Morrow's employ. Noyes discovers the secret, strengthens his position by a confession of Jinny, the old mammy, and threatens to publish the story unless Morrow vetoes the bill which would ruin Noyes' business.

Morrow is firm. He tells Georgiana the story of his birth. She is horrified and will have nothing to do with him, though Morrow embraces her fiercely at the end of the second act, roars at her, and behaves himself generally in his renewed courtship after the manner of his remote ancestors when wooing by the Congo river or in a dank jungle.

In the third act Georgiana accepts her lover's taint, and is eager to marry him. But he points out the folly of marriage, showing her that they would be obliged to ride together in Jim Crow cars and could not find accommodations at first-class hotels. To forestall Noyes, he farewells Georgiana and goes out on the balcony to tell the secret of his birth to Col. Knapp, the militia and the assembled citizens. As he goes out the curtain falls and the band plays "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

While the attempted rescue of the miserable negro in the first act has nothing to do with the logical development of the story, except in allowing Noyes to see confirmation of his discovery in a passionate entreaty of Jinny to Morrow, it provides an exciting situation, and the interest in the second act is well sustained as regards melodramatic effect. The third act is chiefly one of academic discussion.

The dialogue as a rule is well managed, although sophomonical sentences are put into Morrow's mouth in the first act. Mr. Sheldon too often confounds profanity with intensity. "Damn" and "hell" are as punctuation marks in many sentences, and the name of the Deity often leaps from the mouths of the chief characters. These words are so common that they soon lose force, and the dramatist appears as a youth swaggering as a man that knows the world. Nor do southern women of the position of Georgiana Byrd and her mother constantly speak of "a nigger."

It may furthermore be said that no southern woman of family would dream for a moment of marrying a





Annie Russell as Georgiana Byrd and Guy Bates Post as Philip Morrow in "The Nigger."

man who had a drop of negro blood in his veins, no matter whether he were governor, a queller of riots and a signer of prohibition bills. The mad desire of Georgiana in the third act to marry Morrow may be an entertaining hypothesis in miscegenation, but it is not true to life, and it would horrify any decent southern woman of education and refinement. Southern gentlemen in the good old days were not so fastidious—witness Morrow's case.

This melodrama, which must by reason of certain scenes have excited the envy of A. H. Woods, was admirably acted and put on the stage. Mr. Post played with great force and reasonableness. Mr. Johnson gave a carefully considered and authoritative impersonation of Noyes. Miss Sitgreaves was impressively dramatic as Jinny. Miss Russell, as Georgiana, was especially effective in the courtship scene in the first act, and in her subsequent revolt. I have already mentioned the art displayed by Mr. Baker.

The minor parts were excellently played. Mr. Wendell took the part of the Governor's secretary, whom Mr. Fiedler evidently thought an amusing character. The wonder was the governor put up with the young man's freshness.

The audience was deeply interested in the first two acts and there was hearty applause. Interest fell in the third act in spite of the fine acting of Mr. Baker and Mr. Johnson. The play tonight will be "The

## HALM'S PROVES SINGULAR MUSIC

By PHILIP HALE.

The 23d Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in D minor, for strings, Halm  
"Don Quixote".....Strauss  
Overture, Notturmo, Scherzo and  
Wedding March from music to  
"A Midsummer Night's Dream"  
Mendelssohn

August Halm is apparently unknown to compilers of music lexicons. Born in Wuerttemberg, he was a theological student, music critic, and he became interested in new theories of pedagogy. He now lives in a little village, Wickersdorf, in Thuringia, where he teaches in a boys' school conducted on modern principles. He is said to be a singular person, who wishes to live away from the bustle and the strife of the city, contented with nature and his own thoughts, eager to teach the young idea how to shoot, not morose, but something of a hermit, a broadly educated man, one worth talking with; and he is demented with the mania of composing.

Mr. Fiedler states that Halm's gods are Bach, Bruckner and Wagner; that he has composed several remarkable works, among them a sym-

### A NOTEWORTHY WEEK.

The New Theatre Company of New York will end tonight the first week of its engagement in Boston. As Shakespeare was born probably on April 23, and as on April 23 he died, the anniversary is appropriately observed by the performance of two comedies by him: "Twelfth Night," that perfect comedy with romance, rich humor, keen satire, and with the underlying sadness felt by Brandes and other critics, as though the play were Shakespeare's "farewell to mirth, the culmination of his Joy of Life, and his passing over to the Melancholy which towards the end of his life seems to have marked him for her own"; and "The Winter's Tale," which has not been seen here for several years.

The plays acted this week have been in sharp and agreeable contrast. There was a revival of Sheridan's masterpiece, a comedy for all time, and though some may have deplored the spirit of modernization that pervaded the performance, the play was admirably presented as far as scenery, costumes, "business" were concerned, and many parts were finely acted. This comedy of Georgian days is a comedy of characters, and so is Mr. Besier's "Don," with a motive which is as unintelligible to those under Canon Bonnington's roof as it would have been to Lady Sneerwell, Mrs. Candour, Joseph and Sir Benjamin. "Don" proved to be a delightful specimen of the ultra-modern English comedy.

There were two plays that dealt with engrossing contemporaneous subjects: "Strife," in which the arguments of capitalists and strikers and the suffering that follows a strike protracted through honest and fanatical obstinacy on both sides were deftly exposed without heat or argument on the part of the playwright; and "The Nigger," a melodrama by a young American, which shows promise rather than present technic and authority, a tendency toward bald realism uncontrolled by artistic skill—a play that disclosed the author's unfamiliarity with the character of Southern women and an optimism not based on facts.

Then there was Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice," an exquisite version of a pathetic legend, presenting beautiful pictures to the otherwise indifferent, giving rare pleasure to the meditative.

It is to be observed that in the most striking of these new plays, "Strife," there is no "love interest," no "happy ending." The dramatist made no concessions to the audience; he did not treat it as though it were a child. He even withstood the temptation of introducing an intrigue between the son of a capitalist and the daughter of a mill-hand. And in no one of the plays is there an attempt to arouse interest by insisting on the relations of "the human triangle." There is no woman with a haunting past, a sneaking present, or a deservedly gloomy future. The wife in "Don" will not forget young Stephen, but she will be loyal to the Plymouth Brother. The "sex-problem" in "The Nigger" is one of miscegenation, and the old Hebraic doctrine of the visitation of the sin of the father on the children is preached to the bitter end.

The character of the performances given by this company, the regard for ensemble, the taste displayed in scenery, costumes, even in the selection of music for the waits, and the thoroughly artistic purpose of management and players cheered those who of late years have mourned the condition of the theatre in America, and were a revelation to the careless spectator who has been led to believe that a "magnificent production" must be one of dazzle and din. It is to be regretted that these plays and performances have not been more widely appreciated by the public of Boston. Is this public eager only for musical comedy and lubricious farces? Is it a case of Ephraim joined to idols? It is to be hoped that next week will tell another story.

phony and a concerto in the style of Bach for orchestra and piano.

This symphony was first performed at Stuttgart in 1907. The performance yesterday was the first in America.

The symphony is noteworthy chiefly for its extreme naivete. It would seem as though Halm had not even heard of modern harmonies, whole tone scales and anxiously sought out devices. He may in his Thuringian village indulge himself in pious orgies with Wagner and Bruckner, but there is nothing in this symphony to confirm the report that they lived and wrote.

The first movement is the most interesting of the three, but it suffers from too much development of the simple material. The development shows a certain contrapuntal facility and there are pages of an archaic

flavor that is not in the second movement is exceedingly simple, childishly naive, and it must be confessed that it is uninteresting. Not because it is simple. Nothing could be simpler melodically and harmonically than the Adagio, for instance, in Bizet's first suite from the music to "L'Arlesienne," but how tender, how beautiful this music is! Halm's andante might have been written by some forgotten contemporary of Mozart. The third and last movement is a fugue without special distinction.

This is singular music for a man to write in the 20th century. It is the music of one belated. It is innocent music, and this is a sophisticated, neurotic age. A return to artistic simplicity would now be admired as in the artificial life under Marie Antoinette, noble dames and free-living gallants prattled about returning to nature, were influenced by Jean Jacques and sported as shepherds and shepherdesses. But the simplicity of Halm has not the requisite vitality. Now and then the music has the serenity of Gluck, but the moments are few, and for the most part the hearer is aware of notes, only notes.

It was a great pleasure to hear "Don Quixote" again after a lapse of six years. Ernest Newman, one of the few men living who write with fine appreciation about music, is enraptured with "the wise and tender humanity" of Strauss' humor in this work. "Strauss' Sancho is very humorous, but your laughter at him is always softened with tears." How would the hearer distinguish Sancho, if he were not assured that Sancho is associated with a solo viola? And why should one weep over Sancho? As far as the world goes, he fared much better than his master. Here, if ever, is there need of a detailed program. It would

be still better if the scenes on which Strauss comments musically were thrown on a screen while the music was played.

It is easy to identify the fight with the sheep. The wind machine is unmistakable. But these eccentricities do not make the composition great. The theme that is typical of Don Quixote and knightly gallantry in general has a noble, a superb sweep, and it is treated in a masterly manner. The theme of the "Ideal Woman" is one of matchless beauty. There are few finer and more sustained outbursts of music than the one in which "Don Quixote speaks nobly of the ideal." This and the wonderful music that portrays the disillusionment and death of Don Quixote put the composer by the side of the greatest masters.

Yet it may be questioned whether, as a complete and rounded work of art, "Don Quixote," with all the appalling cleverness displayed, does not fall below "Death and Apotheosis," "Don Juan" and the incomparable "Till." It is true that there is nothing nobler in these works than the discourse on the ideal and the death music. To match them we must go to the music of recognition in "Elektra." But what a master this man is! Verily a superman!

The performance was an engrossing one for the most part, and Mr. Warnke played the solo cello with marked skill and in a highly poetic spirit. He richly deserved the applause given him by his colleagues and the audience. The performance made a profound impression, and applause for the music and the performance was hearty and long continued. And then with the music of Mendelssohn the audience entered another world, where it found amiability and grace, and the smooth expression of minor poet.

The program of the last concert next week will include Beethoven symphonies, Nos. 1 and 9.

## "TWELFTH NIGHT"

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE: Matinee performance of "Twelfth Night" by the New Theatre Company of New York.

Orsino.....A. E. Anson  
Sebastian.....Charles Balsar  
Antonio.....Lec Baker  
A Sea Captain.....Robert Homans  
Valentine.....G. F. Hannam-Clark  
Curio.....Reginald Barlow  
Sir Toby Belch.....Louis Calvert



Sir Andrew Aguecheek.....Ferdinand Gottschalk  
 Malvolio.....Oswald Yorke  
 Fabian.....Henry Stanford  
 Feste.....Jacob Wendell, Jr.  
 Olivia.....Miss Leah Bateman-Hunter  
 Viola.....Miss Annie Russell  
 Maria.....Miss Jessie Busley

The production, as far as scenery and costumes were concerned, was an unusually fine one. The views of the seacoast and of Olivia's garden were especially beautiful. Attention had been paid to the music, that which was sung on the stage, and that which was played before the comedy and during the waits.

The transposition of certain scenes did not call for adverse criticism. Sir Toby and Sir Andrew played their first scene in a courtyard, not in a room, and more things happened in Olivia's garden than Shakespeare indicated. The business suggested by lines or situations was often effective, but in one or two instances they could not be approved.

The ending of the nocturnal carousal when Sir Toby announces his intention of burning more sack and he and Sir Andrew should leave the stage was sadly marred by the introduction of a bacchanalian part song. How much more effective the ending contrived by Sir Herbert Tree when the comedy was revived in London the 7th of this month. "Over the whole work," said the Pall Mall Gazette, "lie a tender grace and a faint sadness from which we scarcely escape even during its richest comedy scenes, a fact which Sir Herbert Tree appears to have recognized, if we may judge from the exceedingly impressive ending he gives to the scene of the nocturnal revel in the countess' kitchen. Sir Toby and Sir Andrew have reeled away to bed; the clown, with his lute, has taken his seat in the chimney corner by the side of the dying fire; Malvolio, in his nightgown, and candle in hand, has made his last search for the creators of the noises that have died away; all is still in the house and outside; for a moment or two the clown hums his song, 'O, Mistress Mine,' as he sits nodding into sleep, and just before the curtain falls comes the sound from without of the crowing of a cock. The scene has closed not in laughter, but, as it were, with a sigh."

The bringing in of paper, pen and candle to imprisoned Malvolio, his writing, and the blowing out of the candle were impertinent. The final scene of the dance while the clown sang was charming, but why should Viola have gone out to reappear in woman's clothes? The entrance of the reinstated Malvolio and Sir Toby and Sir Andrew with whole heads to take part in the dance was a mistake.

The New Theatre company shines more brilliantly in modern than in classic plays. The chief features were the impersonation of Olivia by Miss Bateman-Hunter, of Antonio by Mr. Baker and of Sir Toby by Mr. Calvert. Miss Busley played Maria in true comedy spirit. Olivia would never have endured such a waiting woman. Furthermore, Miss Busley was so colloquial in speech that she was often unintelligible.

Miss Russell was not only conscious of the fact that she was a woman impersonating a man, but she took an incongruously humorous view of her condition and she wished the audience to share in her mirth. She was at times fantastical, almost elfish. Her conception of Viola's character was curiously amiss. Viola was not frolicsome, ready for quip and jest. She was a woman of heart rather than of brains, serious, simple, inclined toward melancholy by reason of her brother's death and her hopeless love for the duke. Least of all could she have taken an audience into her confidence.

Sir Anson was a romantic duke, a passionate lover. We have seen in the past that were languid, effeminate. Sir Anson's was a welcome change. Mr. Gottschalk was a conventional Sir Andrew, and the same adjective may fairly be applied to Mr. Yorke's Malvolio. It is true that the chief characteristic of Malvolio is his overbearing vanity. He is the human peacock. At the same time he is a wholly ridiculous figure. He is a man of parts and his answer to the

query of Sir Toby is as noble as his own view of the soul. Mr. Yorke's Malvolio lacked distinction, and this may be said of the performance as a whole.

Mr. Baker's Antonio, on the other hand, had marked distinction. The impersonation was admirable in all respects. Miss Bateman-Hunter gave the most satisfactory performance of Olivia that I have seen. This Olivia had not only beauty and youth and indescribable fascination, she had the finer qualities of womanhood. There were many delicate touches, many felicitous readings of familiar lines, an infinite variety of facial expression. Even in the unblushing avowal of passion, this Olivia preserved her dignity. The growth of her passion for Cesario was finely portrayed.

Mr. Calvert's Sir Toby was unctuous without undue and Rabelaisian extravagance. Mr. Wendell's Feste was nimble-witted. His wit might have been drier. Feste was no ordinary jester. He was of close kin to Dumas' Chicot. Did he really enjoy the company of Sir Toby and the foolish Knight? Only to mock them when he was alone. It is not unlikely that he himself was in love with Olivia.

Mr. Balsar was a manly Sebastian and he spoke his lines with good emphasis. Unfortunately there was not the slightest resemblance between the Sebastian and the Viola, in face, stature, build, carriage, or voice.

## "THE WINTER'S TALE."

### Tapestry Hangings Used Instead of Scenery in Production.

Last night the New Theatre company presented "The Winter's Tale," with the following cast:

Leontes.....Mr. Henry Kolker  
 Mamillius.....Master John Tansey  
 Camillo.....Mr. Ben Johnson  
 Antigonus.....Mr. Lee Baker  
 Cleomenes.....Mr. Pedro De Cordoba  
 Dion.....Mr. Alfred Cross  
 First Lord.....Mr. Jacob Wendell, Jr.  
 Second Lord.....Mr. Cecil Yapp  
 Polixenes.....Mr. Charles Balsar  
 Florizel.....Mr. Henry Stanford  
 Archidamus.....Mr. Reginald Barlow  
 Old Shepherd.....Mr. E. M. Holland  
 Clown.....Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk  
 Autolycus.....Mr. Albert Bruning  
 Officer of the Court.....  
 Mr. C. F. Hannam-Clarke  
 A Mariner.....Mr. Reginald Barlow  
 A Gowler.....Mr. Robert Homans  
 Hermione.....

Miss Edith Wynne Matthison  
 Perdita.....Miss Leah Bateman-Hunter  
 Paulina.....Miss Rose Coghlan  
 Emilia.....Miss Elsie Kearns  
 A Lady.....Miss Margaret Fareleigh  
 Mopsa.....Miss Jessie Busley  
 Dorcas.....Miss Vida Sutton

When the curtain went up it disclosed a tastefully arranged stage with a balcony in the background and with beautiful tapestry hangings, in place of the conventional scenery. Here most of the action passed. The desert spot near the sea, where the child, Perdita, was left, was indicated by means of the opening of the tapestries, which revealed a suggestion of the scene. The festivities before the shepherd's cottage were conducted in a realistic setting. The purpose was to give the piece in the manner of Shakespeare's time. Certainly the effect was exceedingly pleasing. The highest credit should go to E. Hamilton Bell, who made the plans, and to Hans Melxner, who painted the scenery. And all praise to Louis Calvert for his able stage management. Last night the play moved without a hitch. There was no faltering in the action and the single intermission was brief.

Again the company proved itself to be a remarkably fine organization. All the parts were well taken. The speech of the actors, for clearness, was a pleasure to hear. Often the blank verse was well spoken—but not always. Sometimes lines were read as prose verse; by following the verse the actors might have given greater force to the meaning and gained in smoothness and beauty. As George Bernard Shaw says, "It is the ear that provides the clue." There were evidences last night that the ear had not been a safe guide. It was surprising to find, in this regard, even Miss Edith Wynne Matthison occasionally at fault. But, on the whole, the interpretation of Hermione was eminently successful. She looked very beautiful, she bore herself with dignity and grace, and she spoke with noble fervor.

As the statue she achieved a wonderful effect. The blue light thrown on her head and shoulders made her seem like an image of the Virgin. Mr. Henry Kolker gave a brilliant performance of Leontes. His reading of his lines was illuminating and he

played with a wide range of emotion and with authority. Deliciously humorous was the clown of Mr. Gottschalk. Miss Bateman-Hunter made Perdita fair to look upon and tenderly appealing. As Florizel Mr. Harry Stanford perfectly embodied the handsome young lover and played with poetic fervor. Miss Rose Coghlan made a robust and assertive Paulina, after the somewhat stilted but impressive manner of the old school. The smaller parts were exceedingly well taken and the groupings showed the manager's careful attention to detail.

No lover of Shakespeare should miss this well beloved and completely satisfying production.

## NOTES AND GOSSIP ABOUT MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

By PHILIP HALE.

A "Hymn to Aphrodite," by Gabriel Dupont, brought out at a Colonne concert in Paris March 20, was highly praised. "To give it a perfume of antique beauty, the composer has avoided the subtleties of modern orchestration and polyphony. It is a work of noble and lofty inspiration. The melodic line is always ample and majestic, powerful unisons attest the unanimity of hearts in the worship of love, and when the voices unite it is nearly always in harmonious thirds, as one imagines formerly the flutes of shepherds were wedded, or in suave successions of chords, murmured as groans by the chorus with closed mouths. The hearer will search vainly for the affected grace with which the 18th century adorned the goddess; here we are face to face with the Grecian conception and the divinity we hear celebrated is the daughter of Ouranos and the seas, the generatrix of the universe." It is seldom that Mr. Bouteux indulges himself in "flossy" writing.

A performance of Handel's "Joseph" is announced for the first time in Germany at Halle, where he was born.

Miss Alexandrovicz, a 17-year-old pupil of Jean de Reszke, has been engaged at the Paris Opera for five years.

Paul Vlardot, violinist and conductor, has written his memoirs and there are pages about his visit to America.

Miss Adele aus der Ohe has been giving concerts of her own chamber music in Leipzig and with great success—"an interesting composer and an imposing pianist."

The second violin concerto of Jaques-Dalcroze was performed last month for the first time by Henri Marteau at Stuttgart. It is a symphonic poem with solo violin, and it is said not to be equal in interest to the first concerto. Carl Bleyle's violin concerto was also played in Stuttgart for the first time by Karl Flesch.

Leopold Van der Pais of Holland has written a symphony in F sharp minor, which was announced for performance in Berlin yesterday.

Gluck's "Orpheus" has been performed in Paris under Vincent d'Indy's direction in the original version with a tenor instead of a contralto as Orpheus.

Singers of reputation often sing to those in prison, as Mr. Crabbe of the Manhattan opera company did here recently, but in England St. George's choir at Preston last month gave a performance of Stainer's "Crucifixion" to 400 prisoners, and it seems that the Brixton oratorio choir has for four years given periodical performances of oratorios to prisoners. On Good Friday this choir gave selections from Gounod's "Mors et Vita" with orchestra.

Mme. Ella Russell, an American, born in Cleveland, O., has been singing at the Coliseum at London. She said to a reporter: "A few years ago I should have viewed with considerable apprehension the prospect of appearing at a variety house; but lately I have remarked that the audiences who favor this class of entertainment are quite as serious in their appreciation of the best music as are patrons of the concert platform." Mme. Russell made her operatic debut in 1886. She sang here at a Handel and Haydn concert in 1897, and did not make a favorable impression. Ben Davies is also singing in London music halls. "Waft her, angels?"

They took a vote in Glasgow to ascertain what works were held in highest esteem by the concert-goers. Beethoven's C minor symphony came first with 407 votes, and next to it Tschaiakowsky's Fifth with 405. Then came in order the Leonora overture No. 3, the Pastoral symphony, overture to "The Mastersingers," the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, the "Peer Gynt" suite, the overture to "William Tell" and Elgar's Symphony.

The receipts of the Colonne concerts in Paris during the last season amounted to about \$50,000. The subscription, the support received from piano manufacturers whose instruments were used, the proceeds from the sale of programs, etc., brought the total up to nearly \$55,000, an average of about \$2200 for each concert. The Lamoureux concerts in a smaller hall brought in the average receipt of \$1700.

The Paris correspondent of the Era wrote as follows: "Whilst at our Opera 'La Foret' and other productions of the ultra-modern school send the public to sleep, the Theatre de la Gaite has revived 'Martha,' and has scored such a success with it that the old-fashioned opera seems booked for a long run. It was to be foreseen. The worm—I mean the long suffering public—has turned. For many years it has been bored, and now it wants to be amused. I am not an antediluvian creature. I admire Debussy and other great men who have created a new formula in music, which, like the impressionist school of painting, may surprise and charm us, and yet not be accepted as the future form of art. But I object to the 'followers' of these masters; men who imitate the latter without possessing their talent, and who hide their shortcomings behind an avalanche of discordant and meaningless notes. It really was quite touching to watch the people at the revival of 'Martha.' They behaved like children at a pantomime, clapping their hands, and indulging in all kinds of demonstrations to show their delight at hearing once more a melody. And during the entr'actes the well informed people told their friends that 'Martha,' although of German origin, was brought out in Paris. Thus we also heard that when the work made its appearance in 1844 it was called 'Lady Henriette,' and that no less than three musicians had collaborated at it—i.e., Flotow, Burgmuller and Del-

devez. The names of the two latter disappeared, and that of Flotow alone survived, probably because he had the good sense of infusing a little more life into the libretto, so that when it returned to France in 1877 it met with a splendid reception at the Theatre Lyrique, and afterwards at the Theatre Italien."

The historical remarks are hardly accurate. Flotow's "Martha" was produced at Vienna Nov. 25, 1844.

"Lady Henriette, ou la Servante de Greenwich" was not an opera, but a ballet pantomime in three acts, book by Saint-Georges and music by Flotow, Burgmuller and Deldevez. It was produced at the Opera, Paris, Feb. 1, 1844, and was performed in all 41 times. Deldevez says in his memoirs that Saint-Georges wrote his book originally for an opera-comique. Deldevez wrote the music for the third act.

"Martha" was not produced at the Theatre Lyrique, Paris, in 1847, in spite of the Era. It was first heard in Paris at the Theatre Italien Feb. 11, 1858, with Marlo as the tenor. It was not produced at the Theatre Lyrique until Dec. 16, 1865, when it was sung in French and with Mme. Nilsson as Lady Henriette.

The subject was an old one, not unlike that of the "Ballet des Chamberlères a louer," danced in the time of Louis XIII., and that of the "Comtesse d'Egmont," a vaudeville. The libretto of Balfe's "Maid of Honor" (1847) is not unlike that of "Martha."

Richard Strauss had much to say to Mr. C. Kariyle. "I cannot bear to hear Italian opera singing by German artists. These operas and their cantilena are cut out for Italian speech and Italian throats. They lose very much in temperament, too, when sung in a foreign tongue by foreign artists. Ideally, opera is most enjoyable when performed in that form in which it was cast by the creator." Strauss thinks that Wagner is the model for librettists, but it does not matter whether the subject is "of foreign imagination or one of olden times or modern, or taken from con-



temporary life. The German translations are as bad as the English ones. These German translations are so senseless that no intelligent singer likes to sing them."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* makes these comments on Strauss' remarks:

"We rather fancy that English artists by virtue of the experience gained in this country from having had so much foreign art are singularly adaptable to various styles of expression—that they could give as good an account of themselves in French, German or Italian opera as they already do on the concert platform in the music of those countries. The only thing to fear is the neglect of the declaration. The difficulty obviously from the singer's point of view is how to make the words clear without destroying the vocal quality, for, generally speaking, it is those artists who excel in the latter respect who are the most indistinct. This, by the way, is just exactly the same, whatever the language employed."

"It may be hoped we shall always have a grand opera syndicate to give us foreign opera, each work in the language in which it was written. But this is not the way to create an English school of opera composition if one may argue from the fact that in the three great opera-writing countries a national opera has always been considered a *sine qua non*, though doubtless the priority between composer and conditions may be a debatable point."

"It is interesting to note that he (Strauss) does not object in principle to a contemporaneous subject—he went sufficiently far back into history with 'Elektra.' With his remarkable orchestral invention one could easily imagine the setting of, say, a scene in a naval dockyard, the laying down of a Dreadnought keel, with full musical illustration of the whirr of the machinery, to which the effect of the anvils in 'Das Rheingold' would be as naught in comparison. Seriously, though, it is a question how far musical realism is necessary on the stage, and in a sense the more modern the story, the more important it would seem to be to keep the expression on the purely imaginative side, so as to counteract the inevitable incongruity arising from seeing people in present-day dress giving utterance to their thoughts in song. In the symphonic poem, on the other hand, when there are no adjuncts of scene and action, realism in the music can be as close as possible in its descriptive effects, and, in fact, if it can ever get to the point of making an analytical programme unnecessary, the ideal in this form of the art will surely have been reached."

The enunciation on the part of several of the singers in those operas which were given in English during the recent Beecham opera season at Covent Garden was apparently one of the most satisfactory features. "It will avail little in a national opera house unless the greatest care is taken over this point; there is no longer any need to insist on the fact that the English language is perfectly well suited for opera, which used not to be thought to be the case by some people, but it should not be forgotten that it is largely the fault of the singer if the words do not come out clearly. There is another reason in many cases, the bad translations which are not only poor in style, but, worst of all, too often place unimportant words on the accents so that in singing it becomes the more difficult to make the sense clear. A thorough revision of these translations is absolutely necessary, and it is to be hoped that some one will sooner or later take the matter in hand."

Mr. Spanuth in the *Signale* intimates that Mme. Sembrich was a pupil of Giovanni Lamperti, who died in Berlin March 18, and not of the great Francesco Lamperti. She studied with both.

Chaliapine, whose name in German is spelled Schaljapin, has made a sensation in Berlin as a concert singer. Lorenzo Perosi purposes to describe symphonically the Sicilian earthquake. The composition will be entitled "Messina."

The *Signale* of March 16 spoke of the Boston Symphony orchestra as "the best in America—and the world."

Mr. Nikisch has gone to Moscow to conduct three concerts. All the tickets for the three were sold in three hours.

Debussy's new orchestral composition, "Iberia," is part of a musical

triptych "Images," and it is itself divided into three movements. Produced in Paris Feb. 20, it was not welcomed unanimously. Even Mr. Boutarel, a friend of the moderns, complains that there is no melodic design, no harmonic structure, only tonal color, and that the composer is in music what a "tachiste" or "pointilliste" is in painting. There are curious and picturesque effects, but the field is narrow, as though Debussy did not wish to express large ideas or sentiments of true grandeur. At the second performance there was vehement applause, also vehement protestation.

Verdi's "Nabucco" has been performed as an oratorio in a Florentine church. Two women singers had special authorization to take part.

Aino Ackte, who enjoys a reputation in Europe inexplicable to those who heard her in Boston, has gone back to the Paris Opera. She made her first reappearance in "Thals."

Julien Tiersot has written an article to show that Beethoven realized

in his masterpieces the artistic work of which Gossec and Mehul had the first intuition, but only sketched, and he proposed a new reading of the "Eroica," in which this thesis will be worked out. As though there were not sufficient "original" and "individual" readings at present!

"Chantefleur" has inspired Viennese librettists and composers to write operetta parodies.

Disraeli's wild story, "Alroy," has been turned into a libretto by Otto Neitzel and with music by Bernhardt de Lisle brought out at Eberfeld. Did the librettist include the final scene of impalement?

A symphony in A minor by Robert Kanta, born at Vienna and now living in Prague, has been performed in the latter city. It has this remarkable program: "A profound human thought dominates and directs musical action. After a fierce struggle the will to live triumphs. The first movement describes the shock of battle. The adagio sings the pleasure of ecstasy and transports the hearer to the world of dreams, to make him fall at last, through piquant melodies of the scherzo, into the finale, which depicts the reality of life. In the finale hell and paradise are opposed one to the other. With a grand crescendo the musician conducts his orchestral phalanx to victory."

The 100th anniversary of Chopin's birth was celebrated at St. Petersburg in an original way. Liapunoff conducted his own symphonic poem, "Zelazowa Wola," named after Chopin's birthplace. Balakireff contributed an orchestral suite on themes taken from Chopin's etude in E-flat, a mazurka, the nocturne in G minor and the scherzo in C sharp minor. Joseph Hofmann played with the orchestra the two piano concertos.

The Paris journals look on the Caruso-Black Hand business as "colossal advertising."

New piano variations in C minor by Sinding are played in European cities with great success.

Graun's "Te Deum," composed in 1756 after the battle of Prague, was exhumed in Dresden late in February and made a marked impression.

An interesting program was made for the pension fund of the Bremen Theatre and concert orchestra. It was entitled "Dances of the Old and Modern Time," and it was thus arranged: Gretry, three dances from "Cephele and Procris"; Mozart, "Six Deutsche Taenze"; Weber, "Invitation to the Dance"; Brahms, two Hungarian dances; Dvorak, two slow dances; Tschaiowsky, "Nutcracker Suite"; Liszt, Hungarian rhapsody, No. 1; Joh. Strauss, two Vienna waltzes.

#### Concerts of the Week.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M.: Thirteenth annual spring concert of the People's Choral Union, Frederick W. Wodell, conductor. Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and Haydn's "Spring" from "The Seasons." Solo singers: Miss Caroline Hudson, Miss Adelaide Griggs, Edward Barrow, Leverett B. Merrill. Chorus of 400. Forty members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Herman A. Shedd, organist; Miss Bertaa C. Wright, pianist.

MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M.: Violin recital by Miss Ellen Scranton Stites (pupil of Timothee Adamowski), assisted by Herbert Seiler, pianist, and Miss Helen Parkhurst, Percy Levee and Benjamin Posner, violinists. The program will include two movements of G. Faure's sonata for piano and violin, a piece for four violins by Maurer, and pieces by Bruch, Saint-Saens, Arensky, Gluck-Brahms, MacDowell, Beethoven, Adamowski.

#### FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

An editor of the Yale Alumni Weekly was recently moved to lament the disappearance of "criticism." "What a relief it would be to pick up a morning paper and find a carefully thought-out analysis of the last night's play." Mr. E. R. Smith, a Yale graduate and the city editor of the New Haven Morning Journal-Courier, replied in the Alumni Weekly. He described the critic leaving the theatre at 11 P. M., going to the newspaper office and handing in his copy not later than 12:30 or 1 o'clock. "Therefore in an hour or at the most an hour and a half, the dramatic critic on the morning newspaper digests the play, the actors and the acting and writes his review of the same, whereas the mere physical labor of writing his copy must consume from fifteen minutes to half an hour. The wonder is not that there are so few good criticisms, but that there are so many thoughtful and careful ones! Your editor says, perchance, 'Then wait until the second day.' Would he be willing to wait until a play is two days old to know of it?"

In Mr. Smith's opinion "the average morning paper criticism of the play is good." He commends "the careful thought and fair attitude." "Being written in a few minutes, it is a true appreciation of play and acting to whose judgment the public may trust."

Thus is an old question revived: Should the review of a play, opera, concert, be written hurriedly? Would it not be fairer to players, singers, public and the critic himself to defer criticism for a day, or even to the Saturday or Sunday edition, when the article would take the form of a carefully considered feuilleton?

For many years it was the custom in Paris, where a new play often excites more attention than the overthrow of a dynasty or a purchase by Mr. J. P. Morgan, for the critics to defer criticism until the appearance of the feuilleton at the end of the week. This feuilleton was a leading feature of the journal and it was eagerly anticipated. The great theatre-going public wanted to read what Sarcey wrote, for, though Sarcey was unimaginative and the spokesman of the bourgeoisie, his influence was indisputable. They have changed all that in Paris. Now there is a signed review on the morning following a production, and the feuilleton is an elaboration of what has already been said.

Clement Scott once argued the question at great length. He was in favor of criticism written immediately after a performance. He characterized the hour or two hours between the play and the handing in of the review as the stimulating "red-pepper hours." The impressions were then vivid, the actors were still before the eyes of the critic; he heard their voices; he saw them in action. With delay came coolness, doubt, often indifference.

The experienced critic has his review in his head before he leaves the theatre. That is to say, the sequence of ideas is arranged, the salient points are noted. There should be a leading idea as a nail on which to hang the article. The process of elimination should be at work as he sits in the playhouse. The essentials should be tabulated. The leading theme may not come to him till the third act, but it comes. When he arrives at the office, the labor is only manual. Then he writes with gusto—to use the favorite word of Hazlitt. And when the critic has seen many plays and many players; when he has a standard of comparison; when he is not a theorist; when he is sensitive to fresh impressions and is not prejudiced against the new or the unexpected; then his first impressions are generally the surest, the most authoritative, and the most valuable to the public.

New England Conservatory of Music: Recital Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by advanced students of Josef Adamowski's ensemble classes. Chamber music by Brahms, Dvorak, Saint-Saens, Schumann, G. Faure, Chopin.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M.: Concert of the glee club of the Boston Teachers' Club. Grant Drake, conductor; Miss Madeline B. Driscoll, pianist; Miss Marjorie Patten, cellist; Miss Fay Cord, soprano, and Earl Cartwright, baritone, will assist. The club will sing: "Morning," a waltz; G. B. Nevins, "Bells of Shandon"; Chadwick, "Behind the Lattice"; W. G. Hammond, "A Ballad of Lorraine"; barcarolle; Richardson, "Near an Ancient Hostelry"; "Sleep, Darling Child." Miss Cord and Mr. Cartwright will contribute groups of songs, and Miss Patten will play cello pieces.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M.: Concert of the glee club of the Boston Teachers' Club.

Chickering Hall, 8 P. M.: Violin recital by Clarence Cameron White, in aid of the St. Mark Congregational building fund. Miss Ada Gaskins, soprano; William H. Richardson, baritone; J. Shelton Pollen, pianist, and Mrs. Maud Cuney Hare, accompanist, will assist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M.: Twenty-fourth and last public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Beethoven's Symphonies No. 1 and No. 9. The Cecilia Society and Mrs. Hlsem de Moss, Miss Keyes, Mr. von Norden and Mr. Weld will assist.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M.: Twenty-fourth and last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Program as on Friday afternoon.



The performances of the New Theatre company are distinguished by attention to detail. There are many delightful touches, for instance, in the attempt to reproduce the furniture and the manners of Sheridan's period when "School for Scandal" is played.

We remember that an old English actor well versed in stage traditions complained of Mansfield's Beau Brummel because he thus misused his right hand. The Englishman insisted that the left was used, so that the right should be spotless if the snuffer were called on to extend it to a lady in the dance or in her service.

There was a time when fine ladies took snuff, as we learn from a number of the Spectator, and the reason given by the English actor was perhaps fanciful. There are allusions to the practice in the comedies of Congreve, Wycherley, Venbrigh; before them Dekker in his "Gulls Horn-book" described how a gallant should draw out his tobacco box, "the ladele for the cold snuffle into the nostrill," how he should show his several tricks in taking tobacco—but we have found no direction as to the brand. There is Sir Plume in "The Rape of the Lock."

Sir Plume rapped his box and rapped out fashionable expletives, but did he use his left or right hand?

In 1769 John Wesley made the observation that the Irish took more snuff than other people. Voltaire once remarked that snuff-taking was considered so coarse that it was not allowed at the court of Louis XIV. Pope Innocent XII. excommunicated all that took snuff or used tobacco in any manner in the church of St. Peter's.

These are improving facts, but they throw no light on the great question. George Stevens, the Shakespearean editor, broke off habits suddenly. We are told that he had taken snuff since his youth. One day he lost his box in St. Paul's churchyard, and he never took another pinch. As the moralist aptly said: "Had he taken one he might have taken one more, and then only another, and afterwards only a little bit in a paper, and then, he would have died as he lived—a snuff-taker. No, Stevens appears to have discovered the grand secret, that a man's self is the great enemy of himself, and hence his intolerance of self-indulgence even in degree." But we are not told which hand he used in the deplorable years.

In 1797 "Proposals for Publishing by Subscription a History of Snuff and Tobacco in two volumes" were circulated. There were to be chapters on noses, their size, a digression on Roman noses, an inquiry whether long noses are symptomatic; much about noseology with dissertations on the intellectual faculties as manifested by the various configurations of the nose; an inquiry who took the first pinch; essays on sneezing and pocket handkerchiefs; pages about female snuff takers and clean tuckers and whether oval snuff boxes were first used by the Roundheads. Not a reference in the prospectus to the use of the right or left hand. The orientals reserve the left hand for the baser offices, and surely snuff taking should be among them.

The dictionaries at hand give no light. Old Bailey's definition of snuff is delightfully vague: "Snuff (of 'nif' Sax., or 'schnupff,' Ger., a reum, because it brings them away) is powder well known." There is no notation that might inform.

Our own recollection is of an old family doctor in the sixties. He had been to London and had talked with Sir Benjamin Brodie and was not loath, to mention the fact. He was a portly man with ambrosial locks and an awe-inspiring beard. His bedside manner was the envy and despair of younger physicians. His waistcoats were rich in color and adornment, but they did not overstep the boundary line that divided the orthodox of the profession from those of doubtful or reprehensible practices. His atmosphere was glorious with an air of the finest quality. It is our impression that on occasion he would use either hand.

The National Geographic Magazine for March, just published, contains a picture that should be gazed on with respect and emotion by members of the Porphyry. This picture is on page 264 and it is entitled: "Top of Maloja, Upper Engadine, Switzerland." There is a sleigh in the foreground with a man holding the horse. The landscape is one of snow and loneliness. The few houses are cheerless, as though abandoned for the season. The telegraph or telephone wires carry no messages. Yet to some this dreary spot should be as the Vale of Tempe.

For several years ago a member of the Porphyry, a man of wide travel and a discriminative taste in coolers, heaters and febrifuges, returned from Switzerland and brought with him bottles of Maloja bitters. Turn to Baedeker and you will find nothing about the Maloja plant. There is useless information about the ruins of a church, also about natural scenery. Stay, "the road over the Maloja, the west side of which is clothed with rich vegetation—" Rich, indeed, for from the Maloja come the bitters: hence the Maloja cocktail, which for a time was the rage at the Porphyry. Ordinarily prudent men neglected their business. Loving spouses were no longer punctual at dinner. The hitherto abstemious fell as by the wayside and the Maloja plant sprang up and choked them.

Our friend—for he is still our friend though he is now with the majority, with the great philanthropists of years gone by—named the cocktail the Maloja. A lesser man would have given his own name to it, and this drink with a tang disagreeable to the effeminate and all curled darlings, but sweet as the waters of Gelum to the experienced and deep-thinking, would then have been known as the "F. B. F." Mr. Harry P. Whitney, comparatively young, has won distinction through the cocktail that bears his initials. Personally we prefer the opal, the Bronx, and above all the old and approved Manhattan and Martini. One of them—no more—makes for physical, mental and moral betterment. "Infinite riches in a little room."

It takes a peculiar courage to give a cocktail your own name. Who are you, sir, that your mixture should be accepted without question or argument? There are men who have thus endeavored to win renown, even at the Porphyry, but they were not encouraged. They desisted, when they found that they were obliged to explain to the waiter the nature of their order. Perhaps the barkeeper remembered the instructions and was prepared to mix an "A. B. C." or an "A. Y. Z.," but the waiter would stare and hem and say, "Beg pardon, sir," and thus the effect of the order was lost. And some of these inventions were singularly unpalatable, so that even the inventor gagged in the act of worshipping at his shrine.

Thirteenth Annual Musicale Given at  
Symphony Hall.

Music lovers found an evening of rare enjoyment at the 13th annual concert of the People's Choral Union at Symphony Hall last evening. An audience that filled the hall applauded generously the different solos and the work of the chorus.

With the possible exception of the Handel and Haydn Society, probably no better chorus work has been heard for some time. Frederick W. Wodell, conductor, showed remarkable control of the large chorus and its excellent performance reflected great credit on him.

The solo parts were taken by Miss Caroline Hudson, soprano; Miss Adelaide Griggs, contralto; Edward Barrow, tenor, and Leverett B. Merrill, bass. The singing of Miss Griggs was especially fine, while that of the other soloists was very commendable.

Herman A. Shedd presided at the organ, and Miss Bertha C. Wright was pianist. The orchestral accompaniment was by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and was of the high order that is usual with that organization.

mission's "Street."  
 1942: "Curtis" from  
 from 1749's 54.5.20

A few days ago the story of an opera singer's acceptance of a New Yorker's proposal of marriage was published with or without the singer's portrait on the first page of many newspapers. The public was told how she cabled her resolution, what she accepted one said, and how he behaved on receipt of the news, what his friends said, etc., etc. Soon afterward this singer's cool and collected views on love and matrimony were published at considerable length. She admitted, or rather boasted of the fact that love, as the word is commonly understood, did not enter into her matrimonial scheme, and she would not live in any country where a divorce was not easily obtained.

When several members of the two opera houses in New York left for Europe they breathed out threatnings and slaughter against managers, colleagues, conductors. Their grievances were fully aired in print, as a rule on the first page. And when Miss Walker of the Hamburg Opera House made disparaging remarks about the views of one in authority over her concerning the correct impersonation of a certain operatic part, and was sued for libel, to her disadvantage, again there was a first page story for journals throughout the land.

Is it any wonder that these singers take themselves seriously and liken themselves to triumphant generals, successful statesmen or to Mr. Roosevelt, the lecturer? They are spoiled darlings, sublime egoists; but is it wholly their fault? An impresario complained recently in Boston that some of his younger singers, women, had swollen ideas of their importance because the newspapers made so much of them. "Why do you publish their pictures?" he said to a reporter. The answer was immediate and not uncertain: "Because your press agent sends them to us and asks the favor." The public is curious about the men and women that entertain it. It cannot be persuaded that they are, after all, like other mortals. There was public curiosity about the tribals long before Miss Garden's voice was tried by her first teacher; long before Miss Cavaleri was a poor little girl trying to earn her living in the humblest capacity; long before Miss Edyth Walker, tired of school teaching, wrote her letter to Mr. Vanderbilt for money that she might study

There have been a few exceptions. Milka Ternina, the incomparable Isolde, had the great gifts of modesty and reticence; but these exceptions can be counted on two hands. It matters not what a singer may say or what she may do, she is a privileged person in the eyes of the public. The worshippers do not even indulge in the cant about "artists" having their own laws in the matter of morality. A famous singer may be otherwise a notorious person. Women jostle each other to meet her, but they would draw their skirts away if she did not happen to have a voice or art.

No doubt the inhabitants of the air wonder at all this and are greatly amused. And will the public itself never be sated with the gossip about singers, never weary of their self-adulation and the perpetual admiration of their worshippers?

Many years ago Ambrose Philips wrote a poem to Cuzzoni, whom Handel, not a manager of illusions or delusions, once threatened to throw out of a window. The poem began:

Little syren of the stage,  
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,  
Wanton gale of fond desire,  
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell.

Martinus Scriblerus quoted these lines in his essay, "Of Sinking in Poetry," and added: "Who would think this was only a poor gentlewoman that sung finely?"

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Would it not be well to hear Mr. Nevin's "Pola" before savagely condemning the Berlin critics for their condemnation of the opera? There are many excellent musicians who fall in this branch of their art because they have not the dramatic instinct or because they have had no experience with the demands of the stage. Two great composers wrote mediocre operas—Schumann and Cesar Franck. The fragments of Mendelssohn's "Lorelei" are not reassuring. The statement that Mr. Nevin's "Pola" is the first American opera introduced in Europe is not true. An opera by Mr. Howland has been performed in Italian cities. Nor is it true that modern German composers, with the exception of Strauss, knock unheeded at the Royal Opera House of Berlin. Within the last two years new operas by Germans have been performed there and they have been criticised on their merits. Operas by foreigners, as Miss

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Ellnor Glyn's dramatization of her own novel, "Three Weeks," in a prologue and three acts. Cast:

CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE.

Anna.....	Lillian Rhodes
Dmitry.....	Jack C. Grey
King of Sardalla.....	Joseph E. Bernard
Verchoff.....	Lionel Montcreif
Petrovitch.....	E. T. Comans
The Queen of Sardalla.....	Jeanne Towler

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY.

Sir Charles Verdayne.....Bryan Darley  
Capt. Mark Grisby.....Frank J. Kirke  
Thomson.....E. T. Comans  
Lady Henrietta Verdayne.....  
Josephine Roberts  
Paul Verdayne.....George Lessey  
French walter.....Lionel Montreiff  
Dmitry.....Jack C. Grey  
Vasil.....George Comans  
King of Sardalla.....Joseph E. Bernard  
Anna.....Lillian Rhodes  
Petrovitch.....R. A. Comans  
"The Lady".....Jeanne Towler

"Three Twins" Back with Clifton  
Crawford, Minus Bessie McCoy.

BOSTON THEATRE— "Three  
Twins," by Charles Dickson, with  
this cast:

Ned Moreland.....	High Fay
Gen. Stanhope.....	Joseph Allen
Tom Stanhope.....	Clifton Crawford
Kate Armitage.....	Daisy Leon
Isabel Howard.....	Elsie Myne
Mrs. Dick Winters.....	Della Niven
Molly Sommers.....	Mayme Gehru
Dick Winters.....	W. H. Vedder
Harry Winters.....	George S. Christie
Dr. Siegfried Hartman, B. U. G. N. U. T.	
	Ralph J. Locke

MRS. CAMPBELL  
IN "EXPIATION"

Mrs. Patrick Campbell made her first Boston appearance in vaudeville yesterday. Her play was called "Explanation," and it was announced as "translated by Henry Hamilton."

One wondered what it was translated from. It bore no distinctive marks of Russian life. It might have been written by almost any dramatist who had the conventional ideas of Nihilists and Nihilism. 9.2.13

It told, incoherently but not uninteresting, the story of a Russian woman who lent herself to an intrigue with an official of the Russian government in order to assassinate him. The character of the official was first revealed in a scene with a young fellow whom he was about to send out to be tortured. The boy who entered with his head "blood but unbowed," was chained to a post where he uttered the usual revolutionary sentiments and spat, first, a picture of the Czar and later at the official.

On his way out he was met by a Russian woman, none other than his sister. While he was under torture she cajoled the official into showing him how he chained his prisoner to the wall. At first he chained her. Then, in humor her whim, he let her chain him. Then she had him at her mercy.

She told him who she was, of relation to the boy and the boy's father, previously shot to death by the officer and she shot him dead.

The play was very brief; much the material was irrelevant, and works, as a whole, seemed flimsy & artificial.

The actress, though a little stouter than she used to be, looked handsomer in a superb costume of black, with overdress like shining mail. Her lighter and lighter scenes she played gracefully, with an occasional suggestion of hate beneath her lighter smile. The climax she made little of, perhaps because the dramatist so fully failed to provide suitable material. However, she was called to the curtain many times.

The rest of the bill included "The Hebrew Fireman and Fireman"; Hilda Hawthorne, violinist; Warren, Lyon and Mers, "A Little of Everything," and included singing, dancing and a humorous dialogue, humorously the Three Vagrants, in Italian songs; Bowers, Walters and Nor in "The Three Rubes," and Flying Banavards.



Mythe and Henry Waller, have been performed there, through court influence, and were promptly and unanimously condemned. Leconte's "Roland of Berlin," composed at the command of the Emperor, was savagely reviewed by the Berlin critics a half-dozen years ago. Let us not be chauvinistic, especially so far from home. It is possible that if "Pola" had been produced in New York or Boston the criticism would have been unfavorable.

By PHILIP HALE.

#### HOLLIS STREET THEATRE:

"The Pillars of Society," a play in four acts by Henrik Ibsen, produced by Harrison Grey Fiske, with Mrs. Fiske and the Manhattan company of New York.

Consul Bernick.....Holbrook Blinn  
Mrs. Bernick.....Virginia Kline  
Olaf.....Gregory Kelly  
Martha Bernick.....Alice John  
Johan Tonnesen.....Edward Mackay  
Lona Hessel.....Mrs. Fiske  
Hilmar Tonnesen.....Cyril Chadwick  
Dr. Rorlund.....Henry Stephenson  
Rummel.....Fuller Mellish  
Vigeland.....Wilfred Buckland  
Sandstad.....T. N. Heffron  
Krap.....R. W. Tucker  
Dina Dorf.....Merle Maddern  
Aune.....Sheldon Lewis  
Jacob.....R. Owen Meach  
Mrs. Rummel.....Mabel Reed  
Mrs. Holt.....Florine Arnold  
Mrs. Lyng.....Veda McEvers  
Hilda Rummel.....Helena Van Brugh  
Netta Holt.....Helen Fulton

"Samfundets Støtter," or "The Pillars of Society," was performed here for the first time at one of Mrs. Erving Winslow's matinees at the Columbia Theatre, April 16, 1895. George F. Nash took the part of Bernick, Isabel Pengra played Lona and Kendall Weston was the Johan. The reviews published the next day are now curious reading. It appears that Ibsen was then considered a dangerously immoral fellow, and one critic plaintively asked whether Ibsen or the young person should be excluded from the theatre.

The play is one of Ibsen's earlier satiric comedies. If he had written it in his later period, he would no doubt have let Bernick's boy go down on the Indian Girl, and thus the ending would have had grim and appropriate irony. For once Ibsen sacrificed to the public's desire for a happy ending. It is not easy to see how Bernick's conversion was so quickly and easily effected, nor is it easy to believe that a man who for 15 years had lived the life of a hypocrite for his own advantage and "the good of the community," a man of indomitable will and vast ambition, would be willing to make public confession, especially after the proofs against him had been destroyed. But there is always the case of Saul of Tarsus, and the late Dr. Everett of the Harvard divinity school argued neatly in favor of the value of a death-bed repentance.

Ibsen was pre-eminently a man of the theatre. How admirably this play is constructed from its exposition to the moment of Bernick's confession! How clear the exposition! How crisp the dialogue, even in Mr. Archer's translation, which, it is said, does not do justice to the original. How keen the satire! How sure and striking the portraiture! Yet there is Lona, one of Ibsen's more enigmatical women. Did she love Bernick through all the years? In spite of her protest to the contrary was not her return prompted in a measure by the hope of revenge? It is a complex character, nor is the audience wholly convinced that Ibsen himself fully comprehended the woman.

The scenes are in a little Norwegian coast town, but the subject and the treatment are of universal and engrossing interest. The gossiping women—the young girl who is disgusted by the chatter about morality, who suspects vaguely the hypocrisy about her, and is ready to revolt—the time-serving and naturally low-minded schoolmaster; the greedy merchants who shift their responsibility on Providence; Bernick, his wife, and Hilmar, who, under the pretext of invalidism, finds fault with everything and does nothing—we all know these men and women.

It is true that an eminent critic, now dead, publicly thanked the Lord that evils depicted by Ibsen, while they might exist in Norway, did not and could not exist in New England. He really believed what he wrote and his fond belief was more surprising than his statement.

The drama was staged last night with great care, and well acted. When Possart played Bernick at Amberg's Theatre in New York in 1889 he was described as "smooth, dignified, humble, cringing, impassioned, pathetic and tragic," and Possart's performance in Munich had been highly praised by the dramatist. Mr. Blinn was smooth—the colloquial expression "slick" is perhaps the more fitting word—he was dignified.

He was impassioned only when he was convinced that his boy was on the doomed vessel. As a whole his performance was not diversified, yet it was consistent and impressive. Evidently Mr. Blinn does not think that Bernick was cringing or humble, even when he feared exposure. His Bernick was tenacious of purpose, defiant. The conversion was therefore the more unexpected. Perhaps it gave the idea of greater sincerity.

Bernick's colleagues were sharply characterized, especially Rummel as played by Mr. Mellish. Mr. Stephenson succeeded in suggesting the cant of Rorlund and his presentation speech was delightful. What a speech it is! It brings to mind the address at the county fair in "Madame Bovary" by its superb and resonant platitudes, by its sonorous prate. Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Mackay gave thoughtfully considered impersonations, and Mr. Lewis acted the part of Aune forcibly and without extravagance.

The part of Lona is enigmatical, as I have said, and it is not a part that would interest a star who is simply a quickly manufactured "personality," a woman not in the habit of thinking. It is easy to see why Mrs. Fiske chose the part, for she herself of late years has been rather enigmatical. Last night she was occasionally unintelligible in speech. In her desire to be realistic she went some years ago to the extreme and, although her speech is now more distinct, there were unfortunate moments.

Her Lona was an interesting study. There were admirable touches. There was significant reserve. There was infinite suggestion, so that each spectator could shape a Lona according to his own view and argue in defence of her from the performance. If it be said that Lona should be convincing, the answer is, "But she was not. She was a puzzle to her neighbors before she went to America. She was a puzzle—perhaps to herself—after her return." The other parts were adequately played. Miss Maddern's Dina had individuality. But if players of experience do not obtrude their own personality, Ibsen's characters play themselves.

There was an audience of good size and there were many curtain calls.

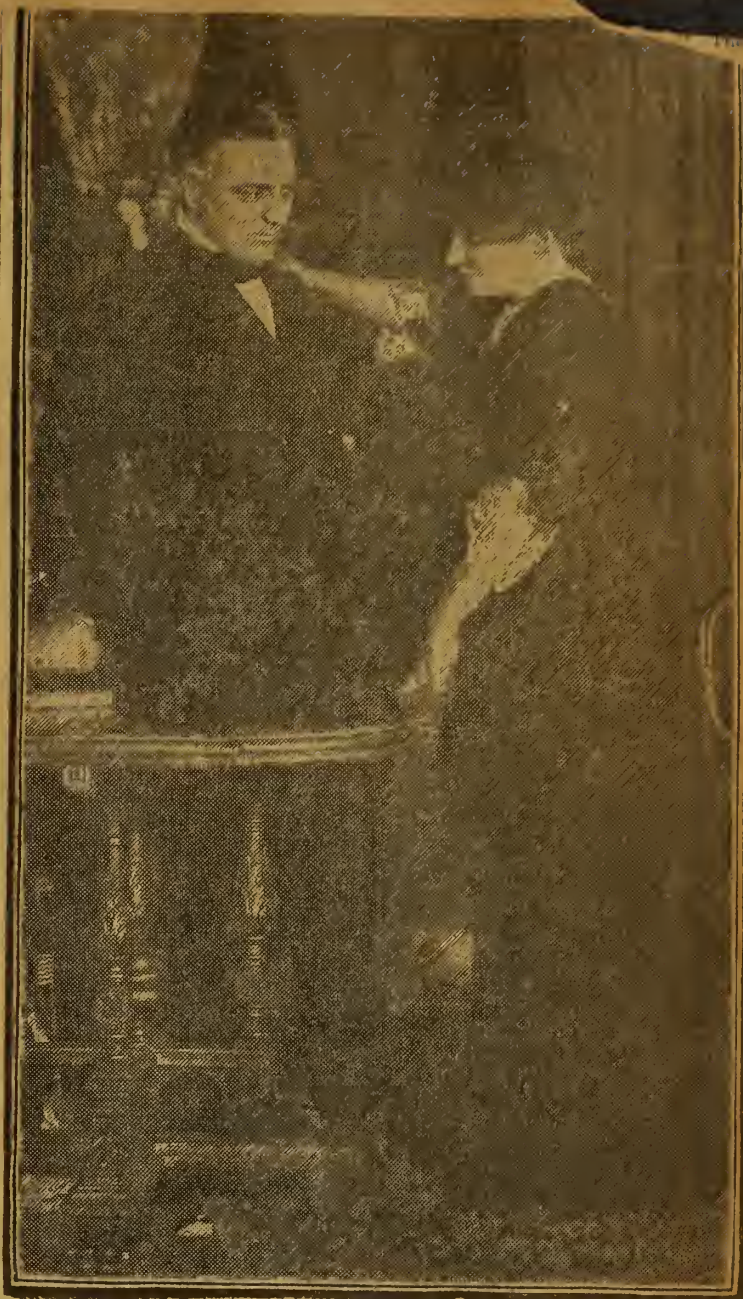
## JAMES K. HACKETT A PLEASING PRINCE

#### Tarkington's "Monsieur Beau-

MAJESTIC THEATRE: "Monsieur Beaucaire," a comedy in five acts by Booth Tarkington and Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland. Principals in the cast:

Monsieur Beaucaire.....James K. Hackett  
The Duke of Winterset.....Arthur Hoops  
Maj. Molyneux.....Roy Clements  
Mr. Bickst.....Rob V. Ferguson  
Mr. Bantison.....H. M. Harriman  
Beau Nash.....Edward Poland  
Marquis de Mirpois.....George K. Rolands  
Capt. Badger.....Joseph Sweeney  
Lady Mary.....Miss Beatrice Beckley  
Francios.....George K. Rolands  
Lucy Rellerton.....Miss Grace Barbour  
Lady Rellerton.....Miss Natalie Jerome

When a prince of the royal blood of France goes as a barber on a lark to England because he doesn't want to marry a girl whom his cousin, the



Holbrook Blinn and Mrs. Fiske in "Pillars of Society."

King, had picked out for him and gets into all sorts of scrapes in Bath, is publicly insulted by the smart set there, falls in love with a high born lady and wins card games, duels and his lady's heart and hand against overwhelming odds, he certainly has a most entertaining time. His experience is made extremely interesting for those who watch his tribulations and triumphs, if the character of the prince is taken by one who displays real distinction of manner and whose royal breeding is felt through every disguise and in all moments of adversity.

The interest in a story like that of Booth Tarkington's, when put on the stage, is maintained and heightened, if the gay persons who flout Beaucaire and cringe to the prince also have considerable of that indefinable air that goes with the terms ladies and gentlemen as understood at Bath in the reign of George II.

Mr. Hackett fulfilled these requirements as to the prince sufficiently to make a pleasing illusion near enough to reality to make one wish him well in his pursuit of Lady Mary's heart, tremble a bit for his safety when swords and the lash of Winterset threatened, and rejoice in his success with the rapier and in the discomfiture he brought on his enemies.

If there was something lacking in the needed suggestion of innate nobility in the opening scenes, this was forgotten when the time for sword-play came, when the chance for open scorn of the little lords and gentlemen who had bothered him arrived, when he denounced Lord Winterset as a liar and card cheat and finally, and best of all, when he listened a bit bored while the French ambassador recited the long list of his names and titles, remarking with relief and enthusiasm at its end: "What a wonderful memory he has!" Here he was every inch a prince who had a real man's scorn of the mummery of royalty.

But the ladies and gentlemen of Bath! It is better to draw the mantle of charity about them. They

were not used to the atmosphere of Bath or its waters. They were not accustomed to the society of princes and when it came to a minuet—but why go into melancholy details? Hadn't this giddy throng been trained in manners by Beau Nash? And what need one expect from the pupils when their teacher, their glass of fashion, looked and moved and spoke as an animated lay figure in a men's furnishing store?

The audience was of good size and gave Mr. Hackett warm applause. He was called before the curtain and made a neat speech in the charmingly broken English of Beaucaire.



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MEN AND  
"CARMEN" SUNG IN ENGLISH.  
Interested Audience Attends Aborn  
Company Performance.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Aborn English Grand Opera Company, Milton and Sargent Aborn, directors, in Bizet's "Carmen." The cast:  
Carmen.....Louise Le Baron  
Don Jose.....Joseph Sheehan  
Escamillo.....Otley Cranston  
Zuniga.....H. L. Waterous  
Dancalro.....Marshall Vincent  
Remendado.....Sol. Solomon  
Michaela.....Estelle Wentworth  
Frasquita.....Florence Coughlan  
Mercedes.....Vera Roberts  
Lilas Pastias.....Charles Drumheller  
Morales.....C. Stroesco  
Max Fiechandler conducted.  
There was an audience of good size, interested and applaudive. The performance was generally a smooth one, although there were moments when chorus and dancers threatened to emancipate themselves from the control of the musical director. Barring a few such hitches, the concerted action was good. The chorus of women's voices made rather too much of its opportunities to scream, and the voices were often discordant and shrill.  
Miss Le Baron made an extremely handsome Carmen, and as a picture in a frame she was effective. Her conception of the part lacked breadth, however; the detail was fussy without being always significant, and the entire impersonation was inclined to be in comedy vein, so that the tragic passages were not wholly convincing. Miss Le Baron's Carmen was not coarse, not brutal, but inclined to be delicately shrewish; a woman who would scratch, not kill.  
She had admirable poses, which, with her brilliant beauty, combined to make her a compelling figure every moment she was on the stage. Her action, however, was not always fluent; the poses, effective in turn, did not merge one into the other, but were punctuated by nervous motions. Her voice lacked spontaneity, as though it were a little fagged, but it is of agreeable quality, and had distinction in its lower register.  
Mr. Sheehan's voice was effective throughout, more so than his acting, although this increased in dramatic force as he proceeded, and was legitimately brutal in the scene with Carmen before Micaela.  
Miss Wentworth's voice lacked variety in her first scene, but sounded well later, and was much applauded after the air in act 3. Mr. Cranston was impressive, vocally and histrionically, as the Torcador.  
During the week, Mr. Shaw will alternate with Mr. Sheehan as Don Jose, and Miss Farm with Miss Wentworth as Micaela.

CASTLE SQUARE: "Rupert of Hentzau," a play in four acts by Anthony Hope. Cast:  
King Rudolph.....John Craig  
Rudolph Rassendyll.....John Craig  
Col. Sapt.....George Hassell  
Ritz von Tarlenheim.....Bert Young  
Lieut. von Bernenstein.....  
Wilfred Young  
Count Rupert of Hentzau.....  
William Norton  
Count of Luzau-Rischenheim.....  
Walter Walker  
Bauer.....William Walsh  
James.....Donald Meek  
Hilge von Tarlenheim.....  
Gertrude Binley  
Jose Hoff.....Florence Shirley  
Queen Flavia.....Mary Young

THE HERFORD READINGS.  
Miss Beatrice Herford is never in doubt as to the warmth of a Boston reception. Her admirers came out in full number yesterday afternoon and made Chickering Hall resound with their approval of a well balanced program. She began with "Changing the Presents," which displays the agitation of a newly-wed over the arrangements of duplicate wedding gifts. This was followed by "A Cockney Landlady," after which a rousing encore brought out the favorite "Only Child." The other billed numbers were "The Matinee Girls" and "Choosing the Wall Paper," while for a second encore the actress, an English party, was given. Miss Herford loses nothing of her charm for an audience. The delicacy and refinement which mark all her work place her in a class by herself, a class that has the homage of numerous imitators.

CORBETT'S BRIEF  
CHAT IS FEATURE

Playlet at American Music Hall  
Followed by Talk on the Com-  
ing Bout Between Jeffries and  
Johnson.  
MABEL M'KINLEY AND LEE  
ARE EQUAL STARS ON BILL  
MISS STITES' RECITAL.

Program of Violin Pieces Pleasingly  
Performed at Steinert Hall.  
Miss Ellen Scranton Stites, student of the New England Conservatory of Music and pupil of Mr. Timothee Adamowski, gave a violin recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. She was assisted by Herbert Seiler, pianist, and Miss Helen Parkhurst, Percy Leveen and Benjamin Posner, violinists. There was a small but interested audience. Miss Stites played an allegro from G. Faure's charming sonata op. 13; Bruch's Adagio from the "Scottish" Fantasia, Saint-Saens Rondo Capriccioso, Beethoven's rromanza, Adamowski's Air de Ballet. The program included Maurer's concerto for four violins and piano pieces by Arensky, Gluck-Brahms and MacDowell.  
It is stated that Miss Stites before coming to Boston studied for a time in Paris, or Brussels. While she is still a pupil, she made a favorable impression. Her technic will undoubtedly be further developed under Mr. Adamowski's care, but it is already sufficient to display to the pleasure of the hearer her indisputable natural gifts of sentiment and emotion.  
She is evidently musical, and taste controls her sensibility so that she does not run wild in emotional passages. She has an attractive bearing, and a sympathetic relationship is at once established between her and her hearers. No doubt she herself realizes the necessity of further study, but she has already studied to advantage and she is naturally well equipped for a virtuoso's career.

AT MUSICAL ART CLUB.  
Last Recital of the Year Is Given at  
Jordan Hall.

The last meeting for this season of the Musical Art Club took place last evening at Jordan Hall. The club had the assistance of Sylvain Noack, violinist, and Kenneth Bingham. The evening proved an enjoyable one and the program, which was as follows, one of varied interest: Chausson, "The Halls of the Atrides"; Von Holst, two songs from Tennyson's "Princess"; Parker, "In May" (chorus); Brahms, sonata for violin and piano, A major (Mr. Noack); songs, Bungert, "Der Sandtraeger"; Wolfgang, "Taazilchen"; Strelcher, "Um die Kinder still und artig zu Machen"; Deinsueppchen, Reger "Des Kindes Gebet"; Hermann, Legende; Dordinan, "I Am Thy Harp"; Watts, "The Ocean Tramp"; Schelling, "Faded Spray of Mignonette"; Squire, "The Old Black Marc" (Mr. Bingham); Cheirillard, theme and variations for piano (Miss Larrabee). Songs: Brahms, "Nachtigall"; Pfitzner, "Gretel"; Dresel, "Sweet and Low"; Massenet, gavotte from "Manon" (Mrs. Littlefield).  
Mr. Bingham, a young man with a voice unusually beautiful in quality and of a wide range appeared earlier in the season at one of the club meetings and was notably charming in a group of folk songs of various nations. Last evening he again delighted the audience by his singing and interpretations.  
Mr. Noack played Brahms' sonata with breadth and depth of tone and delightful feeling for the rhythmic line. Mrs. Frothingham was a skilful accompanist. Miss Larrabee played with authority. Mrs. Littlefield sang tastefully and with genuine sentiment. Mrs. Charles White, who accompanied the singers, played sympathetically as is her wont and with rare beauty of tone.  
The chorus did excellent under Mr. Comey. Their and appreciative.

MISS RIDGEWAY'S RECITAL.  
Boston Favorite Reappears at Chick-  
ering Hall in Pleasing Role.

Miss Katharine Ridgeway, formerly the central figure and manager of the Katharine Ridgeway company, made a reappearance in Boston last night in Chickering Hall in a special recital, assisted by Miss Evangeline Bridge, pianist. The program was well selected and carried through with Miss Ridgeway's accustomed snap and vigor.  
Miss Bridge made a favorable impression upon the friendly audience with Chopin's sonata in B flat minor and a polka by Raff.  
The "Struggles of Jasper Pannel" as the introductory piece showed Miss Ridgeway has lost none of her old-time characteristics and the friends who had come to see her showed their appreciation heartily.  
Miss Ridgeway also made a hit with her "A Real Lady," which took off the selfishness of certain "ladies" who monopolize the Pullman dressing rooms. The "real lady," of course, gets her just deserts in being carried past her station after she has locked out all the other passengers. Jerome's monologues were well given and well received.

SYMPHONY'S LAST  
PUBLIC REHEARSAL

By PHILIP HALE.  
The 24th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. This was the last public rehearsal of the 29th season. The program consisted of Beethoven's First and Ninth Symphonies. The orchestra was assisted by the chorus of the Cecilia Society and these solo singers: Mrs. Hissem de Moss, Miss Margaret Keyes, Berick von Norden and Frederick Weld.  
The Ninth Symphony is in itself enough for any concert, but it is the custom to preface the performance of it by some classic work. An overture by Beethoven is not out of place, and the addition of Mozart's exquisite quintet from "Così fan Tutti" has been welcomed in past years. Mr. Fiedler no doubt thought it would be interesting to put Beethoven's first symphony with its suggestions of Haydn in the first two movements, and its suggestion in the finale of the Mozart of the "Nozze di Figaro" in juxtaposition with the colossal Ninth.  
The performance of the two symphonies was unusually good. The first was played with delicacy and without the desire to give it undue importance. Some time ago a symphony supposed to be of Beethoven's Bonn period was found and a performance of it in Germany persuaded many that the symphony really was composed by Beethoven.  
As is well known, the performance of the Ninth presents peculiar difficulties. If only the first three movements are performed, there is a sense of incompleteness. The recklessness with which Beethoven wrote for the human voice makes an ideal performance of the finale almost impossible. Some conductors have not hesitated to transpose the finale a whole tone lower. Theodore Thomas advocated this transposition. The effect, however, is said to be far less brilliant and impressive.  
The Cecilia chorus sang yesterday with marked precision in attack, accuracy and purity of intonation. There was no faltering in the sustained measures, which tax any chorus, however carefully selected it may be, and the members of the Cecilia were able to sing these measures with varied expression at the command of the conductor. On the whole, it was the finest choral performance of this finale that has been heard here for many years.  
The solo singers have a thankless as well as a trying task. They acquitted themselves creditably. Mrs. Hissem De Moss was already known here as an accomplished soprano with a high, pure voice of most agreeable quality. Mr. Von Norden has sung

BEFORE AGAMEMNON.  
Eulogizing Mark Twain, the humorist, a writer stated that Artemus Ward was now only a name; that Petroleum V. Nasby's influence ceased with the retirement of Andrew Johnson from the presidential chair; that Mark Twain was, in fact, the first great American humorist, and the only one that would endure.

In his earlier writings, which as examples of rib-tickling and extravagant humor, some put at the head of Mark Twain's professedly amusing works—and it is doubtful whether he ever wrote anything equal for sheer fun to "The Jumping Frog" and certain pages of "The Innocents Abroad"—Mark Twain often borrowed from Artemus Ward and John Phoenix, either ideas which he elaborated or curious verbal expressions, as before him Artemus Ward borrowed from John Phoenix.  
It is not true that Artemus Ward is now only a name, a name that is occasionally misspelled. Certain sayings of Charles F. Browne, to give him his less familiar name, have passed into the language, both into familiar speech and into literature, as the famous remark about George Washington, the characterization of the Kangaroo and of the Tower of London. Artemus is constantly quoted in this country and in England, where he was and is highly appreciated. It was an Englishman, Charles Reade, that called him "Artemus the Delicious"; it was an Englishman that contributed to the Spectator memorial verses of such rhythmic sweep and beauty and such felicitous expression that they were long ascribed to Swinburne.

Nasby was a coarser humorist, and he was first of all a biting political satirist. Some of Josh Billings' sayings still live. Richard H. Newell, whose "Orpheus C. Kerr" papers were known to thousands during the Civil War, is now remembered chiefly by some admirable parodies and burlesques and as one of the husbands of Adah Isaacs Menken. "The New Gospel of Peace" by Richard Grant White, in which the walk of Fernando Wood, mayor of New York, was described as "slantindicular" is still good reading. George Arnold wrote amusing pages for Vanity Fair, but the Civil War killed that excellent and truly humorous periodical, and Arnold's poetry survived his prose. Does any one read Doesticks today?  
We yield to no one in admiration for the better writings of Mark Twain; but it is not necessary to despise or ignore his American predecessors in order to give him full praise. The Jack Downing letters are even now interesting to others than the admirers of Andrew Jackson. There were brave men before Agamemnon.

MR. HAMMERSTEIN'S WITHDRAWAL.  
Mr. Oscar Hammerstein revels in surprises. His career as director of the Manhattan Opera House was a series of surprises, to the public that believed in him, for he kept faith with it; to his competitors who feared him and attempted to imitate his methods; to singers engaged by him who could not understand his frankness. It now suits his caprice, or his carefully meditated purpose, to withdraw from the field, for many might say reasonably that his sale of rights, contracts and Philadelphia Opera House means withdrawal. But who will confidently say that Mr. Hammerstein will not re-enter the field? He is ambitious, audacious, inscrutable.

Even though Mr. Hammerstein should not in a few years, or possibly in a year, give operatic performances in a theatre more favorably situated than the Manhattan, his influence and name will long be remembered. It was he that awakened the Metropolitan Opera House from its self-complacency and lethargy. Mr. Grau did not believe that the American public cared for new operas. His experience had taught him to believe this. His one aim was to give well liked operas with the best and most popular singers obtainable. The singers under his direction were the best of the period. Did he produce the well worn "Huguenots"? The singers were Mmes. Nordica, Sembrich, Scialchi, the de Reszke brothers, Pol. Plancon and Victor Maurel. He satisfied the public, and made money for himself and the opera house. Mr. Conried was a man of pompous proclamation and comparatively small performance. After him the management of the Metropolitan dozed until it was rudely shaken by Mr. Hammerstein.

It was Mr. Hammerstein that had the courage to produce "Pelieas and Melisande," "Elektra," "Louise," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," "Tales," "Herodiade"—the list is a long one. It was Mr. Hammerstein that brought over singers remark-



able as actors and actresses—as Miss Garden, Renaud, Dufranne—and had the good sense to entrust the performances to Cleofonte Campanini until in an evil day for him he let him go. It was Mr. Hammerstein who, when opera was to be given in Boston or Philadelphia, produced it exactly as it was produced at the Manhattan. Nor is it necessary to remind Bostonians how admirable the performances were at the Boston Theatre in 1909 and 1910.

When the managers of the Metropolitan Opera House recognized the fact that Mr. Hammerstein was a dangerous rival, they offered his singers more money; they, too, brought out new operas; they engaged two famous conductors, and strengthened their orchestra; they provided new and fitting scenery. It is not too much to say that the Metropolitan Opera House owes its present artistic reputation chiefly to Mr. Hammerstein, who showed the way.

It was the habit of some to look upon Mr. Hammerstein as a sort of P. T. Barnum, until they discovered that he was more of a Napoleon. Many do not now believe that he has fought his Waterloo. They are confident that he will reappear when least expected, and conquer under the famous hat that is to him what the white plume was to Henry of Navarre. They like the man, his bluntness of expression, his good humor agreeably tinged with cynicism, his appeals to the public, and above all his habit of fulfilling his promises. The Manhattan Opera House will long be remembered as the theatre where hitherto unknown operas were produced in a most artistic spirit, not merely as a business speculation, not merely to furnish an agreeable background for gossip in the boxes.

And if the withdrawal of Mr. Hammerstein will allow of the performance in the Boston Opera House of certain modern operas with some of Mr. Hammerstein's singers, the people of this city will owe him a still heavier debt of gratitude.

Here before. Miss Keyes, a newcomer, has a rich voice of liberal compass, and although yesterday she had little opportunity to show her art, she succeeded in awakening a desire to hear her again. The same may be said of Mr. Weld, who declaimed the opening recitative with dignity.

The performance of the whole symphony was one of unusual merit. And what a superhuman work this symphony is! It is too great for frequent hearing. It should be reserved for a ceremonial occasion. (How "The Messiah" has suffered from constant and indifferent repetitions!)

The Ninth symphony is not for a stupendous orchestra with unaccustomed instruments and imitations of natural phenomena; it is a work abounding in stupendous ideas. There is the absence of personality; there is never a suspicion of mere cleverness, amazing ingenuity. It is not so much the expression of a man as of humanity. In this work Beethoven the seer is revealed, and there is the thought of the composer who, when dying, shook his clenched fist at the thunder storm that raged above him.

A few words about the season may not be impertinent. Mr. Fiedler was as a rule fortunate in program-making. Only one new symphony was produced, the little one by Halm, and it was not worthy of a place on the program. Of the other pieces heard here for the first time, Sibelius' "Saga," Rachmaninoff's "Island of the Dead" and Strube's "Comedy" overture made the most marked impression.

The Symphony audience became acquainted with the names of Bantock, Delius and Ducasse, and one of Berlioz's earliest overtures, "Rob Roy," was heard here for the first time.

Miss Farrar and Miss Koenen sang for the first time at these concerts. The other soloists heard at these concerts for the first time were Mr. Rachmaninoff, pianist, and Messrs. Noack and Longy of the orchestra. Mr. Rachmaninoff commanded respect and admiration as a conductor.

The choice of compositions was catholic. Beethoven and Strauss were each represented eight times. Wagner and Brahms followed each with seven works. Tchaikowsky came next with six. American composers were represented by Chadwick, Converse, Loefler and Strube, for the latter two surely would not resent being called Americans. Four compositions by Sibelius, the Finn, were played.

## PHILLIPS' "HEROD"

By PHILIP HALE.

To allay the fears of the sensitive we hasten to say that the Herod of Stephen Phillips' play, which will be produced at the Shubert Theatre tomorrow night, is not the Herod before whom Salome danced her hotly discussed pas seul. Mr. Phillips' Herod is Herod the Great, the Ascalonite, the Idumean; the Herod that commanded the slaughter of the Innocents and at the end—but not in the play—"was eaten up by worms with the greatest torment imaginable, inasmuch that he would have killed himself; but instead of acknowledging this to be a judgment of God, he continued his cruelties to the very last moment, ordering that all the persons of quality whom he kept prisoners should be murdered at the time of his death; that all the considerable families of the nation should mourn at his going out of the world." Thus the pious Jeremy Collier.

The story of Herod the Great and Mariamne and Aristobulus is told at length in the writings of Josephus, the Learned Jew. Herod caused Aristobulus to be drowned; he murdered his grandfather at the ripe age of 80; he slew Mariamne, "notwithstanding his passionate love to her"; he put her mother to death and hundreds of others, among them his best friends. Incidentally, he caused his son, Antipater, to be slain, so that Augustus remarked that it was better to be Herod's hog than his son, a jest that was considered side-splitting at the time, and it has been handed down to us by Macrobius, in the chapter of "Saturnalia," entitled: "The Pleasantries of Augustus at the Expense of Other Persons and Those of Other Persons at His Expense."—"Melius est Herodis porcum esse, quam filium."

Yet Herod the Great was a fine fellow in his way. Even Collier admits that he was "a prince of great parts and a good politician," and he adds immediately: "He caused Judas and Matthias, two famous doctors of the law, to be burnt alive." Nor should it be forgotten that he was the first among the Jews to erect a theatre.

This Herod has nine or twelve wives, and one of his sons was Herod the Tetrarch, who, as well as John the Baptist, suffered by the dance of Salome. There is a Salome, by the way, in Mr. Phillips' tragedy, but she is the sister of Herod the Great, and we are not informed as to her skill in the dance, either with seven veils or one.

Father and son, it appears, were fond of jewels. After the father lost his mind for a season, mourning his sensual Mariamne, they tried to comfort him by letting him play with precious stones.

"That bag of emeralds, give it to me—so: And yonder sack of rubies; I will gaze on glittering things."

And when Herod the Tetrarch endeavored to turn Salome from her desire for John's head, he promised her pearls, amethysts, topazes, opals, onyxes "like the eyeballs of a dead woman," yes, onyxes, moonstones, sapphires, chrysolites and beryls, and chrysoprases and rubies, sardonyx and hyacinth stones, and stones of chalcedony, bracelets "decked about with carbuncles and with jade that came from the city of Euphrates."

It should also be noted that Herod the Tetrarch had the commendable habit of eating an apple "last after meat." The "Golden Legend" of J. de Voragine informs us of this practice. Herod was about 70 when he "fell into a grievous malady by right vengeance of God, for a strong fever took him within and without; he had his flesh hot and dry chaffed, his feet swelled and became of a pale color. The plants of his feet under began to rot, in such wise that vermin issued out, and a stench issued so great out of his breath and of his members without forth, that no persons might suffer it." And then "on a time he demanded a knife for to pare the apple, and one delivered him a knife, and shortly he took it, as all despaired, and would have slain himself, but anon Aciabius, his neighbor, caught his hand and cried loud, that it was supposed that the king had died. Antipater his son, which was in prison, had heard the cry and weened

his father had been dead. He was glad, and promised to the keepers of the prison great gifts for to let him out. When Herod knew this by his servant, he travelled the more grievously because his son was more glad of his death than of his sickness, and anon did do slay him, and ordained in his testament Archelous to be king after him, and he lived but five days after and died in great misery of annoy."

Yet "many of the Jews were wrought into the belief that Herod was the Messiah." Hieronymus in his treatise against the Luciferians states this.

Mr. Phillips' "Herod" was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, Oct. 31, 1900. Beerbohm Tree created the part of Herod and Miss Maude Jeffries that of Mariamne. Coleridge Taylor wrote incidental music for the performance.

G. B. Shaw's "Getting Married" failed at the Lessing Theatre, Berlin, in a German translation. The Berlin correspondent of the London Times wrote: "It put too heavy a strain upon an audience which had evidently come in a spirit friendly to Shavianism. If the discourses on marriage and divorce provoked indulgent laughter Mrs. George Collins' meretricious trance produced frigid bewilderment; and unmistakable signs of disapproval followed the fall of the curtain."

## MEN AND THINGS

Dr. Halley is favorably known to many in connection with his justly esteemed and punctiliously punctual comet, but the finer side of his character has not been appreciated by the crowd or even by devout astronomers. He founded a successful dining club.

A London journalist describes the origin of this club. It appears that Dr. Halley used to go from the observatory at Greenwich to a coffee house in London where literary people met for conversation. They talked so much and so earnestly that they were late for dinner. They then went to a house, something "between an ale house and a tavern, where there was a great draft of porter, but not drank in the house." The landlord did not wish to do the catering, or he could not be trusted, for one of the company always went out to buy fish. The dinner consisted of fish, pudding and porter. No meat was served. "Dr. Halley never ate anything but fish, for he had no teeth." These dinners of an informal nature began in 1731 and only five or six sat down at first, but Halley's Club "soon grew into an established dining club." Meat was introduced. The club met at various taverns. At Pontack's the dinner cost from four shillings to a guinea a head, and there they could obtain a ragout of fatted snails and "chickens not two hours from the shell." In 1743 a formal set of rules was adopted; the membership was limited to 40, and all were to be Fellows of the Royal Society; the club was rechristened "the Club of Royal Philosophers" and afterward as "the Royal Society Club." There was always thought of good eating, for in 1750 it was "resolved nem. con. that any nobleman or gentleman committing this company annually with venison, not less than a haunch, shall during the continuance of such annuity be deemed an honorary member," and this rule held for nearly 30 years.

Leading men of the period were guests and glad to receive an invitation. Omai of Ulareta, the savage of "Cook's Voyages," was often at the club. The French geologist, Faujas de Saint-Fond (Barthelemy), approved the dinner, but he found the coffee "detestable."

This reminds us that horseflesh sold in London is known to the trade as "Johnson." Why? Perhaps Mr. Herkimor Johnson has some illuminative note in his mass of material for his colossal work. The London slang dictionaries, even "Slang and Its Analogues," contain no reference to this word, which is probably of recent invention.

Many Americans read with regret the news of Marguery's death, for they remembered the dish of sole that he invented, the "filet de sole a la Marguery." For some years an American did not think that he knew Paris or life until he had eaten this dish. Who first steered Americans to that restaurant in the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle? George, Augustus Sala in his delightful "Paris Himself Again," had nothing to say about Marguery's, and the book has engrossing pages about restaurants and eating in 1878. In Baedeker's "Paris," published in 1884, this restaurant was not honored with a star. There was

only this note: "Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, No. 36, Marguery, well spoken of."

Marguery's cream sauce contained many things—among them mushrooms and truffles. And were some, even Americans by 1878, who preferred the sole served sin naked and unadorned in London.

"There never was a time in the market was so full of good paragon as it is this season." This welcome news, for asparagus, according to the ancients, is of a mild temperament as to heat and cold, deobstruent, a remedy against toothache, an antiseptic, and excellent as a pickle in affections of the spleen. It was once thought that if a ram's horn were buried in the ground, asparagus would shoot forth. Robert Southey insisted that "sparagrass" was the proper spelling. Walker's Dictionary of 1791 contained this pleasant note: "Sparrow grass is so general that asparagus has an air of stiffness and pedantry." And so today a man that pronounces pearsis correctly is considered by the many a prig, or runs the risk of being arrogantly contradicted.

The leading thought of Rostand's "Chantecler" is the proud virility of the male, and yet when the play will be produced here in an English version, Miss Maude Adams will take the part of Chantecler! It is an open secret that when Coquelin died, Mme. Bernhardt entreated Mr. Rostand to give the part to her, and he refused, saying that the idea of any woman taking it was preposterous, ridiculous. And now Mr. Rostand is graciously disposed to entrust it to Miss Adams—for the sake of American dollars. No English translation of the play can possibly reproduce the verbal brilliance and the capricious fancy of the original text. It is not likely that the play will meet with any success outside of France. But Miss Adams will be satisfied—or does she purpose to appear as Othello, or possibly the Gladiator, before she dies?

Mr. Richard Croker admits that he would not go up in a flying machine "for all the money in the Bank of England." Who, therefore, has a right to call him coward? The great majority of men like to have at least one foot on the ground. There are some born to go down in divers' suits or up in balloons, and they are perhaps to be looked on with admiration. So there are men who are gay when at work in a powder factory—and at ease in the lions' cage. We read of the blind tenor composing verses far up in the air and even meditating music to which he will wed them.

Whenever we read of a darling flight we are reminded of that pioneer, John Baptist Dante of Perugia, whose adventure toward the end of the 15th century is told quaintly by Bayle as Englished by Bernard, Birch, Lockman and other hands. This Dante was an excellent mathematician and one of his most subtle inventions was to make a pair of wings "so exactly proportioned to the weight of his body that he made use of them to fly with." He flew several times over the Lake of Trasimeno, "and with such success that it inspired him with the boldness to divert the whole city of Perugia with the sight." When a great crowd had assembled in the square, "behold, our Dante at once shooting from the highest place of the city appeared all covered with feathers, and moving two large wings in the midst of the air. He directed his flight over the square, and struck the people with admiration. Unfortunately, the iron with which he managed one of his wings broke; and then, not being able to balance the weight of his body, he fell on the Church of our Lady, and broke his thigh. It was set by the Chirurgeons; and he was afterwards invited to profess the mathematics at Venice." Is this tale narrated in a spirit of admiration or railery? The touch "our Dante" is found in Balzac's French: "Volla tout d'un coup notre Dante." And did the flight or the accident lead to the Venetian invitation?

Possibly we have told this story before. All improving stories should be republished at regular intervals: Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

## "PILLARS OF SOCIETY."

How the Play Was First Received in Boston in 1895.

The Herald, reviewing last Tuesday morning the performance of "The Pillars of Society" the night before at the Hollis Street Theatre, alluded to the criticisms that were published in Boston when the comedy was produced at the Columbia Theatre 1



years ago. The Herald stated that the reviews of 1895 are curious reading in 1910.

One critic described the play as "a comedy with a broad vein of satire of the good-natured sort," and preferred the play to "such gruesome productions as 'The Doll's House' and 'Ghosts,' both of which occasioned a series of gasps, even from hardened theatregoers."

Another thought that the fourth act "was weakened by anti-climax in the shape of a presentation of a silver service, which, though formal enough, was not very dignified." As though this presentation were not the climax of the grim irony sustained from the beginning in both dialogue and in situations!

The most distinguished of the Boston dramatic critics at that time rejoiced in the fact that Ibsen's "pessimistic view does not generally involve the purer sex" in this play. The frankness of Ibsen "often so illuminates as to appal or repel." In this play there "is the exhibition one after another of the various crimes and shames, the interrelated frauds and perjuries, the inevitable decline of the sin-corrupted soul until it reaches its lowest hell in the deliberate attempt to murder, the hideous spectacle being made at every point more offensive by the hypocrisy in which, as in reeking slime, all the other villainesses are involved and soaked."

Another critic found that Ibsen had "an almost entire contempt for poetic art, a frankness that is brutal and rasping to sensitive natures." This critic found no new doctrine in Ibsen. "Have those who are making such a touse over Ibsen forgotten the lessons taught in the Bible . . . He is not teaching new truths. . . . and some other authors have done it quite as effectively and a good deal more agreeably." The headlines of this review included these: "Its Shafts Aimed at the 'Hypocrites and Scoundrels.'" "But It Was Witnessed Chiefly by Refined Ladies."

One of the critics wrote a column which he, no doubt, thought would dispose of Ibsen forever. He admitted that Ibsen was a "strange, crude, rugged, ill-regulated literary force." He also characterized him as "a literary fad." "There are misguided individuals so lost to all sense of decency as to make a display of irritability when a dull, uninteresting and fatuous statement which falls in effectiveness is supplemented by that favorite expression of the Ibsenite: 'Ah, but how true it is!'" The "great truths" in "The Pillars of Society" are "all in the Bible but much better expressed." The play itself "does not fittingly represent him and all that he stands for . . . The plays which best represent him, his thoughts and his purposes, those dramas which are most closely associated with his notoriety, are decidedly unhealthy and most pernicious in their influence. These are the plays which have raised the question as to whether or not the theatre is the place for the young person. Shall the young person, innocent, inexperienced, uneducated, or shall Ibsen, be excluded from the theatre? . . . He (Ibsen) has his place, but that place is not the public theatre, open to all classes, to both sexes, to persons of all degrees of intelligence and judgment. Our stage is had enough as it is. It can get along very well for a few years without fresh importations of filth from Norway."

This is indeed entertaining reading. And now in 1910 this comedy, while it is not so powerful as dramas by Ibsen that followed, is head and shoulders above the great majority of plays that we are allowed to see. Its satire is wholesome as well as entertaining. And how admirably the comedy is played at the Hollis Street Theatre!

May 3 1910

GRAND OPERA HOUSE: "In Wyoming," a drama in four acts by Willard Mack. The cast:

Editha.....Cecil Kirke  
Alice Gordon.....Frank B. Farling  
Dave Daby.....George B. Thompson  
The Bell.....Bart C. Crowell  
Mary Jones.....Frank Patton  
Cora Wilson.....Dean Selah  
Happ.....Henry Troth  
Happy.....Bob Wingard  
.....George Craig  
Joey Jones.....Anna Gardiner  
Mrs. Dabby.....Cora Bennett  
John Hamers.....Clara Dalton

## A QUALIFIED MAGISTRATE.

Magistrate O'Connor of New York startled a pickpocket brought before him by his knowledge of thieves' slang. "I suppose," said the magistrate, "you were framing a sucker to get away with a whole front, or at least you expected to snag a poke or a super and a slang. Instead you got dropped by a flatty and were canned for a sleep, eh?" Fifty years ago George W. Matseil, special justice and chief of police in New York, edited "Vocabulum; or the Rogue's Lexicon." He would understand today the meaning of "sucker," "poke," "super and a slang," but what would he say to "a whole front"? Now "getting a whole front" is to take everything the victim has. "Super and slang" is an old slang phrase in England as in America. Mr. Mike Slattery complained of his son in the pathetic and once popular ballad of the heart and home. "Since Terry First Joined the Gang": "He wears a gold watch and chain, and he calls it a super and a slang." Just as George Borrow in wild remote regions was honored because he looked like a gypsy and pattered Romany, so Magistrate O'Connor will be looked up to by inhabitants of the under world. A Daniel come to judgment!

May 3 1910

## FAVERSHAM PLAYS HEROD AT SHUBERT

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—"Herod," a tragedy in three acts by Stephen Phillips, performed for the first time in Boston by William Faversham and his company.

Herod.....William Faversham  
Pheroras.....Legar Robinson  
Aristobulus.....A. Hyton Allen  
Gadidas.....H. Cooper Cliffe  
Sohemus.....Lionel Belmore  
Physician.....Harry Redding  
Priest.....Warren Conlan  
Syllaeus.....Earl Q. Snider  
Roman Envoy.....Frank Thomas  
Messenger from Egypt.....Pickering Brown  
Mariamne.....Miss Julie Opp  
Cypros.....Miss Olive Oliver  
Bathsheba.....Miss Claire McDowell  
Hagar.....Miss Shirley Waters

The production of Mr. Phillips' poetic tragedy was sumptuous and artistic. The great hall of audience with its massive and splendid flight of stairs, with the bronze door guarded by Sohemus, with the view of Jerusalem through the colonnade at the back was one of the most impressive stage settings seen here in many years. The costumes were gorgeous and in the finest taste. The stage management was most effective. Herod's entrance in the second, the ruption of the crowd in the second, the grouping as he made his speech and the series of tableaux at the end in which the cataleptic monarch is left alone with the embalmed corpse of Mariamne will long be remembered. The manner in which this tragedy is put on the stage deserves the highest praise, and Mr. Faversham cannot be too heartily commended for producing in these days a poetic play of such high purpose and noble spirit.

No doubt Mr. Phillips' play has been read by many, for produced at Her Majesty's Theatre in London in 1900, the volume had reached a seventh edition in 1905. The tragedy deals with Herod's passion for Mariamne, his jealousy of his brother Aristobulus as man and high priest, his murder of Aristobulus and Mariamne and finally his madness. Herod is depicted by the poet with great power. His boundless ambition, his inherent cruelty, his savage love for Mariamne, his quickly aroused jealousy, his pathetic madness—these are expressed vividly and intensely. The other characters have life; they are not simply mouthpieces for sonorous verse. The tragedy has Oriental atmosphere, not merely by means of scenery, costumes, processions and matters of stage detail, but the thought and the expression are eastern. Furthermore, there are indisputably dramatic moments and there is continuous interest. It is seldom that a character speaks only for the sake of verbal splendor.

The performance was not fully up to the merits and requirements of the play. Mr. Faversham was more successful in his interpretation of Herod in the last act than in those that preceded. As the crazed King, who in

wretched garb, returning to the court, has flashes of reason in which he is once more the arrogant tyrant, and querulously, amorously, despotically demands that the murdered Mariamne should come to him, he reached a tragic height, and in his cataleptic vigil by the litter he was a strange and striking figure, when an actor of less authority might easily have been ridiculous and reminded the spectator of Doctor Bartolo struck dumb with amazement in "The Barber of Seville."

In the acts that preceded Mr. Faversham was less effective, more romantic than tragic, as though the passions that raged in Herod's breast, if understood, were not capable of full expression. His facial play, as when he grew suspicious or jealous, was at times admirable; he was graceful rather than tyrannically dignified, imposing, terrible; he had not the great authority that the part demands. His enunciation was generally good, and the lines spoken by him had significance; but as a whole, physically and mentally, he did not reach the stature of the tyrant.

Miss Opp was a superbly sensuous Mariamne to the eye, and Herod's love for her was ragingly sensual. She was sensuous in gesture and in repose in the first scene, and her amorous appeal to Herod before his departure was irresistible. Her loathing for him after the death of

Aristobulus was forcibly expressed, and her acceptance of death was queenly in its dignity. Unfortunately her diction was for the most part either explosive or indistinct. Many lines were marred by unmeaning emphasis on the first word and an immediate dropping of the voice and a running together of words, so that she was well nigh unintelligible.

Faulty diction was too common in the performance of the other characters. There was seldom the just mean between elocutionary priggishness and colloquial chatter. The members of the company played with the utmost sincerity, but some of them were unable to give due effect to the poet's lines. Mr. Cliffe represented Gadidas as an adviser with a touch of humor, not as a sinister person. The Aristobulus of Mr. Allen was a sympathetic character and he acted and spoke with distinction. Mr. Belmore as the rugged Sohemus played with a certain force. A boy sang in the last act to soothe the madness of the King, but Herod seemed the more irritated thereby. The dance, indicated by the poet, was omitted. The incidental music written by Mr. Coleridge-Taylor had character, but, like all incidental music, when it accompanied dialogue, it seemed impertinent.



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AS HEROD.

CASTLE SQUARE. "The County Fair," a play in four acts, by Charles Barnard. Cast:

Abigail Prue.....Donald Meek  
Otis Tucker.....George Hassell  
Solon Hammerhead.....Walter Walker  
Joel Bartlett.....Wilfred Young  
Tim.....Bert Young  
Sally Greenaway.....Florence Shirley  
Taggs.....Mary Young

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Faust," a lyric drama, in five acts, by Charles Gounod. The cast:

Marguerite.....Estelle Wentworth  
Faust.....Joseph Sheehan  
Mephistopheles.....H. L. Waterous  
Valentine.....Otley Cranston  
Seibel.....Louise Le Baron  
Martha.....Vera Roberts  
Wagner.....C. Stroeseo

## BRILLIANT CROWD AT 'POPS' OPENING

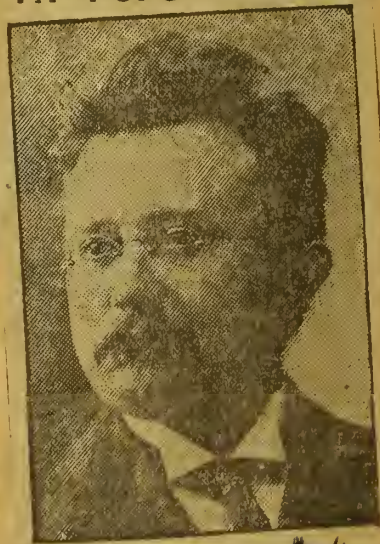


Photo by Purdy. GUSTAV STRUBE.

## ELTINGE HEADS BILL AT AMERICAN

Julian Eltinge, a Boston hoy, who used to be one of the stars of the Cadet shows before taking up the stage professionally, is the headliner at the American Music Hall this week, paying one of his occasional



visits to his home city, and being enthusiastically received both by those who know him personally or only through his clever impersonations of the gentler sex.

Eldinge brings to Boston with him this time none of his old songs, not even his "Don't Go Near the Water," perhaps the biggest of all his hits. His songs yesterday were all brand new, all of them being, like his gowns, this year's creations. However, they are not as catchy as some he has used, but the predominant features of Eldinge's success have ever been his grace and make-up in unlady's apparel. He is losing nothing in weight as the years roll by, but he is as good as ever.

Easily the best of his things last night was "The Spanish-American Rag," in which, in the garb of a Spanish senorita, Eldinge executes an amazingly willow and graceful Spanish dance that outclasses his adaptation of the much over-worked Salome he was using a year ago. He bowed to four or five curtain calls last night, but the audience wouldn't let him leave the stage until he had ripped off his wig of Spanish-black hair and exhibited his own, somewhat shorter, crop beneath while, in a real man's voice, he thanked everybody for his reception.

Another good thing on this week's card is Emmet Devoy & Co—principally Mr. Devoy himself—in "The Saintly Mr. Billings." It is playlet Mr. Devoy wrote for himself, and he acts it as though he enjoyed every line as much as those in the audience. In the title role of Tom Billings he portrays the New York clubman "the morning after" to perfection. Miss Hermine Shone as Laura Wabash—from Chicago, of course—contributes to the general festivities.

For downwright versatility there are few who excel Lee Tung Foo, who is just as Chinese as his name would indicate. Clever alike in monologue and song, the best thing he does is his impersonation of a Scotchman in bright red kilts. His French translation of "My Irish Rose" is well done, and his Chinese interpretation of the same song sounds as though it might pass muster, both in grammar and intonation, in Pekin or Hong-kong.

Al Fields and Dave Lewis, with their stories of the bottle mine and the baseball mine, are carried over from last week to make another large hit, while the rest of the bill includes Violet McMillan, Miller brothers in a burlesque wrestling bout, Adams and Mack in comedy magic and the Zarnes on the flying rings.

## BEBAN IN DRAMA LEADS AT KEITH'S

Four very young men, evidently connoisseurs of vaudeville, found the bill at Keith's last evening only mildly entertaining and every one roundabout knew it, but the rest of the house got much entertainment out of the performance.

George Beban's is the star act. His play, "The Sign of the Rose," is at times really dramatic. Mr. Beban plays an Italian, seriously and effectively as to make-up. There are places where a little restraint would keep the pathos from becoming the same thing spelled with a b, but perhaps that is the fault of C. T. Dazey, who wrote the piece. Nevertheless, Mr. Beban is not entirely freed of responsibility, for he helped him.

The sketch is well put together and there is one thrilling moment when everybody is sure some one is going to get hurt. Arthur E. Sprague is a realistic detective and E. Bigelow Cooper and Bayonne Whipple as the rich father and mother of the kidnapped child are adequate. The piece is unusually well staged.

A hodge-podge of refreshing nonsense is the offering of John World and Miss Mindell Kingston. The man is his familiar, funny self, and his partner is good to look at and has a pleasing voice. Their grand opera burlesque is amusing without being extravagant, and is good musically, too.

Tom Waters, recruited from musical comedy, received an uproarious welcome last night. His little songs sung to his own piano accompaniment are his best contributions.

Mary Norman does what she calls "society caricatures." Some are very laughable, notably the fat matrons who learn the two-step and the timid woman who goes for her first automobile ride. Jack Cotter and Ada Boulden have some songs and dances all their own, and Miss Boulden's two-child imitations are all too brief. The audience clamored for them to stay longer, and they had to repeat their last chorus.

Trovolo and his company, consisting of a woman and some lifelike dummies, contribute what is hardly "the last word in ventriloquism," but might be next to the last. Dennis brothers perform a novel act upon a revolving ladder. They have one of the few "whirlwind finishes" that comes anywhere near being a whirlwind.

Erna and Jenny Gasch are woman gymnasts who are muscular and agile without being ungraceful. Their head balancing is skilful. Dick Lynch makes his first appearance here with songs, stories and dancing, the last named of a new kind—very new. The Kinetograph shows interesting pictures of wild birds in their haunts.

4 May 1910

### SHAKESPEARE IN BOSTON.

The performances of Shakespeare's comedies by the New Theatre Company, interesting as they were, did not fill the Shubert Theatre. At the first performance of "Twelfth Night" the audience was small, and consisted chiefly of women and children. Not only has a series of Shakespearean plays in French recently excited great attention in Paris, but "Coriolanus" has been brought out at the classic Odeon "magnificently acted and with all the air of actuality." In London there has been a Shakespeare Festival, and less familiar plays, as "Two Gentlemen of Verona," have been produced. Only a fortnight ago "Henry V." drew a "vast audience" to His Majesty's Theatre, and there is still discussion as to whether Charles VI. should be acted according to English stage tradition as

an imbecile and a very old man, "a gray-bearded antic, playing cards with his fool and mumbling defiant speeches." But in Boston, the Athens, etc., the public apparently does not care for these things. It will be interesting to see how Stephen Phillips' lofty and noble "Herod" will fare. Is the only form of poetry in drama acceptable to this public, the lyric of musical comedy, or the topical song?

May 5, 1910

### IN A TULIP GARDEN.

The Historical Painter accompanying Mr. Roosevelt when he elaborates his wealth of sketches should not forget the tulip show with the traveller lost in admiration. Perhaps there is no symbolism, for in the language of flowers the tulip stands for a declaration of love; yet it should not be forgotten that the word itself is thought to come from the Persian "thoulyban," the word for a turban, an emblem of supreme authority. But we like to think of Mr. Roosevelt as not one dreaming of absolute power, as one not even remembering the tulipomania that rose to its greatest height in 1634-37, but as one envying the great Lipsius, who, "that he might relax and refresh his mind, worn out by study, amused himself with the cultivation of his garden and of flowers, and particularly of tulips, the roots of which he was at great pains to procure from all parts of the world. Here at a distance from civil tumult, with a cheerful countenance and placid eye, he sauntered through his plants and flowers, contemplating sometimes one declining, some times another springing up, and forgetting all his cares amidst the pleasure which these objects afforded him."

Mr. Roosevelt, his friends now say, does not purpose to re-enter political life; he wishes only to be a useful citizen. Why should he not occupy himself in reviving the glory of the Viceroy, the tulip which brought 2500 florins; or of the Admiral Leifkin, of which 400 perits—and a perit was a trifle less than a grain—cost 4400 florins; of the Admiral Von der Eyk, the Schilder, the Semper Augustus, the Black Prince, the Duke of Vendosme, the Crown of France, the Chimney Sweeper, the Painted Lady, and above all the Alexander the Great? Then there is the black tulip. Perhaps Dumas' delightful tale is known to Mr. Roosevelt; perhaps it is already a volume in the Piskin Library, the only rival to Mr. Eliot's shelf of invaluable books.

Nor need the admirers of Mr. Roosevelt fear lest he, in the passionate care for the tulip still dear to the Dutch, should become a sentimental gardener, and pattern himself after the one described by Johann Martin Miller, a German poet known only to Mangan:

Once there was a gardener,  
Who sang all day a dirge to his poor flowers:  
He often stooped and kissed 'em

After thunder showers:  
His nerves were delicate, though fresh air is  
deemed a hardener  
Of the human system.

No, the Dutch who raised tulips and gambled with them were of sterner stuff, and Mr. Roosevelt is of their stock. And if men should come to him in his tulip garden with flattering words and beg him to take the government upon him again, he would no doubt remember the words of Dioclesian in retirement: "Would to God you could see the cabbage which I have planted myself at Salona, you would not trouble me with such addresses."

May 6 1910

### ILLEGITIMATE CHEERING.

Dean Briggs protests manfully against the organized cheering which in a baseball game between college nines is intended to rattle a player. This cheering is not sportsmanlike and it soon becomes tiresome. A chilling air of reserve would be more dignified and effective, if partisanship must needs be extreme. There are other forms of cheering that are equally illegitimate, as in the theatre and the concert hall. We do not refer especially to the claque, whether it be composed of ushers, or of heavy handed citizens thoughtfully provided with seats by a tenor or a comedian. It is now the fashion for a singer or a pianist after the performance of a group of pieces to leave the stage that he may gain strength or take his second wind. Why should he be noisily applauded each time he reappears, especially if his performance is mediocre? A manager announces that a singer will not be able to take his part in an opera and indulgence is asked for some one greatly inferior. The audience foolishly applauds instead of showing resentment. Then there is the applause continued after an act until the poor actor is baited into making a rambling speech that dispels all illusion, and the character portrayed is forgotten in the sight of a man ill-at-ease and stumbling in his sentences.

A benefit performance in aid of the Pine Ridge Home of Rest for Horses, the country annex of the Animal Rescue League, was given yesterday afternoon at the Hollis Street Theatre. The contributing artists were Mrs. Fiske, assisted by Holbrook Blinn and the Manhattan company, Beatrice Herford and the Pierian sodality of Harvard University, Mr. Clifton, conductor.

The entertainment opened with the fourth act of Langdon Mitchell's "Becky Sharp," with Mrs. Fiske in the title role, and assisted by the Manhattan company. In this scene Becky is seen living in sordid poverty at the inn in Pumpernickel. Offers of assistance are tendered her by former friends; she brings together the lovers Amelia and Maj. Dobbin, and persuades the former to accept the latter's earnest and persistent suit. She herself is escorted to church, a supposedly repentant sinner, by the pious Sir Pitt and Lady Crawley. The act was played with spirit and finesse. Mr. Blinn then gave a moving recitation of "Carcassone" and "The Convent's Christmas Eve."

Two original monologues, "Choosing the Wall Paper" and "The Pay Station Girl," were next rendered by Miss Herford, in an amusing manner.

The program closed with Mrs. Fiske and members of the Manhattan company in the fourth act of Lorimer Stoddard's dramatization of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Here Tess, maddened by the behavior of the dissolute Alec, and suddenly confronted by her former husband, kills Alec, and returns to her former life. Mrs. Fiske played with tragic intensity and was admirably supported.

The orchestra played appropriate selections. There was a large and appreciative audience.



May 8, 1910

# "HEROD" IS LIKE "DUKE OF MILAN"

By PHILIP HALE.

Did Mr. Stephen Phillips have Massenger's "Duke of Milan" in mind when he wrote "Herod"?

In Massenger's tragedy, Sforza, the Duke, is passionately in love with his wife Marcella, and his mother and sister resent her haughty bearing and hate her. Sforza's love is of the same order as Herod's for Mariamne.

Such as are cloyed with those they have embraced,

May think their wooing done; no night to me

But is a bridal one where Hymen lights his torches fresh and new.

The duke, summoned to war, instructs a knave, Francisco, to kill Marcella in case he does not return from the field. Francisco discloses the secret to her in order that he may seduce her. The duke, at home and honored, finds her cold and is persuaded that she has been false to him. He kills her. Note this resemblance to the scene in which Herod stands motionless by the corpse of Mariamne:

Stephano: Look to the Duke; he stands

As if he wanted motion.

Tiberio: Grief hath stopped

The organ of his speech.

Stephano: Take up this body,

And call for his physicians.

The Duke falls into a melancholy akin to madness and calls for his Marcella. Physicians can do nothing. At last Francisco, disguised as a Jew doctor, paints poisonously the cheeks, lips, hands of the corpse and gives the semblance of life. Sforza waits to hear Marcella speak, but Francisco throws off his disguise. Sforza dies horribly from the kisses he has given his dead wife.

It is said that Massenger derived this plot partly from Guicciardini's history of events in Italy, and partly from the story of Mariamne as told by Josephus.

In spite of the story of Marlamne and Herod, there are some who think the duke's command incredible. Thus Hazlitt, by no means a squeamish person, wrote that Sforza's resolution to destroy his wife rather than bear the thought of her surviving him, "is as much out of the verge of nature and probability, as it is unexpected and revolting, from the want of any circumstance of palliation leading to it. It stands out alone, a pure piece of voluntary atrocity, which seems not the dictate of passion, but a start of frenzy, as cold-blooded in the execution as it is extravagant in the conception."

Hazlitt saw the tragedy acted in 1816, with Kean as Sforza, but the last act was foolishly changed. In the version of 1816 Francisco's sister, who had been seduced by the duke—hence the revenge—impersonates the murdered duchess and poisons the duke by holding a flower in her hand, which as he squeezes it communicates the infection received from a juice in which it has been steeped. "How he is to press the flower in her hand," said Hazlitt, "in such a manner as not to poison her as well as himself is left unexplained. The lady, however, does not die and a reconciliation takes place between her and her former lover." An early instance of changing a last act to provide a happy ending! Mr. Charles Frohman was not the first, but Massenger, unlike the Bernstein of "Israel," was dead when the change was made, and not consenting. "We hate," said Hazlitt, "these sickly sentimental endings, without any meaning in them."

Massenger's play was first printed in 1623. There was a French tragedy, "Mariamne," by Alexandre Hardy (1611) and Hardy took his story from Josephus.

"Mariamne," by Tristan l'Herminette, was brought out in Paris in 1638. The story of Mondory, who played the part of Herod, is not reassuring to Mr. Faversham. This Mondory was one of the most skilled actors of his time. Playing Herod he had a stroke. A part of his body was paralyzed and he was hardly able to speak. He

left the stage to end his days quietly, but Richelieu begged him to return that he might act in another drama. Mondory only went through two acts of it. He then retired with a pension of £2000 from the cardinal, and others gave pensions so that he had about £10,000 a year at his disposal.

Voltaire's "Mariamne" was performed in 1724, and it failed. At the first performance, when Mariamne was lifting the poisoned cup to her lips, some one cried out, "The Queen drinks," and the foolish pleasantries set the audience in riotous humor. The play was remade, with a changed ending, and called "Herod and Mariamne." It bade fair to be more successful, but at the first performance an after-piece was given, "In Mourning," and some one shouted out: "In mourning for the new tragedy." Rousseau wrote a bitter article against the play.

Voltaire, according to the Correspondence of Grimm and Diderot, spoiled his fifth act. Mariamne did not die on the stage in the new version, and the account of her death was told in stately declamation. "This recitation is a masterpiece, but it is a recitation and the piece is spoiled. The despair and madness of Herod would snatch the soul from us, if on a properly arranged stage we should see the bleeding body of Mariamne in the centre of this frightful and touching tableaux."

Is not "bleeding" here a mere rhetorical flourish? Mariamne was poisoned. But even today all criminals are caught "red-handed," even though they are stealing flour.

The part of Varus in the new version of Voltaire's play was taken by a very ugly actor. Some one said to Varus in the course of the drama: "You are disturbed, my lord; you change countenance"; when a man in the pit exclaimed: "Let him do it."

Then there is the "Mariamne" of Nadal (1725), in which Salome, Herod's sister, intercepts letters written by Herod at Rome to Mariamne and, when he returns, accuses Mariamne of wishing to poison him. Her son Alexander defends her. Herod condemns his wife to death, but it is shown to him that she has been falsely accused. While he is searching out the matter Salome sees to it that she dies, and then in a frightful state of despair Herod swears to avenge his wife.

Lottie Collins, whose death is reported, brought "Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay" to Boston Dec. 12, 1892, when she appeared at the Hollis Street Theatre in the second act of "Miss Helyett." This was not the first performance of "Miss Helyett," for Boucheron's amusing comedy with Audran's music was produced at the Hollis Street Theatre April 18th of that year, with Mrs. Leslie Carter as the Quaker's daughter. Miss Kate Davis, Miss Clement, Miss Marie Cahill and Messrs. Harwood, Kennedy, Mark Smith and Herbert were in the company.

Miss Collins made a sensation here, as elsewhere, and she did not desist singing and dancing until she was physically exhausted.

She was at the Columbia Sept. 24, 1894, with her Troubadours in a stupid piece, "The Devilbird," the motive of which was taken from an old farce, "Nature and Philosophy; or, the Youth Who Never Saw a Woman," played in Boston as early as 1833. She then said in a little speech of thanks that she had left her famous song behind her.

What a sensation the song made in London, as in this country! It was sung on the European continent; in Asia. John Davidson wrote his dismal "A Laborer's Wife" to the tune!

What a simpleton was I  
To go and marry on the sly!  
Now I work and never play:  
Three pale children all the day  
Fight and whine; and Dick, my man,  
Is drunk as often as he can.  
Ah! my head and bones are sore,  
And my heart is hacked all o'er;  
Yet, once I had my fling;  
I romped at ging-go-rings, etc.

The authorship of "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" has been attributed to several, to Henry J. Sayres, to Charles Blake, etc. As a matter of fact, some theatre man or press agent heard the tune sung with obscene words in a low dive in St. Louis. The tune appealed to him and the words sung by Lottie Collins were fitted to it.

Some may remember James Thornton's song popular in 1892:

For more than 20 years I've trod the stage,  
That's before farce comedy became the rage;  
But believe me when I say,  
I never knew a lucky day,  
Until I wrote "Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay."

Chorus

I'm the man that wrote "Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay."  
It has been sung in ev'ry language night and day.

I wrote it in a garret  
While out with Booth and Barrett,  
I'm the man that wrote "Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay."

There were four verses in all. The third is worthy of quotation:

'Tis the grandest song that was ever penned by man,  
In Shakespeare find its equal if you can;  
Shakespeare could write a play,  
But he never saw the day,  
That he could write "Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay."

To go back a moment to Mariamne. No dramatist, according to our knowledge, has made use of the fact that Herod kept her body preserved in honey for seven years. Yet after her death he married another Mariamne, born in obscurity, but very beautiful.

Pinero's "Mid-Channel," which will be played here at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow night for the first time was produced at the St. James Theatre, London, Sept. 2, 1909. Miss Irene Vanbrugh took the part of Zoe Blundell, which will be played here by Miss Ethel Barrymore. Lyn Harding played the part of the husband.

The story is thus told. Midway between Folkstone and Boulogne, in the English channel, there is a reef over which the sea, however smooth elsewhere, is always troubled. At that spot, however agreeable you may be before or after, you are uncomfortable and grumpy. So, it is explained in the typically expository speech in Pinero's new play, there is a "mid-channel" phase in every marriage. The Blundells—Theodore and Zoe—have reached the "mid-channel," got on each others' nerves. Zoe is harassed by Theo's tendency to bully. Theo is harassed by Zoe's temper and by her troop of "boys." They are childless, for Mr. Blundell desired at the time of marriage that there should be no "brats of children to encumber" them in their race for wealth. They separate. He takes a flat and consoles himself with Mrs. Annerly and drink. Zoe goes to Italy, meets a boy friend, Ferris, and returns a gaily woman. The Blundells are brought together and each makes confession; the husband exclaims: "He's chucked you! Had enough of you! You bring me his cast-off trash, do you? Mr. Lenny Ferris' leavings!" But he promises that if she can get Ferris' promise to marry her, he will allow a divorce. She goes to the "lovers' flat," and learns that Ferris is betrothed to a society girl. She then throws herself over the balcony.

When "The Pillars of Society" was produced in German at the Amberg Theatre, New York, in 1889, Possart took the part of Consul Bernick. A leading New York newspaper publishing the cast stated that this part was played by Miss Weinert. This amazing blunder is reproduced by Col. T. Allston Brown, in his "History of the New York Stage" (vol. II, p. 225), and it also appears that the part of "Oscar" was played by a girl. Was Oscar a misprint for "Olaf"?

The Herald has received the following letter:

BOSTON, April 25, 1910.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Old-time Boston playgoers should be interested in one or two of the actors in the New Theatre Company, now appearing at the Shubert, for those players come from distinguished theatrical parentage. Among these actors with a long line of ancestors connected with the stage is Louis Calvert, whose good work in "Strife" and in "Twelfth Night" has been so generally commended. Mr. Calvert is the son of Charles Calvert, one of the best known English actors and theatrical managers a generation ago, and Adelaide Biddles, a young woman who was in the first company at the Boston Theatre when it opened, in 1854. At that time Thomas Barry went to England and engaged a number of actors for the Boston Theatre stock company, and, among others, he engaged Mr. and Mrs. Biddles and their six children, in order to secure two young and pretty girls, Adelaide and Clara, who he thought would prove a great addition to the company. Mr. Barry afterward married Clara, and after his death she became the wife of William Redmund.

Adelaide played such parts as Marygolda in "Beauty and the Beast," and Herminia in "A Midsummer

Night's Dream." Indeed, it was while playing the latter character that she took her farewell benefit at the Boston Theatre on May 14, 1856. She made a decided hit in "Black-Eyed Susan," when she danced a sailor's hornpipe with E. L. Davenport and sang with him "A Yankee Ship and a Yankee Crew." At 6 years of age Adelaide had acted one of the children in "The Stranger" with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, so that she had had years of experience before coming to the Boston Theatre, while still in her teens. After her farewell benefit she returned to England and married Charles Calvert, whom she had met previously while "walking lady" at the theatre in Southampton. For years she was a favorite throughout England, and after her husband's death she came to America and was with Edwin Booth for a season. Later she toured here with Mrs. Langtry and Mary Anderson. Four sons of hers adopted the stage as a profession, and of these, Louis is perhaps the best known.

He made his first appearance on the stage at Durban, Natal, later going to Melbourne, where he acted for a season. For sometime he was with such players as George Rignold, Osmond Tearle and Miss Wallis. Some 20 years ago he formed a company of his own and acted in the English provinces the leading part in a large

number of Shakespeare's plays. He made a success as Porthos in Sydney Grundy's version of "The Three Musketeers," and as Billaud-Varennes in Sardou's "Robespierre," when the latter play was brought out at the Lyceum in 1899, he added to the favor with which he was regarded by London playgoers. His father had been famous in Shakespearean characters, and the son was anxious to excel in the same line. Those who saw Mr. Calvert's Sir Toby Belch last week realized that he was an actor who thought out his part intelligently and acted it convincingly. It is a curious commentary on the quickness with which actors are forgotten that during Mr. Calvert's week in Boston but one old-time playgoer has been heard to express an interest in him as the son of Adelaide Biddles.

ERNEST SEEKER.

James Biddles, the grandfather of Mr. Calvert was also known as Beddles. His daughter Adelaide's last visit to America was in 1905, when she appeared in New York as Mrs. Hardcastle in special productions of "She Stoops to Conquer." She was playing in London three years ago when she was 70 years old. Mrs. Calvert has written two plays and has contributed to both English and American newspapers.

Her four sons to whom "Earnest Seeker" refers are Louis, born in 1859; Leonard Charles, a character comedian, who visited America with Sir Henry Irving in "Robespierre"; Cecil G., born in 1871, and Alexander, who played for a time in Canada and in New York state.

Mrs. Calvert's second visit to the United States was in 1875, when she took the part of the Chorus in "Henry V" (Feb. 6). The rehearsals were directed by Charles Calvert. Was not he Mrs. Calvert's husband? And is not "Earnest Seeker" mistaken in saying that Calvert's died before his wife visited America the second time? Did not Calvert die in 1879?

Col. T. Allston Brown is mistaken in saying that this appearance at Booth's Theatre was Mrs. Calvert's first in America.

The "authorities" are often misleading. Thus the Green Room Book of 1909 (London) says of Mrs. Calvert: "Was taken as a young woman to America, returning in 1853."

Miss Phillida Terson, the daughter of Fred Terry and Julia Neilson, who appeared as Viola in London early last month, is only 17, but she is a chatty person. She told a reporter that she had formed her own idea of the way Viola should be played. "The lines taught me that here was a sweet heroine with a lively sense of humor and a great soul; as to the rest, I already seemed to guess instinctively what it should be. If you were to ask me to analyze the character of Viola I should probably fail to do so, although inwardly I have the picture; this may sound curious, but it is true." So Miss Terson thinks Viola was a merry young thing. Miss Annie Russell entertains the same idea and shares it with the audience while she is a-playing



## MEN AND THINGS

The Daily Chronicle of London has been inquiring whether men should or starve in order to work. It is of Charles V., who breakfasted on a fowl seethed in milk and richly dressed; dined at 12 on 20 fishes; supped twice, "after vespers" again at about midnight, and at meal was the most solid of the "r." After meat he ate pastry and sweetmeats, and he drank at each huge draughts of beer and wine. Cardinal Manning, on the other hand, ate a small dinner at 6, and though he dined on nearly every night, neither ate nor drank at his host's table. The Chronicle tells of Byron, who practised a starvation diet to keep down his fat; of Dr. Fordyce, who for 20 years ate only one meal a day, at 4 P. M., when he would consume a pound and a half of rump steak, half a boiled capon or a salmon cutlet, bread and potatoes, a quart of strong ale, a glass or two of brandy and a bottle of port; then he felt strong enough to lecture to his classes in chemistry.

The Chronicle should have cited the case of William Prinne, Esq., a learned man of immense reading, the man who, for the bold expression of his views, was pilloried and rimmed as to the upper part of his ears. John Aubrey tells us how Prinne studied: "He wore a long gullt cap, which came 2 or 3 inches at least over his eyes, which served him as an umbrella to defend his eyes from the light; about every 3 hours his man was to bring him a roll and a pott of ale to refocillate his wasted spirits; so he studied and drank, and munched some bread; and this maintained him till night; and then he made a good supper: now he did well not to dine, which breaks off one's fancy, which will not presently be regained."

Then there was Prof. Gorlenius, a deep German thinker. "He kept bottles of good Rhenish wine in his study, and when his spirits wasted, drank a good rummer of it." The Chronicle apparently knows him not. Nor does it mention Kant, the great and philosophic Kant, who daily spent three hours at table. He delighted in thick lentil soup, a puree of parsnips, a pudding with bacon in the Pomeranian manner, a pudding of dried peas with pigs' feet, and plenty of dried fruits. Schiller was passionately fond of ham and ate it nearly every day. Mr. Herkimer Johnson's stupendous labor is best done, he informs us, when he eats only evaporated prunes and apricots with a little dry toast, drinks freely of windmill water, and smokes cut plug in a T. D. pipe. Thus we are reminded that we all can make our lives sublime. But if we stuff—what did Pliny say? "Men's best and most wholesome feeding is upon one dish and no more, and the same plain and simple: for surely this huddling of many meats one upon another of divers tastes is pestiferous; but sundry sauces are more dangerous than that."

There will always be dispute about diet, the respective values of various foods, etc. There are some who now look unmoved on the milk strike. Mr. Herkimer Johnson, for instance, although he is a countryman by birth and residence—"O dura messorum illa"—admits that he cannot digest tripe, Brussels sprouts and milk yet mince pie at midnight does him no harm, and a quart of ale is to him as a mere thimbleful. As a man, he hopes that little children will not suffer; as a philosopher, an egoist, he cares not whether a railway train be galactophorous, or wheeling canned goods, machinery, silks to a destination. Homer speaks of the "renowned milk-nourished men, the Hippemolgians, long-lived, most just and innocent." But Galen and many ancients believed milk hurt the teeth, and Oribasius, a name never to be mentioned without respect, said that the drinker of milk should abstain from all other food until it be digested. "It is best, therefore, to drink it in the morning, newly milked, and to take no food after it, nor any hard exercise; it is better to walk about gently, and rest between, without sleeping." Oribasius was physician to the Emperor Julian, but Sir Richard F. Burton noted that all galactophagi, or milk-drinking races, prefer the artificially soured milk to the sweet, choosing that fermentation should take place outside their stomachs. It may here be observed that new milk with rum was for years a favorite drink of London bus men, a hardy race, free in speech, and with a large and colored vocabulary.

We knew a woman in Boston, a brilliant woman, who at the age of 50 was firmly convinced that nearly all diseases came from milk. She would not allow milk to enter into any food served on her table. She was aggressive in her belief, a propagandist. The cow was to her an accursed beast, nor could she bear to think of milk from goats, sheep, mares. Yet she died before her time.

in spite of her care, died of the disease most dreaded by her sex.

Mr. George Sylvester Viereck has written a poem in which is this stanza: They dare not call upon the Holy Name, Lest, crashing as the thunder on the main, God's anger smite him with a sword of flame. And so they leer eternally the same; Called, in what crevice of thy tortured brain, Prodigious child, from nothingness to pain?

The only lines we remember that are comparable are those from an epic of the 18th century: Eternal silence laughs along the shore And spectral negroes bleach upon the floor.

According to the Platonic doctrine: "No individual is the perfect ectype of its Idea; no horse, for instance, equals the horse-in-itself in horsehood."

It was a pleasure to learn that, when his trunks were late, Mr. Roosevelt was unwilling to sit down at the royal dinner table at Copenhagen dressed in a flannel suit and a black sombrero hat. As a gentleman, not merely as an American, he longed for a dress suit and white cravat. There was a time when a screamingly patriotic American would have exulted in the opportunity of showing an effete King what he thought of him and all monarchical institutions, but this type of patriot passed away with the statesmen and generals and orators whom Martin Chuzzlewit met. Mr. Jefferson Brick is still living—we all read his editorial articles—but if he were to dine with a monarch, he would be careful as to his dress. Nor does an American poet today, visiting London, wear a flannel shirt at a reception and tuck his trouser legs into his boots that he may at once be identified as the bard of freedom. The game of Copenhagen, by the way, leads to courtship and matrimony. We hope that Mr. Roosevelt, who is interested in these matters, took notes about this pleasing game in the place from which it took its name. Yet what has this slapping of a hand holding a clothesline, with consequent forfeit of a kiss, to do with the capital of Denmark? The great New English Dictionary ignores the word "Copenhagen." Wright's English Dialect Dictionary, a vast storehouse of curious information, knows it not. We look forward eagerly to Mr. Roosevelt's essay, which should have both anthropological and etymological interest.

## MAY 10 1910 BOSTON OPERA HOUSE.

Aborn Company in "The Bohemian Girl" Well Received.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE — The Aborn English Grand Opera Company in "The Bohemian Girl," by Balfe, in three acts. Cast: Count Arnheim.....Arthur Cunningham Thaddeus.....Paul Bleyden Florestein.....Phil. Branson Devilshoof.....John Dunsmore Captain of the guard.....C. Stroesco Buda.....Florence Coughlan Queen of the Gypsies.....Louise Le Baron Arline.....Rena Vivienne

The revival of Balfe's popular opera, "The Bohemian Girl," last night at the Boston Opera House was a welcome novelty to Boston music lovers. Its presentation by the Aborn company was given a flattering welcome.

Mr. Aborn has used the artistic settings of the opera house to the best effect, and the romantic scenes of the opera are most picturesquely designed.

Arthur Cunningham gave an excellent rendition of "The Heart Bowed Down," and the tuneful selections, "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," "Then You'll Remember Me," "The Gypsy Bride" and "The Fair Land of Poland," were well sung.

Miss Rena Vivienne was excellent as Arline. She sang well and showed considerable dramatic ability. Louise Le Baron, as the Gypsy queen, made one of the hits of the opera in the climax of the first act when she sang a contralto solo that was especially well adapted for her voice. John Dunsmore is a very capable actor. His make-up as the chief of the gypsies was unique and in excellent keeping with the part. He made the most of the comedy situations and sang well. The rest of the cast was competent.

The chorus is well drilled and contains many attractive young singers. At the close of the first act Miss Le Baron was presented a handsome bouquet of roses.

## MAY 8 1910 RACE SENSITIVENESS.

The Central Council of Irish County Clubs hopes to put an end to the caricaturing of Irishmen and Irish women on the stage, and it will ask managers to refrain from presenting these types. The objection is not raised for the first time. Some seasons ago an Irishman wrote indignant letters to newspapers in New York because an actor had appeared on the stage with green whiskers. It mattered not that the actor himself was an Irishman. Nor would the infuriated writer have been appeased, had he been told that Baudelaire once painted his hair green to astonish his friends, or that the hero of "Ten Thousand a Year" went about the streets of London for a time with green hair in consequence of a treacherous dye.

When a caricature of a national type on the stage is grossly false, or malicious, or there is an attack on the morality or the religion of a nation, no wonder that there are protests. The great majority of types represented, Irish, German, Scandinavian, French, Italian, Yankee, are amusing and they are portrayed good-naturedly. The stage Irishman, for instance, is always a broth of a boy. In his encounters with Germans or negroes he comes out ahead. Audiences would miss him sorely. Was any Irishman ever offended by Kelly, or the Kernells? Yet they portrayed the foibles of their race.

Furthermore, it is hard to tell just where the line should be drawn. There are contemptible as well as delightful and gallant Irishmen in the plays of Dion Boucicault, as there are in Lever's novels. Did Americans resent the Solon Shingle of John E. Owens? Yet Solon was a sharper, a scalawag. The most prominent impersonators of shifty Hebrews are Hebrews themselves, and their clever impersonations are applauded by thousands of their race. Might not highly respectable people of Indiana say that Mr. Hodge caricatures their manner of speech? Why should not Hebrews protest against the performance of "The Merchant of Venice"? Why should not the Japanese insist that "The Mikado" makes their nation ridiculous? Why should not officers of the United States Navy endeavor to drive "Madama Butterfly" off the stage? As a matter of fact, what race has not been burlesqued in the theatre since the drama was young?

These extreme types are accepted by audiences at once as gross caricatures, as practically men and women of Noland. If there were to be no distinction of national types, how much the drama and vaudeville would lose! Vaudeville would soon only be for Mmes. Bernhardt, Refane, Patrick Campbell, emotional actors and acrobats. O'Flaherty would no longer ask who had reflected on his character; Lena would not meet her song and dance companion at Luna Park; the Frenchman would no longer dance with surprising agility, nor would the Italian proudly sing of his "Cousin Caruse." And thus the world would be the duller.

## THE LAST WILL.

The last will and testament of John H. Elwell of Washington is characterized as "peculiar," because the testator bequeathed his soul to God that gave it, and his body to the dust, in hope of a joyful resurrection. There was a time when the making of a will was considered as the act of greatest importance and solemnity in private life. The majority of English speaking testators began: "In the name of God, Amen!" Isabella of Bavaria was not an exception among Europeans of high station when she began her will: "In the name of the most holy and glorious Trinity, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, Amen." Even Napoleon, against whom Kinglake brought the incredible charge of conversion to Mohammedanism, dictated as a preamble: "I die in the apostolic and Roman faith, in the bosom of which I was born over fifty years ago." It is not necessary to inquire into the sincerity of the old preamble. No doubt the majority of testators believed in the creed they professed however incongruous their daily life. Heaven and hell were to them as well defined regions as the lands over which they ruled or on which they toiled. The last judgment and immortality were not merely questions for academic discussion. "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." These words of Koheleth, the preacher, are, fortunately for the world, not held by all as a curious line in an old book of Cyrenaic philosophy.



# FORCEFUL ACTING IN "MID-CHANNEL"

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE —  
"Mid-Channel," a play in four acts  
by Sir Arthur Pinero. First performance  
in Boston. Production by  
Charles Frohman.

Theodore Blundell.....Charles Dalton  
The Hon. Peter Mottram.....  
H. Reeves-Smith  
Leonard Ferris.....Conway Tearle  
Warren.....Charles Wright  
Cicely.....Edwin Arnold  
Rideout.....A. Romaine Callender  
Zoe Blundell.....Ethel Barrymore  
Mrs. Pierpont.....Phoebe Coyne  
Ethel Pierpont.....Louise Rutter  
Mrs. Annerly.....Nina Sevening  
Lena.....Marianne Thurber

"Mid-Channel" is a grim, a bitter play. Some will undoubtedly call it vulgar and ask for an ounce of civet, but the play is anything but vulgar. Some will find it disagreeable, unpleasant—especially those who go to the playhouse only to aid digestion; who unbutton their waistcoats that after whetting cocktails and a full dinner they may guffaw the easier. Others will be offended because the dramatist sets them a-thinking not only about the problem of life solved so miserably by Theodore and Zoe, but about their own lives whether they be married or be "the tame-robins" of mis-mated women. In this civilized state of society nothing is so disagreeable on the stage to highly respectable and estimable citizens and citizenesses as a truthful portraiture of a household when man and wife are seen with their masks off and speaking without the restraining presence of a third person, a casual visitor or a confidential friend.

These spectators are disconcerted, disquieted, and they say they are bored, they do not wish to see or hear anything serious in the theatre, and they clinch their objection by the platitude: "Life itself is so serious that when we go to the theatre we wish to laugh."

"Mid-Channel" is a remarkable play in many ways; in its masterly construction; in its dialogue, which is crisp, fluent, realistic, epigrammatic, but chiefly so for the purpose of characterization; in its unflinching exposure of the workings in the minds and in the hearts of the men and women introduced, poor, weak mortals, dignified in their meannesses and follies and greed and sensuality by the tragic atmosphere in which they breathe and move. These men and women are tragic comedians.

When the drama was first played at the St. James Theatre, London, Sept. 2, 1909, a critic asked "What is the moral?" He had eyes and he did not see. He had ears and he did not hear. Did he wish the dramatist to state his moral in words of only two syllables at the end, as in a tag? Nor could this critic discover why Sir Arthur Pinero troubled himself to delineate such a crew of people. But Blundell and his wife and Ferris and Mrs. Annerly are men and women known in Boston as in London, in St. Petersburg as in Madrid. Blundell and his wife are welcomed in many houses, where they behave themselves with outward propriety. No doubt they were in the Hollis Street Theatre last night and will tell their acquaintances today that they were bored; that the play was disagreeable and brutal. And Mr. Ferris will agree with them and secretly make an appointment with Mrs. Blundell.

The story is not new or unfamiliar. Zoe, as she says, was not by nature a rotter. There was much that was good in her, but she and her husband denied themselves children, sacrificed all that was preservative and holy in wedlock for the sake of making money.

They elbowed their way; they climbed; they kicked those that first blocked them and those that were on the lower rounds of the ladder. Her husband coarsened Zoe. She became slangy, "smart," "swagger." She called her "tame robins" by name and laughed as they fed out of her hand.

The life of man and wife was a long and tiring struggle. One night he

slammed the front door and set up Mrs. Annerly. In rage, or perhaps in craving affection, Zoe granted young Ferris, a vicious cad, the last favor. The platinuous Peter endeavored to bring about a reconciliation.

Blundell owned up to his infidelity and was forgiven, but he could not forgive in turn. The fine superiority of the male was shown by his unwillingness to live under the same roof with the repentant Zoe. He would allow her, however, to obtain a divorce and then she could marry Ferris, but Ferris was betrothed to a decent girl, who as a companion was a dull thing in comparison with Zoe, and Zoe could not be "a rotter": she preferred to kill herself.

This story is told, not by the dramatist, but by his characters. He does not dissect and lecture on them; they reveal themselves. The play is appalling in its truthful portraiture of life, but it is as beneficently ironical and tragically moral as any drama of the Greeks; it purifies the passions. Yet we hear a piping voice in London asking for the moral of it all.

Miss Barrymore played the part of Zoe with affluence, an emotional force, and an authority that were perhaps unexpected by those who have not watched carefully her slow development and were incomprehensible to those who demand of an actress only that she should be "a pleasing personality," now sweet, now flippant, but always "a pleasing personality" masquerading for a few hours in the costume of a part.

There was not only great promise, but actual performance in Miss Barrymore's impersonation of Lady Frederick. As Zoe Blundell she plays with intelligence, subtlety, finished, and, above all, with genuine sentiment and passion. Never before has her command of facial expression been so marked. Never before has her voice been so eloquent an instrument. The "matinee idol" has disappeared. In her place is an actress who bids fair to be remembered as of the first rank.

Her support was on the whole excellent and in one or two instances brilliant. Mr. Dalton might have played Blundell with more aggressive brutality, but his impersonation was impressive and his third act was capital. Mr. Reeves-Smith was a delightful Peter, a character dear to Sir Arthur Pinero, who met him frequently in plays of the younger Dumas. Mr. Tearle's Ferris was the weak feature of the performance.

Zoe could never have given herself to him unless she had been drugged. He was not in her presence a simple, wholesome, good fellow, nor did he show plainly the inherent baseness of his character, not even in the tremendous scene when he asked her if she had "some other fancy man in tow." Miss Sevening, who was in the original London cast, was admirable as Mrs. Annerly. Did ever dramatist put on the stage this type more carefully thought out and at the same time so true to life? Nor should Mr. Callender's announcement of the "accident" at the end of the play be passed by unnoticed.

There was a large audience that was a long time in recognizing the tragic nature of the drama. There were many curtain calls.

## NO STOP WATCH AT THE TREMONT

"The Girl in the Taxi" Flits

TREMONT THEATRE—"The Girl in the Taxi," Anthony Mars' farce, adapted by Stanislaus Stange. The cast:

Marlette.....Miss Jeanette Bageard  
Clara Stewart.....Miss Jessie Millward  
Walter Watson.....Frank Farrington  
John Stewart.....Fred Bond  
Bertie Stewart.....Carter de Haven  
Mary Peters.....Miss Fremont Benton  
Percy Peters.....Morgan Coman  
Frederick Smith.....John Glendinning  
Mignon, his wife.....Miss Gertrude Millington

A policeman with a split-second watch might hold up "The Girl in the Taxi" if he didn't get to laughing so hard he forgot she was going too fast. But if there were any policemen in the audience that filled every seat and all the standing room last night, they were only there like ev-

erybody else to see something go by swiftly with a swish of petticoats and a smell of gasoline.

The play is a French farce, which is to say that it is pervaded by an odor of anything but sanctity. But it all depends on the point of view. If you go to see it with your vision in a clerical collar, doubtless you will be shocked. Those who were on hand last night left their scruples at home, if they had any, and asked only to be amused, the more polgnantly the better. They were.

The groundwork is of the sort familiar in the late-supper drama. There is the father who looks the pattern of virtue, but isn't; the son who's tripping in dad's primrose footsteps; a friend or two tarred with the same brush; the surprised wife with another to keep her company, and the lady who is very generous with her affections. They all romp through three acts of spirited situations, complications and tribulations, garnished with dialogue piquantly blunt and drolleries that tickle hearers listening for naughtiness in every line. It's all fun, though.

Mr. DeHaven frolics humorously off the straight and narrow way as the son of the father who every now and then feels a call to "go out and make a night of it." He is engagingly youthful and makes the process of his education as a "son of the mid-night crew" he sings about very laughable. His "business" in the Cafe Riche when he slinks into despair at the comparison of his \$10 bill with the dinner check and rises by successive stages as he borrows successively from each of the several persons who break distractingly upon his tete-a-tete, is a triumph of the ludicrous. Because it would be too bad to let the opportunity pass he sings a few songs and does a few dances in his own entertaining way.

The taxi is not in the cast, but the girl is, in the person of Miss Millington, who plays a charming young person "married to her sixth husband in six years." As a thoroughly true-to-life specimen of coquettish champagne-wooer she is a whole-souled success.

Mr. Bond sticks close by his character of the hypocritical banker, and makes him funny without ever letting him become extravagant. His work is perhaps the most consistent piece of acting in the play. Mr. Coman, as the husband, who has periodic attacks of bronchitis, which only New York can cure, is laughable in his sudden transitions from invalidism to Broadway abandon.

Mr. Glendinning, as the spouse of the kittenish girl, is sufficiently blustering, and Miss Millward gets all that is necessary out of the part of the anxious mother of a precocious son.

## CHARLOTTE HUNT'S HEARTY RECEPTION

"The Blue Mouse" Opens Sum-

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Blue Mouse," a farcical comedy in three acts, from the German, by Clyde Fitch. Cast:

Augustus Rollett.....Richard Buhler  
Lowell.....James A. Bliss  
Wallus.....Harry Brooks  
Philip Scarsdale.....John Dunton  
Mrs. Rollett.....Olive Rea Temple  
Mrs. Lowell.....Eleanor Brownell  
Lizzie.....Florence Hale  
Paulette Divine.....Charlotte Hunt

GRAND OPERA HOUSE: "A Trip to Africa." Cast:

Dinah Green.....Sarah Green Boyd  
Secret Service Bill.....W. A. Cooke  
Sam Williams.....Charles Bougia  
Dr. Foolemall.....Anthony Byrd  
Hank Willis.....George Taylor  
A. Kleptomaniac.....Louis Hunter  
Chief Zambos.....N. Augustus Hall  
Thomas Cat.....J. A. Grant  
Cat Marla.....J. C. Boone  
Janitor.....William Wooten  
Chief Chef.....George Hays

Replete with thrilling incidents and many climaxes the play was presented last night by a well balanced cast. Raz Jim has taken for his heroine a young missionary from Africa. Raz Jim, the King of Africa, won much applause last night, and he was ably supported by Sissieretta Jones, who took the part of the missionary girl from Africa. The stage settings were exceptionally good.

## KEITH'S.

"At the Country Club" Headliner of  
Typical Summer Bill.

A typical summer bill is on at Keith's this week, in which one of Jesse L. Lasky's numerous musical melanges—this time it is "At the Country Club"—very properly has the place of honor. Lasky always depends upon a few clever specialties and several well gowned girls about which to hang the action, and in "At the Country Club" he has certainly both good specialties and attractive girls.

Ned Reardon contributes his full share of the mirth and merriment in the part of Terrence O'Toole, the club steward, whose duties do not prevent him from getting his full share of enjoyment out of life at the club. There are several choruses by the male and girl members of the Country Club, all of which make instant hits, for the tunes are all catchy and the gowns ditto.

Tom Nawn is here this week in his tabloid playlet "When Pat Was King," from the pen of Anna Marble. Nawn made a big hit a few years ago with his "Pat and the Genii," and his new offering is much along the lines of his former act. It is just the sort of a sketch that best suits Nawn, and the applause last night indicated that the audience was equally suited and pleased.

Nawn, in the role of a gardener for a learned professor, partakes of a leaf from a lotus plant that he had been particularly cautioned about touching. Immediately he ceases to be a mere gardener. He is the King of Ireland, back in 986 A. D., or thereabouts. Nawn gets a lot of fun out of the changed situation, fearing all the time that he will awaken from his dream. And, of course, he does, in the end, but not until he has saved a morose maiden from an unhappy marriage and engaged in a duel with Shan, the Bullock.

Wilber Mack and Nella Walker have been seen at Keith's before in their favorite, "The Girl and the Pearl," a sketch enacted in the waiting room of a summer railroad station. There is much interesting dialogue that terminates in an engagement and a trip to Saratoga.

Les Trombettas, recent arrivals from the French stage, have a genuinely original act, in which M. Trombetta does some extremely well executed reproductions of animals and of numerous familiar sounds.

Miss Willette Whittaker, recently home again from successes in Europe, sings several selections effectively, the one in which she plays an accompaniment upon the harp being most enthusiastically received. Altogether Miss Whittaker was one of the biggest hits on last night's program.

The early numbers, like the rest of the bill, are exceptionally good. Minnie St. Claire, as the girl from Missouri, carries some good rural songs that she knows how to sing, while some of the stories she tells on the other members of her family "back in Missouri" are funny.

Miss Lena Pantzer gives a good exhibition of wire-walking and dancing. Dolly Burton's dogs are well trained, and Belleclair and Hermann appear in feats of strength and exhibitions of muscular development.

## AMERICAN MUSIC HALL.

Romany Opera Company Arouses  
Enthusiasm in Audience.

There are many acts on the bill at the American Music Hall this week that might appropriately be classed as "features"; a few are mildly interesting, and one is so boring as to prompt a sigh of relief at its conclusion.

The Romany opera company in "La Festa Di Mezz' Agosta" awakened the audience to an unusual pitch of enthusiasm. The cast included: Sopranos, Hattie Diamond, Estella Durges, Irene Boyd, Maria Scherzer, Florence McCullough; contraltos, Anna Lorens, Rita Ravensberg; tenors, Marcello Resomini, Herbert Lancaster; baritones, Ettore Compagn, Eugene Coddington; basses, Alexander Bevan, Joseph Florian, Jose D'Acugna conducted.

The individual numbers, particularly the drinking song by Alexander



in "The Indian" by Hattie D. B. were taken with ease and a dramatic touch, while the microscopic ensemble, "Finicull Finicull," that brought the act to a close, to be repeated again and again. "Black Beauty" is a dramatic play suggested by Anna Sewall's book. The piece is so conventional in construction and reminiscent that it is easy to anticipate the story. It has its excitement and dramatic tension over the race, and "Black Beauty" (off the stage) wins a race that recoups its owner's fortune. It must not be forgotten that the piece, while in theme continually leading for the animal, uses her tiff to the extent of repudiating the motive of the piece, Cliff Gordon, "the German Senator," kept the audience in an uproar for 20 minutes. His butchering of the English language is not his only asset, for his monologue is pithy and pointed.

The Mayvilles give an act that is delightful in its entertaining qualities. It recalls an old-time marionette act, but has by an ingenious contrivance mounted the bodies of the puppets with the heads of the Mayvilles themselves.

Hardeen, gave a sensational act being locked in a straitjacket by committee of marines from the Charlestown Navy Yard and extricating himself in a few minutes in all view of the audience. He concluded his act by immersing himself in a tank filled with water, securely locked, and coming forth none the worse in a few seconds.

Alva York sang several songs in a perfunctory way that failed to arouse any enthusiasm, and Kelly and Ashly were clever as acrobats. Galando, a comic and artistic clay modeller, gave an act that was pleasing. The American scope added some new pictures.

## EDISON HERE WITH NEW INDIAN PLAY

Melodrama "Where the Trail Divides" Given at Colonial;

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE — "Where the Trail Divides," a play in four acts (suggested by Will Lillibridge's novel). First performance in Boston. Produced by Henry B. Harris.

Bob Manning.....George W. Barnum  
Dr. Chantry.....Edward Wade  
Col. Jim Landor.....Charles Riegel  
Bess Landor.....Rose Tapley  
Clayton Craig.....Meniffee Johnstone  
Walt Wagner.....James Gordon  
Luck Walker.....James Grady  
Bud Smith.....Frederick Watson  
Mrs. Jim Burton.....Cordella Macdonald  
Pete Sweeney.....Joseph Rawley  
Ma-Wa-Cha-Sa, known as How Landor.....Robert Edeson  
Rev. Henry Mitchell.....Joseph Rawley  
Petro.....John Prescott  
Lawkins.....Edward Wade

Healthy boys in the sixties, enthralled by dime novels and the romances of Capt. Mayne Reid, dreamed of a life on the plains. They rode merry mustangs in their imagination, delivered school teachers, the selectmen, the sexton of the church and all others in authority over to friendly Redskins for torture and they wooed and won half-breed maidens of rare beauty. This species of miscegenation was not obnoxious to them. It is doubtful, however, whether any girl in the public schools, even in her most gushing moments, looked forward to marriage with an Indian, half-breed or full-blooded.

Mr. Edeson, forsaking romantic comedy, in which he played with marked distinction early in the season, has written a melodrama and reserved the part of the hero, a Sioux, for himself. The melodrama, naive as it may seem to the sophisticated and to the indefatigable "uplifters of the American stage," has the qualities that make for popularity.

How Landor is a good Indian. He has been reared by a white man, has been to school, has read improving books. He is able to worst in a theological discussion the parson who marries him to a white girl, rich and his playmate of many years.

How is physically strong, and he has a bad eye. When Pete Sweeney, full of firewater and armed with two pistols, holds up the boys in Manning's store, How comes in and just looks at him until he lowers his "guns" and falls on the floor alded by a jolt from the strong man.

And Bess Landor loves him until the villain Craig takes her East and shows her restaurant life. She still loves How, but the poison of civilization gnaws her vitals, so that after four months with her husband on a ranch she is ready to elope with Craig. She is lonely; no white persons visit her; but the most probable reason for her flight was the desire to escape from the chatter of a comely Mexican servant.

Craig is, indeed, a low and despicable villain, and he came from Boston. He deserts Bess, and she dies. Then he is obliged to sell out, and as he is about to start for Boston, How disarms him and shoots him dead. The audience does not see the execution, but it approves it. How is seen outside the house with arms raised toward heaven, and that is the last seen of him.

Col. Landor and Dr. Chantry are only first act characters. The latter examines the colonel's heart with a practical stethoscope. The colonel dies, but not on the stage—for Mr. Edeson has constantly in mind the Horatian maxim: "Let not Medea kill her children in the sight of the audience." The physician intimates that he was obliged to go West—whether for theft or malpractice is left to the imagination. Mr. Sweeney is also only for one act.

But what matters it as long as How shows constantly the finest characteristics of manhood. He can talk with the best of the palefaces. He has views on the settlement of the Indian question. Bess did not cease to love him because he was an Indian. She was as lonely on the ranch as was Emma Bovary in the village with her Charles, and like Emma she sighed for the city with its lights, its din, its lobster palaces.

Artless in construction and dialogue, the drama will undoubtedly interest many as it interested a large audience last night. The sentiment of the love passage between How and Bess and between Bud Smith and Mrs. Burton will appeal to some; the humorous speeches of certain characters will be irresistible to others, and the simple, manly Indian will be a heroic figure to audiences that do not care for ethnological disquisitions on the stage and do not inquire into the "psychology" of a character impersonated.

Mr. Edeson played in his well known straightforward, virile manner, with a reserve and a dignity that were impressive, and when occasion demanded with an intensity free from extravagance. His Indian was strongly individualized, human, sympathetic, in spite of his stoicism. The other members of the company played to the satisfaction of the audience. There were the usual curtain calls, and Mr. Edeson was lauded by the continuous applause after the third act into making a speech of thanks.

may 10 1910  
ONE COLOR.

The order has gone forth that all street cars in the city and running to the suburbs shall be of a uniform color. The color chosen is tame and without allurements. The fireman who did not care what color the engine was painted as long as it was painted red had a finer aesthetic sense. Cars of various colors were an ornament to the streets; they made life less drab and daily; they had character. The more poetic of our citizens found symbolism in blue, green, yellow, red. As well might the male inhabitants be ordered to wear black cravats and only derby hats. Furthermore, the colors were invaluable in identification of routes. Soon all cars will look as though they were headed for Mt. Auburn.

may 12 1910  
NASTY PLAYS.

An indecent play—if the farce deserves that name—was taken off the boards of the New York Theatre by Mayor Gaynor's indorsement of the Police Commissioner's refusal to renew the license of the theatre. The Mayor wrote: "The people of this city have had enough of false and nasty theatres." The Mayor is optimistic. As a matter of fact the newspapers and the respectable dramatic journals condemned "The Girl with the Whooping Cough" at once. Thus the Dramatic Mirror in a short, indignant, bitter review declared that the piece did not belong on Broadway, "but to the amusement places of the under world." Nevertheless "the people," the New Yorkers and the floating population jostled one another in eagerness to

see the play. Here in Boston, if it is rumored that a new farce or musical comedy is "raw" the theatre is packed the first night, but if objectionable features of the performance are cut out the public interest dwindles. Nor are these audiences composed only of those that delight in garbage. They are made up of all classes and conditions, and some, men and women of supposed breeding and culture, revelling in these farces and forming theatre parties to see them, are the first to protest against the "immorality" of plays by Ibsen and Plinero!

may 15 1910  
A LIMITED VOCABULARY.

Among the many advantages of travel named by essayists and organizers of personally conducted tours is the enlargement of a traveller's vocabulary. We regret to note that Mr. Roosevelt has apparently neglected his opportunities in this respect. After the sham battle at Doberitz, he said that he had had a "corking" five hours in the saddle, and that the charger he had ridden was "bully." Ah the old familiar and shop-worn terms of extreme laudation! If he had only made use of "lalla palooza," or any one of its variants, as "lalla patosa"; or "magnolious"; or "sumbus-tuous." He might have paid a delicate compliment to the Emperor and his officers by expressing himself in terms dear to German lieutenants when they feel pleasure or admiration: "Kolossal," or "gang pyramidal."

may 15 1910  
MEN AND THINGS

It was written long ago in England: "A star called a comet; when it is seen, there occurs hastily after it some great mischief." King Edward died, and at once lists of rulers who had died in a comet year were published, even in Boston, a city that is not superstitious or emotional.

We do not recall in the comments of editors or correspondents on these lists any explanation of the necessarily baleful influence of a comet on a king. We found an explanation only two or three days ago, and accidentally, in Gaffarel's "Unheard-of Curiosities: Concerning the Talismanical Sculpture of the Persians; the Horoscope of the Patriarches; and the Reading of the Stars." This translation into English by Edmund Chilmead was published in 1650. Jacques Gaffarel was a man of many languages, living and dead, and Cardinal Richelieu chose him for his librarian and sent him to Italy for the purpose of picking up rare manuscripts and books. "Curiosities inouies" was first published in 1629 and it was condemned by the Sorbonne. Gaffarel thought that he was wise in all occult and cabalistic matters. His great work was unfinished when he died, and only the prospectus appeared. This was a pity, for the volume, a history of the subterranean world, would have contained a description of the most beautiful caves, grottos, vaults, caverns, and furthermore an exact and topographical description of the sulphurous caverns of hell, purgatory and limbo.

Here is the passage relating to the comet as a regicide: "Now, whether the body of a comet, or its figure, do naturally presage some disaster to follow upon the vanishing of it; the reason of its so doing is not easily given. Yet many are of opinion that the body of a comet being kindled produceth by its heat a very great drouth upon the earth; which ordinarily causeth the death of princes and great potentates; who are otherwise much dried up, by their cares, watchings, rich wine, and high odoriferous meats."

There have been rulers who snapped fingers at the warning, as Urban VIII. Shortly before his death and at a time when he was sick, a comet appeared. He remarked in the presence of the oldest cardinals who were in his chamber: "An astrologer once predicted that there would be a comet in the middle of my pontificate." Thus did he attempt to chill the hope of the would-be successors.

We have already alluded to the "Diverse Thoughts Written to a Doctor of the Sorbonne on the Occasion of the Comet Which Appeared in the Month of December, 1680," the thoughts of the ingenious Mr. Bayle. He considered the question of comets presaging the death of a king, and argued nicely that the death of this or that one might on the whole be beneficial, and therefore the comet was an apparition of good omen. For example, the death of Charles V. did not unsettle the nations, for he had retired from the world long before the comet foretold



death. Although Bayle wrote at a time when kings were exceedingly jealous of their divine rights, he did not hesitate to say that there were instances in history of crowned heads whose death was not prejudicial to their people, "for they were princes who left successors as worthy or even more worthy to rule, more loved by their subjects. To say nothing of so many others who did not know that they should have died sooner, for their life was a scourge not only to their neighbors, but to their subjects." Bayle mentioned John Basilides, grand duke of Moscow, who died after the appearance of a comet; also Solomon, the ruler of the Turks. He then drew the conclusion that comets were not inevitably the presage of divine judgment, "since it is certain that the long life of some princes has been the severest instrument of divine justice, and so it would be more reasonable to say that comets foretell to them a long life than to say they presage their death."

The Samoans and the Peruvians believed that the apparition of a comet foretold the death of a chief—in fact the belief seems to have been universal and it has by no means died out. We have quoted Pierre Bayle, who, as some maintain, was a sceptic, a pyrrhonist. Let us consult the colossal "Encyclopedie Theologique," edited by the Abbe Migne. There is this flippant paragraph in the article "Cometes," in the first volume of the sub-division, "Dictionnaire des Sciences Occultes": "The people of every nation look on a comet as an evil omen; however, if the omen is calamitous to some, it is propitious to others, for in overwhelming the former by a great defeat, it gives to the latter a great victory." The editor quotes from Cardan, whose words should be pondered by all that are uneasy over the possibilities of this week. Comets, according to Cardan, make the air less dense and more subtle, for they heat it to an extraordinary degree. Persons who live luxuriously, take no exercise, or are of an advanced age, or of feeble health, unable to sleep, suffer when the air has little life and movement. "This happens to princes by reason of their manner of life sooner than to others, and as superstition or ignorance has attributed to comets a baleful power, accidents, which would have been expected and natural at any other time, are especially remarked." Drought and pestilence follow a comet, because the air is dry and there is no means of preventing pestiferous exhalations. Comets bring about sedition and war because they heat the heart of man and change his humors into black bile.

This surely is reasonable, and how much clearer it is than a sentence of Sir Thomas Browne, which we have read several times without understanding. As Mr. Roosevelt would say, it is a corker.

"Whether comets or blazing stars be generally of such terrible effects, as elder times have conceived them, for since it is found that many from whence these predictions are drawn have been above the moon, why they may not be qualified from their positions and aspects which they hold with stars of favorable natures, or why, since they may be conceived to arise from the effluvia of other stars, they may not retain the benignity of their originals; or since the natures of the fixed stars are astrologically differentiated by the planets, and are esteemed martial or jovial, according to the colors whereby they answer these planets, why, although the red comets do carry the portentions of Mars, the brightly white should not be of the influence of Jupiter or Venus, answerably unto Capricorn and Arcturus, is not absurd to doubt."

How?

One thing is clear: Prudent men this week will adopt a low diet, spinach and dandelions rather than stewed meats and claret, lime water or slippery elm tea rather than ale in pewter or rum of Medford, Santa Cruz or Jamaica. Medical forces and all other bodily stimulants should be avoided and it might be well to postpone discussion of the milk question until the 19th, which is on a Thursday. It is said that we shall then be out of danger.

## WHEN 'TA-RA-RA' WAS SUNG HERE

By PHILIP HALE.

The Herald has received an interesting letter with reference to the notes concerning Lottie Collins pub-

lished in the issue of last Sunday. It was then stated that she brought "Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay" to Boston Dec. 12, 1892, as a song and dance in the second act of "Miss Helyett." As Mr. Kilby points out, the tune had been heard here before, but Lottie Collins' version was not sung here until she brought it with her.

BOSTON, May 8, 1910.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Lottie Collins made her first Boston appearance on Monday, Nov. 4, 1889, at the Boston Theatre, as a member of the Howard Athenaeum star specialty company. She was billed as the unique "Lottie Collins, the positive originator of skirt dancing." The other members of the company were the boy vocalist Florene, Conroy and Fox, May and Flo Irwin, George Thatchner, Wilton and Mora, Wood and Sheppard, Little Ida Heath, Abachi and Mazuz, Dutch Daly and Marvella's trained birds and dogs. Rich and Harris were the proprietors of the company, and Stephen P. Cooney, who afterward married Miss Collins, was the manager.

"Ta-ra-ra, boom-de-ay" was first sung in Boston at the Boston Theatre on Monday, Aug. 24, 1891, in the musical farce, "Tuxedo," which was presented by George Thatcher's Minstrels, allied with Rich and Harris' Comedy Company. It was sung by Mamie Gilroy and the Tuxedo Girls and began, "Six Tuxedo girls are we, etc." The music was by Henry Sayers. He took it from a song which had some vogue among the negroes of the South, but changed it considerably. I asked him about it on one occasion and he sang me the original music as he first heard it down South and then showed me what he had done to improve it. I feel convinced that without his improvement it would never have caught the popular taste as it did.

On Monday, Nov. 9, 1892, "Ta-ra-ra, boom-da-ay" was made a feature in the "Ballet of Popular Airs" in "The Babes in the Wood" at the Boston Theatre, when that spectacle had a run of 13 weeks. By the time Lottie Collins had brought it here it was well-known to our public.

At the first productions of the song the chorus began "Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ray." I don't know when the final syllable was cut down, whether here or in England. QUINCY KILBY.

According to the London newspapers, Miss Collins was 42 years old when she died, on May 1. In private life she was Mrs. James W. Tate. Was Mr. Tate her second or her third husband? She married Stephen P. Cooney, but had she not been married or was she not married when she first came to this country and before she met Cooney? He was described as an undemonstrative, cold, hard business man. He died at Saratoga, N. Y., in 1902, and left his estate, then estimated at \$50,000, in trust for the benefit of his daughter, Helena Cleopatra Cooney. On Sept. 6, 1902, Lottie Collins retained A. H. Hummel of New York to prepare exceptions to the probate of the will, in which she was ignored.

Lottie Collins began her career when she was 5 years old as a skipping-rope dancer. She was joined a little later by her sisters, Marie and Lizzie, and as the Sisters Collins they were engaged for three years at the Pavilion for performances. The rest of the time they played in legitimate drama and at the music halls. In "Uncle Tom's Cabin" they did "the black business."

When she was about 15 years old she overtopped her sisters, so she went "on her own." She sang "The Whistling Coon" at music halls and was soon known as "The Kate Vaughan of the music halls." She played in burlesque at the Gaiety, but overworked and was compelled to throw up her part in "Monte Cristo, Jr." (1886), and Letty Lind took it.

She first sang, "Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay" at the Tivoli, London, in October, 1890. She appeared in pantomime in the halls and at the Gaiety with this song until she first came to America. After her second visit to America she was at the Palace, London, for about three years until she played Dora in "The New Barmald" (1896), and afterward the New Barmald herself, Ethel Joy. Her most popular songs were "The Little Widow," "The Coalman's Wife," "The Girl on the Ran-dan," and "A Leader of Society." In August, 1900, she set out for Australia, where she met with great success.

"The New Barmald" was savagely attacked by the London journals. One of the leading critics spoke of Miss

Collins as "an artist, bright, alert, instinctive with vigor and humor; but her art and her talent were crushed down by the sheer vulgarity of the subject submitted to her." He began his article with words that are pertinent today:

"They held a meeting the other day to condemn in solemn conclave the old-fashioned fogies who once wrote for the amusement of the people, forgetting that most of them were scholars and all of them gentlemen. The light-hearted stage of long ago did not, we venture to state, suffer very much from the taste and graceful art of James Robinson Planché, antiquarian and herald, who brought to us as children a budget of French fairy tales clothed with rhyme and elegant verse. The old stage so heartily and irreverently sneered at by youngsters was never degraded by the wholesome and hearty work of Robert Brough, the fiercely Radical author of the 'Songs for the Governing Classes.' Kindly hearted Frank Talfourd went to his early death without incurring the reproach of reckless vulgarity. Henry James Byron played his pleasant part of humor without condescending to the buffoonery of the tap-room and the very dregs and lees of stale debauchery and drunkenness, and who shall say or dare to prove that Burnand, a Cambridge scholar, Robert Reece and Herman Merivale,

both graduates of Balliol College, Oxford, or W. S. Gilbert of the London University, ever went to the pothouse and the tavern for their inspiration? But for all that it was decided to condemn the past and uphold the present, to ridicule verse as a medium for fun, and send up a paean of praise in that New Barmalds and newer Pot Boys and rowdy clubmen and club-women have erased elegance, taste and classic wit from the lighter and more frivolous stage. And knowing what we all know of the Planché, Brough, Merivale and Gilbert school—the last, happily, that has weathered the storm of modern and execrable taste—we are solemnly asked to jeer at the scholarship of humor and to applaud with both hands such nauseating stuff as this:

Of all the vocations I know,  
An up-to-date bride is the best.  
A widow she's been and two husbands  
she's seen,  
But that doesn't make her depressed,  
She blushes and ogles and sighs,  
And keeps her eyes fixed on the  
floor;  
She asks what to do, she pretends it's  
all new;  
They don't know she's been there  
twice before.  
"And then the delicious, enervating,  
wholesome chorns, sung in a jovial  
atmosphere of tipsiness:  
She laughs ha! ha! ha! ha!  
Hoop la la! It's spooftety spooft,  
So long as it pays her she don't care  
a hang;  
It's all make-believe,  
She laughs up her sleeve,  
With her Panketty Ping! Panketty  
Pang!

"How refined, how elegant! How infinitely preferable to the lyrics of Planché, the manly verses of Brough, the pleasant cadences of Frank Talfourd!"

Miss Collins sued an English journal that commented on the vulgarity of one of the pieces in which she appeared, and, although the critic had not slandered her and there was abundant evidence to prove that the piece was exceedingly vulgar, she recovered substantial damages, for the English law of libel is a wonderful and fearful thing.

In the Sketch (London) July 24, 1895, she gave this account of the song that will always be associated with her: "My own opinion is that Sayers' quick ear caught the air of some of the St. Louis nigger women, and, with a smartness all his own, he adapted the song to fit the lips of a Tuxedo girl—one of the 'Four Hundred', what you call here the 'upper ten'—of that city. I heard the song, and I liked it, and agreed to exchange it—it was in 1892—for a song I had been singing called 'I Couldn't Say No.' Mr. Sayers toured with this, with additions, under the title of 'The Fate of the Gondollers.'"

I came across a clipping from a Boston newspaper published in January, 1895, in which "Dr. Alvah B. Dearborn, the city physician of Somerville, a member of the school committee, a prominent worker in the Union Square Baptist Church, and a man whose word stands for the truth every time," was named as the physician who "ushered Lottie Collins" into the world on Feb. 20, 1871. This was at East Salisbury.

But Lottie Collins was born in England, according to all the "authorities."

"J. B. C." writes: "According to my records, Lottie Collins sang 'Ta-ra-ra' at the Columbia Theatre the week of Nov. 14, 1892. The bill was 'The Family Circle' and 'Love's Young Dream.' Miss Collins danced and sang between the two plays."

When she sang "Ta-ra-ra" at the Hollis Street Theatre in December, 1892, it was stated that she then sang and danced the song for the first time in this city. "J. B. C." is generally accurate in his dates, and Miss Collins may have been at the Columbia the month before. "Young Love's Dream" was a dramatization by Mrs. Burnett of Dickens' "Boots at Holly Tree Inn." "The Family Circle" was an adaptation by Sydney Rosenfeld of Bisson's "Rue Pigalle, 115."

Certain newspapers in Boston have stated that Rena Vivienne appeared for the first time on a Boston stage last Monday night at the Boston Opera House in "The Bohemian Girl." She was a member of Mr. Savage's English grand opera company in 1906-7, and took the part of Madame Butterfly at the Tremont Theatre, Oct. 30, 1906. Francis MacLennan, now the leading tenor of the Berlin Royal Opera House, took the part of Pinkerton, and Winfred Goff that of Sharpless. Mr. Goff died, much to the regret of many, for he was an actor and singer of pronounced ability. Harriet Behnee was the Suzuki and no one seen here since has approached her in the part.

It was said at the time that Miss Vivienne, a Duluth girl, studied with Victor Maurel, and was about to sing in Italy when Mr. Savage engaged her.

He engaged four women to take the part of the heroine: Elza Szamosy of Budapest, who was the first seen and heard in Boston; Adelaide Norwood-Brandt, who was disgruntled because Mme. Szamosy was chosen for the first night at Washington, D. C., Oct. 16, 1906—the first performance of the opera in English on any stage; Louise Janssen, a Danish soprano, and Rena Vivienne. When Mme. Janssen first sang the part in Boston, Oct. 31, 1906, she was obliged to leave the stage at the end of the first act, and Estelle Bloomfield replaced her.

Marie Alexandrowicz has made a hit at the Paris Opera, where she made her first appearance as Gilda. One of the Paris critics wrote: "Seventeen years of age, blonde like Marguerite, poetic like Juliet, ardent like Gilda, waisted like a wasp"; and another declared that her voice has the quality of moonbeams and suggests "the soft imaginative feeling of a sleeping lake." The critic of the Gaulois kept both his feet on the floor while he wrote about her, but he said that he had not heard a purer and more flexible voice since the brilliant days of the Theatre Italien. He praised her mechanism, her emotional power, her command of expressive nuances, and he added that her artistic sense was remarkably precocious. The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote: "On the stage the young prima donna lacks experience of course; but her very hesitations are charming. She has an instinctive way of interpreting her emotions which is very appealing. The radiance of her youth and her glorious voice make an extraordinary effect upon the audience. \* \* \* With hair like burnished gold, a mobile face lighted with violet eyes, a willowy, girlish figure, with long, artistic hands, such is the new cantatrice who has just signed an engagement for five years with the opera." She expects to visit England and America during the holidays.

When she was 13 years old, her father, a Polish haritone and teacher, began to give her lessons. When she was 14 she sang at a concert in Warsaw. Her father died and she studied with Jean de Reszke.

There is a new "Faust," with music by Alfredo Brueggemann, who entitles his opera "Margherita." It was produced at La Scala, Milan, April 21, and it is part of a huge trilogy inspired by Goethe's poem. The reviews are contradictory, although all the critics admit that the composer is richly endowed. The best pages are said to be Faust's romance, the song of Thule's King, and a quartet (Faust, Margaret, Mephistopheles and Martha). A new opera, "Don Quixote," with music by Fran-



cisco Paganini, has been produced at Florence. The music is condemned as abnormal and unintelligible.

The new San Carlo grand opera company, under the direction of Mr. Albera, gave performances of Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" in Brooklyn this month. Among the singers was Cavaliere Carlo Carica, announced as "the leading dramatic tenor of the Boston Opera House," also as "Rival of Caruso." Let us hope that Mr. Constantino is far from American newspapers and everything that may ruffle his repose.

The English newspapers delight in finding hifalutin in American reviews of concerts and operas. It was a critic of Brighton (Eng.) that wrote of a pianist: "There is in his playing a curious suggestion of the tiger—a kind of frenzied haste, a ferocious spring that sets the pianoforte thrilling and clanging on every string, and then a sudden arrestment, a sense of a subtle purring movement, the caress of a velvet paw that has behind it the power to rend and crush."

And the Daily Telegraph (London) was moved to say of Miss Pavlova and Mr. Mordkin, dancing Glazounoff's "Bacchanale": "When the wild music clashed and the dancers flung themselves to and fro in wild abandon—it was easy to fancy then that the mad revels of Dionysus had come back to our world with the old conquering appeal to strange needs and strange emotions."

Miss de Lys, who studied in Boston, will sing in an Italian season at Vienna next month.

Eugene d'Albert is about to marry Ida Fulda, the divorced wife of the playwright, Ludwig Fulda. She will be his third wife. The first was Teresa Carreno (1892-95). The second was the singer, Hermine Flink.

Lajos Munczy, a celebrated Hungarian gypsy violinist, died recently at Budapest at the age of 63. He had travelled in many lands with his band. The late Empress Elizabeth esteemed him highly, and often invited him to play to her. When Munczy was young a rich man wished him to study the classic music and sent him to the Vienna Conservatory, but Munczy was always the gypsy, and playing works of the classic school he always changed them and played them "in the Hungarian manner," as did Remenyi before him. Munczy left property to the amount of \$500,000, for he was a shrewd business man, and sentiment did not keep him from selling the jewels which Hungarian women, maddened by his playing, took from their necks and hands to give to him.

Here is a synopsis of a new play "La Bete," by Edmond Fleg, produced at the Theatre Antoine, Paris. The story "is that of a debauched cynic, Pierre Marces, who, for the mere pleasure of degrading her, marries une delieuse jeune fille, Lucienne Esselin, and, having wearied of her, seeks the pleasures of jealousy by throwing her in the way of one of his vile friends, a painter, Claude Patrice. Lucienne, however, sees through her husband's scheme in time, and, filled now with horror and loathing, leaves him; whereupon he suddenly discovers that he loves her—at any rate, that he needs her; so he follows her to her mother's house, and makes an impassioned appeal to her to return to him. His prayers, however, leave her untouched, his reminders of the happy hours they have spent together only excite her laughter, and, at last, sneering and threatening her, he passes out of her room and her life, leaving her to the love of a worthier man as soon as the divorce is accomplished. It is an ugly enough story; but the critic of the Figaro finds it finely told, and the interview of the husband and wife in the last act full of dramatic beauty and strength. Mme. Andree Megard as Lucienne and M. Gemier as the blackguard husband carry off the acting honors."

In the year ending September last "The Dollar Princess" was performed 244 times in Germany. D'Albert's "Tiefland" came next with 647 performances, and this tragic work was performed more frequently than any opera of Wagner. "Carmen" followed with 452 performances, against 409 of "Lohengrin." "Madama Butterfly" was performed 341 times; "Elektra," 105; "Salome," 85.

Charles Coburn, once famous in London as the singer of "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," has reappeared at the London Pavilion after an absence of 19 years and five months.

The big hat problem was finely solved in a theatre at Geneva, Swit-

zerland, some years ago. This notice was posted: "For the general convenience of the audience the wearing of hats during the performance is forbidden, except to elderly persons."

Atlanta, Ga., was warned by the Constitution that it would receive "a distinct shock" when William H. Sherwood and Miss Listemann appeared there. "Notwithstanding the acknowledged high ranking of these world-famed artists, this shock is going to be very much in the nature of a disappointment, for—

"William Sherwood looks so much the cool, self-poised American business man that it is hard to believe that he is possessed of his wonderful artistic talent, and—

"Virginia Listemann is so regal in her beauty that it is equally as difficult to believe that such a lovely woman should possess the golden voice that has charmed audiences, both in Europe and America."

May 17 1910

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—"The Goddess of Liberty," a musical farce in three acts, book by Messrs. Adams and Hough, music by Joseph E. Howard. Frederick D. Wood conducted. Hope Butterworth.....Alma Youlin Lord Algernon Banbury.....Charles Aveling Mrs. Horace Butterworth.....

Marie Richmond Lady Fitz Hugh Murray.....Aida Woolcott Hope Butterworth.....Mabel Artelle Horace Butterworth.....George W. Callahan Harry McCormick.....Percy F. Leach Phyllis Crane.....Nella Webb Bill, the barkeep.....Myles McCarthy Taxi driver.....Herbert Leonard Lord Jack Wyngate.....Joseph E. Howard Augustus Butterworth.....Charles Fletcher

There was a large audience which evidently enjoyed the entertainment, and in the consideration of a summer show there is no appeal from the verdict of the great majority. Mr. Howard has written the music of many popular shows, and last night he sang, appeared as a comedian, and made a speech after the second act. In this speech he said he could make better music than speeches, but his expression of thanks had one great merit, it was short, and when he had said what he had to say he stopped. This is not true of the dialogue of the piece itself.

The features of the performance were Mr. Howard's songs, the Eddie Foy octet and the De Forrests, whirlwind dancers. The songs, whether they were sung by the composer, Miss Webb or Miss Youlin, had the simplicity, the obvious melodic turn and the rhythm that make for immediate popularity, and Mr. Howard introduced by request his "Dreaming."

Of the eight that made up as Mr. Foy, whose indefatigable study to attain a commanding position on the stage was the subject of frequent and warm commendation from Eugene Field, the leader and the third from the extreme right as the spectator faced the stage, gave a remarkably close imitation, in facial expression, in bearing and in business. The two dancers were nimble and graceful and the unity of their evolutions was admirable.

The story of "The Goddess of Liberty" is inconsequential. After a chorus with pretty evolutions, the play was opened as with a jimmy, to quote an appreciative spectator. It's the old story of a young English nobleman who is to marry the daughter of an American millionaire, one Butterworth, a crank on the subject of physical culture. The nobleman falls in love with another American girl who has only half a million and is constantly bursting into song. There are the usual impossible beings known only to musical farces, a bar-keeper who is introduced as an English lord, a taxicab driver, et al.

The men and women of the chorus display the restlessness that is an indispensable element of entertainments of this nature; the girls, who are young and comely, go through the traditional motions, and, as is always the case, the males are limber and at ease except when the librettist sees fit to clothe them in evening dress.

Deep thinkers, as Sully and Bergson, have written elaborate treatises on laughter and given reasons why human beings laugh. The dialogue of "The Goddess of Liberty" might plunge the fastidious into gloom from which they would not recover for a day or two. The fact remains that the dialogue was keenly relished by the great majority, and thus it serves its purpose, for, as Mr. Howard took the trouble to state in the program, "The Goddess of Liberty" aims merely to entertain.



Nella Webb in "The Goddess of Liberty."

That which depresses A may send X, Y and Z into fits of laughter. Why argue the point? Why seek to explain it? Mr. Bergson has stated in scientific formulas why an audience laughs when a comedian falls down, and why a hat, which in itself is not comical, becomes comical through association with ideas or with other objects. But what is it all to the infinite?

The audience watched appreciatively the movements of the chorus girls, enjoyed the singing of principals and chorus, laughed heartily at the interchange of repartee—and what more is demanded of a summer show?

It should also be said that the descent of the lightning in the first scene of the second act was singularly realistic.

#### BOSTON OPERA HOUSE.

"Madam Butterfly" Sung in English by the Aborn Company.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Madam Butterfly," Puccini's opera in three acts, sung in English by the Aborn Grand Opera Company, Max Fichandler, conducted. Cast: Madam Butterfly, Estelle Wentworth; Suzuki, Louis Le Baron; Pinkerton, Charles Tamme; Sharpless, Giuseppe Picco; Goro, Richard Koch; the Bonze, Saul Roselle.

The question is still disputed whether it is artistic to produce grand opera with an English translation, and those who do not recognize banalities in a foreign tongue are prone to advocate "the original text." There is this to be said in favor of their contention: That what is unintelligible at least does not seem homely and common. But no one who witnessed last evening's very creditable performance, and the manifest enjoyment of the good-sized audience, could doubt the popularity of "English" opera. There were defects, for the task was a difficult one; but the music was sung with animation and with few hitches, so that the general effect was good. The quality of tone of the women's chorus is still hard, but last evening, in the entry of Butterfly and her attendants, showed a vast improvement over the chorus in "Carmen."

Miss Wentworth made a conventional Cho-Cho-San; Mr. Tamme's voice was often drowned by the orchestra, but otherwise he was sufficiently manly in an ungrateful part.

Mr. Picco's action as Sharpless showed histrionic ability, but was almost too nonchalant, his voice was agreeable.

The stage setting was attractive, and the concerted action smooth. As earlier in the season it was necessary to substitute a doll for the child on account of the recent law.

During the week Miss Rena Vivienne will alternate with Miss Wentworth as Madam Butterfly. The operas next week will be "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" (double bill), and "Martha."

#### CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE.

Miss Young Gives Life and Dash to "My Wife."

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE, "My Wife," a play in four acts from the French, by Michael Morton. Cast: Gerald Eversleigh.....William P. Carleton The Hon. Gibson Gore.....Donald Meek M. Dupre.....George Hassell M. Valboire.....Bert Young Rene Falandres.....Wilfred Young Miriam Hawthorne.....Gertrude Binley Baroness Grancos.....Mabel Clifford Mme. Dupre.....Et el Blair Beatrice Dupre (Trixie).....Mary Young

#### 'AFTER THE OPERA'

There is no question about "After the Opera," the headline act on this week's American Music Hall bill, being an intensive drama. It is all of that, culminating when the guilty lover shoots himself before the very eyes of the husband and falls prostrate by the dead body of the woman.

"After the Opera" had its first American presentation at the American Music Hall yesterday. It comes to this country following a success in European playhouses. The play is distinctly foreign in treatment—If not in theme—and there is surely an abundance of dramatic action from the time the curtain rises in Mme. De Cheville's boudoir until it falls upon the double tragedy, the scene of action having once again returned to the boudoir.

"After the Opera" is presented by a company of nine. Violet Fulton as Mme. de Cheville, the faithless wife, was effective in her part, while of the others Orlando Daly as the lover and



Fredrick Montague, the unsuspecting husband, were the most conspicuous.

Several of the other acts on this week's bill went well at both performances yesterday. Sam Stern as a character monologist was one of the hits. He was true to life in his Italian impersonations, but best of all in his Scotch offerings and his "I Love a Lassie."

Then there were McMahon and Chappelle in "Why Hubby Missed the Train," a sketch that has been seen in Boston before, but is always worth repeating. The Pullman porter maids—eight young women in burnt cork—sang and danced well, but the best thing of this act was Ned-Cork-Norton, the comedian, who carries with him an unusually good, and, in the main, new line of jokes.

Nelson, as a comedy juggler, gives some new tricks with the silk hats; Josephine Sabel, contributes a number of songs with rough and ready interpretation, the Bon Air trio do some good acrobatic and tumbling work, while La Rex and La Rex wind up the bill with an attractive performance as flexible ring gym-

### Valerie Bergere in "The Lion Tamer." a Play with a Thrilling Moment—Fletcher in New Impersonations.

The audience at Keith's last evening was of the sort that has been vaudeville into a state next door to bias, but it was interested, thrilled, amused and entertained in spite of itself.

It is a bill of familiar faces. To select a headliner by the test of merit would be a puzzling task and it is quite unnecessary. The management has Valerie Bergere and her play, "The Lion Tamer," place of eminence.

Miss Bergere is the lion tamer, one of them. The other is Herbert Warren. Everything takes place behind the scenes at the circus, and the sketch evidently exists for the exciting moment when the lion taming lover is nearly chewed up by the beasts and is saved to the tune of feminine shrieks, by the lion-taming lover-off stage.

Miss Bergere plays the impetuous Zaida, passionate in affection and jealousy, with abandon and humorous whimsicality. Mr. Warren is satisfyingly big, Perry Spiro is good as the crippled youth whose mistaken zeal causes much of the trouble. The rest of the large company has little to do.

Charles Leonard Fletcher has dropped some of his impersonations for two character studies that are less effective. He retains his excellent characterization of Mark Twain, then pictures an old steel worker pleading in court for his life, and a tramp, soliloquizing (in verse) on a park bench. Both the old man and the loafer are carefully done, skilful in makeup, artistic in portrayal, but they lack the dramatic intensity of some of Mr. Fletcher's other sketches. The new ones are absorbing, though, and the house had one of its rare awakenings and applauded heartily.

There are six of the Tuscany Troubadours, and they have what all singers of opera in vaudeville have not, good voices. In solos, duets and ensemble the company sings familiar numbers. Their turn is a long one, but there is not too much of it.

One may have laughed at Charles and Fanny Van before, but he can laugh again. Of course, it will be no surprise when it turns out that the very realistic persons in overalls, who say he is the stage carpenter, turns out to be the comedian himself. It's no matter, though, for the performers don't depend on that illusion alone for their fun.

Another wara wave melted the frost when Anna and Lillian Doherty gave their vicious offering of songs and dances. The latter one—there is no other way of telling which is which—has a way with her refreshingly comic and their burlesque of two talkative women at the opera is highly amusing. Willy Pantzer and his type do acrobatics that are different and their comedy is genuine, not a kind laid on with a trowel—or a brush. Here the smallest one of the troupe fails to have his arm pulled

right at the wind-up is laughable as ever.

It is charitable to suppose that Marlon Garson, vocalist, had a cold but she should avoid such danger of damage to her musical comedy reputation. She gave ample evidence of musical skill in the clever way she made use of what voice she had left and got bravely over some threatening places in the shape of high notes. Al Anderson and Jay Goines are amusing colored men. Fred St. Onge and his company do comedy 'cycle riding, which is out of the ordinary.

#### ONLY ONCE A YEAR.

A proposed law in New York State provides for a Board of Inebriety which may send offenders to a farm or to a hospital. It appears that a man will be allowed to indulge in one spree a year without fear of the farm or the asylum. The law is less generous than was Avicenna, the learned Arabian physician, who affirmed that monthly intoxication was good for the human system inasmuch as it led to alleviation of the spirits, the resolution of superfluities and the provocation of sweat. But Averroes, a leech of great authority and of the same religious faith, combatted this opinion and, to use the phrase of Sir Thomas Browne, restrained his ebriety unto hilarity: "a sober incalescence and regulated aestuation from wine; or what may be conceived between Joseph and his brethren, when the text expresseth they were merry, or drank largely." A Board of Inebriety passing on individual cases would have difficulty in determining the precise degree of intoxication that would warrant stern action; and so injustice might be done. Tests, as the pronunciation of some word or phrase, or the walking of a crack, are not infallible. Should a man with a light and amiable working jag or with a wise and harmless "still" suffer as though he were roaring and bellicose? As Magistrate Barlow remarked, the plan is not scientific.

May 18, 1910

#### READING BY MRS. DOAK-RICE.

Recites Wilde's and Longfellow's Lines with Incidental Music.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mrs. Sterling Doak-Rice, assisted by the Boston Festival Orchestral Club, led by William Howard, recited last night in Chickering Hall Oscar Wilde's story, "The Happy Prince," and Longfellow's poem, "King Robert of Sicily." Incidental music to the former by Mme. Liza Lehmann was played on the piano by Walter H. Travers. The music to Longfellow's poem was composed by Rossiter G. Cole. The orchestra played Weber's overture to "Oberon" and Saint-Saens' prelude to "The Deluge." There was an appreciative audience of fair size.

Mrs. Doak-Rice characterized herself on the program as a "tone-romancist." Romancist is a beautiful word of three syllables which is defined as a writer or composer of romances; a romantic novelist. Just what is meant by a "tone romancist" is not easily comprehended. Mrs. Doak-Rice recited the story and the poem and there was incidental music. She was not, therefore, a writer of romances or a romantic novelist, with or without "tone."

Her voice was full and agreeable and her enunciation was distinct. As is the case with the majority of reciters, in her wish to be dramatic she at times gave incongruous emphasis and importance to lines and passages. In Wilde's charming little story, the swallow describing scenes in Egypt assumed a pompous voice, so that the hearer was reminded of the little fishes that spoke like whales. But on the whole Mrs. Doak-Rice recited effectively. It was a pity that she left out the lines in which the swallow gave the reason for its dislike of boys, also the delightful incident of the learned man noticing the appearance of the bird in winter and writing a monograph on the subject.

A recitation with music, whether the music be by Richard Strauss, Max Schillings, or a composer of humbler station, is usually irritating. If the hearer endeavors to take in the full significance of the music he loses much of the text, and if he wishes to be absorbed in the text, the music is more or less distracting. Mme. Lehmann's music to Wilde's story is fortunately insignificant. There is a pleasant suggestion of the Orient in the measures that accompany the swallow's description of Egyptian scenes, but the exquisite prose of Wilde needs no musical accompaniment.

#### "MADAM BUTTERFLY" GIVEN.

"Madam Butterfly" was given by the Aborn English Grand Opera Company at the Boston Opera House last evening. In the leading role appeared Rena Vivienne, whose interpretation of the part was extremely graceful. Miss Vivienne has previously been known in this city as one of Henry W. Savage's stars.

The soloists were in good voice and the minor parts were well given. The opera was staged effectively. Whenever a large number of persons were on the stage at one time the groups were well managed.

May 19, 1910

#### NUMBERING OF THE TRIBES.

Many would prefer the old, identifying color of a street car to the number of the district, a division number prominently displayed. Some one—was it Mr. Henry James?—said that a citizen of New York would soon give his address as 831 No. 43 West 123 street. For many years a guest at a hotel has been known to the clerk and others in authority only as No. 23 or No. 41144. And now the dweller in Jamaica Plain is No. 2, and the one in Brighton No. 9. As though a man charged by his wife to remember this and not to forget that before he returns at night should also be obliged to carry the number of his district in his head!

#### "EGGS VS. EGGS."

"M. D.," writing to The Herald, maintains that eggs are not a natural food for man. The Ashantees are of the same opinion, for eggs are forbidden them by the fetish. Mungo Park, journeying through Tessee observed that no woman was allowed to eat an egg, and to offer one an egg was an intolerable affront. Dr. Muffet in his "Health's Improvement" (1655) noted that many in England ate only the yolk, "in a conceit to nourish more plentifully." Sir Richard Burton states that the Wanyamwezi, the Gallas and the Somal, who look upon the fowl as a kind of vulture, will not eat poultry or eggs, neither will the Uji. So "M. D." is not unsupported in his opinion. Nevertheless the ancient Romans used to begin their banquets with eggs although all the old physicians from Galen down frowned on fried eggs—truly a pleasant dish when there is ham with it; a dish not for the delicate and the idler, but for stout souls who do the hard, stern work of the world.

#### "CASKET," FORSOOTH.

Cablegrams from London give information about the "casket" that holds the body of Edward VII. And may an English King not be buried in a coffin? "Casket" is a rank Americanism, which has been in use for only forty years. The word to some seemed genteel, or they thought it would lessen the terror of death and assuage the grief of the mourners. The wonder is that there are not revised editions of famous poems to please the taste of the fastidious. A familiar line from "The Burial of Sir John Moore" would then read: "No useless casket enclosed his breast." Shakespeare's Antony would exclaim: "My heart is in the casket there with Caesar." The first gentleman would say to Gloster: "My lord, stand back, and let the casket pass." Walt Whitman, apostrophizing Lincoln's coffin, should have cried out: "Here! casket that slowly passes, I give you my sprig of lilac," but Walt was not a genteel person, nor was casket then a pleasing euphemism, as "limb" for "leg."

May 20, 1910

#### COMETIANA.

We read of strange doings in consequence of the proximity of the comet. Miners refusing to go under ground; farmers in France buying tanks of liquid oxygen to breathe freely in closed houses; Porto Ricans walking with lighted candles in prayerful procession; men and women in western and southern states killing themselves through fear, or going mad; in Oklahoma the propitiatory sacrifice of a girl stayed just in time. Some may smile at this ignorance, credulity, superstition, but the conflicting theories of contemporaneous astronomers and scientific men will no doubt excite laughter in the year 2010. And is it not better that awe and even terror should attend the display of natural phenomena than flippant indifference or the cocksure knowledge that is as foolishness? Now and then Nature, weary of man's self-attributed superiority, exerts herself to show him his littleness.

May 21, 1910

#### PAULINE VIARDOT.

Pauline Viardot, who died last Wednesday in her eighty-ninth year, was an extraordinary woman. Her long life was full of glory. As a child visiting this country with her father, Manuel Garcia, and her sister Maria, famous as Mme.



Malibran, she saw the first performances of Italian opera in New York and met Da Ponte, the librettist of "Don Giovanni." A dramatic singer, he was famous as the creator of Fides in Meyerbeer's "Prophet," as Gluck's Orpheus, as Gounod's Sappho. Praised passionately by Berlioz and idolized by the public, she left the stage before her powers had begun to decay. She taught until a few years ago, she wrote operettas and songs, she edited in a masterly manner an edition of classic arias. Married to Louis Viardot, a man of many accomplishments, she drew to her home George Sand, Merimee, Saint-Beuve, Gautier, Flaubert, Taine, Hugo, Renan. And it was at her house that Targeneff spent happy years. A volume of his letters to her published three years ago shows the influence she exerted over him and his art. Mme. Viardot was of the great race of singers, one that ennobled her profession; one that did not think it necessary to have a press agent at her heels; one that abhorred puffery in any form.

## MEN AND THINGS

A Bostonian had the courage to tell women solemnly assembled at a biennial convention at Cincinnati that they had no style. "For style means more than following the styles. It means perfect consistency, it means rhythm and measure and inter-relationship. The leaves have it and the women do not." Thus spoke Henry Turner Bailey, "for 16 years supervisor of art in the public schools of Boston."

To some Mr. Bailey's definition of style may seem cryptic, orphic, but it is not easy to define style. A novelist and poet of Boston was once asked meekly by a younger writer for a definition of this word. "Style, my dear fellow," and the eminent novelist and poet looked remarkably like the walrus as he was walking with the carpenter—"style? Well, I should say style is what I have and you haven't."

Mr. Bailey made several surprising statements to the palpitating clubwomen. "For instance we are not a race of Caucasians. We are a cross between yellow and green." This statement passed unchallenged. When the philanthropic woman in a London public house told the landlord and Artemus Ward that the negro gentleman with her was their brother—downtrodden, oppressed, benighted, but nevertheless their brother—Mr. Ward pleasantly replied: "No, I think not, marm. The nearest we come to that color in our family was the case of my brother John. He had the janders for several years, but they finally left him. I am happy to state that, at the present time, he hasn't a solitary jander."

Let it be granted that all clubwomen are a "cross" between yellow and green." What then? "It is the business of every woman," said Mr. Bailey, "to get the exact shadings of her skin and work out costumes consistent with this coloring. If she wishes to be conservative she should work out colorings of the same general tone, but if she wishes to be dashing she should seek her contrasting colors, and this is really the best color scheme there is." Mr. Bailey suggested that the contrasting shade should be the color of the eyes. "Any scheme, of course, which does not make the face the most prominent and attractive feature of the body, is a failure." And at that moment Mr. Bailey slipped a cog, to use the language of the street.

For it is well known that the Lord in his infinite mercy almost always compensates women that are plain of face. There have been famous instances in history. There was Miss Arabella Churchill, a tall creature, pale-faced, and to the superficial view nothing but skin and bone. Thrown from her horse, "she gave the lie to all the unfavorable suppositions that had been formed of her person, in judging from her face," and she thus won the heart and hand of the Duke of York, a concerned looker-on. No wonder Hazlitt contended that this was striking, affecting and grand, the sublime of amorous biography, and said he "could conceive of nothing finer than the idea of a young person in her situation, who was the object of indifference or scorn from outward appearance, with the proud suppressed consciousness of a goddess-like symmetry, locked up by fear and niceness, the handmaids of all women from the wonder and worship of mankind."

What would it have profited Miss Arabella if she had dressed with a view to facial prominence?

Nor are men to be neglected this season. Mr. Andre de Fouquieres proposes to lecture in this country next fall, to lecture in "private salons as well as in theatres." He will talk about "everything that makes up the life of the people of good company who move at the same time in the

worlds of pleasure, distraction, art and letters. Naturally this will lead me to talk of fashions, principally masculine."

And pray how was Mr. de Fouquieres dressed when he announced his purpose to a reporter? He wore a blue lounge braided coat and "vest"—waistcoat, O American correspondent in Paris—a man like Mr. de Fouquieres would no more wear a "vest" than "pants," or a celluloid collar, or a string "tie"—the former cut very long and double-breasted, the latter double-breasted, too. The coat was folded over one solitary button, from which it was then cut away at a bold angle, over a pair of soft gray check trousers. Mr. de Fouquieres buys or obtains his clothes in London. "London is the only place for men's clothes!" He finds there the desirable simplicity of line and long, harmonious and easy cut.

"Properly speaking," added this arbiter of fashions and delights, "there is no American style." Alas, our unhappy country! The American dons "shapeless, large, loose-fitting suits," terribly inartistic and unaesthetic. "American shoes with their bulging fronts also illustrate this American eye to the practical, at the cost of the beautiful." American women also dress badly. "It is not surprising that the typical little travelled American man and woman are so easily recognizable in Europe. Their clothes betray them."

Mr. de Fouquieres is, indeed, a precious thing. We can hardly await his coming. He is a believer in fancy evening dress for men—"not vivid colorings like red and yellow, but soft neutral tints which cannot jar."

But the distinguished Frenchman says nothing about handkerchiefs, stockings and underwear. In London just before the death of King Edward, hose were made to match the cravat and cost about \$3.10 a pair. The cravat might be made of pure silk in shot colors, the variety extending from black shot with blue and white, or black with white point and ends braided; the hose were in harmony. Then there were "half-hose socks." Some had on a black background vertical half-inch stripes in blue, purple, mauve and emerald. The combination of blue background with red and green stripes shrieked louder. Handkerchiefs of a plain background with two monkeys stamped on it were cherished by the aristocracy. This reminds us of handkerchiefs with the figures of baseball players or circus girls or ballet dancers dear to our boyhood, but not esteemed by god-fearing parents who believed in Solomon's educational policy. Underwear in London is sky blue, white and the color known as "noir," and the material is spun-silk, while suspenders, anglice braces, have a watered-silk effect in mauve, purple, sky-blue and art-green.

What does Mr. Andre de Fouquieres say to these things? And what is more important, What does he wear? Does he sleep in a nightgown or in pyjamas, pyjamas with a "y"? Does he encase his sculptural legs in full or knee drawers? How long may a dress shirt be worn with ordinary care, and freedom from accident of thick soup or wine stain? No doubt he will answer these and other questions satisfactorily, without the aid of the springboard or any mechanical appliance. Speed the day of his coming!

As there are inhabitants of the air, who are neither departed souls nor angels, see Michael Psellos and S. T. Coleridge, so there may be celestial jesters, as Halley's comet, that delights in mocking learned astronomers. Or are they, as Dr. Thomas Burnett thought, dead bodies of fixed stars unhurried and not as yet composed to rest, wandering sorrowfully like the shades who have no fee for Charon, and at last disappearing in awful spaces far beyond the most richly endowed telescope?

## LADY MACBETH'S AGE A QUESTION

Mrs. Kendal Insists She Was a Woman in the "Roaring Forties"; Other Opinions Show Wide Variance.

PLAYS NOT APPRECIATED IN BOSTON THIS SEASON

By PHILIP HALE.

Mrs. Kendal admitted recently to a London reporter that there comes a time when an actress must look into her glass and say "Farewell, Juliet." Portia she may claim for a few years more. Nor does Mrs. Kendal think that Lady Macbeth should be played by a girl of 16 with a souhrette nose, rosebud mouth and innocent blue eyes, to support the theory that Duncan was lured to the castle by her youthful beauty. "I have my strong opinion about those 'roaring forties'—the period at which I believe some one has said woman ought to be put into a lethal chamber. The actress comes into her kingdom then so far as nearly all the great characters of tragedy and the drama are concerned. She knows life." Mrs. Kendal, the 22d child of her parents, is now 61 years old.

Does Mrs. Kendal seriously maintain that an actress does not know life until she is in the forties? Juliet, of course, should be played by a young woman—the Juliet of the earlier acts; and then a riper and experienced woman should play Juliet after Romeo has been disturbed by the lark. Nor is the idea of a middle-aged Portia a pleasing one. The suitors would not have been so warm in wooing, and what law Portia picked up for the trial scene would not have confused the head of a young woman.

Mrs. Kendal insists that Lady Macbeth was a woman in the roaring forties. The Lady Macbeths I have seen certainly roared and were probably "between 40 years of age," to quote Artemus Ward. But is there not something in the theory of Richard Grant White—that Lady Macbeth was a sensuous, caressing blonde, richly endowed with beauty, whose hold over Macbeth was through her bodily attractiveness? Her name was the Lady Gruach, and according to Wytoun's chronicle she was the wife of Duncan and married the man who slew her husband. Modern historians, by the way, insist that Macbeth was a fine fellow and a righteous King, and that Duncan deserved his taking off. Holinshed represents Macbeth's wife as "very ambitious, burning in unquenchable desire to bear the name of Queen," but are not young women, especially when they are sensuous, often wildly ambitious?

Mrs. Kendal argues that a young woman would not have said "Had he not resembled my father in his sleep, I'd have done it," nor could she have uttered the words, "I have given suck and know how tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me." Why might not a young woman have uttered these speeches? There are young women, even in America, who nurse their babies. "Lady Macbeth belongs to the woman in the forties." But would a woman with her raging ambition have waited till she was 40 to do something for herself and husband? Would she not have left him for a man of action?

It would be absurd to argue from any "historical" information. George Buchanan, who in the 16th century wrote a history of Scotland, alluded to the Macbeth legend and said disdainfully that there were many stories connected with it better suited to the stage or Milesian romances than to history. The Lady Macbeths we have all seen on the stage were viragos, common scolds. Theophile Gautier, seeing Macready and Helen Faucit in a performance of the tragedy in Paris 65 years ago, wrote: "We should prefer to assassinate several Duncans than to have one scene with Lady Macbeth"; and yet Miss

Faucit was then young and graceful, pretty after the manner of the women whose portraits graced Keepsakes or Tokens, as though she were a fancy sketch by Heath.

Macbeth, a brave soldier, was undoubtedly afraid of his wife. It does not follow that she was an Amazon, or a stern-faced, elderly lady with the suggestion of a beard. A woman may be young, fair and sensuous, and yet be a formidable nagger. Macbeth's fear was, perhaps, an element of his uxoriousness. He would not have lost her affection for two thrones.

Nor is it necessary that Lady Macbeth should be represented as a robust person, commanding in leg boots. Gautier, who wrote admirably about Shakespeare, praised the poet for not making the man violent and implacable and the woman hesitating, fearful, remorseful. "Woman, condemned by her sex to inaction and retained as a prisoner near the domestic hearth, conceives a plan and pursues it with a force and insistence that nothing can divert. Her solitary thought incrusts itself in her head, far more deeply than in the head of man, who is at each instant distracted by the thousand cares of life. It must also be said that morality and logic are two faculties little developed in women. That which they desire always seems to them just and legitimate. Obstacles with which they personally have never been obliged to contend seem to them of little importance, nor do we believe that any woman has ever comprehended the fact that a person could not do a certain thing. On account of their very weakness, which relieves them from physical struggle, the mental intrepidity of women is boundless. To attain their end they recoll at nothing and behind every violent or atrocious action there is the thought of a woman. Lady Macbeth as a somnambulist knew not remorse; she did not repent; but, asleep, her will no longer controlled her actions; events had unsettled her nerves; she did not regret the murder of Duncan and of Banquo, but she feared that proofs of the murder still existed and she endeavored to make them disappear."

Hazlitt declared that to have seen Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth was an event in a man's life. "Power was seated on her brow, passion emanated from her breast as from a shrine; she was tragedy personified." But Mrs. Siddons in private life and at the dinner table stabbed the potato that she would eat. On the stage her performance was "something above nature." Is it not probable that the Lady Gruach was very natural, yet never so terrible as in her blandishments?

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in her younger and less commercial years should have been the woman for this part. She played it at the Porte St. Martin in 1884. The prose version was made by Jean Richepin. The only contemporary review that is now before me stated that she was "the ferocious Lady Macbeth of Shakespeare and M. Richepin"; that she played marvellously the sleep-walking scene, in which she had been seen before at a benefit performance in another theatre; that she produced "a grand, superb effect." It is to be feared that she acted "In the grand style."

In whatever manner the part of Lady Macbeth might be played, it would be a great pleasure to see the tragedy again, but to see Shakespeare's plays it is now necessary to go to Germany, England or to Paris. There was a time in this country when even a burlesque of "Macbeth," in which Macbeth was played in most amusing fashion by George L. Fox, crowded the theatre. A burlesque or parody is the highest tribute to the popularity of a play, poem, novel. Yet, strange to say, when the Follies in London produced some time ago a burlesque of "Hamlet," with Mr. Pellissier as the Prince of Denmark, there were protests against the "sacrilege." As though "Hamlet" had not been burlesqued for years! Perhaps this particular burlesque was not funny. The suicide soliloquy was reduced to eight words, "To be or not to be?" and the Dane raised a goblet of his country's whiskey to his mouth. "To be," he added, and drank it. This was not so funny that it



would make a man laugh if he were all alone, by himself, in the woods, to quote the phrase of the late Mr. H. M. of Yale University. The "Get the to a nunnery" speech was transformed into a sextet with dance. Hamlet threw Ophelia into a pond. He was at last shot to death by the ghost of Shakespeare, who arose out of Ophelia's grave, for Ophelia refused to lie in it. Hamlet exclaimed: "The rest is silence," while a thunder storm was raging. Here is a verse of Hamlet's topical song:

"No wonder I was called a moody Dane.  
When my uncle with the State plays fast and loose,  
And it is quite enough to drive a Prince insane.  
When he finds his country going to the deuce,  
So I try and drown my sorrows in a Canadian bowl?  
For I think my country's woes are best forgotten.  
What with ghosts that moan and groan,  
And a teetotaler on the throne,  
O' the State of Denmark is absolutely rotten!"

As the theatrical season of 1909-1910 is drawing to a close, a list of plays or performances neglected undeservingly by the Boston public may be of interest.

"Kreger's Pal," by Paul Wiltach, Park Theatre, Sept. 2. This play suffered from a misleading title.

"The Noble Spaniard," adapted from the French by W. S. Maugham, Hollis Street, Sept. 6. The farce was a little thin, but it was played with much spirit, and Mr. Edeson gave a brilliant impersonation.

"The World and His Wife," by Echagay, with William Faversham, Majestic, Sept. 20.

"A Woman's Way," by T. Buchanan, Hollis Street, Nov. 1. The leading part was capably played by Miss Grace George.

"The City," by Clyde Fitch, Globe, Nov. 22. An absorbing play, acted with rare intensity.

"Such a Little Queen," by Channing Pollock, Tremont, Nov. 23. A charming comedy delightfully acted. The title was a foolish one.

"The Battle," by Cleveland Moffett, Majestic, Dec. 20. An absorbing drama of contemporaneous interest and effectively played. Mr. Lackaye gave a remarkably authoritative performance.

"The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," adapted by Charlotte Thompson from Mrs. Deland's novel, Colonial, Dec. 27, did not meet with the popular success it deserved. Miss Anglin's impersonation was one to be remembered.

"Penelope," by W. S. Maugham, Colonial, Jan. 24. Miss Tempest's art and the excellence of the company were appreciated only by a few.

"What Every Woman Knows," by J. M. Barrie, Hollis Street, Jan. 31. The popularity of Miss Maude Adams drew many for a time, but her engagement was not so successful as usual, for the charming comedy was not appraised at its true value. The supporting company was excellent.

"The House Next Door," adapted from the German by J. H. Mannes, Colonial, Feb. 7, met with only fair success. It would have been more effective in a smaller theatre. Mr. Dodson's performance was admirable. "The Mollusc," by H. H. Davies, Colonial, Feb. 21. This witty, amusing comedy should have been played in a smaller theatre. It was finely acted, though Sir Charles Wyndham, not wholly in health, showed his age. "Sham," by Geraldine Bonner and Elmer Harris, Hollis Street, Feb. 28. An inferior comedy, but Miss Croswell's talents deserved a heartier recognition.

"The Parrot Moon," by Augustus Thomas, Colonial, March 21. The play was one of ideas and it disappointed the average theatregoer. As a play it is inferior to "The Witching Hour."

Beginning April 18, the majority of the performances by the New Theatre Company at the Shubert Theatre were neglected. The performance of "Not for Scandal" and that of "Twelfth Night" were disappointing. For a count of the inability of Miss Annie Russell to play Lady Teazle and Viola in "Strife," by John Galsworthy, produced April 19, and "The April Fool," which had crowded the theatre. Masterlinck's "Sister Beatrice" (April 20) was not well played, and it is to be read rather than put on the stage. "The Nigger"

by Edward Sheldon (April 21), a melodrama with strong situations, but based on a preposterous premise and with dialogue now sophomoric and now crudely realistic, was played superbly. Then there was an interesting performance of "The Winter's Tale," April 23.

Ibsen's "Pillars of Society," Hollis Street, April 25, produced by Mrs. Fiske. The audiences were pitifully small.

"Herod," by Stephen Phillips, produced by William Faversham, Shubert, May 2. The play and the sumptuous production deserved a better fate.

"Mid-Channel," by Sir A. W. Pinero, Hollis Street, May 9. This masterpiece of craftsmanship, a drama realistic yet not merely photographic, and with bitterly witty dialogue, should have packed the theatre. Miss Ethel Barrymore's Zoe was finely characterized, and she showed not only finesse, but true emotional power.

Two comedies and one farce met with deservedly great success: "A Gentleman from Mississippi," Park, Sept. 20; "The Man from Home," Park, Jan. 3; "The Blue Mouse," Globe, Oct. 18.

Mr. Bernstein's "Israel," Hollis Street, Jan. 17, suffered in consequence of the absurd ending devised "to suit the American taste" and from the inefficiency of the company.

Certain musical comedies and certain farces that were heralded in advance as "raw" drew crowds.

The attitude of the great public toward the theatre this season recalls Hamlet's thrust at Polonius: "He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps."

One word more about the late Lottie Collins. Her father was a member of an early minstrel troupe in England and an accomplished step dancer. The Referee (London) stated some years ago that the London version of "Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay," sung by Miss Collins, was written by Richard Morton to music arranged by Angelo Asher. The Era, commenting on her career, says that "the frenzied activity, the fierce energy, the complete abandon of the whirl dance" which followed the verses of the famous song, "probably laid the foundations of heart trouble to which the popular artist succumbed." The Era mentioned the fact that her husband, Mr. Tate, a composer and pianist, comedian, "came especially from Belfast" to attend the funeral. This was noble of him.

Mr. J. B. Clapp writes that it was announced in a Boston newspaper on Nov. 14, 1892, at the Columbia Theatre would occur the "first appearance of Lottie Collins in her original creation of 'Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay.'" She sang and danced between the second and third acts of "The Family Circle." "In the cast of 'The Family Circle' were W. H. Thompson, Frank Burbeck, Thomas Burns, Kate Meek, Manette Comstock, Lena Merrill and Kate Mayhew. For the cast of 'Young Love's Dream,' a dramatization of Dickens' 'Boots at Holly Tree Inn,' by Mrs. Burnett, which was acted the same evening, 'Wallie' Eddinger was especially engaged to play the part of the boy lover. Mrs. Burnett's work was apparently very bad and not to be compared with a previous version of the story which had been seen at the Museum. The Transcript spoke of 'the too fatally familiar 'Ta-ra-ra, Boom-de-ay' in the hands—and the feet—of the famous exponent, Miss Lottie Collins.' It said that the singer 'surprised in not being more surprising,' that she was 'a brilliant apparition in scarlet and black with a wildly tossing mane of yellow hair and commented on the 'famously inane verses.' So it appears that although the song, and presumably the singer, were known here at that time, this was the first occasion when Miss Collins herself sang the 'inane verses' in Boston."

When the curtain fell at the Hollis Street Theatre last evening the regular dramatic season at that house came to an end. The season began on Labor day and in the month that followed these plays were performed:

Sept. 6—Robert Edeson in "The Noble Spaniard," by W. S. Maugham, first times in Boston, two weeks.

Sept. 20—Hedwig Reicher in "On the Eve," adapted by Martha Morton from the work by Ludwig Fulda, first times in Boston, two weeks.

Oct. 4—William Collier in "The Patriot," by W. Collier and J. H. Mannes, first times in Boston, four weeks. Nov. 1—Grace George in "A Woman's Way," by Thompson Buchanan, first times in Boston, two weeks.

Nov. 15—Lillian Russell in "The Widow's Might," by Edmund Day, first times in Boston, two weeks.

Nov. 29—Hattie Williams in "Detective Sparks," by Michael Morton, first times in Boston, two weeks.

Dec. 13—Robert Hilliard in "A Fool There Was," by Porter E. Browne, first times in Boston, three weeks.

Jan. 3, 1910, John Drew in "Inconstant George," adapted by Gladys Unger from the French, first times in Boston, two weeks.

Jan. 10—Ruth St. Denis in Hindoo dances, eight special matinees.

Jan. 17—"Israel," by Bernstein, first times in Boston, two weeks.

Jan. 31—Maude Adams in "What Every Woman Knows," by J. M. Barrie, first times in Boston, four weeks.

Feb. 28—Henrietta Crossman in "Sham," by Geraldine Bonner and Elmer Harris, first times in Boston, two weeks.

March 14—"The Travelling Salesman," by James Forbes, two weeks.

March 28—Billie Burke in "Mrs. Dot," by W. S. Maugham, first times in Boston, two weeks.

April 11—Fritz Scheff in "The Prima Donna," by Blossom and Herbert, two weeks.

April 25—Mrs. Fiske in "Pillars of Society," by Ibsen, two weeks. May 5—Animal Rescue League benefit, special matinee, acts from "Tess" and "Becky Sharp."

May 9—Ethel Barrymore in "Mid-Channel," by A. W. Pinero, first times in Boston, two weeks.

One of the interesting features was the evening when Francis Wilson gave a free address on the question of stage children, which was then before the Legislature for consideration.

Paul Potter's dramatization of Fayre's "La Rabouilleuse," founded on Balzac's "Menage Garcon," performed in Boston as "The Honor of the Family," was produced in London May 5 as "Parasites." Arthur Bouchier took the part of Col. Bridean, which Otis Skinner played here so picturesquely.

George Grossmith, Jr., was highly successful at the Folies Bergere, London, we are told, not only as singer and comedian, but as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form."

Charles Martin Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" for orchestra and piano is named for performance at the Musicians' Festival to be held this year at Zurich.

## MAY 24 1910 CISSIE CURLETTE'S SLY GLANCES WIN

London Music Hall Singer Leader on Bill at American; Makes

By PHILIP HALE.

The bill at the American Music Hall this week abounds in first-class attractions. Miss Cissie Curlette, a London music hall singer, has, first of all, the delicious voice and the perfect enunciation that characterize the English vaudeville favorites, and furthermore, she makes her points neatly and without undue emphasis. She gives a sly glance and looks down. All of her songs made an instantaneous hit, the song in which, speaking of her unwillingness to marry, she philosophically remarked that one does not miss what one has never had, the "Chanteur" song, "Toodle-I-oodle-I-oo," etc. It must be confessed that the words of these songs are piffle, and the music has little distinction, but it would be a pleasure to hear Miss Curlette sing a table of logarithms. She is neither aggressive nor foolishly shy, and she at once makes friends with the women as well as the men in the audience, so that the admiration of the male is not clouded at the time or the pretext for a certain lecture.

The Azard brothers are gymnasts well worth seeing. The two waste no time in posturing or in receiving applause—"then kiss your hand as though you were pulling a hair out of your mouth," to quote from the dialogue of the old picture in Punch. They do surprising feats fleetly and with unflinching accuracy. All their feats are surprising. There is nothing thrown in to give the men rest; there is no sparring for wind.

William Courtleigh, assisted by Miss Gladys Claire, Frank E. Jamison and Edward O'Connor appeared

in a little comedy, "Peaches," by George N. Hobart. The comedy is interesting chiefly by reason of Mr. Courtleigh's marvellous vocabulary of slang, though Mr. O'Connor as the horse trainer is not far behind him.

Mr. Henderson of the team, Theo-Henderson and Thomas-Dike, wore a marvellous coat with a white satin lining in one of the front scene acts. Their songs amounted to little—is it possible that the best has been done in the line of coon songs?—but their dancing was excellent.

An extraordinary ventriloquist act was performed by W. E. Whittle.

Then there was the mind-reading dog Pili, whose opinion of his master and the audience would no doubt be entertaining, for he is a dog of dignified deportment and of a sagacious mind. Mr. Farrell is an ingenious cartoonist, in a novel and attractive manner. Eddie Foley sang pointless songs and was loudly applauded.

### CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE.

John Craig Makes Most of the Spender in "Brewster's Millions."

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—John Craig stock company, in "Brewster's Millions." Cast:

Montgomery Brewster.....John Craig  
Joseph McCloud.....William P. Carleton  
Nipper Harrison.....Wilfred Young  
Subway Smith.....Donald Meek  
Frank Bragdon.....Bert Young  
Peggy.....Gertrude Binley  
Mrs. Dan De Mille.....Mabel Colcord  
Barbara Drew.....Ruth Copley  
Janice Armstrong.....Holly Hollis  
Trixie Clayton.....Florence Shirley  
Miss Boynton.....Gertrude Shirley

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Great Divide," a play in three acts, by William Vaughn Moody. Cast:

Stephen Ghent.....Richard Buhler  
Philip Jordan.....John Duntun  
Winthrop Newbury.....A. B. Luce  
Lon Anderson.....James A. Bliss  
Dutch.....J. J. Owen  
Pedro.....Harry Brooks  
Polly Jordan.....Olive Rea Temple  
Mrs. Jordan.....Florence Hale  
Ruth Jordan.....Charlotte Hunt

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Double bill. Aborn English grand opera company in "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." Max Fichlander conducted. Cast for the first:

Santuzza.....Estelle Wentworth  
Lola.....Louise Le Baron  
Mama Lucia.....Vera Roberts  
Turrida.....Carl Hayden  
Alfio.....Francis Carrier

Miss Wentworth did herself great credit as Santuzza. If at times her voice was not quite equal to the demands upon it, and if her acting occasionally was a little too vehement, these things were forgotten in the general excellence of her picture of feminine woe and her skill in song. Mr. Hayden was a manly Turrida, capable vocally and histrionically. Miss LeBaron's Lola was all that could be asked, and Alfio, in the hands of Mr. Carrier, was an impetuous black-beard. The opera was well staged, and the chorus, barring first-night imperfections, was not the least praiseworthy thing about the performance.

Cast for "Pagliacci":

Nedda.....Rena Vivienne  
Carlo.....Eugenio Battain  
Tonio.....Giuseppe Pico  
Silvio.....Francis Carrier  
Beppo.....C. Strocce

It was very well done. The voices were up to all requirements, the acting was dramatic, the piece was excellently staged and the well-managed chorus met all requirements.

## STEEGER PRESENTS STRONG PLAYLET

This week's bill at Keith's scored a from-start-to-finish hit with two large audiences yesterday. The audiences waxed enthusiastic early and remained in generous mood until the drop fell for the kinetograph's offering, which, like everything else, was unusually good.

Julius Steger is chief star of the bill, measured from the size of the type and the amount of the applause he has in "The Way to the Heart" a strong dramatic playlet in which



excellent use is made of the opportunity for powerful acting. Mr. Steger is the rejected brother in the little heart-interest story of capital vs. labor, is the star, but he has not hesitated to place the other parts in as capable hands as possible. Alfred Hollingsworth played the wealthy brother, and the company of six responded to several curtain calls.

"First appearance here" was all the program carried in regard to "Bixley and Fish," operatic comedians, who possess good voices and a lot of natural wit. They carry a lot of new stuff that made an instant hit. And in conclusion they enact an amusing burlesque on Mme. Melba and Caruso. Miss Kathleen Clifford, direct to Boston from her successes in New York, has a dainty little act of sprightly songs and smart impersonations. In it at times Miss Clifford works along the lines of Vesta Tilley and her efforts suffer none by comparison. Added interest is given to her act by the fact that Miss Clifford lets the audience in on her rapid changes, all of her work, although screened from the audience, being behind a white sheet upon which every move of herself and her assistants is thrown in shadow.

Gus Edwards' "Schoolboys and Girls"—a typical warm-weather act—are always sure of a cordial welcome and plenty of applause upon every appearance in Boston. They received both last night.

Frank Alvin, as the Italian school-boy, was as good as ever, while the Howard brothers still retain that clever dancing specialty.

Others in the bill, all of which were thoroughly satisfactory, included Lola Merrill and Frank Otto in "After the Shower," Welch, Mealy and Menzies, the baseball acrobats of the Follies of 1909 production, an Italian trio of exceptionally good voices and William Ferry, another newcomer in "Making Both Ends Meet."

#### CUSTOMARY BLACK.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw protests against the donning of conventional black as the symbol of individual and public mourning for the death of King Edward. He suggests the wearing of violet as appropriate to royalty. He might also ask why crape should be worn for any one dying in a faith that assures rest from pain and evil and future usefulness in "the sounding labor house vast of being."

The ancient Romans mourning at first wore black, but the fashion changed. At the time of Augustus the magistrates appeared in white, but the relatives and the people at large clung to black. The women who had been wearing white at funerals went back to the black of the republic, and under the Emperors white was worn so little by the women that it became a mark of mourning. St. Cyprian inveighed against Christians choosing black as an emblem of sorrow, when death to them should be a matter of joy. The Syrians, Cappadocians and Armenians used sky color; the Egyptians, yellow; the Ethiopians, gray, and in each case the color was symbolic. It is thought that the Greeks preferred white, but why did Homer make Thetis, mourning her son, go all in black to Zeus, and Admetus, in the tragedy of Euripides, bid them mourn in black for Alcestis? The Anglo-Saxons apparently made no change in their dress. Certain African tribes shaved their head, put aside ornaments, and wore a small piece of cotton around the neck and each wrist. In the fourth century black was the conventional color, but in the twelfth this color was worn by mourners only in Spain. The Japanese chose white, and Montaigne wished that French dames in his time mourned in white, as they were wont to do. The French queens, after the death of their husbands, wore only white clothing, and a woman of this rank and condition was commonly called the White Queen.

In the first year of Henry VII. of England the public mourning was in violet. At the funeral of his wife, the banners were all white, for she died in childbirth. Anne Bullen wore yellow mourning for Catherine of Arragon, and Henry VIII. wore white for Anne. At the end of the sixteenth century black was the prevailing color, yet in some parts of England common people tied a dirty cloth about their head when they were chief mourners, and in Ayrshire it was not uncommon for women to wear red cloaks at funerals. In the sixteenth century when a relation of the royal family of England died, mourning was sent to the foreign ambassadors resident in London. Mr. Camden saw the Duchess of York "in a fine dress and mourning for her mother, being black, with ermine."

Men and women in this country are not so

much given over to the outward luxury of woe as they were in the sixties and early seventies. There is still the sight of women swathed in black; there are persons who insist that even the coachman and the footman should share in ostentatious mourning; envelopes and letter paper with a deep "mourning edge" are still provided for all who wish the world to note their immitigable grief, but the great majority are simple in their silent announcement of sorrow. There are changes in fashion, and some of them are curious; as the practice of wearing a broad black band on a coat sleeve, which in certain foreign countries is confined to the servants of a household or the members of a student corps.

There may be ostentation in the simplicity of a funeral, as in the elaborate instructions of Victor Hugo concerning the last appearance of his body in public. A certain ceremony, a certain dignity should mark the last rites of King or pauper. Since the beginning of the world more has been made of death than of life, and it was said not without reason: "Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave."

#### AUT CAESAR AUT NULLUS.

Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, seeing the power of hero worship, is led to view the future of this country with alarm. The return from Elba may not be followed by a Waterloo. "The next two years," writes Mr. Bradford, "may tell a story of which the nation has as little idea as it had in 1860." And so there may be a "Man on Horseback," an imperial court at Washington, and forest guides and tried Rough Riders may be Dukes and Earls, Barons and Baronets. Some of us may remember that there was wild talk of this kind about Gen. Grant when he was President; that a newspaper was established in New York for the encouragement of a monarchy. It is not necessary to go back to the attacks on Gen. Washington for his "monarchical aspirations." Fortunately the Americans have a deep and abiding sense of humor.

MAY 26 1910

#### EPITHETS OF WAR.

The New York Sun, moved to philosophical comment on the sad fate of the Hon. Harvey D. Hinman, headed its editorial article, "The Great Deblaterator." "Out of the defamation of associates, the abuse of neighbors, the attack upon colleagues, no man has derived a greater or steadier increase in public prominence." Let it be granted that this is true; yet why "deblaterator"? Mr. Hinman himself might ask this, as Laetitia asked her husband Jonathan Wild, Esq., at the end of their dialogue matrimonial the famous question that long perplexed her. To the general reader "deblaterator" is as terrible an epithet as was "hypotenuse" to the scolding fish-wife; but "to deblaterate" means only "to prate," and "deblateration" is only "prating." A person may deblaterate amiably or even eulogistically. What the Sun intended to say no doubt was that Mr. Hinman is a quiscillatory denigrator.

#### GOUNOD'S "FAUST."

Performed in Jordan Hall by Arthur J. Hubbard's Pupils.

Gounod's "Faust" was performed last night in Jordan Hall by pupils of Arthur J. Hubbard. Mr. Studley conducted the orchestra made up of players from the Boston Festival Orchestra with Mr. Crowley concert master. James A. Gilbert was the stage director. There was a large chorus. The parts were taken as follows: Marguerite, Caroline Hooker; Siebel, Marie Kilcoyne; Martha, Katherine Roche; Faust, Charles F. Hackett; Valentine, Wadsworth G. Provandie; Wagner, Vincent F. Hubbard, and Mephistopheles, Willard Flint, a former pupil of Mr. Hubbard. There was a large and deeply interested audience.

The performance on the whole was highly creditable to Mr. Hubbard and his pupils. As the singers are nearly all pupils, any extended criticism in which faults as well as merits were pointed out would manifestly be out of place. It is enough to say that the principals have voices well worth studious cultivation and that they sang for the most part effectively.

Mr. Hackett has a voice of uncommon quality and range. It is seldom that a young tenor of so much promise is heard here. He sings freely, and with taste, and the voice now suited admirably to lyric parts will no doubt in time be strong enough

for those that are here. The party of Miss Hooker's tone gave pleasure, as did the little voice of Mr. Provandie.

The chorus was well balanced and sonorous. The applause of the audience was often fervent and it was judiciously distributed. It was a pleasure to see Mr. Studley conducting again. His experience often served the singers in time of need. We have spoken naturally of the singing. The acting was plainly that of amateurs.

MAY 27 1910

#### A NOTE ON ORCHIDS.

Orchids were for years looked on with disfavor, if not with a certain fear. They were regarded as abnormal, as specimens of morbid vegetation. Their brilliancy was immoral; their grotesqueness of form suggested the parodying of nature by indecent and malevolent beings. The word "orchid" did not come into English literature until 1845, though "orchidaceous" preceded it by a few years. Lovers of orchids were looked on with suspicion, as later a green carnation in a buttonhole excited unpleasant remarks. It was said that the orchid fed on strange food; that in South America there were huge varieties which would kill and eat an unwary traveller.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's passion for orchids had much to do with the reversal of opinion and the growth of the orchid's popularity. An orchid identified him in the House of Commons, and strangers gazed on it with the awe and respect evoked by the shirt collar of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Chamberlain was a collector and for many years his collection, if not the largest in England, was the best known. Orchidacians became famous over the civilized world. Rich men spent fortunes, as men before them gambled in tulips. The word orchid passed into slang. Members of the Stock Exchange in London who had handles to their names were known as orchids. Special writers for newspapers who received large salaries were the orchids of the owners. The word, applied to human beings, was occasionally disparaging; they were gaudy and worthless.

It is not given to everybody to go to Brazil, where forests, sometimes in the interior, but as a rule nearer the sea are gorgeous with them. Sir Richard F. Burton in his "Highlands of Brazil" describes the astonishing epiphytes, air plants and parasites of these forests; how the strong trees are enwrapped by the weak things, how "every fall gaunt, ghastly trunk, bleached with age and grimly mourning its departed glories, is ringed and feathered, tufted and crowned with an alien growth." Orchids, like opera, are the playthings of the rich. The pollen from a single flower of a rare variety was sold recently in England for £100; but at the Orchid show in Boston this week will be shown the only specimen of its kind in the world, and its pollen would command a higher price. To think that orchids, before cross fertilization was a science, were passed by as of little account; that they were classed with sweetbreads and grape fruit, freaks of nature, not for man's enjoyment.

#### "MARTHA" SUNG IN ENGLISH.

Presented by Aborn Company at the Grand Opera House.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Martha," Flotow's opera in five acts, sung in English by the Aborn Grand Opera Company. The cast was announced as follows: Lady Harriet, Rena Vivienne; Nancy, Louise Le Baron; Lord Tristan, Francis Carrier; Plunkett, Alexander Beran; Lionel, Eugenio Battain; Sheriff, John Pritchard; Footman, C. Stroesco.

Max Fichandler conducted, and George E. Lask was stage director.

The audience was not as large as at the previous operas, but the enthusiasm was far greater than usual. The tunefulness of the music and the humor of the situations made their way in spite of occasional defects in the performance, and the opera seemed infinitely fresher than those which are turned out today to exploit some favorite soubrette.

The performance was animated, but was often marred by bad intonation. Miss Vivienne, who was a pretty and vivacious Martha, sang out of tune nearly all the time. The chief feature of the performance was the singing of Mr. Battain; his voice is of beautiful quality and he sang with much taste. He was warmly and de-



servedly applauded after the aria in act four, and was obliged to repeat it.

Miss Le Baron was both attractive and amusing as Nancy, and Mr. Rev-ar sang sonorously and acted in breezy fashion.

This evening and tomorrow night Carl Haydn will sing the part of Lionel, and Mr. Battam will sing Saturday afternoon. The opera next week will be "Robin Hood."

May 28 1910

### Hoffman's "Recollections."

"Some Musical Recollections of Fifty Years," by the late Richard Hoffman is published by Charles Scribner's Sons. A third of the volume is devoted to a biographical sketch of the pianist by his wife. His life was long, useful and blameless. He went to New York in 1847, when he was 16 years old, and he played in public there as late as 1897. An Englishman by birth, he played the violin, piano and concertina in public when he was six years old. His "Recollections" are pleasantly garrulous, modest and kindly. He was at the first performance of "Elijah" led by Mendelssohn at Birmingham, and helped pull the organ stops. He played at Jenny Lind's concerts, travelled with Joseph Burke in the West when travelling was tedious and ridiculous, pitifully small or minus. He was a player of the Thalberg and Gottschalk. Never a player of the first rank, Hoffman was a graceful pianist, and even in his old age his playing was characterized by a certain peculiar elegance. As a teacher in New York he was greatly valued, and as a man he had many friends. Some may remember his appearance as an old man at a Cecilia concert in Boston, and the charm of his personality. His volume of "Recollections" has the same charm and reveals the sweetness and humor of his character.

### MR. NEVIN'S PREDECESSORS.

The statement is made persistently that Mr. Nevin's "Poia," produced in Berlin recently, is the first opera by an American that has been performed in Europe. "Zenobia," a grand opera by Louis Adolphe Coerne, was produced at Bremen Dec. 1, 1905. Mr. Coerne was born in New Jersey and studied for a time in Boston. "Safie," a tragic opera in one act by Henry K. Hadley, was produced at Mayence, April 6, 1909. Mr. Hadley was born in Somerville and is well known here. Two operas by W. Legrand Howland have been performed in European cities: "Nita" at Paris, Monte Carlo, Aix-les-Bains; "Sarrona" in Italian cities and at Bruges. Mr. Nevin is not disconcerted by the fierce attacks of the Berlin critics on his "Poia." He reminds the world that "The Master-Singers of Nuremberg" excited hostile criticism at first. "Me and Wagner."

### MOROCCO BOUND.

Mr. Fred W. Carpenter, private secretary, has been appointed minister to Morocco. It is said that he desired a change on account of his health, and the appointment may seem to some logical, but the climate of Morocco between the central range of the Atlas and the sea is temperate and malaria is almost unknown. It is true there are wild animals, the leopard, bear, lion, and dog, not to mention the Sultan, his cabinet and about 4,000,000 Berbers. It is also said that the natives hate foreigners and kill them occasionally, "to encourage the rest"; but Mr. Carpenter can make his home in Tangier, and will be reasonably safe. The appointment is a transfer, but is it promotion? To many it would be a penal servitude. When the English government did not know what to do with General Richard F. Burton, he was made consul at Fernando Po.

### IN JEFFRIES' CAMP.

Mr. Joe Choynski, on his way to California to train Mr. Jeffries for his friendly trial of athletic skill with Mr. Johnson, sent a dispatch which reveals his plan for putting Mr. Jeffries in the pink of condition. Mr. Choynski, it should be remarked, is by no means an idle theorist. He has drunk delight of battle with his peers on windy plains and in close halls. The Jewish Encyclo-

pedia (vol. iv., p. 47) states with pardonable pride that he has fought more than fifty battles, of which he has lost but seven.

"I have had much time to ponder some plans for working with James J. Jeffries," said Mr. Choynski. "Music; art, psychology, painting, poetry, literature—all of these are going to be tried on the former champion at his training camp by yours truly, provided I find that as chief boxing partner and superintendent of training, I am given the latitude I should have." When Mr. Jeffries is punching the bag, any one can talk about fighting "until his tongue is sore," but at the table, or "when in the evening he (Mr. Jeffries) elects to rest on the porch," then there must be conversation on purely aesthetic subjects. Thus does Mr. Choynski hope to dissipate the nervousness of Mr. Jeffries and "his tendency to develop grouches." Mr. Jeffries must be in a pleasant condition of mind on the great day when he will shy his castor into the ring. The intensity of the aesthetic conversation will be regulated by the use of a new form of therapeutic lamp.

There is danger, however, in literature and in aesthetic discussion. There are novels by Borrow, Bulwer, Meredith, Hugo, Conan Doyle, short stories, as the one by Arthur Morrison, in which fights with fists are graphically described. There should be no allusion to one of Hazlitt's celebrated essays. One of Fitz James O'Brien's most striking poems should be ignored. There should be no quotations from the "Table Talk" of Mr. John L. Sullivan. There is too much fighting in Homer, Virgil and Scott. Byron was closely associated with John Jackson, better known as Gentleman Jackson, "Sole Prop and Ornament of Pugilism," as Moore characterized the man, who, in 1795, at Horn Church, Essex, beat the dreaded Mendoza in ten and a half minutes. It would be better for Mr. Choynski to read aloud pages of Pater, Wordsworth's "Excursion," or one of the less exciting romances by the late E. P. Roe.

Does not Mr. Choynski know that discussion concerning art, the drama, the nature and the future of the soul, may lead to bad blood and wicked blows? Men have fought with swords or pistols in Paris to settle the question whether Hamlet were fat. We respectfully suggest that Mr. Choynski should confine himself to the consideration of acknowledged masterpieces concerning which there can not be dispute. It would be unwise for him to choose as a subject of conversation Strauss' "Elektra"; Debussy as the founder of a school, the realism of Wedeking, the dramatist, or ultra-impressionism in painting.

We like to think of an ambrosial night, at Mr. Jeffries' camp. The therapeutic lamp shows that the hero is slightly nervous. Mr. Choynski at once reads to him an article from the Open Court or a poem by Mr. Alfred Austin. The hero is soothed; he nods; and an essay from the "Recreations of a Country Parson" puts him to sleep as though Mr. Johnson had landed one on the tip of his jaw. It is as though the Jeffries camp were a part of the Summer School at Greenacre.

### MEN AND THINGS

Let us first consult the wisdom of the Ancients. "A Thousand Notable Things of sundrie sortes: Where of some are wonderfull, some strange, some pleasant, diuers necessary, a great sort profitable, and many very precious," published in 1627, is a book that should be in every household; in every city palace; in every summer cottage. Thus on page 138 (Book viii., Paragraph 18) we find the following invaluable prescription: "Take of the grease of a Swine or Illog, and rub therewith the body of any that is sicke, against the heart, or the soles of his feete, then give that greace to a Dogge, which if he cate, the party will escape; if not, it is a token that will dye thereof."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is quoted as expressing regret because her play, "The World's Own," was not performed. "I wrote it for E. L. Davenport. Edwin Booth and Charlotte Cushman were to have the leading roles. There was some difference of opinion, as there often is in theatrical matters. The play was never produced. \* \* \* It was to have been played at Wallack's Theatre. \* \* \* A play of mine named 'Hippolytus' was produced. It was written for Matilda Heron and the elder Sothern, before he achieved his great name."

Was Mrs. Howe quoted correctly? For we read in Col. T. Allston Brown's "History of the New York Stage" (vol. 1, p. 492) that on March 16, 1857, the "new tragedy, entitled 'Leonore, or the World's Own,' by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, was played for the first time." The full cast is given. Matilda Heron played Leonore

and E. A. Sothern took the part of Lothair. C. Walcott, Mrs. J. H. Allen, Mrs. Vernon, Mary Gannon, Charlotte Thompson and John Dyott were also in the cast. We find no mention of a performance of "Hippolytus."

There was a passionate debate at the Porphyry, and the question was whether asparagus should be eaten hot and on toast, or cold with "French dressing." There was much said on each side and no one changed his opinion. Listening, silent, for asparagus served in any way is to us a sweet and rare boon, we thought of writing to Mr. Herkimer Johnson, for we remembered that there was wild asparagus on his patch of ground in Clamport, and that he once showed us triumphantly three stocks almost ready for the table. At least one chapter of Mr. Johnson's colossal work should treat of herbaceous articles, leaves, stems and shoots, as grown, served, prepared for either the table or medicinal use; with recipes and improving anecdotes, not merely a dry analysis of asparagus; as water 91.6, proteids 2.1, fat 3.3, ash 0.8, and the proportion of carbo-hydrates.

We have just received from Mr. Johnson sundry notes concerning the uses and abuses of asparagus. He apologizes for their lack of sequence in arrangement. The volume for which they were collected will not be published, he says, until 1915 or 1916, and he has been exceedingly busy removing woodchucks from his "estate."

"Dean Swift, who was fussy about his table, hated furnity and butter, and herb porridge, but he told at length how Lord Masham boiled oysters, and he wrote to Stella in January, 1710-11, that he had eaten asparagus, so that it was already spring, and in May, 1711, unhappy in London, he wrote to her: 'Go, go to the Dean's, and let him carry you to Donnybrook, and eat asparagus.' One day his publisher, George Faulkner of Dublin, dined with him. The publisher asked for a second helping of asparagus. Swift pointed to his plate and said grimly: 'Sir, first finish what is before you.' 'What!' answered Faulkner, 'eat my stalks?' 'Aye, sir! eat your stalks, or you will have no more. King William the Third always ate his stalks.' Faulkner used to tell this story, and whenever he was asked if he obeyed the dean, he answered: 'Yes, certainly; and if you had dined with Dean Swift tete-a-tete, you would have been obliged to eat your stalks, too!'

"When I was a student in Berlin in the early eighties, asparagus water was served hot in restaurants, oyster cellars, beer halls. It was thought to be a very help in time of trouble to those who had revelled the night before, belated rounders, and it took the place in Berlin of clam juice.

"There was a time in England when salmon was so plentiful that it was fed to paupers and lepers and thus fell into disrepute. In 1655 Dr. Muffett wrote: 'Asparagus was in old times a meat for such emperor as Julius Caesar; now every boor is served with them.' In the time of Queen Elizabeth, asparagus was eaten boiled in water or in broth and well seasoned. Brome in 1640 said in his 'Sparagus Garden': 'I will have Sparagus every meale all the yeare long—a noble resolution. Pepys took home from market 'a hundred of Sparrowgrass.' In the Tatler there is talk of a dish of chickens and sparagrass. Southy spoke of 'Sparagrass (it ought to be spelt so) and artichokes, good with plain butter.'

"I find nowhere in English literature any mention of the introduction of asparagus on toast.

"Asparagus was rare in France toward the end of the 16th century, but it was to be had 100 years later in great abundance. Rabelais mentions a salad of asparagus sacrificed by the Gastrolaters to their god on interlarded fish days; it was offered with other salads, caviare, pease soup, fresh herrings, anchovies, cauliflowers with oil, bean porridge, oysters in the shell, etc. The shoot was then thought to be the product of rams' horns buried in the ground.

"There is nothing of interest about asparagus in 'Le Gastronomie Francaise' (Paris 1828), or in Grimod de la Reyniere's 'Manuel des Amphitryons' (Paris 1808), but in the latter's 'Almanack des Gourmands,' published five years before, there is a beautiful and improving passage. 'Toward the end of this month (April), asparagus begins to point its head, a great consolation for those who, weary of potatoes and dry farinaceous food, sigh after something green. Asparagus, always dear in Paris, and suitable only to the rich, because it is unsubstantial and slightly aphrodisiacal, is very delicate eating. The larger kind cooked in water in served with a white sauce or with oil. The smaller sort is prepared after the manner of green peas, to deceive our hope and calm our impatience. But they no longer dare to present themselves thus when the genuine green peas arrive. And so a fair woman on the decline, who, by the aid of brilliant fighting, had usurped our homage,



ness with the break of dawn, and does not care to sustain comparison with a Hebe adorned only with her 18 sprig. Asparagus is also served with cream, gravy, preserves, even in omelettes. They serve as a garnishing for various ragouts; they may be preserved; but, we repeat, their finest lot is to appear cooked whole and in their original state."

"How should asparagus be eaten? When Mrs. Johnson is not looking, or when I am alone—and I am never so alone as in a crowded restaurant—I take the stalk, hot or cold, in my fingers. A knife should no more be used with asparagus than with lettuce. A fork is not a sufficient divider of the uncatchable from the tender. At the exhibition of 1851 asparagus tongs were shown and then described as 'an elegant appendage to the dinner table.' And so there was a time when mustache cups were considered genteel."

## BOSTON SUSPECTED CLAUQUE AT OPERA

By PHILIP HALE.

Something was said and something was written during the first season of the Boston Opera House concerning the presence of a claque. It is true that the entrance of a leading tenor on the stage was always accompanied by applause in a particular part of the theatre, and no doubt the eminent tenor had seen to it that tickets purchased by him, or given to him, had been judiciously distributed. It is not easy to convince singers who have been in South American or Italian opera houses that critics are not venal, or a claque, not necessary. A prominent member of the Boston Opera Company really believed that the critics employed by Boston newspapers had been paid to praise another member of the company. He was jealous of the praise bestowed on a woman. "Yes, the critics have been paid," he asserted one night in the corridor during a wait, and, pointing to a blameless member of the guild, he clinched his assertion by saying: "See Mr. — over there. He has had two overcoats this winter!"

Last season certain newspapers protested against the introduction of a claque into the Metropolitan Opera House to boom Mr. Slezak, and Mr. Slezak was assured that it was not necessary for him to adhere in New York to Viennese customs.

If Mr. Slezak saw to it that applause should be forthcoming, he followed in the footsteps of illustrious predecessors. It was always believed that Tamagno had appreciative listeners admitted to Mechanics Building when he was in Boston, and it was whispered that Mr. Jean de Reszke, too, was mortal, though a distinguished tenor. It is hard for any singer to fly in the face of tradition.

There was no established claque last season at the Boston Opera House. No doubt a tenor had his friends, and their applause often marred the beauty of a scene as their glorious Apollo entered eager to bow his thanks. Some of the subscribers who sat in orchestra chairs far down in front, on the right-hand side, complained bitterly of persons who would enter after the end of each act through a side door in the corridor and beat their hands together as though they were shingled. Their efforts were futile. In 99 instances out of 100 the audience was not thus spurred to applaud. When the audience wished to applaud, it needed no fagelman. The sight of an usher applauding is not suspicious. Ushers are subject to like passions as we are.

It may be questioned whether a well-managed claque in any opera house might not be a blessing to the director, the artists and the public.

An important person in the musical life of Italy died recently at Naples, Alfredo Moreno, the head of the claque at the St. Carlo Theatre. It is said that he had no aesthetic preferences; that his taste in art was governed solely by the money which he received for applauding singer or composer. He disliked especially Wagner and Strauss. "Their music is bothersome. It goes on forever, and there is no means of interspersing applause. The audience neither

applauds, nor recalls the singers. If the music of these men becomes popular, good bye to the claque!"

We have no means of knowing whether Moreno was worthy of being classed with the great Auguste of the Paris Opera in the thirties and early forties; with "le pere" Planchet, who died deeply regretted in Paris nine years ago this month; with Schoentag, whose jubilee as the head of the claque at the Vienna opera house was celebrated early in 1899.

Auguste—his full name was Auguste Levassier—was the mainstay of the Paris opera under the reign of Dr. Veron and Duponchel, a reign that enriched the rulers. He was tall, robust. His hands were of extraordinary size and he was proud of them. To display them he never wore gloves, and he pretended that he could not find any large enough. He sported bushy side whiskers, and his trousers were at half mast, like those of Johannes Brahms and Cesar Franck. Beginning life as an ordinary claqueur, a "Roman," he soon became a lieutenant and then Caesar himself. His life was passed in the opera house.

Charles de Boigne, in his malicious memoirs, tells many stories about Auguste. At 3 P. M. Auguste took his instructions. The day of an ordinary performance he received 45 tickets, for the managers of the opera never paid him in money. Auguste kept the lion's share for himself; he sold them or gave them away with the condition that the receiver should applaud. The other tickets went to his subordinates, who had the right to sell them and keep the money. The doors of the Opera opened at 6 P. M. Auguste and his men were then seated in various parts of the house ready for action.

Auguste was a master of tactics. He knew the psychological moment. His authority over his troops was marvellous. Berlioz described him as cold, dignified, reticent, given over to his meditations, combinations, strategic calculations. His men, however placed, could always see his coat, either bright green or reddish brown. Berlioz said of him: "No more intelligent or braver dispenser of glory ever throned it under a chandelier. The public has often admired, but never sufficiently, the wonderful talent with which Auguste directed the great works of the modern repertory and the excellent advice he gave composers according to necessity."

Auguste knew the public, its whims, prejudices, revolts, enthusiasms. He knew when the applause of the claque would respond to the favorable sentiments of the audience. He advised and encouraged Scribe. Meyerbeer would sit by his side and hearken unto him as to an oracle. Eugene de Mirecourt says that Auguste once interrupted a long aria by saying to Meyerbeer: "That is a dangerous bit." "Do you think so?" "I am sure of it. If you have many friends here who wish to put it through, I'll have my friends 'continue' it; but I'll not be answerable." "Well," said Meyerbeer, "to make sure, cut it out; you know better than I." Before each first performance Veron, the director, and Auguste would go through the whole work. Veron described the interview in his book of reminiscences. "I did not press my opinions on him; I listened to his. He judged everything, song and dance, according to his personal impressions. I sometimes caught myself laughing at the justice of his criticism and at the plan, traced in advance, for the skillful and graduated distribution of applause." Then the two settled the fate of the singers. They that took the leading parts were, of course, to be cheered and recalled. "When it came to singers of the second rank I was loath to settle in precise terms what should be done for each one, for I was afraid of showing personal preferences. I adopted, so as to be in agreement with Auguste, a chromatic scale; the upper notes were to excite applause, the lower ones prescribed coolness. Auguste comprehended this musical language to the finest nuance and I found out at night that my instructions had been understood and faithfully translated."

Auguste died in 1844, leaving the reputation of an honorable claqueur and a large fortune to his daughter; for, if the directors of the Opera did not pay him in money they did not forbid that others should recompense him.

Thus, one woman, a dancer, Lise Noblet, gave up to him her "allowance for fire," which was £50 a per-

formance. For 15 years Auguste prepared the entrance of Miss Noblet. Suppose she danced only six times a month, a moderate estimate. In 15 years Miss Noblet was worth to Auguste £55,000. Nearly all the dancers and singers paid him a monthly or yearly subscription, and all gave him their free tickets, and each artist had the right to two, four or six seats.

Fanny Elssler, who was the least exacting of all dancers, and to use Boigne's phrase, the best fellow among them, thought that Auguste was cold toward her, and her influence was so great that he was removed from the Opera and Sauton ruled in his stead. Like Achilles, Auguste retired to his tent, but unlike Achilles he did not sulk or grumble. Sauton made a mess of it. Not used to the splendor of the Opera, he lost his head and applauded as a spectator, not as a claqueur. There was anarchy. To save the Opera the recall of Auguste was necessary. Fanny was persuaded to see him. "Miss Elssler, everybody is suffering here—you, I, the administration, the public. Sauton is an idiot. Take me back, restore my place to me. Here are £50,000. I beg you to distribute them among your poor." He put at her feet a wallet which probably contained only lottery or theatre tickets. Miss Elssler spurned the gift, but Auguste went back and remounted his throne with modest dignity.

He never demanded, but always accepted. A singer who was a regular subscriber wished for more applause and offered him extra money. "I am pained to refuse you, madam, but your contract is about to expire and I have promised the management to remain neutral." The unsuccessful wooer of a dancer offered him 25 louis if he would bring about her failure on the stage. She failed miserably, but the claque had applauded wildly. The next morning Auguste was reproached for his treachery. "Treachery, say rather a stroke of genius, Monsieur le Comte! I could not bring about her failure, my principles forbade it, but I applauded so much that I made her fail."

Scribe was anxious about the effect of an act of "La Tarentule," which ended with a burial scene. "Have no fear," said Auguste, "I shall take the death gaily."

On grand occasions Auguste received 200 or 300 tickets. Never was the ruin of an artist on his conscience. He told his men to respect the indifferent and even the few who would not pay. He allowed "a vivacious movement" only against the fathers and the brothers who permitted themselves to bring about the failure of comrades.

Auguste probably has had no rival in Paris. Porcher was a man of less authority. Planchet, however, was a man of parts and left nearly a million francs. He could barely read or write. He began life as the proprietor of a humble wine shop frequented by equally humble actors whose I O U's he took. He ended by being the chief of the claque for Rejane, Coquelin, Samuel and Rochard. He was watched respectfully at rehearsals by managers and comedians. He was not impressed by an academician. To one author he would remark: "For your own sake, don't say you wrote all of it"; to another, "I shall have to send up 50 of the claque if that is going to run 10 nights." If there was a success, he had the play read over to him until he knew it by heart, and then he would choose the passages to be applauded. The judgment of the author was as nothing in his eyes. He once said—and Dumas the younger was fond of repeating it—that if you had "intelligent hands" you might be sure of the most brilliant destiny. To many managers he was the financial providence. "A manager, for example, who found himself short of the capital needed to mount a piece would obtain what he wanted from Planchet if that shrewd judge approved his scheme. Planchet accepted seats in payment, and, as the rate at which they were charged him was naturally low, his profits were fat if the play was a success." He was a shrewd bargainer, but he could be a good friend, especially to young dramatists.

The claque has existed everywhere since the days of Nero, who, as singer and player, had the largest and best-drilled body of admirers known to historians of the stage. About 1880 the chief at Covent Garden was Cauvain. His fee for the season was never less than \$50, besides a number of tickets and certain other perquisites. It is said that there was in London a famous singer who employed two clagues—one for applause and the other to extinguish rivals.

Much has been said in favor of a well regulated claque. With it the director of a theatre rewards economically services that have been rendered. De Boigne believed that there was no singer, however great or troublesome, who could withstand the silence of claqueurs. Gautier wrote a brilliant defence of Auguste and his men in 1838. A lover of paradox, was he in earnest?

"All these catilinarian speeches against the Romans of the chandelier seem to me to lack reasonableness and justice. The claqueur himself is not a disagreeable person, and he serves the public as well as the administration. Personally, he is a man of letters, full of dramatic learning. He knows the strength and the weakness of plays and, although he never refuses to indicated speeches the amount of handclapping expected, he has his special admirations and is not the dupe of his own noise, as are many persons of a higher position."

"If it be true that the theatre 'castigat ridendo mores,' no one should have more chastened manners, since the claqueur frequents the playhouses more assiduously than any one else. If he has sometimes protected mediocrity, he has often upheld a bold and new drama, inspired decision in a hesitating audience, and silenced envy, which was snickering and hissing in some dark corner. By preventing the failure of pieces which had entailed considerable expense, he has provided against the ruin of a vast enterprise and the despair of 100 families. He cheers and enlivens performances, which, without him, would be cold and gloomy; he is the whiplash that makes the actor leap and precipitates him into success; he gives courage to the young leading woman that trembles, and loosens the throat of the debutante who could not, without him, emit a perceptible sound; his applause is a balm to the wounded self-esteem of authors who easily forget that this applause was commanded in the morning. In short, the claqueur is a thoughtful attention of the director to the public, which is supposed to be too genteel, too well gloved to applaud; for the slightest gesture, the least sign of emotion is forbidden by custom to good society as it is called, and as every one thinks he is in this society, the most funereal and somniferous silence would reign in theatres, more mute, more hollow than the necropolises of Egypt. If claqueurs were to be suppressed for a week, the public would loudly call them back. The proof that they are indispensable is that they have always existed. Furthermore, the claqueur is only admiring nature a little exaggerated."

Nor are professional claqueurs always males. Jule Lan states in his "Memoires d'un Chef de Claque" (Paris, 1883), a rubbishy book with a few pages of curious information, that about 1820 in Paris, a woman, old, disguised as a man, known by the name of Alexandre, was "chef de claque au boulevard."

### The Colonial's Season.

The summary of the season at the Colonial Theatre is as follows:

- Sept. 6, "The Round Up," by Edmund Day, two weeks.
- Sept. 20, Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady," by James Forbes, three weeks.
- Oct. 11, Anna Held in "Miss Innocence," first time in Boston, three weeks.
- Nov. 1, Elsie Janis in "The Fair Co-Ed," by George Ade and Gustav Luders, first time in Boston, four weeks.
- Nov. 29, Max Rogers in "The Young Turk," by Max and Aaron Hoffman, first time in Boston, two weeks.
- Dec. 13, Grace La Rue in "Miss Molly May," by Julian Edwards and Walter Browne, first time in Boston, two weeks.
- Dec. 27, Margaret Anglin in "The Awakening of Helena Richie," Charlotte Thompson's play from Margaret Deland's novel, first time in Boston, two weeks.
- Jan. 3, Ruth St. Denis in Hindoo dances, four special matinees.
- Jan. 10, Mile. Genee in "The Silver Star," by Harry B. Smith, first time in Boston, two weeks.
- Jan. 21, Marie Tempest in "Penelope," by W. S. Maugham, first time in Boston, two weeks.
- Feb. 7, J. E. Dodson in "The House Next Door," adapted by J. H. Manners, first time in Boston, two weeks.
- Feb. 21, Sir Charles Wyndham in "The Mollusc," by H. H. Davies, first time in Boston, two weeks.
- March 7, Kyrle Bellow in "The Builder of Bridges," by Alfred Satro, first time in Boston, two weeks.



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 May 30 1910  
 The London Mirror publishes a letter advocating the use of ginger as a relish at breakfast. It seems that ginger is a tonic to the nerves, promotes digestion, and is beneficial to the liver. The eater will therefore be amiable at breakfast, and he will go to business with a clear head and "in a normal state of temper." There are otherwise exemplary citizens who should be let alone even by their wives and children until noon. Questioned, or addressed, they snap and sometimes bite. Will preserved ginger work a constitutional change? On the other hand there are men who arise happy and chatty. They sing—as a rule discordantly—while in the bath tub. That ginger is excellent for the liver, the organ which the soul inhabits, as some deep thinkers say, the seat of the passions, is no new idea. Sir Thomas Elyot in his "Castle of Health" (1580) wrote that ginger comforteth the head and stomach, and being green and well confectioned, quickeneth remembrance, "if it be taken in a morning, fasting." Vennor praised it in his "The Right Way to a Long Life." Long before them Galen and Discorides wrote elaborately in explanation of its action on the human frame. And yet Burton forbids ginger in the case of a predisposition to melancholy.

#### GINGER IN THE MOUTH

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#### ITALY FOREVER!

Although the operatic wars of last season are over there are rumors of wars to come. Mr. Gatti-Casazza in Paris and in New York is a loyal Italian. "If we want to run the Metropolitan Opera House on business as well as artistic lines, we must have an Italian repertory, for the backbone of the public is not composed exclusively of critics and highly musical people. The audiences nowadays go to the opera to enjoy themselves. Italian music appeals to the masses." Thus Mr. Gatti-Casazza, a child of this world, is in his generation wiser than the children of light. "Elektra" and "Pelleas et Melisande" are for special audiences. The great public may have curiosity to hear works of this kind once, but it goes again and again to hear the Italian operas from "Lucia" to "Cavalleria Rusticana," from "Il Trovatore" to "Madama Butterfly." And in Boston as in New York, the "backbone" of the operatic repertory will undoubtedly be Italian.

Drama of New York City Life  
 Called "The Prosecutor," with  
 Corrigan and Johnson. Amuses  
 at the Hollis.

ALL PARTS ARE ACTED  
 WITH UTMOST SINCERITY

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—  
 "The Prosecutor," a play in four acts,  
 a dramatization by Franklyn Seagrave  
 of W. H. Osborne's novel, "The  
 Red Mouse." First performance in  
 Boston.

Henry Carlin ..... William Owen  
 Katherine Nelson ..... Millicent Evans  
 James Lawrence ..... Orrin Johnson  
 Ed. Hargrave ..... Edmund Soraghan  
 Dan Downey ..... Rapley Holmes  
 Graham T. Thorne ..... Charles Lane  
 William Murgatroyd ..... Emmett Corrigan  
 Tom McGrath ..... Charles E. Verax  
 Max Miller ..... John Sheppling  
 J. J. Mitchell ..... Edmond Soraghan

Mr. Murgatroyd was the prosecuting attorney of New York city. He was a staunch reformer, bitterly opposed to graft, and while he was prosecuting Mr. Challenor for the murder of Col. Hargrave, the keeper of a gambling house, he accepted a bribe of \$5,000 from Challenor's wife to let the murderer off. Murgatroyd put the money in his safe and made a solemn and strong argument against the trial. Mrs. Challenor and her sister naturally concluded that the district attorney was himself a

grafter and a scoundrel of the deepest dye, but at the end of the play he gave the box of negotiable securities back to the wife and her husband with an affecting presentation speech.

For young Challenor did not kill the colonel although he shot at him after having put down six or seven drinks of whiskey in 15 minutes. His aim was not so sure as his stomach. The colonel and Challenor had been throwing dice for money against an automobile and the possession of Queenie St. Maur, who later in the play turned out to be Miss Nelson, a society reporter and the sister of the singularly fresh stenographer of the district attorney.

It was Shepherd who killed Challenor, for the sake of his money. Shepherd, the manager of the gambling house, was short in his accounts, and he wished to send his wife and daughter to Colorado for their health. He was a doting husband and father, and thus we see that gamblers are often men of the finest susceptibilities.

Challenor was convicted, but the verdict was reversed and he was out on bail. While awaiting his second trial, he went into the cement business and became an honest and sober man, so that he drank nothing but coffee in his humble flat and exposed grafters in building contracts to the district attorney. In the end he was rewarded by a contract for a hospital.

Then there was Mr. Thorne; a corporation lawyer, a man of wealth and position, who really owned the gambling house. He wore a frock coat and a stovepipe hat, and wished to be United States senator. He also wished to marry Mrs. Challenor's sister, but the district attorney won the senatorship and the woman. There was also cynical Dan Donnelly, a political boss, who at the end met jauntily a well deserved fate.

In the third act all sorts of things happened in the Challenors' flat. Shepherd turned up there—why, no one knew, but the drama is full of mysteries—and confessed his crime to the district attorney. Every one walked in and conversed for a few minutes except Col. Hargrave, who had been killed some months before. Mrs. Challenor was at work on the intimate garment of an expected child. This act was full of retrospection, action, explanation and anticipation.

An insight was given into the inner workings of a district attorney's office. It appears that the detectives are a joyous lot who take their pleasure in guying visitors on important business.

This remarkable play, which was produced at Atlantic City last week, was acted with the utmost sincerity by all the members of the company. Chief among them were Messrs. Corrigan, Johnson, Holmes and Miss Emmett. Mr. Corrigan was mild but firm in prosecution and in the acceptance of the bribe. Mr. Johnson was effective as the drunken spendthrift. Mr. Holmes gave an admirable impersonation of a Tammany loss.

On the whole, this drama of contemporary life, founded on "The Red Mouse," is funnier than "The Blue Mouse." An audience of good size was much entertained.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Robin Hood," a comic opera in three acts. Music by Reginald de Koven; book by Harry B. Smith. Max Fichlander conducted. Cast:

Robert, Earl of Huntington, afterward Robin Hood.....George Tallman  
 Sir Triestram Testy, Sheriff of Nottingham.....Phil. Branson  
 Little John.....Forest Huff  
 Alan-a-Dale.....Louise Le Baron  
 Friar Tuck.....George B. Frothingham  
 Will Scarlet.....F. J. Boyle  
 Guy of Gisbourne.....Harry Hermesen  
 Dame Durdene, Keeper of the Inn on the Borders of Sherwood Forest.....Josephine Bartlett  
 Anabel, her daughter.....Sabery D'Orsell  
 Marian, daughter of Lord Fitzwater, afterward Maid Marian.....Estelle Wentworth  
 Six Famous Tinkers: Messrs. Halbach, De Pillis, Drumheiler, Yargensen, Ormsby and McMahon.

The performance of "Robin Hood" by the Aborn opera company last

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"Camille," a play in five acts, by the younger Alexander Dumas. Cast: Richard Buhler  
 Armand Duval.....Richard Buhler  
 M. Duval.....William Vaughan  
 Count de Varville.....James S. Barrett  
 Gaston Rieux.....John Dunton  
 Nichette.....Olive Rea Temple  
 Mme. Prudence.....Florence Hale  
 Camille Gautier.....Charlotte Hunt

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—  
 John Craig stock company in "Charley's Aunt"; farce in three acts by Brandon Thomas. The cast: Charles Sir Francis Chesney.....Walter Walker  
 Stephen Spottigue.....George Hassell  
 Jack Chesney.....William P. Carleton  
 Charley Wykeham.....Bert Young  
 Lord Fancourt Babberley.....Donald Meek  
 Brasset.....Al. Roberts  
 Footman.....R. H. Wentworth  
 Donna Lucia D'Alvadorez.....Mabel Colcord  
 Amy Spottigue.....Gertrude Shirley  
 Ela Delahay.....Gertrude Binley  
 Kitty Verdun.....Mary Young

#### KEITH'S THEATRE.

"Pride of the Regiment" Leading  
 Feature of Bill.

The dropping of the white sheet for the kinetograph pictures at Keith's this week isn't the signal for the usual exit, for the pictures portray, for the first time in this country, scenes from the funeral procession of King Edward in London, only a week ago last Friday.

All seats were occupied at both of yesterday's holiday productions and in the evening hundreds were turned away, unable to obtain admission. The program is evenly balanced, in which no one number sticks out by itself. Several acts are entitled to headline position.

One of these is the "Pride of the Regiment," in which William H. Thompson appears. The playlet has a distinctly English atmosphere, being the story of the son of an English gamekeeper who has been discharged dishonorably. The father refuses him the parental roof, but after a mother's pleadings and her threat to go away with the boy, the husband and father relents just as the curtain falls.

Stuart Barnes is entertaining and clever alike in his song and his monologue. He has brought with him a number of excellent suffragette stories.

A new feature in vaudeville is the presentation of Roman sports and pastimes in which acrobatic work is made the feature. There are four in this company, two of whom are men of mighty muscle, the development of which is best seen in a series of posings.

Charles Montrell, who comes very nearly being in a class by himself as a juggler, returns to Keith's this week. Jack Reidy and Elsie Currier, in a "melange of mimic and song," made a big hit, especially Miss Currier's playing upon the harp.

Others contributing their share to a really excellent program are Barnes and King, in comedy magic; Ray Montgomery and the Healey sisters, in novelty singing and dancing; the Farrell-Taylor Trio, in "That Minstrel Man," and George Mullen and Ed Corelli, in humorous peculiarities.

#### AMERICAN MUSIC HALL.

Season of Continuous Vaudeville at  
 Summer Prices Begins.

It was necessary yesterday at the American Music Hall to keep in mind that the house had inaugurated a season of continuous vaudeville at summer prices. Then it was possible to get out of the bill a little of the entertainment the rest of the big audience did.

A Dance from China, really three of them, is the star act. Miss Madeline Harrison, a pretty young woman, is the performer, assisted by an able electrician. The light effects are novel and make up for any lack of originality on the part of the dancer, who does the best work in her last number, "The Lantern Fly," barefooted, amid strange lights, weird spurts of white smoke and a shower of crystal.

In a farce of inconsistent plot Louis Chevallier and company amuse, chiefly because the actor can be funny despite the drawback of ineffective support. Some of his business is laughable and the turn gives much amusement. "The Malefactor" is another one-act play, done by the Dwight Gaylord Trio. It is a young melodrama with a very villainous villain, who has a realistic hand-to-hand encounter with the hero robust enough to produce a near-thrill.

Honey Johnson, blackface talker and singer of coon songs, was enthusiastically welcomed back. Everybody also seemed to like the Eretto Brothers, four young vocalists. Mora and Richards, a man and a woman, sang, too, with considerable success, judging from the applause. Marks and Young are nimble dancers and

Hall's Dogs are perhaps a little more intelligent than most canine performers. Fred Bond's illustrated songs are better than most and there are moving pictures.

## PICTURE DANCING IN THE OPEN AIR

"The Romance of the Rose" at  
 Faulkner Farm; Allegorical  
 Characters Interpreted with  
 Idyllic Effect.

By PHILIP HALE.

An open-air entertainment of an unusually interesting nature was given yesterday afternoon at Faulkner farm, Brookline, through the courtesy of Mrs. Edward D. Brandegee: "Picture Dancing," an illustration of a short introductory course in educational dance presented by representative members of four organized centres connected with the Copley Society, the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, the Central Church and the School Girls' Club. There was a brilliant and deeply interested audience.

The subject thus illustrated by pantomime, postures, groupings, solo performances, and as much natural dancing as the nature of the ground allowed, was an adaptation of "The Romance of the Rose" with the introduction of the allegorical characters. Idleness, the company of Sir Mirth, the Dreamer, Gladness, Courtesy, the God of Love, Sweet Looks, Truth, Fearlessness, Hope, Beauty, Simplicity, Danger, Ideal Beauty and others.

Miss Lucille E. Hill planned the scenario and drilled the participants in the dance idyl, and the result of her training was a series of charming pictures. The mimes and dancers, chosen from various groups of women who are interested in natural dancing as an educative force in the cultivation of taste as well as hygiene, showed eloquently the sincerity of the work, the simplicity and the purity of the ideal—and the possibilities to be achieved in the line of mental freedom and spontaneity directing the movements of the body.

The entrance of the women, as they appeared in costume of exquisite colors, moving joyously in groups down the long hill, half-hidden by shrubs and trees, until they were together in the garden of Mirth, was only one of many memorable pictures. The pantomime of Idleness and the Dreamer between the garden and the pond, the sleep of the Dreamer who fell under the spell of Truth, Fearlessness, Hope, Beauty and Simplicity, the dance and song of Gladness were conspicuous features.

The audience, the other side of the pond, was at a distance so great that there was no thought of any personal, individual effort, and the performance was as a vision of the old days when nymphs and hamadryads were still on earth, when women were akin to goddesses in the rhythm and grace of their movements; when there was serene unconsciousness in the full display of bodily beauty; when the world was young and the mind was not perturbed by self-inspection, petty cares, harassing routine, anxious thought of the future; when the movements of women were as melodies.

The long green slope, the noble trees and luxuriant shrubbery, with the glimpse of water in the foreground, gave a fitting setting to the expression of emotions through pantomime, dance and song, a singularly poetic episode in prosaic and materialistic daily life.



## NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.

No wonder that the great majority of those living in Turner, N. Y., protested against the change of the name of their village to Harriman. The name Turner was given to the settlement seventy-five years ago. There are associations with the old name. What to the villagers is the sum of \$25,000 which would take from them the name and the associations? It is a pleasure to find people reverencing traditions that are something more than prejudices. There have been lamentable changes of the names of towns in many states, even in Massachusetts, where men, having acquired suddenly great wealth, wished to have even humble railway stations named after them. Sometimes names of villages and city streets are changed by the genteel. Thus Edmunds Ponds, a romantic spot in the Adirondacks, is now known as Cascadeville. Thus Albany, N. Y., allowed Patroon street to disappear. And have there not been attempts in Boston by changes in name to rob streets and squares of historical significance?

June 2 1910

## TREASURED ROYAL COURTESY.

The English newspapers are still expatiating on the interest of King Edward VII. in all things knowable and do-able. We are now informed that he was not only handy with pencil and brush, but that he was brought up in a studio, for the Prince Consort was a clever artist and etcher, Queen Victoria always had her sketching-block with her, and the daughters of Princess Christian and the Duke of Connaught have often exhibited water-color sketches. Of course there is no reference to Mr. George Moore's delightfully boid account of the royal family pursuing art immediately after breakfast. And now comes "Croydonian," who informs the world that he once struck the King—then Prince of Wales—a severe blow on the chest with a lawn tennis ball. It was at Homburg in 1888, a scene for a historical painter. Did the Prince flush with anger, say "Sir," or summon an officer? Not at all; he remarked: "It was a very good stroke," instead of allowing the Osric in attendance to cry "A very palpable hit." Happy "Croydonian"! Till his death he will have the pleasure of telling how he hit the Prince on the chest, and the story will go down in the family as a sacred tradition.

## MRS. SALISBURY'S RECITAL.

Pupils of Mrs. Gertrude Franklin Salisbury gave a concert yesterday morning in Potter Hall. The singers were Miss Helen Ames, Miss Nora Burns, Mrs. Osgood-Crocker, Miss Florence Fisher, Miss Geneva Jeffords, Miss Phyllis Robbins, Mrs. Marie Sundelius, Miss Katherine Warren, Miss Marjorie Winnewisser. The program included songs by American, English, French, German, Russian and Scandinavian composers. There was a large and warmly appreciative audience.

All the pupils showed the results of careful and intelligent training. They sang freely, with pure and well placed tone and with excellent control of breath. Mrs. Sundelius is well known as a concert singer and she has often been applauded. Yesterday she sang the aria from "Louise" with genuine warmth and Stern's Waltz fleetly and brilliantly. Other sopranos conspicuous for beauty of voice were Miss Jeffords and Miss Ames.

Miss Burns has a remarkably effective voice, a true contralto of an uncommon range. The voice is of superb quality and the singer interprets with emotion as well as taste. Mrs. Crocker is also a contralto of much more than ordinary talent. Her voice is rich and full and she sings with feeling and dramatic intensity. The wonder is that these two contraltos are not heard here in the concerts of our leading choral societies.

June 3 1910

## MEN AND THINGS

Mr. Herklmer Johnson's notes on asparagus, which we published last Sunday, were, as he said, fragmentary and not arranged in chronological sequence; nor did he determine the great question whether asparagus should be eaten hot or cold. When it is served hot, the toast is often a disappointment; it is either too thin and hard, or it is mushy, not far removed from pap. If asparagus be served as a salad, the oil may be inferior, and if it be good, there may not be enough of it. Dr. Arbuthnot in his "History of John Bull," says that John's daughter, Discordia, turned away one servant for putting

too much oil in her salad and another for putting too little salt in her walter-gruel. When the oil is of the first quality there cannot be too much of it. The best oil is of course Italian, and of "the first crop"; that is to say, it comes as the drippings of the olives hung up, oil of the first pressure, not as the result of later and rude squeezings in a commercial press managed by indifferent hands.

John Parkinson was apothecary to James the First and Charles the First, and his "Paradisus Sole Paradisus Terrestris," has been highly praised as a learned and valuable book, but we cannot approve his dictum on asparagus: "Whose young shootings being boyled, are eaten with a little vinegar and butter as a sallet of great delight." Far better the Milanese fashion of today: "Parmesan cheese is grated and mixed in liberal quantities with nut-brown butter, and the heads of the asparagus are dipped in the compound." It is to be regretted that the Daily Telegraph commends this method as "tasty," for "tasty" is a vile term, almost as vile as "classy." The use made by the Daily Telegraph is the more surprising, for this journal is sensitive. "In restaurants conducted on strictly English lines it is not uncommon to observe diners taking alternate mouthfuls of mutton, with onion sauce, and asparagus. Could anything be more ill-blended? A refined epicure would shudder at the sight, and justly so."

We read through "The Young Lady's Companion in Cookery and Pastry, Preserving, Pickling, Candy-making, etc." (London 1734). This young lady, alas, knew nothing about asparagus. There is a recipe for "artichoke pye" (page 185), also for "biscuits to be baked in tin frames," also for "spinnage tart" and "venison, artificial, to make," with other curious information, but not a word about asparagus or any kind of salad. The writer in the Daily Telegraph does not refer to this book; probably he never read it; but he had this young lady unconsciously in mind when he wrote: "Asparagus is for the diner, and not for him who is merely hungry, and whose crude appetite is easily appeased."

Mr. Frank Schloesser contributed an article, "Salubrious Salads," to the Pall Mall Gazette of May 18. He does not like the salads of our country. "American salads, with their very elaborate mayonnaisse dressing, are nearly always horrible. They disguise the flavor of the raw material, and, instead of a fresh, inspiring delicacy of flavor, one gets a miscellaneous compound, with suggestions of half a dozen different materials." Pray, where did he eat an American salad? In Liverbol or at Mugby Junction? There are American bars in Europe, but they are not the real thing even when they have a brass rail as a suppedaneum.

Now Richard Ford was a loyal Englishman, a man who had seen many cities and observed acutely, a man not averse to the pleasures of the table, and in his "Gatherings from Spain," he said, "The salad is the glory of every French dinner and the disgrace of most in England, even in good houses, and from two simple causes; first, from the putting in eggs, mustard and other heretical ingredients, and, secondly, from making it long before it is wanted to be eaten, whereby the green materials, which should be crisp and fresh, became sodden and leathery."

The recipe of Mortimer Collins would not have appealed to Ford. This recipe will be found in "The British Birds," another anticipation of "Chantecler":

Take endive, like love it is bitter;  
Take beet, for like love it is red;  
Crisp leaf of the lettuce shall glitter;  
And cress from the rivulet's bed.  
Anchovies, foam-born like the Lady  
Whose beauty has maddened this bard;  
And olives from groves that are shady;  
And eggs; boll 'em hard.

Ford no doubt would have said that you might as well put in cigar ashes and a little Day & Martin's Blacking.

We have abstained from giving the Spanish recipe and that of Sydney Smilh. Mr. Schloesser quotes from Salvatore Massonio's treatise, published at Venice in 1627, in which more than 50 vegetables are discussed, and hops, nasturtium, truffles, borage, valerian, anise, cabbage and pimpernel are named among the ingredients. Massonio insists that salad should not be eaten as food, but as a stimulant to the appetite. Where did Mr. Schloesser find the story that on every Sunday at Pere Lachaise a fond father deposited on his son's grave a potato salad as a

tribute of affection? And who was the man who coated each leaf of lettuce separately with oil by means of a camel's hair brush? Mr. Schloesser speaks of the "old" French phrase "fatiguer la salade avec les doigts." The phrase is still in use and no Frenchman, not even an Apache, would put a knife to lettuce leaves. Rousseau went so far as to say that they should be broken only by the fingers of a beautiful and young girl. Let no American girl, however fair, wishing to make an impression, say that she will "fatigue the salad."

A host's salad often provokes lying. The flattering guest vies in this respect with the host, the maker and mixer. Every man, they say, thinks he could play Hamlet or edit a newspaper. Nearly every man believes that he can cook with a chafing dish and make a salad so that he excites admiration and envy. What messes have we all praised and actually eaten in the name of courtesy. We remember a salad mixed by a carpenter of plays. In it were oranges, pineapple, eggs, anchovies, tomatoes, lettuce, celery, bananas, chives, onions, green tea besides other things. The wild enormity of the dish was a temptation to the curious and audacious. And as a matter of fact the salad was by no means unpleasant. We go so far as to say that we remember it gratefully. The playwright followed one requirement of the Spaniards: "A mad man to stir it all up."

The Daily Telegraph, by the way, wonders why a large proportion of asparagus heads drop off before the dish is served. "This is due to the sticks having been placed horizontally in the saucepan." How should they be placed? Perpendicularly? Or "slantindicularly?" Let us not burst in ignorance.

## 'THE PROSECUTOR' AS REALISTIC PLAY

Audience Moved to Laughter by Serious and Emotional Situations and Dialogue—District Attorney and the Boss.

## LAMENT OVER THEATRE OF YEARS AGO VIEWED TODAY

By PHILIP HALE.

A distinguished French writer of melodramas said that there were neither good nor bad plays; there were good audiences and there were bad audiences. Would the author of "The Prosecutor" have considered the audience at the Hollis Street Theatre last Monday night a bad or a good one? It was highly entertained; but was not the heartiest laughter awakened by serious and emotional situations and dialogue?

The dramatist who adapted "The Prosecutor" from a novel, "The Red Mouse," thought, no doubt, that the exposure of graft and the methods employed in New York to thwart justice would interest the public, arouse its indignation and possibly aid in civic reform. It was a pity that Mr. Roosevelt was not in this country when "The Prosecutor" was produced at Atlantic City. He would surely have been present and written a laudatory article for the Outlook. He will soon be back, and "The Prosecutor" may be on the stage next fall.

Was the audience aroused to indignation last Monday night? Not a bit of it. The hero was not the fearless district attorney, who, having accepted a bribe, nevertheless did his best to convict the husband of the woman who gave it to him. The hero in the eyes of the public was the Tammany boss. His cynical speeches, his views of public and private life, were followed by sympathetic laughter and applause. It is true that the part was capitally played, but the audience did not stop to distinguish between the character of the boss and the art of the actor. The play was so preposterous, so extravagantly melodramatic, that the audience welcomed a character that was lifelike. It could not excite itself over the scenes in the gambling hell, and, see-

ing the free and easy manner in which a stenographer (male) and detective treated their superior, the district attorney. It could not hold the latter's office in high respect.

The press agent commended the play in the warmest terms. He more than hinted that the part of the district attorney was suggested by the career and character of Mr. William T. Jerome. Mr. Jerome should see the play—for he has a sense of humor. The play, according to the press agent, will stir the people to action. Grafters will be turned out of office by popular demand. The boldest boss will see the error of his ways, hand over his swag and become an honest man. Every district attorney will avoid even the appearance of evil. Unfortunately, the Boston public did not take the drama seriously. It did not examine into the psychological treatment of Queenie St. Maur, the young lady of joyous life, who suddenly and without explanation appeared as a star reporter and the beloved sister of the fresh stenographer. It enjoyed "The Prosecutor" as it would have enjoyed "The Span of Life," or "Convict 999," or "The Queen of the Secret Seven." There is nothing more delightfully extravagant than a "realistic" play of "contemporaneous life."

I read last week an entertaining attack on the theatre, plays and actors. The writer argued as follows:

There are no longer plays or parts. Every celebrated actor, and all actors are celebrated, has his repertory of effective phrases which he demands from the dramatist. Some say with the utmost effect: "Oh, my God!" Others sob gracefully: "I am most unhappy. Leave me!" This one throws out a mediaeval oath in a chivalric and wholly feudal manner; that one has a Mephistophelian snicker or staccato laugh that rouses applause. There are parts designed for popular actresses which do not contain a single phrase that has not already been applauded.

There are the exigencies of costume. Some actresses will not wear the hat of a certain period, for it does not become them. Some whose arms are scraggy will not play a Greek or Roman part. Actors refuse to shave their whiskers or mustaches, and soon only contemporaneous plays will be performed because actors will not appear except in frock coat or evening dress. The dramatist before he plots his piece is obliged to take measurements for the actor. If the actor is thin, the dramatist makes for him the part of a thin man; if the actor is ventripotent, a hippopotamic part is contrived for him. A comedian has a nose like the stopper of a carafe; therein lies his talent; the dramatist must always keep in sight this triumphant nose and invent all sorts of devices to show its facets. Another comedian is so jovially stout that as soon as he appears the audience begins to laugh; therefore the part of a tun or an elephant is indispensable to any vaudeville act that hopes to succeed.

The actor is substituted for the character impersonated, although a good actor should not be recognized when he comes on the stage in a new part. The personality of the true actor does not exist, and therefore comedians, as long as they have had talent, have not been considered as human beings. Hence the old types: Scapin, the sly valet; Iago, gay with his pink and white cloak and his triokly plume; Leandre, the handsome lover; Turcaret, hardly able to button over his dropsical belly the diamond buttons of his reddish brown waistcoat; Orgon, the eternal babbler and bore, who leans on his gold-headed cane and incessantly rebukes his son, who only laughs at him; Lisette, the impudent soubrette, whose nose and breast are always in the air, with her hands in the pockets of her muslin apron with a lively eye, a flushed cheek; Dorimene, the elegant and perfidious marchioness, who plays with her fan more gracefully than any

noble dame of Seville; Elhante, the chaste and reasonable discourses, who is always married at the end of the piece. They were all, in turn, the excellent comedians, adorable types, eternally true, eternally young, but they were never Mr. or Miss So-and-So.

The old actors were so afraid of destroying the theatrical illusion and



being taken for real beings, that as soon as they left the stage, the infamies and glorious pillory, they called themselves by fabulous and impossible names of war; in France, Mondonville, Bellerose, Larancune, Florider and other names, romantic and hardly Christian.

Today things are sadly changed. Comedians no longer take sobriquets; they answer only to their true family name, they marry and have children, they pay their debts, buy estates, obtain decorations, live the most prosaic life in the world. Celleneuve speculates in the stock market; Alste intrigues to be appointed an officer in a military company. Lisette comes to the theatre with arctics and an umbrella; she is of a modest and ignoble virtue, a vestal. Slack wire dancers gain the Montyon prize. Scoubrettes compete for the rose awarded for virtue. O sacred morality! Rub joyfully together your yellow hands with nails in mourning! but what has become of the brilliance of silent laughter, the daring gaiety, the dash of comedians of former years? Where is the mad life of the artist, the unreined squandering, the gold of "angels" nobly thrown out of the windows? Where are the young and beautiful creatures of the good old days, the Gaussins so tender toward penniless lovers? Laguerre, the dishevelled bacchant, with her deer skin striped with black, demanding fiery inspiration from Silley? Du the Sophie Arnould, all those charming daughters of the horse leech, who scattered money right and left in extravagant and graceful caprices, and died in the hospital, like true poets, after they had devoured millions?

The writer adds, though hardly by way of apology: We do not ask for the return of this eccentric and bohemian life; but it is not necessary that actors in their desire to rehabilitate a profession that was formerly decried, should abuse virtue. Actors have now come to the point of delicacy where they are unwilling to take odious criminal parts. Mme. Valnus refused the part of Messalina in the "Caligula" of Dumas the elder, under the pretext that the morals of Messalina were somewhat suspected and that a decent woman could not impersonate her without wounding the feelings of Mrs. Grundy. This example has found imitators. A tresses will soon accept for lovers only their husbands. Their sense of delicacy will forbid the wooing of others, and the part of the young leading man will be suppressed as opposed to theatrical modesty. Comedians will soon demand to be called by their real names on the stage, through exaggerated probity, from fear lest they be accused of passing themselves off fraudulently for others.

Yes, the situation is far from being brilliant. There is a complete decadence. Everything is manufactured. A piece is made absolutely like a coat. One of the collaborators takes the actor's measure, another cuts the stuff, and the third puts together the pieces. The study of the human heart, style, language—these are as nought. Collaboration, in the case of a work of intelligence, is something incomprehensible. From it only hybrid and monstrous products can result, even when you admit that the yoked collaborators are men of wit and fancy, and this is rare. Inspiration is impossible. Genius is essentially solitary. Prometheus, who wished to steal fire and life from heaven, was chained to the rock with his vulture of suffering wings. Scarcely from time to time, did the sea nymphs, the green daughters of Oceanus, plying his lament, raise themselves on their elbows and draw near to talk with him a moment while Zeus was sleeping. Imagine Prometheus with a collaborator seated before him chin in hand, looking at him with a stupid air as he was struggling under the inspiration of this vulture with the back of steel, who knew so well how to cut the heart and the liver, looking at him and taking notes with a pen and a block of paper!

Collaboration is one of the plagues of art. It is a mistake to think that the wit of one man can sharpen the wit of another. Talent and wit are like experience, things for personal use that cannot be transmitted. Collaboration suppresses the anticipated

and reciprocal criticism of each author. Every idea is discussed as soon as it buds. Reasoning over it nearly always snatches from it the down of the wing before it has become a feather so that the idea falls to earth instead of soaring skyward. Ilappy is the idea from which the wing and the foot are not cut at the same clip. Is it not shameful that the men of this period are so weak in muscle and scent of breath that they are obliged to band together to make the frame-work of a drama or to blow one of those foolish soap bubbles that we call musical comedy!

To prevent poets from arriving on the stage, the phrase has been invented. "They do not know the boards." Mediocrity, always envious and jealous, uses this phrase to discourage men of genius. Dramatic art is reduced to this "to know the boards"; that is to say, to risk nothing that has not already been applauded several times and is sure of success; to make the actors enter and depart according to certain conventions; to end each act with one effective scene or line. Nothing new can be produced while this method rules. The public is more susceptible to something new than the conservatives are willing to believe; it lets itself go naively and asks nothing better than to be astonished and surprised; but managers do not wish to admit anything outside of combinations with which they have already experimented. The modern drama is complex by nature. Simple combinations were exhausted long ago.

Every day this conversation takes place between some manager and some dramatist: "Do you really care for this scene of valets who are talking under the portico while their masters are chatting in the parlor? Here is a setting for a trifling bit. The servants say nothing of importance." The poor dramatist, who is afraid that his play will not be performed, cuts out the valets. The next day the manager says to the poet: "Is it really necessary that at the entrance of the hero his young son should go toward him and climb into his lap?"

We have no child nancy at present, and we should have to hire one. Our expenses are already enormous and the child might be awkward and spoil the piece. Suppose we cut him out?" The dramatist rebels for a time, but at last he cuts out the child. Now it is an accessory, now it is a costume that the manager from the depths of his long experience swears is perfectly useless.

Our writer complains of the critic's unenviable lot.

The same piece with music is played perpetually under titles only differing a little, and the actors do their best to preserve their own individuality instead of representing the persons in the drama. The theatre has become desperately monotonous. One is soon tired of seeing Mr. X, or Mr. Y, with his mannerisms, his mustache which he would not sacrifice for a Peruvian mine. A long time ago art and poetry, alas, disappeared from the theatre.

The theatre—that charming refuge of fancy, peopled by a race unlike others, with exceptional manners and morals, artistic gypsies camping in the midst of civilization, in forests of canvas, in public squares and palaces of painted board, with the chandelier for sun—is today only an industrial enterprise, as a factory of beet sugar or a company for bitumen. Actors are no longer excommunicated; they are buried as are the most ordinary citizens; they are members of committees, fathers of families; they have bank accounts. If it were necessary, they would make respectable grocers, and the majority, to occupy themselves by day, have some supplementary business; some have invested in a haberdasher's shop; some are wine merchants; others are ironmongers, etc.—honorable industries, no doubt, but there is nothing tragic or comic in them.

The actresses are extremely married and very severe in matters of morality. The grand coquette, leaving the stage after a pathetic scene, nurses her baby in the wings. They are good housewives; they salt adroitly the soup and do not allow the roast to be singed; but we should prefer them if they had wit, spirit, petulance in their playing. The domestic qualities are of no worth to actresses. Economy is a fine thing, but it is boring to meet in the

street the white vision of the night before in overshoes, a shabby hat and a suspicious umbrella.

The theatre will soon be only a boarding school to which mothers will send their daughters to make an advantageous marriage.

Now the true husband of an actress is the public. To the public she owes her knowing smiles, her tender glances; to the public, her beauty, her youth, her freshness, whether it be real or artificial. The public does not wish that a husband should see those fine shoulders bared so complacently. This husband disturbs the fancy of the public, and it does not like to think of his full blown and foolish face. The name of a husband attached to an actress is as a caterpillar on a rose. Perhaps the morality of all this is not exact; but nothing is more true; the theatre is neither a convent nor a theological school.

The dramatists do their best to favor this prosaic tendency by the stupid triviality of their conceptions, by their lack of style and imagination. All that which is produced on the stage is so poor, so insignificant, so evidently manufactured, as in a factory, that it is impossible for an actor or actress to infuse wit or sense into the dialogue. To recite right after night such lines of milk and water is a trade closely resembling that of an auctioneer.

And who, pray, wrote this attack on the theatre, its managers and people? Was it some New Yorker eager to elevate the stage, embittered against the syndicate? Was it, perhaps, one of the young lions of Chicago that roared recently against Mr. Sothern to his evident discomfiture?

No. I have at times paraphrased and at times translated literally from feuilletons written in Paris by Theophile Gautier over 70 years ago. It will be seen that even in Paris when Lemaitre, Bocage, Mme. Georges, Mme. Dorval and others graced the stage, there was the despairing complaint heard today. Nor was Gautier a common scold in the name of art.

We learn from one of his feuilletons published in 1833 that the prices paid singers, dancers and actors were "exorbitant" and "out of all proportion" with the sums paid other artists. Gautier complained that many dancers gained \$20,000 a year. Every movement of Taglioni brought her in \$7.02. Singers of some reputation received \$12,000, \$16,000 and even more. Mediocre actors, who, employed elsewhere, would not gain \$300 a year, received \$4000 or \$6000.

"Actresses, no matter whether they are old and no longer have talent, are paid still more dearly. It seems to us that this money should be spent on satin, velvet, lace, pearls, diamonds, plumes, rare flowers, rather than deposited in savings banks. We should not find it improper if actors and actresses should meet at the end of their days in the hospital the poets and writers who were the first cause of their opulence."

Let no one be disturbed by Gautier's remarks on the morality or immorality of comedians.

In the late thirties young France delighted by audacity of statement in making the bourgeois sit up, and Gautier was a lover of paradox. No one ever wrote more artistically in verse or prose about art than this same Gautier.

When he saw Van Amburg and his wild beasts at the Porte St. Martin in "The Emir's Daughter" he signed a wonderful article, in which, at the end, he explained eloquently the furious passion of the ancient Romans for the games of the circus. He concluded as follows: "This will seem cruel to many persons; but these spectacles inspired a noble contempt for life and were not without a certain grandeur. In our opinion the pieces with music that turn everything into derision and bring out the ignoble side of things are much more barbarous, unwholesome, immoral, than the combats of the circus. Blood is less impure than mud, and ferocity is better than corruption."

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Charlotte Hunt and her stock company in "Caste," a comedy in three acts, by T. W. Robertson. Cast:

Hon George D'Alroy.....Richard Buhler  
Capt. Hawtree.....John Dunton

*Ecce* *Harry Brown*  
*Samuel Spradley post 1. 1885*  
*Marquis de St. Mauds Florence*  
*Italy*  
*Polly Eccles Love Ren Tempie*  
*Esther Eccles Charlotte Hunt*

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"The Mikado," Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera in two acts, by the Aborn Comic Opera Company. Cast:

The Mikado.....William Sellery  
Nanki Poo.....George Tallman  
Ko Ko.....Robert Lett  
Pooh Bah.....Francis J. Boyle  
Pish Tush.....Charles Arling  
Yum Yum.....Estelle Wentworth  
Peep Bo.....Florence Coughlan  
Pitti Sing.....Louise Le Baron  
Katisha.....Hattie Arnold  
Nee Ban.....Walter Halbach

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—The John Craig stock company in "The Rivals," a comedy by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Cast:

Capt. Jack Absolute.....John Craig  
Sir Anthony Absolute.....George Hassell  
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.....Howell Hansel  
Bob Acres.....Donald Meek  
Faulkland.....William P. Carleton  
David.....Walter Walker  
Mrs. Malaprop.....Kate Ryan  
Julia.....Gertrude Binley  
Lucy.....Mabel Colcord  
Lydia Languish.....Mary Young

## 'DRAGON OF WRATH' DELIGHTS THE EYE

Loie Fuller's Play from China Introduces Her "Muses" with Accompaniment of Mysticism of the East.

PLASTIC STATUARY GIVES ARTISTIC REPRODUCTIONS

*Madame Blum*

### "The Story of Opera."

"The Story of Opera," by E. Markham Lee, is published by the Walter Scott Company in the Music Story Series and is imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. This book is more valuable as a compilation of facts concerning the origin and development of opera, the different schools and the chief reformers than for the aesthetic and critical opinions of the author. His sense of proportion is shown by the choice of a portrait of Arthur Sullivan for the place of honor in illustration. We are informed that Marschner "loved the demoniacal and the weird and gloated over them in his music," whereas Marschner was only one of a romantic school. Arrieta is not the most famous of Spanish opera composers; he is neither so well known nor so popular as Breton. As a work of true research and permanent value, Mr. Lee's book is greatly inferior to Apthorp's "The Opera, Past and Present"; but it may be recommended to those who wish to acquire hastily sufficient information to talk about the art with a show of intelligence. There are interesting facts about state or municipal subsidies granted to opera houses and, of course, there is a chapter, "How to Listen to and Enjoy Opera." There are portraits of 13 opera composers—among them one of Mackenzie—a portrait of Mme. Melba and a view of the Bayreuth Theatre. The proofreading was not flawless. For "Goncleres" (page 241) read "Joncleres," and the name Delibes should not have an acute accent over the first "e."



## THE EMPEROR WILLIAM AND BEER.

The Emperor William, who, like a distinguished American, is demented with the mania of omniscience and thinks he has a divine call to wind up the world's clock and tinker its works, recently condemned the use of beer. He characterized the beer drinking of the German students as a great disadvantage to the nation, and he pointed to the Americans and English, who, more sensible in their youth, "showed in later years greater powers of resistance in the battle of life." The Emperor is not the first distinguished German to make this protest. A good many years ago Bismarck said: "They that drink beer, think beer." His favorite tippie was a mixture of champagne and porter. The Emperor William encouraged recently the drinking of German champagne from patriotic motives—and there could not be more heroic loyalty. It would be interesting to know where the Emperor obtained his statistics concerning the amount of beer or ale drunk by American and English students and their physical welfare late in life.

It is doubtful whether Germans, students or philistines, will follow at once their Emperor's advice. The beer they drink is, as a rule, better and more wholesome than the beer brewed in this country. In Munich and its neighborhood it has long been food as well as drink. The price was regulated by government and a kindly government saw to it that a full mug was served. Any brewer that was detected in adulteration, however harmless to health, was punished severely. Yet the statement is made that in the last two years there has been a decrease in the consumption of beer in Munich in spite of the excellence of the various brews and in spite of the favoring climate.

The sentimentalist may mourn the royal disapproval of the drink so long associated with German students. He sees the student with cheeks slashed in the grotesque duels raising his "mass," slinging his songs and smoking a decorated and betasselled porcelain pipe. In actual life the student now smokes cigars and poor ones. The beer he drinks in vast quality is, in the larger universities, thin and light. But Nietzsche looked with abhorrence on all brews. "Where do we not find it, the mild intellectual degeneration caused by beer!" and he pointed out as a shocking example no less a man than David Strauss, who made his vow, in verses, to "the lovely brunette" and "degenerated into an author of a drinking saloon gospel and a 'new Belief.'" Not long ago the Emperor ordered that tea should be served to his soldiers. It may be that German students will yet indulge themselves in wild "Theeknelperel."

## An Old Quibble.

Since the North Carolina verse foundries had to be closed up resentful Tarheelia has been but too much inclined to split hairs and live on mint and cummin. For example:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Judge my state of mind when I find in a recent issue of THE SUN an editorial which confounds two well known practices of the English speaking peoples, viz., cursing and swearing. In an editorial under the caption 'Grammar and Commination' I find such a confusion of terms as seems inconsistent with my conception of THE SUN's usual purity of diction.

"When Macbeth says 'Damned he be' (or 'him,' as you please, for it really makes no difference in the final results which way we express the wish) I understand that the Thane of Cawdor is cursing rather than swearing. So when you conclude your remarks with the question: 'When swearing, why bother to parse?' I naturally feel that you are not up to the usual standard of THE SUN's performance in English.

"Mr. SHANDY is on record as holding that WILLIAM the Conqueror's oath 'By the splendor of God' is par excellence the finest example of

swearing known to science, and the same authority is good for the assertion that the curse of ERNULPHUS is the ne plus ultra of malediction. In my humble judgment I take it that 'Damned he be' (or 'him') is cursing and not swearing, and I confidently put it up to you to decide whether my contention is well grounded or not. Yours for good form in profanity. ERNULPHUS, JR.

"CONCORD, N. C., June 4."

If Tarheelia must curse and swear she shouldn't stuff herself with prunes and prisms. While we are more inclined to swear at the dictionary than to swear by it, a line from one of these word catchers is confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ to the fraternity of hairsplitters. We turn then to the nearest repository of wisdom:

Curse to utter imprecation, adjuration or denunciation with imprecation of divine vengeance, to use blasphemous or profane language.

"Swear" to use profane language, be profane; practise profaneness; use the name or names of God irreverently in common conversation, utter profane oaths; curse."

So in effect the other lexicons that cannot lie. To curse is to swear; to swear is to curse. This point was settled long ago. It is fully discussed in the "Prolegomena" to the Hon. PHILIP HALE's standard "Dictionary of Profanity," published by the Massachusetts Historical Society. See also the "Dedication" of that work to the Hon. JOSEPH GURNEY CANNON.

## LUNCHEONS FOR WOMEN.

Prof. H. T. Peck, the indefatigable and perverid correspondent, is apparently little versed in the customs and observances of society. In one of his letters recently published—for Prof. Peck is one of those unfortunate beings whose letters are published while he is alive—he doubted the statement of a young woman that she would be "at luncheon until 4 o'clock." This statement led to suspicion and green-eyed jealousy. "I have theories," wrote the eminent professor, "about luncheons lasting until 4 o'clock." Does he not know that luncheon parties for women only often last from 1:30 till 4:30, or from 2 till 5? That these luncheons are of many courses, with gossip between them, and often with music afterwards? The professor, who seems to be a nervous, impulsive man, should know that there are other luncheons besides the "quick," "electric" and "perpendicular." Luncheons lasting three hours are no doubt a waste of time and a severe strain on the system; but they exist and must be reckoned with. "Life would be endurable were it not for its pleasures," is a maxim that appeals only to gentle ironists.

It was stated positively that Mr. Nat Goodwin and his fourth wife were to be separated. Mr. Goodwin's summary of his four wives was published. It was epigrammatic rather than analytical. The fact that he characterized his first wife, long at peace in Mt. Auburn, a charming apparition on the stage and a woman of a singularly beautiful character, as an angel, led some to think more kindly of the comedian and to explain his later matrimonial adventures as a series of vain attempts to find her equal. Now the disconcerting news comes that there is no truth in the statement about a separation; disconcerting, because it was unexpected. Mr. Goodwin, we are now informed, fondly hoped to be present at the Johnson-Jeffries fight; but he has foregone the pleasure and sailed for Europe to join Mrs. Goodwin. Could there be stronger evidence of marital devotion?

June 8 1910

## BUMPERS AND TAPPERS.

It appears from recent Custom House cases in New York that the Government of the United States employs a "bumper," as managers of boozing dens and drunkeries, and even landlords of respectable inns, hire "bouncers." The bumper is in the eyes of a passenger just off the ship a rather loutish person and an aggressively awkward one. He might be suspected of undue indulgence in strong waters, for he goes about bumping into this passenger or that one, in the hope of detecting some parcel to be smuggled through in a pocket. For every American citizen or foreign visitor of high or low degree is suspected of smuggling until his clothes, as well as his trunks, have been searched. The government employs men who do not bump but tap. The tapper experiments on the trousers of the returning citizen or the visitor. Pearls and diamonds may be secreted in them, and if a Western statesman clings to "leg boots," which were once universally worn, the tapper is sure of a rich prize. The latest English writer of a book on Russia states that a prisoner in Siberia has more liberty than an Englishman at large in his own country. What would he say to the condition of an American citizen returning with emotion to the land of freedom and the dwelling place of liberty?

## FIRST NEWSPAPERS.

Much has been written of late in English and American journals and weeklies about the first London newspaper, the Courant, edited by a woman, Elizabeth Mallet, and first published daily about 200 years ago. The word "newspaper," however, came into English literature earlier, in 1670. There were news sheets before this, for the "Gazzetta" was published in Venice about the middle of the sixteenth century and there were sheets of a like character in France and England in the seventeenth century. We regret to find that then as now many looked with disapproving eyes on newspapers, which were characterized by contemporaneous readers as "ridiculous," or "dull"; and John Florio defined "gazzotte" as "running reports, daily news, idle intelligences, or flim-flam tales that are daily written from Italy, namely from Rome and Venice."

The Venetian Gazzetta itself was not the first newspaper as many think. Julius Caesar in his first consulship provided a daily record of official news, scandalous information, police acts, arrivals of distinguished strangers, Cicero's latest speech, literary news. The "Acta Diurna" was prepared by literary men. The stylus on papyrus, or an inscription on a wall of a chalk surface, took the place of a printing press. The citizens were as curious as any crowd in front of The Herald Building when Harvard meets Yale. Births, marriages, divorces were daily chronicled; there were announcements of prodigies; the funeral of the jockey Felix was admirably reported.

There is an entertaining account of the reading aloud of a newspaper in the "Satyricon" of Petronius Arbiter. Trimalchio, drinking hilariously at his memorable banquet, was interrupted by the appearance of the "actuarius" who began: "On the seventh of the calends of August there were born on the domain at Cumae, which belongs to Trimalchio, thirty boys and forty girls; 500,000 bushels of wheat were carried from the fields to the granaries by 500 oxen. On the same day the slave Mithridates was crucified for having blasphemed the tutelary deity of our master, and 10,000,000 sesterces were put in the bank because it was impossible to find a way to invest this money."

This newspaper did nothing but recount the wealth and extol the character of Trimalchio, who might be justly described as the owner. Certain owners and publishers of modern years thus had an illustrious predecessor, for it is thought that Petronius had Nero in mind when he drew his famous portrait of Trimalchio.

## FOR TOILET USE.

Mr. Blair, Referee in Bankruptcy, could not understand why the item of "one shaving set" should appear in a bill against Mrs. Evelyn Thaw. It is possible that Mrs. Thaw bought the set to give away as a Christmas or birthday present to some male friend or relation. It is also possible that Mrs. Thaw, as other women in all grades of society, prefers the razor as a depilatory to lotions or pincers. There are times when the Bearded Lady herself likes to change her face. The English-speaking races do not agree with the French in admiration of a woman's upper lip with an accentuated mustache, and neither French nor English sing the praise of woman's bewhiskered chin or cheeks. In these days of "natural," "symbolic" or "idyllic" dancing many women, professional and amateur, include a razor in their toilet battery, as did the gorgeous Venetian beauties painted by Titian.

## LANGUAGE IN THE MAKING.

The public is no doubt weary of Mr. Ferdinand Pinney Earle and the story of his successive affinities, but his case is not wholly without value to the world, for it elicited an entertaining opinion from Justice Clarke in which he argued from the premise that dictionary definitions are not conclusive. "English," says Justice Clarke, "is not a dead but a virile language—flexible, progressive, continually being enriched from all sorts of sources—its common speech made piquant and interesting by slang and jargon, often better understood by the man in the street than the classic diction of the great masters." We are glad to see a justice of the Supreme Court of New York thus welcoming slang words, "footpads and loafers of speech," to quote Mr. Whibley. Slang is language



in the making. The mere catch word disappears; the foolish phrase is only for a week, or a month; but slang that is elementally humorous, or hints at a philosophical view of life and its conditions, or is the shortest cut to a sage expression, lives and becomes orthodox and respectable. As the New York Sun remarked, when some correspondent found fault with its use of "had rather": "The English language is what it is and not what it should be."

#### A POSTHUMOUS NOVEL.

The late Pauline Viardot was a remarkable woman in ways that have already been pointed out in *The Herald*. It now appears that in addition to her many gifts she possessed one of the rarest gifts known to her sex or to that of the male: Secrecy. She kept for years an unpublished novel by Turgenev, and made no mention of it. With the manuscript found in her desk was a letter in which Mme. Viardot requests that the novel shall not be published until ten years after her death. The gossips in Paris think this novel may "elucidate" the relations between her and the great Russian. There is no elucidation necessary. Mme. Viardot and her husband were warm friends of Turgenev, who made his home with them for years. The husband, a man of fine literary taste, was of great assistance to the novelist in widening his acquaintance and gaining reputation for him. There was never a thought of jealousy and scandal. Nor should it be forgotten that Mme. Viardot assisted Turgenev in writing that singular story, "The Song of Triumphant Love."

#### MISAPPLIED GERMS.

The opening scene of that popular melodrama, "The Span of Life," has excited the laughter of the critical and of all sitters in the seats of the scornful. The villain, and he is a desperate villain to the bitter end, is seen poisoning grapes on the trellis by the aid of a hypodermic syringe, so that the young heir may eat and die. Yet a few days ago Dr. Patschenko in Russia confessed that he had killed rich patients by injecting cholera germs into their system so that their heirs might not be obliged to wait so long. Was not this as melodramatic as the device of Mr. Sutton Vane, the playwright? There were skilful poisoners in the old days, Locusta, and the royal Persian who poisoned one side of the knife with which she cut a partridge for her guest. There were famous Italian poisoners whose art made a glove, a boot, a helmet, a flaming torch, the pommel of a saddle, a lethal weapon. The Marchioness of Blinvilliers had a pretty art. Yet this use of germs by a physician has a monstrous and eclipsing horror that would have appealed to the tragic fancies of John Webster, enamored of his Duchess and Vittoria.

June 10 1910

#### A PARSEE OR TWO.

Is a Parsee a white man? The question came up in New York when Mr. Bhinaji Franzi Balsara applied for citizenship. A United States attorney argued that a Parsee could not be a white man, yet in John Ogilby's "Asia" (1673) it is said of the Parsees that "their faces are pale, and generally fairer than ours in Europe, especially the women, which exceed all other women of these countries in beauty." Some are prejudiced against Parsees on account of the stories in "The Thousand Nights and a Night," remembering how Zoroaster was abominably treated by the old man who purposed to slaughter him as a sacrifice on the Mountain of Fire. Circe-like Queen Lab was also a fire-worshipper. But the Parsee looked on the sun and the fire as a point of prayer; they did not worship the emblem itself as deity. If Mr. Balsara spends next winter in a New York flat, he will undoubtedly go back to the faith of his ancestors. The Parsees are a fine and cultivated race. Did not one of their women, Miss Dossibat Rustomji Wasji Patell, receive recently a diploma from the Royal College of Physicians? A few Parsees, even though they be "dark-complected," to use the language of fortune tellers and clairvoyants, will be good metal in the great American melting-pot.

#### THE DUSTY CITY.

Boston has the deserved reputation of being one of the dustiest cities in the world. Chicago has long been called by the envious, as its citizens affirm, the Windy City. Boston in

this country is pre-eminently the Dusty City. The clouds in the Back Bay would call for the pen and brush of a Fromentin who knew his Sahara. Mr. Rourke enters on his office of superintendent of streets with the good wishes of all. Will he lay the dust instead of raising it? Perhaps he is familiar with a passage from Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography in which the sage suggested improvement of London streets: "Some may think these trifling matters not worth minding or relating; but when they consider that the dust blown into the eyes of a single person, or into a single shop on a windy day, is but of small importance, yet the great number of instances in a populous city, and its frequent repetitions give it weight and consequence, perhaps they will not censure very severely those who bestow some attention to affairs of this seemingly low nature. Human felicity is produced not so much by great pieces of good fortune that seldom happen, as by little advantages that occur every day." And when Franklin wrote there was no fear of death bearing germs in the street dust that was the plague of shopkeepers and housewives.

June 11 1910

#### DESIRABLE CITIZENS.

It is to be hoped that the Wild Men of Borneo now in New York will be allowed by the government to remain in this country. One of the two famous wild men dear to our childhood died in this commonwealth. The one surviving is old and out of practice. He mourns the death of his companion and of the showman that cared for them tenderly. It is true that wild men make sporadic appearances in Maine and Connecticut, emerging from cave or forest, but although they frighten little school children and elderly maidens, they must be classed as amateurs. Borneo is the true home of the Wild Men, and they should be added to the list of products that make the island rich—tobacco, sugar cane, cotton, rice, sago, wax, camphor, Bengal cane, gold, diamonds, coal. These wild men have admirable qualities for household service; they are slight and short, yet strong; they are nimble and taciturn. They are of a domestic habit, as is shown in "The Home Life of the Borneo Head Hunters." Even now, before they have been smoothed a little by the sandpaper of civilization, they are far less wild than certain statesmen, authors, sensational clergymen, who are among the leading attractions of the Wild East Show, which, by the way, is continuous.

#### MONUMENTS TO HUMORISTS.

The grave of "Bill Nye" in North Carolina is still unmarked and there is talk of a fitting monument to him. He wrote many amusing articles and his remark that the music of Wagner is better than it sounds will long live in Wagneriana. Humorists as a rule are quickly forgotten by the great crowd, some of them even while they are alive, and monuments to them are simple and conventional tombstones. Thomas Hood has one more ornate, but the inscription is, "He sang the song of the Shirt." How many could tell off-hand where "John Phoenix," "Orpheus C. Kerr," "Josh Billings" and "Artemus Ward," the greatest of them all, are buried? It was Tom Corwin who called his son's attention to a monument and bade him remember that monuments were dedicated to "solemn asses."

Miss Dorothy Macvane, who has been engaged to sing in the grand opera season at the Elton Theatre, Palermo, next fall, is the daughter of Prof. S. M. Macvane of Harvard. She left Cambridge some years ago, and after she had studied with Baldelli for five years in Paris, she went to Milan to begin her career in Italian opera. Her voice is described as

a powerful lyric soprano. She will begin at Palermo in "La Traviata."

Her repertory includes "Don Pasquale," "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," and other operas. She has been invited to sing this summer in "Fedora" in a special season at Rimini. Il Loggione of Milan spoke last April in flattering terms of her "limpid and flexible" voice and her artistic sentiment.



Miss Dorothy Macvane.

June 12 1910

#### A ROYAL IMPRESARIO.

The Emperor William gives several reasons why his allowance should be raised to about \$5,000,000. He is not only a patron of music, disliking the compositions of Richard Strauss and loud in his praise of old-fashioned part songs, but he is an impresario. He recently saw to the stage settings and costumes for the ballet "Sardanapalus" and to the revival of a few operas. He commissioned Leoncavallo to write an opera about Roland of Berlin. He is friendly toward American singers in his opera house. Furthermore he contributes at least \$700,000 a year to the support of his theatres. Now, an opera house is an expensive luxury, as nearly all those who have run them have found out. The great majority of managers die penniless, and Maurice Grau was a great exception. His successor, Conried, left some property, but it was not accumulated solely through operatic performances.

Mr. Thomas Beecham, the son of the rich pill maker, has been giving opera in London. His losses for the second season, a short one, will not be under \$50,000, and may be \$100,000. "Opera is not popular in London," he says; "it is supported because it is a social function, and without that help would be as unprofitable as concert giving." Nothing daunted, he purposes to establish a permanent opera house in London and to spend, if necessary, \$2,500,000 in so doing. He hopes thus to encourage opera going in that city.

Meanwhile, Mr. Dippel, in an optimistic frame of mind looks forward to a reduction of the prices paid operatic singers in this country and in Europe. He argues that if prices are reduced here, they will fall there. But the prices in Europe are comparatively low except in the case of a tenor like Mr. Caruso or a soprano like Mme. Tetrazzini, and few singers would visit this country unless the prices paid here were much higher. These singers say on arriving that they are de-



limited to have the opportunity of appearing before American audiences, and when they leave they declare their undying devotion to the American flag in a manner that would have excited the envy of the late Col. Yell of Yellville—that is, if they have been eminently successful. Few have the honesty to say with Mme. Mazarin: "You know I sing in America for the money. For my reputation I look to Europe."

Why does not the Emperor William, losing money yearly as an impresario, join forces with the Metropolitan Opera House and propose an interchange of singers and operas? He might be persuaded to serve as Supreme Controller, or at least as Chairman of the Board of Directors. There could be no reasonable objection to him on the ground that he were socially disqualified, and as the Prussian diet will probably grant him \$5,000,000 a year, he will be able to contribute handsomely to the fashionable entertainment, known in art as opera. If Mr. Toscanini were suddenly indisposed, the Emperor might be easily persuaded to lead in his stead, provided the opera were not impressionistic or too modern.

#### MISTAKEN AFFECTION.

Not only is there an absurd interest in the doings of actors and singers; their relations are dragged into the lime light. A cablegram informs Americans that Mr. Caruso's younger brother, Luigi, is his guest in Paris and "revelling in the unaccustomed luxury of his new existence." "He drinks the best wines and smokes the finest cigars ad libitum." This is mistaken brotherly affection. Luigi was much better off with his polenta, macaroni, spaghetti, a handful of fruit, a flask of native wine, and these long slim Italian cigars with a straw in them. And there is variety in polenta, which, like our hasty pudding, can be eaten in a bowl of milk, with butter and molasses, or fried in thick, nutritious slabs. And what will Luigi do when Enrico returns to America? How happy his former estate, living the simple farinaceous, fruitarian, nicotian life, not knowing the voluptuousness of Parisian cookery and the wild luxury of tobacco, Cuban both in the wrappers and the filling!

#### MEN AND THINGS

We have received a singular and rather inconsequential letter from Mr. Herkimer Johnson.

CLAMPORT, June 9, 1910.  
Editor of The Herald:

I should have written to you before this with reference to several grave sociological questions that have been discussed feebly—if you will allow me this liberty—by correspondents and even by your editorial writers, but I have been busy destroying caterpillars. This year they are unusually abundant and voracious. Heretofore they have fed only on wild cherry trees—there are no apple trees on my lot; this year they strip the beach plum shrubs of their leaves and blossoms. I have met with fair success in my work of extermination. Some of their tents I put into a spring and drowned the vermin. This spring was long famous in the neighborhood for the sweetness of its water, but when I bought the lot I found the spring the home of frogs and stranger unknown things. When I come to sell my place for 10 times what it cost me—speed the day!—I shall extol this spring as one of the most valuable features of the three acres. Some of the larger tents I burned with a kerosene torch, but this method seems cruel to me, although Plotinus wrote eloquently about the perfect form of fire. I ruined two or three handsome trees, burned one of my hands and did my second-best suit much harm.

Perhaps you remember that Ferguson said he was going to put up a bungalow near me. Now, a bungalow, as I understand the word, is a one-storied, tiled or thatched house surrounded by verandas, or a garden house, and the word comes from the Hindu banga, which means "of Bengal." (I obtained this information from a dictionary, one of the books that have helped me, one that should be in every gentleman's library.) I do not believe that Ferguson knows exactly what a bungalow is, for he was talking about his yesterday—he has moved in—and he told me it contained 23 bathrooms. His eyes flashed with conscious pride, although he tried to appear indifferent, as though he was saying "I eat only dry toast for breakfast." Ferguson must have already spent \$70,000 or \$80,000 on this house, and he calls it, forsooth, a bungalow. He might as well call it a shack or a shebang. Isn't there a bank director in "Dombey and Son" who mentions his "little place" at Kingston-upon-Thames, intimates that he is barely equal to giving a guest a bed and a chop, yet contrives to say something about a poor little flower

bed or so, and a humble apology for a pinery? Ferguson, however, is a good fellow in spite of his 23 bathrooms. When he is alone with the family—there are four or five in it—do he and his wife and his children use these tubs in rotation, or does each one purpose to stick to one till it is shabby, or do they flip a coin to see which will be used on Thursday and which on Sunday? Authorities on hygiene now say that only two baths of the soaking kind should be taken a week.

Ferguson does not depend on a windmill or an ordinary force pump. He has a wonderful contrivance, an arrangement of boilers, buried in the ground, far down Faustine. When you open the faucet, air sends the water up, unless the air gets there first. As this air is propelled with immense force, Ferguson some day, stepping gayly into his tub and flitting the faucet, may be blown through a window or the roof and land on the tennis court—I mean one of them, for no true bungalow is without two tennis courts, one dirt, one turf. He might then be in the plight of the barber's brother in the "Thousand Nights and a Night," who appeared suddenly, unclad, in the market place, to the great amusement of the people.

It seems to me that it is a mistake to have so many bathrooms. When I used to go to country houses—it was before I was married to Miss Eustacia Chimes and before I girded up my loins for my colossal work, my magnum opus, "Man as a Political and Social Beast"—one the pleasures was the call "Next" to the bathroom before breakfast. I remember a dear old lady who used to go down the corridor, rap on my door and say: "Herkimer, the bathroom is free; Eugene has had his plunge." With 23 bathrooms in the house, there will probably be less bathing.

Ferguson is a good fellow, as I have said, and I respect him for having doughnuts for breakfast in spite of his sudden wealth. He is a believer in the old-fashioned hearty breakfast—fruit, a "cereal," steak, liver and bacon, or sausages, eggs, gems, rolls, Johnny cake, potatoes, hot buttered toast, cakes with syrup or cinnamon and sugar, and doughnuts. For many years I have not been allowed to have either coffee or doughnuts. The physician forbids the coffee; my wife frowns on the doughnuts. Yet there was a happy time when I crumbled doughnuts in coffee and ate with a spoon and with a horrid joy.

Clamport is changing from year to year. The village plumber now goes about in an automobile. This was to be expected, for his bills are as long as Leporello's list which he unfolds in mockery of Donna Elvira. The fruit-and-vegetable man also has an automobile, a superb one, with room for all his importations of fresh goods—from Boston. New potatoes are very dear. I don't know what we humble folk, living in houses not bungalows will do this summer. Fortunately I have a good stock of beach plum jelly which I put up last fall, and crackers are still reasonably cheap. I read a few days ago that Jerry and Dennis Skillener lived in a box car for five days on tobacco, but it was not stated whether the tobacco were plug or fine cut.

Living near the sea, I thought I ought to have appropriate books, so I bought "Hakluyt's Voyages" in eight volumes. I remember there is something about the nutritive properties of Virginian tobacco in one of them, but the index makes no reference to the weed. Its place in this index would be between "Tlaxcala" and "Todos Santos, Straits of."

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

## A NEW BIOGRAPHY OF FANNY ELSSLER

BY PHILIP HALE.

There is already much talk about opera for next season. Mme. Tetrazzini assures us that she loves America and its ky-ind press, but she denies, with a fine show of indignation, that she has agreed to sing in any particular American opera house, whether it be in New York, Boston, Chicago, Ill., or Putney, Vt. Mr. Renaud does not know whether he will be obliged to sue Mr. Hammerstein. Mr. Caruso invited his brother Luigi to Paris and set before him the finest wines and cigars of the kind smoked only by Russian grand dukes and distinguished tenors. These statements and others equally important as showing the educational

force of opera, have been cabled.

Will there be the interest in dancing that was almost a passion last season? Russian dancers have made a sensation in London, and because one of the leading women will not appear in Paris, subscribers to the season of Russian opera there are withdrawing their subscriptions. But there is little talk of that species of dancing in which Miss St. Denis, Miss Allen, Miss Duncan and their imitators, shone last season. Miss Lole Fuller is always with us, but her forte, as Artemus Ward used to say, is to devise effects of lighting and color. Miss St. Denis, who has brains and imagination as well as marvellous grace, is probably at work on her series of dances that will illustrate Egyptian history.

It might interest interpreters with bare legs, symbolical dancers, metaphysical dancers, and all others who having had or not having had academic training, portray by leaping, bounding, dawdling, posturing and undress all that is on the earth or under the earth or in the heavens above or in the sea or on the ocean bed, to know the opinions of Theophile Gautier concerning the ballet and the art of dancing. He saw the great dancers, Elssler, Taglioni, Cerito, Grahn, Duvernay, and was in love with Carlotta Grisi—for a time. Therefore his opinions should have weight.

The ideal ballet in his eyes must be founded on a fairy tale of some sort, a tale that admits of gorgeous scenery, sumptuous festivals, magnificent costumes, with sylphs, salamanders, water nymphs, bayaderes, and the whole mythological outfit for characters. "In order that a ballet should have some probability, it is necessary that everything in it should be impossible. The more fabulous the action, the more chimerical the personages, the less will the sense of the real be shocked. It is easy to believe that a sylph expresses her grief by a pirouette, but this does not seem probable, in spite of theatrical conventions, in the case of a woman dressed in a robe of blue silk, who has for a father a colonel with a paunch, wearing dog-skin breeches and riding boots." He was describing the ballet "Les Mohicans."

Gautier's theory of the dance was as follows: "The dance, after all, has no other aim than to show beautiful figures in graceful positions and to develop lines that please the eye. It is a mute rhythm, music that is seen. The dance hardly lends itself to the expression of metaphysical ideas; it expresses only the passions: love, desire with all its coquetties; the man that pursues and the woman that gently defends herself—these are the subjects of all primitive dances." Yet in the same paragraph Gautier praised Fanny Elssler for dancing with her whole body, from the crown of her head to the ends of her toes. "And so she is a true and beautiful dancer, while the others are only legs that stir and toil under an immovable trunk." And in his many articles about dancers he often refers to their portrayal of sentiments and emotions other than those he named.

Years ago there were "living pictures" and it is not necessary to go back to the time of Nero. There were the "Poses Plastiques," shown in Paris over 60 years ago by Keller's company. These pictures were "The Three Graces," "Ariadne," "Mars and Venus," "The Bath of the Nymphs," "The Bacchante," "The Gladiator," "Ajax defying the Lightning"—O vanished days of the statue clog!—"Faith, Hope and Charity," etc. And even in Paris there was discussion concerning the morality of this entertainment. Gautier argued that the "morality" of such a spectacle could consist "only in the harmonious sentiment and serene admiration excited by the contemplation of pure lines and gentle curves. A suit of tights crushes form, makes impossible wrinkles and muscles, takes away all beauty. Why in place of this disagreeably rosy tissue cannot the skin itself be seen, idealized and brought to the appearance of marble by the means of a light sprinkling of rice powder or pearl white? Sanctified by this pallor, the forms would be developed in their chaste nudity, and the 'living pictures' would attain the proposed goal. The most severe taste in the choice of models is necessary above all things. Ugliness is always indecent."

And so there were dancers who, while they had undergone the severest academic training, were never-

theless imaginative and interpretive, and chief among them was Fanny Elssler.

The life of Fanny Elssler by Auguste Ehrhard was published a short time ago in Paris. This volume of over 400 pages is much more than a book of anecdotes, or a compilation of contemporaneous and glowing feuilletons. There is a careful, minute study of ballet dancing when Taglioni and Elssler were rivals. There is an admirable account of the Paris Opera at the time when Fanny Elssler first appeared in Paris. The biography itself is full and entertaining. There is a remarkable chapter on her romantic attachment for the Chevalier Gentz, who fell in love with her when he was 65 years old

and she was only 19 and at the beginning of her career. This biography in every way is a model. It is invaluable to the student of the theatre and the general reader will find it engrossing.

Two chapters will be especially interesting to Americans the one in which the legend of Fanny and the Duke of Reichstadt is discussed, and that in which her extraordinary adventures in America are described.

The story that she was thrown by Metternich at the head of Napoleon's son was so credited in France and Germany that when she went to Paris in 1834 the Bonapartists made a demonstration in her honor. Later Dumas the elder introduced her as Rosenha Engel in his novel, "The Mohicans of Paris," and represented her as in love with the duke and in complicity with those who wished to put him on the throne of France.

Rostand revived the legend by introducing her under her real name in "L'Aiglon." It will be remembered that Metternich in this drama introduces her through Gentz to the duke, that in her arms he may forget his hopes and ambitions; that she reveals the plot to the duke and espouses the Napoleonic cause.

It is true that Metternich thought of woman's aid in destroying the duke's character, and he endeavored vainly to persuade a Viennese play actress, Mme. Peebe, to be the Delilah. But the woman was not Fanny Elssler, and it is well established that the duke never even spoke to Fanny. She was faithful to Gentz until his death, and her daughter, who in 1859 married the Baron von Webenan, had for her father Stuhlmueller, a dancer of the Berlin Opera, whom Fanny met only after the death of Gentz.

Fanny's adventures in America are told in 44 pages, and there is no allusion to the remarks of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Margaret Fuller when they saw her for the first time. She came without her sister Therese, but with her cousin Catherine Plixster, and that curious individual known as the Chevalier Wikoff. Catherine, who kept a journal that has been published, did not define exactly Wikoff's position. She described him as a sort of courier engaged in due form. A scandalous, blackmailing sheet in New York insisted that Wikoff was Fanny's husband. It was taken to task by the Courier, which stated that Wikoff accompanied her as a guide, philosopher, friend, and acquitted himself with all "the delicacy of a gentleman"; that such pure friendship could not be appreciated by perverted hearts. This leads Fanny's biographer to add: "Who would wish to pass for a perverted heart? Who would not believe in the perfect innocence of M. Wikoff so formally guaranteed by this journal?"

Fanny embarked on the Great Western and arrived at New York May 13, 1840, after a stormy voyage of 18 days. The reporters were at work before she stepped on the pier, and the "abundance of information, if not the exactitude" was flattering to her and the American press. "Thanks to The Herald, the world and posterity could know the hours of her leaving bed, of her walks abroad, of the receptions and also the character of her meals."

I do not purpose to quote from the reviews of her performances published in American newspapers. I wish to remind the readers of The Sunday Herald of the extraordinary enthusiasm with which she was everywhere received here and of the strange manner in which this enthusiasm was manifested.

After her great and immediate success in New York she went to



Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore. She was offered \$10,000 to dance 20 times in New Orleans. She therefore did not heed the call of Pillet, then the director of the Paris Opera. She visited Boston and obtained "unprecedented popularity in that city known for its austerity." She visited Niagara Falls. In December, 1840 she danced in Southern cities and in Havana. In May she went by boat to Cincinnati. She drove through the picturesque region of the Cumberland, took the railroad to Baltimore, bathed at a Long Island watering place, went to Saratoga, Lake George and Lake Champlain. In 1841 she danced again in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. Early in 1842 she visited Havana for the second time and returned to New York. She again visited Philadelphia and Boston. On July 16th she embarked on the Caledonia at Boston and arrived at Liverpool the 28th. Her sojourn in America lasted two years and three months. In this time she gave 199 performances, 21 of which were for charity. In Boston she gave money to the poor, bought 50 pairs of shoes for orphans, and subscribed liberally to the erection of a Catholic orphanage. Nor should it be forgotten that she danced in aid of the Bunker Hill monument, which inspired the celebrated burst of eloquence attributed to Daniel Webster. As I now write, I am obliged to accept Ehrhard's dates and figures without verification. He states that Fanny netted in America 742,000 francs (\$148,400).

About 1841 the theatrical business in America was precarious. "There was no question of artistic worth. The cultivated, or at least the rich classes, disdained the theatre." Managers were in a chronic state of failure. Fanny changed all this.

In New York at the Park the rich and fashionable did not hesitate to sit in the back rows of the second gallery, and thus, as the Courier expressed it, that part of the theatre known as "hell" was transformed into paradise, where the most disdainful and aristocratic hours of New York shone brilliantly. In the pit the swiftest dress coats were seen in the place of rags. The receipts in New York were always from \$600 to \$1200 a night, and her benefits brought \$200 and even \$4000. In Havana it was the custom for the beneficiary to sit at the entrance of the theatre and receive personally the money paid for seats.

The Americans heaped gifts upon Fanny. The New Orleans public gave her a diadem, necklace, bracelet, brooch. "At Washington she was the object of a delicate and austere attention." A family presented her with a crucifix of wood mounted in silver. The wood was from George Washington's coffin. And when La Belle Poule, the ship that had transported Napoleon's body, visited New York, an officer gave her a willow bough which had shadowed the tomb at Saint Helena, and he also gave to her a piece of Napoleon's coffin. At Havana she received a superb Spanish mantle of red satin embroidered with silver, and a wonderful fan on which the cachucha was figured in gold embroidery. A marchioness presented her with a portrait of Columbus and two tiny dogs with silk ribbons in their pierced ears. Birds with gorgeous plumage were given to her, the dishes cunningly prepared and delicious fruits.

There is a description of a performance in an American city. She has landed. There is an indescribable din. From pit to gallery the spectators clap their hands, stamp their feet. Their satisfaction bursts out in cries of wild beasts. Their veins are swollen; their voices are cracked. Fanny is both happy and a little frightened. Poems that proclaim her name and goddess are thrown on the stage. Flowers are rained upon her. Drums and brass in the orchestra give a fanfare in her praise. Medals in her honor and coins are thrown at her. "Doves are let fly with compliments in verse or a little bouquet." The crowd accompanies her to her hotel. Sometimes the spectators draw her carriage. At New Orleans the cushions on which she sat are sold at auction and at a fabulous price. Suppers and serenades prevent her from going to bed until she is exhausted.

On Oct. 5 of the same year (1840) the managers of the theatre in Boston

gave a serenade to Fanny after the performance. When they departed she hastened to go to bed. At 2 A. M. she was awakened. One of her windows looked on a burying ground. In this place of rest singers were assembled. Their voices rose, solemn and sweet, in the night. "No cry, no applause violated the holiness of the spot."

Fanny was obliged to make speeches of thanks in French, German, English, Spanish. The first time she left New York she said in English to the audience: "I have been so happy among you that I'm very sorry to go away, but I will certainly come again." "This sentence without oratorical pretension was welcomed by formidable hurrahs. The spectators repeated it as a man repeats to himself or rereads the tender words of a beloved one."

At Washington the congressmen rose when she entered their hall and begged to be presented in turn. The President of the United States received her solemnly at the White House. When she danced in Washington the business of the nation was neglected. She was treated on ships of war as though she were a queen.

Her name was given to one of the boats of the Great Western, to a locomotive, to all sorts of merchandise. There was the Fanny Elssler hat, the Fanny Elssler shoe. Her portrait was painted. A statue of life-size was made of her.

The Quakers fell victims. Fanny drew them to the theatre, "even in Boston where the sect had a special reputation for austerity. At New York one of them, throwing his Bible over the windmill, went to the Park Theatre and begged James Sylvain to procure for him at any price one of the intoxicating dancer's slippers. James Sylvain sent the amorous Quaker to her maid."

Society opened its doors to her and she was the idol of the working people. The printers of Philadelphia invited her to their festival. When she was at Saratoga and Lake George groups of children danced about her and cried out: "There's Fanny!" At Philadelphia a woman drew near to her carriage, held out her baby of 2 months and said: "Take it!" Fanny took it and kissed it repeatedly, whereupon the mother, wild with joy, indulged in this lyric flight: "No one shall touch you now, for you have been touched by this angel born surely under a happy star. Genius, grace and gentleness are to be read in the face of this woman who is so glorified. Happiness has touched you, my dear child; henceforth unhappiness will not dare to approach you."

It appears that the clergy was at first scandalized, but "before this victorious paganism, morose souls laid down their arms." There was in Philadelphia a German chapel called "The Temple of Reason." (How many things used to happen in Philadelphia.) The pastor invited Fanny to a Sunday service and a carriage was sent for her. Anthems were sung and the sermon on the test of love for one's neighbor contained allusions to the well known charitable work of the honored guest, who was so moved that she almost wept.

The manifestations of the Germans in New York provoked serious disorder, for the envious Americans tried to break up their concerts and processions. In New Orleans when the French colonists gave a great supper to Fanny, American kill-joys sounded an alarm of fire and brought out the engines, which halted before the hotel and bells were rung furiously.

Mr. Ehrhard states that Fanny Elssler did not dance her most passionate and sensuous dances in America, and thus kindle baleful fires in the heart of Uncle Sam. "She was so wise as to remember that she was in a country where virtue is perhaps not of a finer temper than elsewhere, but there was the utmost regard for the appearances. With much tact she struck the right note to succeed among people externally affected by evangelical precepts. Tartuffe could have sat in the audience without compromising himself. . . . She showed herself only in costumes of rigorous decency. The Courier reproached her for being rather prudish, and said that she pushed to excess the fear of a public whose modest susceptibilities had been no doubt exaggerated, and lengthened her skirt so that her fine moulded legs were hidden under importunate veils. 'This is a profanation and a lack of courage.'"

Furthermore, she observed in all

ways the conventions. There was no blatant, no hidden irregularity in her conduct, which was warmly praised for "its restraint, decency, 'bon ton.'"

The working people loved her because she too was a worker and gave an example of indefatigable activity.

Mr. Ehrhard concludes by saying that Fanny conquered the Americans by her inexhaustible generosity. Her one chief thought in this country was the work she recommended to the public of New York, the establishment of a pension fund for actors and actresses. In the letter addressed by her to leading citizens and quoted in full she speaks of America as a country with a decided taste for the theatre. Thus she would appear to contradict her biographer.

This biographer gives other reasons for Fanny's success in America, reasons that are not complimentary to this country. As his view coincides with those of recent biographers of Rachel, whose visit to this country in 1855 was in many ways unfortunate to her, a discussion of certain amazing statements by Messrs. Ehrhard, Fleischmann and others will be published in The Herald of next Sunday. I have endeavored to show today that no bare-legged dancer, no interpretative or symbolistic dancer, and even no Salome dancer awakened an enthusiasm in any degree comparable with that awakened over 70 years ago by Fanny Elssler, a dancer of academic training, in "barbarous" America.

#### A FALSE CONCLUSION.

Mr. Stanchfield in his defence of Mr. Heike in the sugar cases argued that his client could not have been guilty of fraudulent practices because he was "a man given to literary and scientific subjects for pastime." Mr. Heike is an amateur astronomer, "and such a man would hardly stoop to the perpetration of systematic and persistent frauds." Now, without reference to Mr. Heike, it may be said that such reasoning is fallacious. The poet has assured us that the undevout astronomer is mad, but star-gazers are not necessarily punctilious in business matters or proof against any temptation. Indeed, it might be argued that astronomers are at present under a cloud, object of suspicion, on account of their false prognostications about the behavior of Halley's comet. Many men, alas, given to literary and scientific subjects for pastime, have been sent to state's prison or executed for their irregular business. Thomas G. Wainwright for example ("James Weathercock"), wrote cleverly about art, was esteemed as a writer by Lamb, Talfourd, Forster, Macready, although his style was Asiatic, and yet he was a ruthless poisoner. A man of unusually high scientific attainments was hanged in New York state some years ago for a peculiarly cold-blooded murder.

#### HIS ORNITHOLOGICAL INTEREST

Mr. Roosevelt wished to hear English song birds, and so Sir Edward Grey, a keen ornithologist, guided him about the New Forest, "where wild life can be observed to the fullest." (There has been wild life in this forest ever since William the Conqueror made thousands of peasants homeless to create it; ever since his son Richard was gored to death there by a stag; ever since William the II., the Red King, was found dead there, shot with an arrow in his breast.) No doubt, Mr. Roosevelt, like the young woman in Boccaccio's tale, was especially desirous of hearing the nightingale sing, for the bird sings neither to President nor to postoffice clerk in this country. When the unhappy poet, Lenan, was in the United States, about eighty years ago, he commented on the fact that the Americans were wholly dead to the intellectual life, and therefore the nightingale refused to dwell here. "I see deep and grave significance in the fact that America has no nightingale. It seems to me the result of a poetic curse." Hearing the bird in England, Mr. Roosevelt will undoubtedly be delighted. He may even shout his favorite and inevitable word of complete satisfaction. The public may well expect articles in the Outlook that will surpass in ornithological interest those of Audubon or Wilson. There may be a trumpet call for the importation of nightingales—free from duty.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Charlotte Hunt and her stock company in "Romeo and Juliet." Cast:

Romeo.....	Richard Byler
Mercutio.....	Howard Gould
Benvolio.....	A. B. Luc
Tybalt.....	S. Barrett
Paris.....	John Dalton
Friar Laurence.....	Mark Price
Capulet.....	William Balfour
Peter.....	James A. Bliss
Balthazar.....	A. L. Hickey
Apothecary.....	Harry Brooks
Sampson.....	Robert Swasey
Gregory.....	Winchell Whitcomb
Lady Capulet.....	Olive Rea Temple
Nurse.....	Florence Hale
Page.....	May Dufferin
Juliet.....	Charlotte Hunt

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Aborn comic opera company in the two-act comic opera "Mlle. Modiste," by Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert. Cast:

Henri de Bouvray.....	George O'Donnell
Capt. Etienne de Bouvray.....	Charles H. Bowers
Hiram Bent.....	Robinson Newbold
Gaston, an artist.....	Leo Herbert White
Gen. le Marquis de Villefranche.....	Frank Beresford
Lieut. Rene La Motte.....	John F. Rogers
Francois.....	C. W. Phillips
Mme. Cecile.....	Josephine Bartlett
Fanchette.....	Grace Burgoyne
Nannette.....	Zoe Fulton
Marie Louise.....	Edna Mason
Hebe.....	La Reve
Mrs. Hiram Bent.....	Bertha Holly
Fifi.....	Ada Meade

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—The John Craig Stock Company in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," a farce in three acts by Frank Wyatt and William Morris. Cast:

Jack Temple.....	John Craig
Frank Fuller.....	Donald Meek
Capt. Sharp.....	William P. Carleton
John Brown.....	George Hassell
Nigson.....	Walter Walker
Mrs. Frank Fuller.....	Gertrude Binley
Mrs. Brown.....	Mabel Colcord
Dorothy.....	Gertrude Shirley
Mrs. Jack Temple.....	Mary Young

## MME. CHUNG AGAIN KEITH'S HEADLINER

Characteristic Dances Form Attractive Part of Loie Fuller's Production; Miss Glose Applauded for Pianologues.

Madam Chung, the dainty Chinese actress whom Loie Fuller has brought to this country as a star, is again the headliner at Keith's. There are touches in the performance that unmistakably tell that Loie Fuller is the guiding hand, but the few characteristic dances introduced blend with the Chinese production.

But Madam Chung is by no means alone in winning the applause.

One of the hits was scored by Miss Augusta Glose with her pianologues.

June 15/10

#### WITHOUT DISTINCTION.

It is a pity that Mr. Anthony Comstock, who has done much good by suppressing indisputable obscene books and pictures, has not a broader and cleaner mind, more common sense, and some appreciation of the beautiful in art. He recently raided a shop in New York where there were engravings or photographs of a picture hung honorably in the Metropolitan Museum, a picture which Paul and Virginia figure. It will be remembered that Virginia in the old idyl of Saint Pier was so prudish that she suffered herself to drown rather than run the risk of bodily exposure or contact. The irony of the seizure thus the more apparent. And now one of Mr. Comstock's aids charges a push cart man with displaying immodest pictures. They were shown to Magistrate Corneli. "Why," said the magistrate, "these are pictures of famous statues. Are these pictures obscene?" Mr. Comstock's aid insisted that they were. The statue that "encharmed the world" is as the abomination of desolation. Mr. Comstock, and even the Venus of Milo is in him uncensored and a shameless hussy.



## IN OUR COMMONWEALTH.

We spoke recently of the Great Wild West Show, which is continuous. The act of Silas Phelps is now one of the most conspicuous features. Travellers tell thrilling tales of lawlessness in Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, and there are often dramatic episodes in life on the mountains of Tennessee and in villages of Kentucky, where moonshiners murderously defend their stills, or there is killing in the maintenance of a family feud. These deeds of daring do not seem as remote from Boston as though they were in Thibet, or on some island in the Pacific. But in the western part of the Commonwealth is murder, with the consequent chase. Phelps is described as a desperate man, a skilled woodsman, a sure shot, with plenty of ammunition. He has his cave, as any bandit. He, too, is suspected of illicit distilling. Here is all the material for a dime novel, and no doubt the deeds of Phelps excite the admiration of boys that are robbers and pirates by instinct. Parents and schools and the fear of the police will, fortunately, restrain the great majority of them from emulation. They will find activity later in business or in politics.

June 6 1910

### THE OATH OF EXPERTS.

It appears that there are physicians in Paris who wish to make common cause with the General Confederation of Labor. These physicians tell the working men that when there is question of compensation for injuries received in the service of an employer they are victims in court of "medical chicane." These physicians intend to give "honest expert testimony." Experts of all sorts in court have fallen into disrepute, whether they testify concerning handwriting, injuries, or insanity. The honest are confounded with the venal. There are physicians who are always found on the side of corporations, and there are also those who are constantly in the pay of lawyers whose most profitable business is in bringing suits for damages. It is not necessary to go outside of Boston for proof of this statement. A jury, hearing again and again the sharply contradictory opinions of physicians, may easily be pardoned for thinking lightly of any expert testimony and wondering if the oath of Hippocrates is still administered or even known to medical students.

### A MUSICAL DREAM.

Mr. Marcel Sembat, an amiable French Socialist and deputy, believes that society should use music as a mollifier of harsh passions. He is confident that instruction in music would turn the young, especially young persons of the laboring class, from the evil ways that lead to the zinc counter and then to the prison. This most optimistic Socialist goes so far as to say that the cultivation of music will produce "legitimate opportunities for the healthful association of young men and young women \* \* \* and will tend to arrest the rapid growth of that class which is the fruit of a diseased and unnaturally restricted civilization—the Apaches."

Nothing is said as to the character of the music recommended, whether it should be operatic or symphonic, vocal or instrumental, and it is not necessary to dwell on this point, except to remind Mr. Sembat that the plots of nine-tenths of the grand operas now in fashion treat of murder, battle and sudden death and that the heroines tempt or are tempted. The Sociologist would say to this Socialist that music, in spite of the famous line, often irritates the naturally savage beast, often excites envy, malice and all uncharitableness. We do not refer to the amiable citizen loaded to frenzy by the sound of a blunderbuss or concertina, or by the mild-eyed maiden practising on the piano her scales and arpeggios, five-finger exercises and transcendental etudes. What was long ago said of the poets may be more justly applied to the musicians: an irritable race.

From the earliest time to the present musicians have been reproached for an abnormal thirst, not to be quenched easily by wine, ale, beer or strong waters. Gambling is a favorite amusement, and some of the greatest virtuosos of the last fifty years were thus impoverished. The ease with which composers, singers, players, acquire wives, rid themselves of them for the sake of other women whom they may or may not marry, has long excited the wonder of the world. Many musicians firmly believe that their art is an

excuse for all sorts of irregularities of conduct which are not tolerated among men and women of more prosaic callings.

And how, pray, will the cultivation of music produce "legitimate opportunities for the healthful association of young men and young women" except in the dance, and stern moralists have for centuries declaimed against the dance. Does Mr. Sembat see a pleasing vision of young France playing piano pieces for four hands? Or does he see the young listening to a Symphony, happy in looking over the score, or reading together the program-book with its ingenious comments and entertaining advertisements?

We do not go so far as to say with the negro preacher, "Whar there's fiddlin', there's unrighteousness," but the history of music and the biographical dictionaries of musicians do not furnish evidence in support of Mr. Sembat's theory. These very Apaches, who are to be converted into sleek and soft-spoken members of society through music, are already fond of music: they have their songs, which are hardly sentimental, and they have their dances, as frequenters of vaudeville shows will testify even in Boston. The Apache is most Apachian when he is musically inclined.

June 17 1910

### A PASSING SENSATION.

It is said that Mr. Rostand's new play is ceasing to attract attention; that the crowing of "Chantecler" is becoming fainter and fainter. That Lucien Guitry has given up the leading part, and that others in the original cast are to withdraw is not necessarily a sign of the public's indifference. The play itself's the thing. Often poetical, crammed with ingenious and surprising puns and verbal whims and caprices, the drama is for the library rather than for the stage. Last February Mr. Arnold Bennett, in a brilliant letter from Paris, described the serious young man of 1960 visiting the historic book stalls under the galleries of the Odeon Theatre in Paris, and wondering what his attitude would be toward Rostand; whether the young man would spout passages from "Chantecler" or write verses in imitation of the Cock's Hymn to the Sun, "Will he say: 'My poor fellow, the stuff's been dead thirty years'? Or will he murmur, at a loss: 'Rostand? Rostand?'" In Italy, where theatre audiences are both receptive and critical, "Chantecler" had no success, and it is hard to think of the play in any other language than French, least of all in English, with Miss Adams as the strutting Cock. If the drama is played here in English, no doubt there will be talk concerning the "rooster." Now a canary bird, as Richard Grant White remarked, is a rooster, and there are others.

June 19 1910

### AN AMERICAN OBERAMMERGAU.

Mme. Nordica has long dreamed of a Bayreuth-on-the-Hudson, and now Mr. Martin Beck, representing music halls, hopes to establish an American Oberammergau at East Aurora, N. Y. It is to be hoped that he will not succeed in bringing over Anton Lang and his associates next summer. There was a time when the Passion Play in the Bavarian village was a simple act of devotion, a tragic spectacle in which actors and audience were childlike in the expression of their faith. Little by little the spirit of commercialism asserted itself. The Passion Play is not unknown in this country. There were performances in San Francisco in 1879 and in October, 1909; and there

was a dress rehearsal with a performance before an invited audience in New York in 1893. There was talk of a performance in Boston, and the wish of John Stetson to produce the play on an elaborate scale and with double the number of apostles is historic. Even in San Francisco the play was enjoined after it was revived, and James O'Neill, acting in spite of the prohibition, was ordered to prison, convicted, and fined \$50. So there was a storm of opposition in New York. There will undoubtedly be protests against performances in East Aurora, and these protests should have weight both on religious and aesthetic grounds. The play in the Bavarian village is a survival of the old miracle plays and mysteries, and it is only fair to believe that the actors are still imbued with reverence. If Mr. Lang and his associates are brought over, they will then be a traveling company, and they will be associated in the mind with Mme. Bernhardt, Mme. Genée, Harry Lauder or any other filler of a manager's pockets.

## CIVILIZATION'S MARCH.

In California a young Indian girl is accused of witchcraft, because some on the reservation fell sick, a pumpkin withered under her shadow and a dog near the shack howled all night. In Yucatan prisoners are ingeniously tortured. Good Neapolitans believe that the recent earthquake is due to the wrath of St. Januarius, whose blood did not liquify this year, and therefore a great procession is organized to appease the saint. Was this Januarius, by the way, the one with eleven brothers? The third degree is still given to persons accused of crime, in spite of the old legal maxim about the innocence of a man till he is proved guilty, and in spite of Mr. Charles Klein's engrossing and lucrative play. And in the custom house of New York they are still doubting the honesty of all American men and women and bumping into them and tapping them to convict them of falsehood and of attempting to import things they bought and paid for in foreign lands.

## MEN AND THINGS

George Sand entertained guests at Nohant by not endeavoring to entertain them. Each one was allowed to leave the bed at any hour and to go to bed at any hour; to read, walk, fish, sketch, play solitaire, ride at will. She and all her guests came together only at dinner and for the evening. Mme. Sand would appear at the 10 o'clock breakfast. She would write from 3 P. M. to 6 P. M. She would sometimes play solitaire till midnight without saying a word. Sometimes she would dress puppets for her little theatre. At other times she would talk delightfully.

Furthermore, Mme. Sand respected the liberty of her guests to such an extent that she was apparently indifferent toward them. When Theophile Gautier visited at Nohant for the first time he was piqued because he was not welcomed warmly and coddled during his stay. He did not appreciate the great privilege of being let alone until he was educated to it. On the other hand Eugene Lambert, the painter of cats, went to Nohant for a few weeks and enjoyed his visit at once, so that he lengthened it to 10 years. The Chevalier Strong, one of the more amusing characters in "Pendennis," accepted a dinner invitation at the Claverings, and stayed at the house some years, after his trunk was brought.

We are thus anecdotal in the hope of reminding hosts and hostesses for a week's end, a fortnight or a month this summer, that they should not be anxious concerning the welfare of their guests. How many of us have been bored by the mistaken kindness of hosts, uneasy because we were not "doing something"! How often have we all been in a "Liberty Hall" in which there were rules, laws for amusement! Gollightly would say after breakfast: "I generally walk over the place about this time, and I should be happy to have your company. Do as you please, however; you know this is Liberty Hall. I think it would be good for you if you took a little exercise, but don't consider me; I shall go anyway." Or after luncheon the hostess would say: "We usually take an automobile ride at half-past 3." There is always something doing, and the guest feels that he would be a churl if he were not to join in the bustle or din. He would much prefer to loiter and doze over a novel; or to sit on the veranda with a pipe, or look at the girls playing tennis, for there is nothing so restful as the comfortable observation of violent action on the part of others. A hostess once complained in our hearing of a woman visiting her because every afternoon she went to her bed-chamber and read for an hour or two. The hostess seldom read any book, improving or frivolous. She was a chatterer and she wished her guests to chatter with her.

No doubt a guest owes a certain amount of courtesy to his host. If he visits for the first time, he should not insist upon smoking his own cigars. The host's tobacco may be execrable, nevertheless the visitor should certainly after the first dinner pay the compliment of confidence. If he finds that he is poisoned, he may afterward say: "Your cigars are too rich and heavy for me,



old man. I'm not used to real Havanas. Do you mind if I smoke one? I happen to have in my pocket. Won't you try one? It's not so bad out of doors." The next time, if there be a second invitation, the prudent guest puts a sufficient supply in his valise.

The hardened week-end visitor treats a host as though he were running a country inn, "with the attractions of golf, tennis, boating, no mosquitoes, sanitary plumbing, pure spring water, carriages at all trains." The host on Monday may ask, "By the way, Harriet, who was that pink-eyed fellow?" He asked me if I had been here long and whether I liked the cooking. Was this his first visit?

Mr. Herkimer Johnson writes: "I was over at Gushong's yesterday with a city man, one that Artemus Ward would have called 'a man of Boston dressin'.' We were looking at Gushong's poultry yard. The incubators were interesting, and so were the chickens in the yard under the pens or running about them. The city man was admiring everything: the color of the water in the bay, the sands, a sand dune, the chickens, Gushong himself. 'How beautiful nature is etc., etc.' Yards of pretty shopkeeping talk. Nature was also kind, beneficent; man was restless, selfish, cruel. Just then a chicken, strayed from its coop, joined the brood of an experienced hen, who looked for a few seconds at the intruder and then picked its eyes out, one by one. Gushong wrung the poor thing's neck, and said, 'There's your kind, beneficent nature.' The city man had no immediate repartee, and the hired man, standing by, snickered."

Dr. D. Everett Lyon in his book, "How to Keep Bees for Profit," says that Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee" is not to be taken seriously, for "it teaches the rankest heresy concerning the habits of these wonderful little people and shows but a superficial knowledge of them." Dr. Lyon's book is characterized as "well informed," but we are not told whether the critic that pats it approvingly is a bee man, a bee master. Maeterlinck's volume will be read with delight when Dr. Lyon's is only in the catalogues of public libraries. Maeterlinck, who has long kept bees, glorifies them. These are bees as they should be, not the prosaic creatures in Dr. Lyon's hives. These are the super-bees known to an imaginative poet.

Mr. Robert Herrick has much to say about the foundation of his "literary career." At first he read the novels of Flaubert and De Maupassant, and was "dominated by the French ideal of art. . . . I have come to repudiate quite fully those French ideals, at least so far as the form is concerned. . . . and I regard the French influence upon American novelists—largely at second hand—as distinctly deplorable." It was not necessary for Mr. Herrick to state his repudiation of French ideals. Nobody would think, reading his novels, that he had copied De Maupassant or Flaubert, or any French writer of taste and style. If he should go back to the two whom he now apparently flouts, and study their methods carefully, he might gain in clearness and conciseness of expression, in the choice of words that would convey exactly his meaning, in fine reserve, and in the portraiture of character, that portraiture in which the character, by his speech and actions, and without the aid or interference of the author, paints the portrait.

## LAND OF DOLLARS AND WITHOUT ART

How Fanny Elssler and Rachel, the Tragedian, Lost Caste by Coming to the "Eldorado" to Act.

EHRHARD'S CRITICISMS  
OF AMERICAN CROWDS

The Herald last Sunday referred to Auguste Ehrhard's life of Fanny Elssler, which was published recently, and described at length the enthusiasm aroused in America during her sojourn from May, 1840, to July, 1842. The Herald then stated that Mr. Ehrhard gives reasons for this enthusiasm, reasons that are not flattering to Americans.

Mr. Ehrhard begins by saying that from 1830 to 1840 there was in Europe a phenomenon that might be called the American mirage. Chateaubriand had written eloquently about the poetry of immense solitude, mysterious forests and majestic rivers. His romances, "Atala" and "Rene," were then thought to contain descriptions of what he had actually seen, and his memoirs were then considered truthful. De Tocqueville had studied the manners and the institutions of the people. In Germany this country was as an enchanted land. Goethe had characterized it as a country of fertile activity and social progress; Rueckert and Chamisso had celebrated it in verse; Duden's account of his travels had fired many with longing to visit America, if not to make a home here. From 1830 to 1840 about 150,000 Germans emigrated to this country, 10 times more than in the 10 years preceding. Persons weary of Europe, "die Europamueden," as Ernst Willkomm characterized them in a novel bearing that title, looked forward to a happier life in the young country. Two Austrians, countrymen of Fanny Elssler, a Viennese by birth, were never weary of extolling the youthfulness, strength and freedom of America—Sealsfield-Postel and the Count d'Auersperg—while Lenau, the Austrian poet, hoped by arriving here to better his health and his fortune.

The great success of Mme. Malibran in New York was a tradition in the theatres. Dancers quoted the case of Mlle. Celeste, who, one of the walking members, one of the show girls of the Paris Opera ballet, famous only for her joyous life, had gained, it was said, in the United States, sufficient money to build a palace in Baltimore and to become the proprietor of a theatre in London.

Fanny Elssler, after a series of triumphs in Paris, at last thought herself unappreciated. There were many that openly proclaimed the superiority of Marie Taglioni. A young Dane named Lucile Grahn, "the blonde Edda of the North," had made her debut at the Opera, and Paris critics praised her at the expense of Fanny. Therese, the sister of Fanny, was now attacked as a dancer of only the third rank.

There was then the sentimental attraction toward America felt by many Germans; there was the wounded pride; there was the thought of a future when she would no longer be a favorite. These were reasons enough. Fanny wished to end her life in ease. She was prudent; never greedy after money, never avaricious, and thus unlike Rachel, with whom avarice was a vice, and of whom her relation, the actress Julia Bernat, said: "I am a Jewess, but Rachel is a Jew."

It may here be stated that, although Fanny did not leave the stage until June, 1851—she died in 1884—she did not dance in Paris after her return from America. She had not fairly treated Leon Pillet, director of the Opera, and for violation of contract she was condemned by an order of the court to pay £60,000. Pillet, a courteous man, too gallant, for he was ruined by Rosire Stoltz, the singer, wished to remit the fine, if Fanny would only dance on the Opera stage. She was exacting—perhaps her head was turned in America. There was another suit; she lost again; and this time Pillet attempted to collect the fine. He succeeded only in seizing the furniture left by her in Paris.

The reasons "wholly removed from art" for her success in America are thus given by Mr. Ehrhard.

Her brilliant reputation in Europe preceded her and Americans bowed to it before she disembarked. The newspapers, which followed the lead of European journals, sounded her praise. She was welcomed as a conqueror in New York before she had danced a step. "At Boston, before the candles were lighted," while she

was dressing herself in her room, the impatient audience showed to her, by its stamping and handclapping, that it was already subjugated." She was in Barnum's country. The crowd was hypnotized by puffery.

She knew how to play with this public. In New York her carriage was drawn by four horses, and there were four white horses attached to a superb sleigh in winter. "One day 50 sleighs followed her as a triumphant procession in the long streets." At Havana she bought herself for a Christmas present, a carriage that was for a long time the talk of the town.

This great American public, given over to work, greedy of gain, saw suddenly a revelation of beauty; not as a cold statue, but as a woman with supple body, agile legs and arms, and glowing face. The variety of her attitudes gave novelty to graceful lines. Parisians had reproached her for certain faults. These faults were to the Americans irresistibly attractive. "Her smiles seemed to promise paradise, and her glances inflamed the most carefully guarded breast. The inflammable Cubans were taken by her art, as were the people of the North, with vigorous natures, fiery impulses, whose force was often intensified tenfold by alcohol. For this people the apparition of Fanny Elssler marked a halt in laborious existence. There was for a moment an escape from the daily life of a galley slave; it was the joy of living!"

Then there was her constant thought of the unfortunate, her boundless charity.

Concerning her art, these Americans were barbarians, at least that is the opinion of Mr. Ehrhard. Culture was in a rudimentary state in 1840. There were rich people in New York, but their fortune had not surrounded them with comfort or effaced the traces of original rudeness. There was nowhere the luxury of good taste. The cities looked like villages. In New York the dwelling houses were low. The walls were red, green or yellow, and the window casements were of another color, so that these houses had the idyllic appearance of cottages. There were pigs, horses and cows in the streets on their way to pasture or returning from it. It was the same in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington. Fanny met the minister of France, M. de Baccourt, in a hotel at Washington. He asked for milk with his tea and the landlord apologized for its absence by saying: "The cow has not come back today. Since it was fine weather she slept in the meadow." The rooms in summer were insufferable from lack of air. At Wilmington there was no hotel. The train was late so that Fanny missed the boat. It was night and she was obliged to ask for hospitality at a private house. At Havana the women wore shrieking costumes. In cold days of February they donned satin or muslin dresses, with short sleeves, décolletées. Thus attired and with flowers and jewels in their hair they would walk up and down before the Tacon Theatre from 4 P. M. to 6 P. M. In the theatre the air was thick with cigar smoke. When these women received at night the curtains of the parlor were drawn back, so that passersby could look in. When there was no reception a carriage, in the absence of a stable, would be often seen in the parlor.

The one business of the Americans about the middle of the 19th century was to make money. The nation was an agglomeration of brute forces, inaccessible to high artistic enjoyment. The poet Lenau, eight years before the arrival of Fanny, had seen much of America, and he thus expressed his opinions: "These Americans have the stinking souls of grocers. They are dead, wholly dead, to all intellectual life. The nightingale does well not to dwell among these sharpers. I see a profound and grave significance in the fact that America is without nightingales. It affects me as a poetic curse. It would take the voice of Niagara to preach to these chumps that there are any higher gods than those whose effigies are stamped at the mint."

The education of Americans is purely mercantile, technical. The practical man is here revealed with his most dreadful commonplaces. An excellent musician, Lenau made fun of the musical parties to which he was invited. He likened the singing of American women to the sound made by drawing a wet finger on the rim of a tumbler full of water. "It's a queer noise, like the cry of a sea-

gull." Mr. Ehrhard argues that these half-civilized people were incapable of appreciating the fine qualities of Fanny's art. "These dealers in pork, cotton and tobacco could not suspect how much art was hidden behind the charm of her smile and the apparent ease of her movements; they had no suspicion of the classic purity of her style; the finesse of her facial play escaped them. 'Pearls before swine.' They did not understand that which constitutes the individuality of a dancer. The dancing of Fanny Elssler was to them only that of any celebrated ballerina, an acrobatic feat for which a higher price was asked than at the circus, and it therefore was necessarily of a superior quality. Feats of strength caused the public to swoon in ecstasy. A prolonged variation performed on the tips of the toes made New Yorkers howl with satisfaction."

These bitter words were written about the Americans of 1840-2. It should be remembered that Dickens' volume of "American Notes" was published in 1842 and "Martin Chuzzlewit" appeared in monthly numbers in 1843-4.

The French then had little knowledge of America. In 1842 Gautier, praising Carlotta Grisi, "at present the first dancer in Europe," said that the audience of the Opera was consoled for Taglioni, "who is in the snows of Russia, and for Fanny Elssler who is in America in the fires of the equator." Nor was this merely a rhetorical flourish.

Fanny herself was loud in her praise of America when she bade from the stage in New York an "eternal farewell" to the people that had "flooded" her with favors. "To Germany, land of my birth, to France, my adopted country, I owe much; but how can I express to you, America, all the obligations that now weigh on my heart and soul? Accept the humble offering of my gratitude wet with my tears. Farewell, America. I shall cherish your memory while I am alive. Dying, I shall bless you."

She gave a still more touching token of her gratitude. She invested the money made here in American stocks and bonds.

Yet Mr. Ehrhard is confident that she was not wholly happy. "Her artistic nature was too fine for her not to feel that the incense burned before her was thick and acrid. 'What a difference between these Boeotians of the new world and the highly cultivated public of Paris!'"

The Parisians did not forgive her for going to the land of the barbarians. They taunted her with her success. They mocked her for her visit to the man-of-war North Carolina. "While you run upon the bridge or climb in the rigging, like a child, Taglioni runs over the stage of the Opera, as a dancer without a rival, as Taglioni. While the New World adopts you and the newspapers of New York chant so pleasantly your glory across the sea, Taglioni dances in our home; Taglioni, your queen in every respect, effaces your slightest footprint, not in the air, but on the earth."

Had the Americans seen no dancing before Fanny Elssler landed in New York? Mr. Ehrhard dismisses Celeste contemptuously, yet her contemporaries spoke well of her as dancer and pantomimist. He says in his final chapter that after Fanny left Paris the dance degenerated, that strange audacities were tolerated, and he mentions an American woman, Augusta Maywood, "daughter of a circus manager, who recalled too vividly her origin by her manners of a bareback rider and her clownish eccentricities."

He classes her with Mlle. Plunkett, "who distinguished herself by tumultuous movements of her croup"

and with Lola Montes, "who attained a high degree of triviality."

But Augusta Maywood, known in New York and other cities as "the little Augusta," danced on the stage of the Paris Opera before Fanny Elssler set sail for America. She danced at Fanny's benefit at the opera Jan. 30, 1840, although Mr. Ehrhard has not the grace to mention the fact. She made her debut at the opera in November, 1839, and Theophile Gautier thought her worthy of a long article. He found that she had true individuality, something brusque, unexpected, bizarre. According to him, she was the daughter of an American theatre manager, and in America she



had made a sensation as dancer, singer and actress in tragedy. "She comes searching the approval of Paris, for the opinion of Paris disquiets the barbarians of the United States in their world of railways and steamboats."

Miss Maywood was then about 13 years old, with a figure of medium size and thoroughly devitalized, with black eyes, and with a just awakened and wild air that was dangerously near beauty. Gautier added that she had nerves of steel, the ankles of the jaguar, fawn-like legs, and an agility approaching that of clowns. She was not at all intimidated. "She came forward, under the fire of footlights and opera glasses, which shakes the most intrepid with fear, as tranquil as though she were a dancer who had long been honored. You would have believed that she had to do only with a pit full of her Yankees." He praised her flights and bounds, her springs in air, her pirouettes, her play of loins, her elasticity. He found fault with one of her costumes in "Le Diable Boiteux," which was "very American" in taste—a pink bodice, a pink petticoat without white skirts underneath, pink tights, with ornaments of party-colored tinsel. "A ravishing costume for a rope dancer. This is not said in contempt, for we adore rope dancers." In "La Tarentule" she was dressed as a peasant, "with the everlasting black bodice, and the equally everlasting petticoat always seen in abundance where ballets pretend to be rustic." "If the former costume was too savage, the latter was too civilized."

Gautier ended his article by saying that Miss Maywood was a true acquisition. "She has a style of her own, remarkably original. Connoisseurs who attended the coronation festival at Milan say that her manner of dancing resembles closely that of Cerito."

Now, Gautier was not easily pleased by dancers. He was a trained critic, with unusual taste and great experience. He was the disinterested friend of Fanny Elssler until he became passionately fond of Carlotta Grisi, as woman and dancer. The Americans had therefore not as barbarians applauded Augusta before Fanny revealed her art.

Three or four biographies of Rachel have recently been published in Paris. The most interesting of them is Mr. Hector Fleischmann's "Rachel Intime." All the biographers speak of Rachel's visit to America as unworthy of her.

Mr. Fleischmann entitles the chapter in which this visit is described, "The Lies of Eldorado." The great actress, like Fanny Elssler, was wounded at heart when she left Paris. Ristori was then hailed as her superior. She had incurred the enmity of Legouve by not playing in his "Medea." She had disdained the amorous attentions of the elder Dumas, and he seized the opportunity for revenge by praising extravagantly the Italian actress. In his newspaper, *Le Mousquetaire*, he attacked Rachel cruelly. He urged her to see Ristori on the stage and learn of her. When Rachel announced her intention of going to America, he cried out: "Now may we be spared the death agonies of Mlle. Rachel's departure. Let her go, or let her stay; let one traffic or not traffic in her leave of absence, what matters it! Like Ingres, at the Exposition, she has a hall to herself—the hall of the dead—and let her stay there!"

Rachel's visit to America was unfortunate in every way. At the *Comedie-Francaise* her performances from 1838 to 1855 had brought in about \$880,000. It is not easy to say how much of this sum went to her. She left a large fortune when she died in 1858, but her many lovers had given her princely gifts. Her two children inherited the half of \$1,274,371.

Sore at heart, and still avaricious, she looked toward America as "the Eldorado of dollars, the land of fabulous unheard of gain, the Canaan whence she would bring back sacks bursting with ecus. She discovered in advance the millions she would gain." Cayla wrote of her: "If the tragedian accomplishes her purpose (the journey) she will have justified the reproaches of cupidity and ingratitude which tarnish her fame. History will forget in her the artist and see only the Jewess." No less a man than Auguste Vacquerie exclaimed: "At this moment, she is in America. Let her remain there! Let her succeed there; let her be crushed

under dollars, let her enjoy herself there, love Racine there. Marry there and have many tragedies."

Rachel, after four performances in London, sailed in August, 1855, on the Pacific and made her first appearance in New York Sept. 3. She was then 34 years old. One of the actors of her company, Leon Beauvallet, published in 1856 an account of her sojourn, "Rachel et le Nouveau Monde," a book that is now excessively rare.

There was great curiosity to see her, and as a result the receipts of the first performance amounted to \$5266.80. The receipts after that fell, although there was much advertising of every kind. There was Rachel pudding in the restaurants; there were Rachel gaiters in the shoe shops, Rachel ices at the confectioner's, and melons were named after Raphael Felix, the Shylock brother of Rachel. Beauvallet wrote: "Why not? It is necessary for every one to have the aid of puffery in this country; even grocers and the tinkers of pots and kettles."

The tragedies left New Yorkers cold. In Boston the highest receipts were \$3971; the lowest, \$840, for a performance of "Polycucte," and this low sum was due to the report that Raphael Felix was trafficking in tickets. Beauvallet tells a story about an apothecary in Boston who had a sign in his window, "European leeches." He was surprised when a man came in and asked for tickets for the next performance of the French company. The apothecary told him that the ticket office was a little farther along. "I beg your pardon," said the citizen, "but I saw the sign, 'European leeches,' and that made me think the tickets for Rachel's company were sold here." Nine performances in Boston brought in \$23,375.80.

Rachel played again in New York, then went to Philadelphia, where she fell sick, and the company gave performances without her. In Charleston, S. C., she was at last seen in "Adrienne Lecouvreur." This was in December, 1852, and this performance was her last on any stage. On Dec. 20 she sailed for Havana, and there she hoped to gain strength. The company returned to Europe without her. Toward the end of the summer of 1856 she was at Marseilles, then at Nice, always with physicians. She grew no better in Egypt. She died in the Sardou villa at Cannet.

Beauvallet wrote in caustic terms about America and the Americans, and Mr. Fleischmann italicizes the actor's remarks. When Rachel disembarked at New York she went to the St. Nicholas Hotel in Broadway. "As a general rule," said Beauvallet, "everything is situated in Broadway."

And again there is the old cry: How could the Americans judge of Rachel's merits as a tragedian? How could this dull and ignorant public have any appreciation of the beautiful or the noble in art? If it admired her in theatres of a disconcerting coldness, it was solely because the Americans put confidence in European newspaper reports. What was to be expected of an audience that read intelligently the libretto of "Marie Stuart" when the play on the stage was "Angelo"? Racine's tragedies, "which are addressed to the most delicate sentiments of refined and aristocratic souls," were not for these Americans.

In New York she played at the Academy of Music at the beginning of her second engagement. Beauvallet disdainfully characterized the theatre as "exactly like the Odeon, 10 years ago." She afterward played in Niblo's Garden, "a music hall, a dive." After this unjust characterization Mr. Fleischmann indulges himself in an eloquent burst: "Ah, Phedre, it is on the boards for negro dancers that they drag you to roar in love and madness. Camille, it is with the scenery for popular boxers that they force you to lament over the Roman victory!"

The sojourn of Rachel in America was in striking contrast with that of Fanny Elssler; but the two provoked the wrath and the contempt of Parisians by going to America, and in each instance the American public was described as singularly barbarous. Here was Tom Tiddler's ground, and gold and silver were to be picked up with both hands only for the stooping? Has the attitude of foreigners materially changed? Here is still the ground, and the pickers are many. Occasionally one stays, and

then becomes naturalized. This one would be loud in his praise of America because he can make more money here in a month than in one year in his beloved fatherland. That one would not live in any other country, and gives openly a reason that is no index in America at least \$100,000 a season. To the foreigner America is in 1910 only the land of dollars as far as art is concerned.

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And now the name of Lindley Murray is added to the list of nominees for the Hall of Fame! He is characterized by Chancellor MacCracken as an educator, and there are crackers that are thus characterized. Murray, a Pennsylvanian by birth, as a lawyer and merchant in New York acquired a competency and then went to England, where he spent the last forty years of his life, a feeble invalid. He was strong enough, however, to write his "English Grammar," and for this no doubt he is proposed for the Hall. Later grammarians have found delight in attacking Murray's book, in pointing out gross errors, false rules, slipshod English, and it is doubtful whether any do him reverence today. The author of "A Grammar of Grammars" was especially bitter against him. Personally Murray was an amiable man, who reminded his friends of the famous sister in the burial hymn, "Mild and lovely." His autobiographical letters are more entertaining than his "Grammar." In one of them he unfolded his views and wishes with regard to property. "I determined that when I should acquire enough to enable me to maintain and provide for my family in a respectable and moderate manner, and this according to real and rational, not imaginary and fantastic wants, and a little to share for the necessities of others, I would decline the pursuits of property." His was the wish of Agur the son of Jakeh: "Give me neither poverty nor riches." Thus is he more entitled to be remembered than by his "Grammar" and thus was he an educator.

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#### SUBMARINE HEROES.

A season or two ago in a Parisian theatre devoted to the production of dramas known as "shockers" a peculiarly disagreeable play was performed in which a submarine destroyer went down. The scenes represented the interior of the vessel. In the first officers and crew were under the influence of opium or strong waters. The final scene was one of appalling fear and cowardice. At the time of the production there was much talk in France about the consumption of opium, cocaine and other drugs in the navy, especially at Toulon.

The answer to this play is the fine conduct of the unfortunate men who went down with the *Pluviose*. The helmsman was found at his post. Commander Callot died in the discharge of his duty with the periscope in his hands. There was no evidence of disorder, or of a panic. It is a relief to know that, according to the opinion of physicians, death was quick in its work.

Not long ago a Japanese submarine vessel was lost. The chief officer, Lieut. Commandor Sakuma Tsutomu, had time before his death to write out facts concerning the accident and its results that these notes might be of value to the naval department. The document is a remarkable one. It begins: "Although there is, indeed, no excuse to make for the sinking of his Imperial Majesty's boat and for the doing away of subordinates through my heedlessness, all on the boat have discharged their duties well and in everything acted calmly until death. Although we are departing in pursuance of our duty to the State, the only regret we have is due to anxiety lest the men of the world may misunderstand the matter and that thereby a blow may be given to the future development of submarines." Tsutomu described the cause of the accident and its condition after sinking. He expressed the wish that none of the families of the subordinates should suffer, and he sent his compliments to officers named in full. "I had always been used to warn my shipmates that their behavior (on an emergency) should be calm and delicate while brave; otherwise we could not hope for development and progress, and that, at the same time, one should not cultivate excessive delicacy lest work should be retarded. People may be tempted to ridicule this after this failure, but I am perfectly confident that my previous words have not been mistaken." The document ends: "12:30 o'clock, respiration is extraordinarily difficult. I mean I am breathing gasoline. I am intoxicated with gasoline. Captain Takano." (The name of another officer to whom Tsutomu wished to be remembered). "It is 12:40



Truly here are Plutarch's men! These brave Frenchmen and Japanese knew not the fierce joy of battle, the shock and fury of a charge. There was not the excitement, the spectacular element that makes gallantry on the field akin to reckless drunkenness. These men knew that they were to be drowned like rats. Their one consolation was that they would die at their posts, faithful to their country.

#### ARCHEOLOGICAL THEATRE MANAGERS.

Mayor Gaynor's reference to a performance of "Julius Caesar" in which he saw at the same time Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, E. L. Davenport and other distinguished actors has quickened the memory of old playgoers who have flooded the N. Y. Sun with letters. It is doubtful whether the Mayor ever saw Booth, Davenport and Barrett together in New York in "Julius Caesar." No one of the Sun's correspondents has referred to a similar feature of the revival of the tragedy at Booth's Theatre by Jarrett and Palmer in 1875-6. When Davenport was the Brutus; Barrett, Cassius; F. C. Bangs, Mark Antony; Milnes Levick, Caesar. The managers sent invitations to leading colleges, setting forth the rare educational value of the performance. Students could gain a vivid idea of the Forum, of Roman life, manners, costumes. We remember that at least one of these colleges, Yale, took the proposition seriously and a large body of students went from New Haven.

These students were no doubt deeply impressed by the acting—Davenport's Brutus was a memorable impersonation—and perhaps they received valuable archeological instruction, but they improved the opportunity by also seeing plays in the distinguished theatres and of a deplorably poor character.

#### MAJESTIC THEATRE: Charlotte

Hunt stock company in "The Colleen Bawn," by Dion Boucicault. The cast: Myles Na Coppaleen...Richard Buhler Hardress Cregan...James S. Barrett Danny Mann...Harry Brooks Kyrle Daly...John Dunton Father Tom...William Balfour Mr. Corrigan...Charles Stevens Corporal...Albert Hickey Ann Clute...Olive Rea Temple Mrs. Cregan...Eleanor Brownell Sheelah Mann...Florence Hale Billy O'Connor...Charlotte Hunt

#### CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—

New stock opera company in "The Mikado." Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera in two acts. Samuel L. Studley conducted. Cast:

The Mikado...George Hassell Nanki Poo...Harry Davies Ko Ko...Donald Meek Poo...George Crampton Poo...Clarence Chute No. Ban...Al Roberts Yum Yum...Ethel Balch Poo Sing...Marie Loring Peep Poo...Lola Villiers Katerina...Vera Roberts

#### KEITH'S.

Lillian Lawrence in New Comedy, "A Reno Divorce."

Miss Lillian Lawrence, who for several years was popular in stock company work here, appeared at Keith's Theatre last evening in a new comedy, "A Reno Divorce." That Miss Lawrence is still a favorite was plain by the hearty welcome she got. She delighted by her clever acting and at the end of the sketch received many flowers.

Miss Lawrence was well supported by Robert Connors and C. Soldene Powell.

Mme. Cheng and her company entered on their third and last week with several new features in the act. One of the new things is called "Eye" or "The First Woman," in which Miss Octavia toys with a big white snake.

Ralph Smalley, cellist of the Boston Symphony, played in his familiar skillful manner. Eugene Howard and William Howard, the Hebrew Messengers and the Thelplan, presented a bit of fun.

George Adler and his company in "The Great Killer" were well received. It is one of the tall-

AMERICAN MUSIC HALL—The Lindsay Morison Stock Company in "St. Elmo," adapted from Mrs. Evans' novel by Myron Leffingwell. The cast:

St. Elmo Murray...Wilson Melrose Allan Hammond...William J. Hasson Van Jiggins...Richard Pitman Gordon Leigh...S. T. Klawens Dr. Harding...Edward F. Nannery Murry Hammond...L. Whiteside Aaron Hunt...Louis Thiel Edna Earle...Rosalind Coghlan Agnes Hammond...Katherine Clinton Gertrude...Mary Sanders

#### HARVARD AND MUSIC.

The general public will be interested in the announcement made by Harvard University that Dr. Max Friedlander of the University of Berlin will, as exchange professor, give a course in musical biography and aesthetics next season in Cambridge. He will lecture on the life and works of Beethoven, romanticism in music from von Weber and Chopin to Berlioz and Schumann, the general history of music of the eighteenth century, and general musical knowledge, or the interpretation of selected standard works of musical literature. These lectures will be open to the public free of charge. Dr. Friedlander, who is now in his 58th year, began his career as a singer, but for the last twenty-five years he has devoted himself to the history of music. He has paid special attention to the songs of Schubert, and is also known as an editor of songs by Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn. He has contributed to the "Goethe Jahrbuch" articles on music written for Goethe's songs. The Division of Music at Harvard under the intelligent direction of Mr. Walter R. Spalding is fully in sympathy with modern tendencies, and there will be lectures next season by Mr. Hellman on Brahms, Tschai-kowsky and Franck, and by Mr. Hill on d'Indy, Gabriel Faure, Debussy, with references to Chabrier, Charpentier and Ravel. The catholic spirit of the musical instruction at Harvard cannot be too highly praised.

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#### NEXT SEASON'S OPERA REPERTORY.

Some found fault with the repertory of the Boston Opera House last season because it was largely made up of Italian operas. An ideal repertory is a plant of slow growth. With singers trained chiefly in the Italian school, with Italians for conductor and stage manager, with a director in sympathy with Italian opera, it was not surprising that the greater number of operas performed were Italian. It should also be said that the great majority of the audience favored Italian opera. The French school was represented, however, and there were performances of "Lohengrin" and of a scene from a Russian opera. It is now announced that "Thais" will be added next season to the repertory, with Mme. Lipkowska as the repentant courtesan, and that Rubinstein's "Demon" and the French opera "Habanera" will be performed, as well as Verdi's "Othello" and Puccini's new opera, "The Girl from the Golden West." Rubinstein's "Nero" has been heard in Boston, and extracts from "The Demon" have been sung here in concert. "The Demon" is said by sound critics to be the strongest operatic work of the Russian Jew, who was musically a cosmopolite. The subject of "Habanera" is intensely tragic. There was talk last season in New York of a production of this opera with Mr. Victor Maurel in the leading part, which tempted strongly that admirable baritone. The management of the Boston Opera House acted wisely in its formation of a repertory by first producing operas that have stood the test of time. There is no opportunity in a first season for reckless experiments.

#### THE VILLA TRAGEDY.

There is a peculiar fascination, especially to the gentle and the timid, about mysterious murder cases. Newspapers are often reproached for giving publicity to the "shocking details," for "pandering to morbid curiosity," but readers demand this information, not necessarily because they are morbid, but because the mystery sharpens their wits, arouses a detective spirit in their breast, draws the mind from daily and commercial routine, gives them something to think about and talk about that is in bold relief to gossip concerning neighbors, and chatter with reference to busi-

ness. Until the mystery is solved, they, too, live in a romantically melodramatic world. De Quincey never wrote with more gusto than in his descriptions of famous murders. As for the "shocking details," are not "Macbeth," "Othello," "Hamlet" full of them?

No wonder that the murder of Mrs. Porter Charlton excites curiosity and comment, for the story is one of strange interest. And, as in many tragedies, there are grotesque episodes. There is, for instance, the story of the amazed and frightened peasant who saw Mr. and Mrs. Charlton dancing a "satyr dance" on the grass. The two were lightly clad, half naked, leaping into the air and gesturing wildly. This reads as though there had been orgies of Dionysian frenzy at the villa, but possibly husband and wife were only practising the steps of a "Nature dance," of the sort performed not long ago near Boston by blameless women before an invited audience.

The Italian police have ascertained that the couple consumed during the last week they were at the villa "twenty half-bottles of sweet wine, twelve quarts of red wine, ten quarts of white wine, four quarts of rum and seven quarts of brandy." This seems like a liberal allowance, as though there was "drinking between drinks." Yet there is red wine that is sweet, and there is white wine that is sweet. The classification seems to us erroneous, and the amount is undoubtedly exaggerated. The servants may have been two-handed drinkers. Then there was the Russian, the man with the borrowed brass knuckles, Mr. Constantine Spolotoff. Russians are famous for their capacity.

Nor should any one lightly conclude that the Charltons were depraved beings because their library consisted of novels by de Maupassant, and Prevost and the works of Oscar Wilde. The library may have been rented with the villa. De Maupassant is already a classic, Prevost of the Academy is a shrewd and graceful writer who is now interested in sociological subjects, and the prose of Wilde is an honor to English literature.

There are curious circumstances attending this tragedy at the villa near Lake Como, but that which otherwise would have been natural and expected should not now assume sinister and tenebrous significance.

#### THE WAY WE LIVE NOW.

There was a time when life in an American college was one of a simplicity that was almost Spartan; when students made their own fires and blacked their own boots; when the only full bath was in a river or one achieved to the detriment of the bedroom floor; when there was no plumbing, sanitary or unsanitary; when the food at Commons or at a private house was never delicate and seldom substantial; when there were no loafing courses in the curriculum and there were early and obligatory prayers. We were reminded of those days, in which men were formed, by reading of 200 stickpins, worth in all about \$1000, taken by a thief from the room of a New York student, enjoying the advantages of education in a college of this commonwealth.

June 23 1910

#### DEFENSELESS MAN.

The first American International Humane Conference conducted under the auspices of the American Humane Association will be held in conjunction with the association's thirty-fourth annual meeting in Washington, D. C., next October. The sessions will be devoted to subjects relating to children and to animals. There will be exhibits of cat-baskets, humane bits and bridles, dog-kennels, crates for poultry, model dog-pounds, fire escape inventions for animals. We regret to say that little or nothing will be shown for the comfort or protection of man. There is apparently no patented escape in case of bores from club, theatre, concert hall. A man is still at the mercy of his fellow that owns his first yacht or automobile, or is playing golf for his first season. Wedged in his seat in a theatre he is helpless when an imitator of Eddie Foy or a "Dutch comedian" comes on the stage, and in a concert hall, not even in Symphony Hall, there is no sign: "This way in case of Brahms." There will be no exhibit of a model sleeping car without upper berths, nor will there be an exhibit of a model anti-ptomaine luncheon or dinner for unfortunates in trains from Boston to New York. There will be "humane reports," statistical blanks, etc., but



there is no mention of blanks for refusing courteously an invitation to hear a lion roar in a parlor, or for turning down the entreaty of a society for providing the inmates of poor-houses with automobiles.

June 25 1910

#### A NEW AMERICAN OPERA.

Mr. Puccini has been talking pleasantly about his new opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," with a libretto based on Mr. Belasco's play. Mr. Puccini also spoke with a fine show of confidence in the worth of his opera. "There will be the most realistic lynching scene ever staged." This announcement will cause Mr. Richard Strauss to bewail his lost opportunity. He wrote realistic music for the hatchet in "Elektra" and for the decapitation of John the Baptist in "Salome," but what are these scenes to that of a lynching bee? When Mr. Delius' "Romeo and Juliet of the Village" was produced in London, the press agent announced that there would be "a real merry-go-round" on the stage and that a number of "fat showmen will be seen and Mr. Delius' music will be found singularly appropriate to the subject." No doubt Mr. Puccini will rise to the requirements of the lynching scene. What effect will it have on the spectators? Robert Louis Stevenson could not stand the sight of the cauldron full of boiling oil in Halevy's "La Juive" and he left the opera house. He was sensitive in mind and delicate in health, yet he did not shrink from descriptions of cruelty in his novels, but it is one thing to imagine, and another thing to see. Mr. Puccini has been studying "American music" to obtain "local color." It will be remembered that "The Star Spangled Banner" is introduced in "Madama Butterfly" whenever the American naval officer contemplates or commits a peculiarly contemptible action. Might not "There's a Hot Time in the Old Town" fit the lynching scene in the new opera?

June 20 1910

#### FROM MANILA.

The government has decided that 85 per cent. of the cigars exported from Manila to this country must be of the higher grades. This is good news to those who have a fondness for cheroots. Perhaps the word "cheroot" appeals to them as Mesopotamia spoken by the preacher soothed and sustained the pious old woman. The act of smoking one may seem romantic, for were not Ouida's dashing guardsmen always smoking cheroots when they were not wetting their amber mustaches with sparkling Moselle? Yet a manuscript description of Asia written in the seventeenth century shows that the cheroot was not then in favor. "The Poore Sort of Inhabitants yiz. ye Gentues, Mallabars, etc Smoke theire tobacco after a very meane but I judge original manner. Only ye loafed rowled up, and light one end, holdinge ye other between their lips. \* \* \* This is called a bunko, and by ye Portugal's a Cheroota." Ah, what man of you has not found today a Manila that might be justly called a bunko? The paternal government should go a step farther. It should instruct its children to hold the big end in the mouth. This would prevent dispute which now is often as bitter as the cheroot.

#### "THOU ART THE MAN!"

The clergyman of a leading church in New York has resigned because he does not get along with his congregation. This clergyman has a habit of "Speaking right out in meetin'." Some time ago he thundered in his pulpit against Chauncey M. Depew. He said that the Senator had no business to be a member of the Century Association and that this club, which represents the culture of the city, should ask him to resign. It seems to us that this is a matter solely between the Century and Mr. Depew. All clubs have a committee on elections. Few, if any, have a committee for elimination. We have heard of one club where this rule is enforced: once a year each member is voted on by his associates, and if a certain number of votes are cast against him, out he goes. The clergyman also was as Boanerges in denouncing graft among prominent church members, in commenting savagely on quick divorces and resultant second, third or fourth marriages. He probably made the fatal mistake of particularizing. Nathan had the boldness to say to King David: "Thou art the man." David acknowledged his transgression; but he

continued to live with Bathsheba, his wife, and "Nathan departed unto his house"; he did not stay in the court and keep reminding David of his sin.

#### HOME COOKING.

There is sad news from England. It is reported that the new Queen is thoroughly British in her culinary taste; that she has dismissed King Edward's famous French chef; that she will employ only British labor wherever possible. At state dinners henceforth the royal guests, ambassadors, all those "with the gowgaws on" and auriferous Americans may expect a bill of fare something like this: a soup of the kind characterized by Thackeray as a "hellbroth"; a sole, or turbot with shrimp sauce; a joint with turlops and vegetable marrow; a puddin' or a tart, gooseberry or damson; cheese of the country. For bread! there will be the tin loaf, justly infamous. Ale, or porter, curiously pulled in a pewter quart, will not be so bad, and those who wish something stronger will no doubt be provided with gin: London, Dock, Old Tom, Plymouth, Gordon or the species known to the masses as "blue ruin." This should appeal to Mr. G. R. Sims and other Englishmen of pith, who are constantly complaining about imported kickshaws, flimsy made dishes with piquant sauces and all the "Frenchified fuss."

#### JULES RENARD.

Jules Renard, a member of the Academie Goncourt, who died a few days ago, was little known in this country. A play, "Carrots," based on his "Poil de Carotte," was performed, but with little success, for the adaptation was not brilliant or effective in any way, and the woman who played the part of the much abused, mischievous, lovable boy was not by nature or art well fitted. Renard wrote two or three plays, but his rare talent was disclosed in his short sketches, his stories of bourgeois, village or farm life. The sketches were often of the thumb-nail order, the stories were simple, generally contrived for the purpose of introducing a character. His novel, "L'Ecornifleur" ("The Sponger"), is a study of a contemptible rascal who abuses the hospitality of a foolish couple eager to be on intimate terms with a "literary man." The absolute indifference of Renard in depicting the selfishness, cold sensuality, incredible heartlessness of the sponger might well exasperate the reader that knows its author only by this book.

Neither "L'Ecornifleur" nor the cynical and amusing "La Maitresse" contains the best of Renard. His marvellous observation, curious insight, knowledge of human nature and singularly concentrated force of expression are to be found rather in "La Lanterne Sourde," "Sourieres pincées," "Le Vigneron dans sa Vigne," "Poil de Carotte" and that little masterpiece, "Histoires Naturelles," in which the one great characteristic of a bird, beast, reptile or insect is expressed in an epigram, now realistic, now symbolical and now humorous, but always incisive. "Poil de Carotte," the study of a boy's adventures with his pompous and thick-headed father and his self-effacing and doting mother, is cynical, pathetic, amusing and, above all, so true to nature that there is a suspicion of cruelty on the part of the narrator.

The cruelty of Renard was in his terse, pitiless expression of thought, not in his heart, not in his head. He had infinite pity for the poor, the humble, who were unfortunate or oppressed. He knew nature and peasants, for he lived with them. He also knew the grotesque pretensions of climbers in small towns. The vanity of man was a constant source of amusement to him, witness the sketch of the husband whose imitation of an orangutan had been so much admired that he was easily prevailed upon to give it at formal dinners.

Renard's knowledge of nature was intimate and peculiar. To him trees were sentient. They tolerate restless human beings, and in their calmness they forgive his fretting and his fury. He saw a wasp, a mud turtle, a bull with other eyes than those of the naturalist. He recognized in their actions and processes of thought a close relationship with the deeds and mental operations of men. He warned the wasp against tight lacing.

For the expression of his thoughts and observations he had shaped a style that was incomparable. It was concise, yet always lucid; it was calm, yet full of vitality; each adjective was illuminative. Although he did not indulge in lyric flights, and he abhorred rhetoric, his sentences had a free rhythm, and the poetic thought—for he

could be poetic when alone with nature—was litly, though simply, clothed. His irony, a habitual companion, was outwardly unconscious. He was master of rejection, there was no surplussage in his pages. On the other hand, each sketch was much more than a neatly mounted skeleton. Fortunate man, he once said truthfully: "I write only when I have something to say."

#### MEN AND THINGS

Henry Neville, the actor, who died recently, had several claims to distinction. His real name was Gartside, and he was the 20th child of a 20th child. For the purposes of clairvoyance, "natural bonesetting," healing of diseases and prophecy, it is far better to be the seventh son of a seventh son. Neville's life at first was varied. The son of a play actor, he appeared as an infant in "Pizarro," then as a boy in Cruikshank's "Gin and Water." He was intended for the army, but his father lost his savings through unfortunate investments, and Henry became an actor. For a time, to earn his living, he set type at sixpence an hour at night, and rehearsed and sometimes acted during the afternoon and evening. He gained an enviable reputation by his creation of Bob Brierly in "The Ticket of Leave Man."

We speak of him here for he was once a favorite in Boston. When "The Soudan" was produced at the Boston Theatre, Sept. 16, 1890, Neville took the part of Captain Temple. He had played the part many times in London when the drama was known as "Human Nature." Mr. Quincy Kilby in his valuable history of the Boston Theatre gives interesting facts about the run. The engagement was for 10 weeks, but the success was so great that other attractions were put aside. The Howard Athenaeum company was to have played at the Boston Theatre at Thanksgiving time, but it was persuaded to go to Providence, and Mr. Tompkins guaranteed that the gross receipts there should be \$5000. The receipts turned out to be only a little over \$1900. Booth and Barrett received a check of \$1500 to go to the Park Theatre. "The Soudan" ran in all during the season of 1890-91 for 21 weeks. At the last performance, May 16, 1891, the 169th in Boston, a silver loving cup, with an address and an autograph album signed by the Governor, the mayor and leading citizens, was presented to Neville.

There is an allusion to this actor in Charles Reade's "A Terrible Temptation." When Sir Charles Bassett fell in an epileptic fit, Mr. Angelo, the clergyman, lifted him up and bore him home. "As I have seen my accomplished friend, Mr. Henry Neville, carry a tall actress on the mimic stage." Some may remember the commotion raised by Reade's novel when it appeared in serial form in a weekly of this city. The story was called coarse, indecent. There were loud cries against Miss Somerset, who, after all, was a fine woman in her way and made a good ending. After certain novels by daughters and sons of English clergymen which have enjoyed great popularity of late years, Reade's novel seems restrained, almost prudish. A few days ago all the newspapers published a statement by a university anthropologist and sociologist to the effect that the use of tobacco by men and the cigarette smoking of women were a danger to the continuance of the race. Sir Charles Bassett in Reade's novel was childless, and Mary Wells endeavored to console her mistress by saying: "These fine gentlemen they be old before their time with smoking tobacco." Reade himself was a bit of a sociologist. And how he was abused for introducing himself as a character, Mr. Rolfe, in the novel.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson writes to The Herald: "I am deeply interested in Capt. Duquesne's endeavor to import hippopotamuses for the swamps of Louisiana, where they may grow fat on water hyacinths and be sold in the market for food. I saw a hippopotamus once in a travelling menagerie. The showman introduced him as 'the Behemoth of Holy Writ.' But is the hippopotamus the Behemoth?"

"In my copy of the Bible there is this marginal note to the word 'be-



We have seen how Got was drawn toward the theatre as by a lodestone.



He had no illusions about the art or the life. As a youth he declared that as far as the public was concerned the idea of a drama did not have to be novel, nor did the drama's form have to be polished. There was need, however, of opposed interests on the stage, that is to say, situations, and the strongest ones possible; then if there were a logical crescendo of interest to the end, success was sure.

The actor's art is most complex. "The musician, whether he play an instrument or sing, has his inflections, his rhythms noted by the composer, and it is only a matter of knowledge, practice, taste, but it is far worse for us actors." The actor is forced to adapt his own music to the dramatist's text, and he must adapt also his voice, look, gestures, his own personality. His art demands many spectacles. Statues and pictures compel the admiration of the future; the theatre is pre-eminently a thing of the present.

To young Got the theatre was a world almost topsy-turvy. "The actor does not even cast a shadow. Sciffove, the necessity of dazzling immediately and always, the close contact, sometimes turn the men into women, \* \* \* and the complete freedom often makes the woman mannish." He philosophized frequently over the un-morality of the stage. When he was learning to ride in a Parisian circus and assisting the head man in his "Methode d'Equitation" he studied the little world of clowns, riders, gymnasts, and found it no worse and no better than the theatrical world, but the life was certainly simpler and with more resemblance to the life of a family.

When he was not 20 years old, Got walking with a companion who had turned actor, came upon a group in the garden of the Palace Royal. There seated under a tree or lounging about, were men with smooth or freshly shaved faces, young for the most part, foppish or dirty, and some were both dirty and foppish, and they appeared to him at first sight persons to be suspected, avoided. They were actors who having toured through the provinces were at the time without an engagement. "It would be hard for me to express the repulsion I feel for all these Bohemians with their air of parade, those that have lost caste, the sad and the miserable. Why is the unfortunate subtitle of 'Kean'—'Disorder and Genius'—for nearly all actors an ideal motto? My boys, it is in fact a convenient mask for laziness and debauchery."

Got took his drama, "Le Batard de la Baume," to managers who heard an act or two, for the author seeing its weaknesses did not read the whole of it. They encouraged him, urged him to re-write it, for, as they said, it contained fine things. He was not deceived. "I attempted too much. A youth of 18 cannot think out, feel and put together a play of human interest for a crowd. It is necessary to have lived longer, to have reflected more." He could criticise others as well as himself. When Dumas' "Antony" was first played it thrilled him so that he ran away from school to see the play a second time. When the drama was revived with the same leading actors Got stood in line and feverishly awaited the rise of the curtain. "Strange to say, the hall was only half full, and the spectators seemed bored in advance. I was stupefied—but after three acts I could not stand the play and I left, sorely grieved. How taste changes! And how quickly fashion changes, as far as things of the mind, wit and fancy are concerned, and according to the centuries!"

When the news came of a defeat in Africa, Got, then a member of the Comedie Francaise, asked himself whether it would not have been better for him if he had stayed in the army and felt noble emotions than for him to fritter away his time with the fripperies of the theatre, with the "stupid creatures" that elbowed him and before a public that often showed a superb indifference. "To make announcements, to beg secretly the management for a favor, to bow to the journalists, to fix one's future on the mercy of a hiss, this is no doubt good for one who comes from a porter's lodge. But for me—How far I am from my first dreams and even from the virility which I gained in the army, with all its noble miseries!"

Reading the lives of men of the theatre, Moliere, Baron and others, young Got was struck by the fact

that blog about to publish in generally so extravagant in their admiration, and so respectful toward tradition, that their readers are not informed about the life of this or that man.

This journal is the life of Got. His strongly expressed opinions on life, politics, famous men and women will be found in The Herald of next Sunday.



